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IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

By T. W. Nason

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# Harpers *Magazine*

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## EUROPE MOVES TOWARD WAR

BY FRANK H. SIMONDS

**I**S EUROPE moving toward another War? In the United States that question was raised concretely last March, at the precise moment when the American people were slowly escaping from the throes of their own financial panic. Without warning they were then confronted by the fact of another European war scare. Indeed, the Hitler triumph in Germany appeared to have precipitated a crisis on the Continent as acute as that produced by the crime of Serajevo nineteen years earlier.

For in March, 1933, as in June, 1914, European chancelleries suddenly burst into feverish activity. Simultaneously, responsible statesmen with disquieting frankness noted the return to an atmosphere like that of the days which immediately followed the despatch of the Austrian ultimatum to Belgrade and just preceded the outbreak of the World War. Even in remoter Washington foreign diplomats repeated the

once familiar statement that the peace of Europe was at the mercy of an incident.

As a consequence, as another generation had watched long, but in the end not vainly, for the much heralded "trouble in the Balkans in the spring," the contemporary world fixed its attention upon Danzig and Tirana, upon all those frontiers of friction of a turbulent continent, along any of which the universally dreaded explosion might take place. Presently, too, the scene shifted from Hitler in Berlin to Mussolini in Rome without, however, bringing any lessening of apprehension.

On the contrary, the Duce, seizing upon the moment of general disarray, encouraged the Italian press to suggest that the rise of the Nazis in Germany might make possible an alliance of the Fascisms of the North and South. Europe then began nervously to discuss the prospects of a new balance of power, of a coalition of Germany, Italy, Austria, and Hungary—perhaps with



Bulgaria also included—to serve as a counter-weight to the French system of Alliances by which Poland and the nations of the Little Entente were bound to France.

But this suggestion with all its sinister implications sent Ramsay MacDonald in a panicstricken scamper from the Thames to the Tiber. Thereafter MacDonald and Mussolini produced a new project which promptly set the telegraph wires to buzzing. Actually, this joint proposal was nothing less than a program for the creation of a new Holy Alliance, a combination of Britain, Italy, France, and Germany to organize European tranquillity.

Unfortunately for the hopes of the authors of this grandiose plan, however, one essential detail in it envisaged a revision of the frontiers established by the Paris Peace Conference. The great powers were, so credible reports ran, to avoid strife among themselves by partitioning the territories of the small; a new Concert of Europe was to conduct the business of the world after the old fashion of the Congress of Berlin rather than in accordance with the new style of Geneva.

Instantly, however, Prague, Warsaw, Belgrade, and Bucharest became vocal. From the capitals of countries whose frontiers were marked down for sacrifice came the emphatic assertion that all projects for revision would be resisted to the end. Even in advance of the new storm the nations of the Little Entente had consolidated their coalition, and now the foreign minister of Poland significantly announced a forthcoming visit to the capital of Czechoslovakia, a visit perhaps forecasting a formal alliance between Poland and the Little Entente. Finally, as the duly authorized spokesman of that Entente, the Foreign Minister of Rumania, in turn joined the number of the ambulating statesmen and boarded the Orient Express for Paris.

Meantime, in the French capital, two currents of opinion were at once discoverable. Representatives of the Left groups actually in power were visibly hesitant and uncomfortably mute. By contrast, the press, inspired from the Right, with well nigh unanimous voice condemned the project of treaty revision as a threat to European peace, the rise of Hitler as a danger to the world, and the opportunism of MacDonald as a menace to the League of Nations. With practical unanimity the newspapers of Paris rejected the implication of the Roman program that France should treat her present allies as MacDonald, himself, had dealt with his former Labor colleagues in the British crisis of 1931.

Then, as the Hitlerian attack upon the Jews drew world attention from the international purposes to the domestic performances of the new masters of Germany, tension gradually lessened in foreign offices. Without ever ending definitively, the war scare died out. To the American public, moreover, for whom the scare itself had been unreal, the anxieties it left behind it continued to appear unfounded.

For how could it be possible—so a chorus of American voices demanded—that a new war could develop in a world which for a dozen years had been ceaselessly occupied in international conference and domestic peace meeting in organizing the framework of eternal peace? What more incredible than that paradox presented by contemporary discussion of possible conflict in the face of uninterrupted multiplication of institutions and pacts to outlaw and abolish war? How could such assertions be squared with the existence of the Covenant of the League, the Kellogg Pact, and the still more recent Stimson Doctrine?

In America, therefore, the comforting spirit of Pollyanna again resumed sway, and in Washington the Roose-

veld Administration redoubled its endeavors to bring about an international economic conference. Nations which yesterday had been anxiously looking to the priming of their pistols were once more urged to meet in London, or elsewhere, to discuss the restoration of prosperity. Those whose memories reached back into the prewar era, however, recalled with a measure of uneasiness the other warnings which had preceded the ultimate incident of Serajevo, warnings contained in the successive affairs of Tangier, Bosnia, and Agadir. They remembered that, because these episodes had produced no modification of national purposes, they had proved in the end to be accurate signboards pointing to inevitable conflict.

Nor is it possible upon the slightest careful consideration of contemporary circumstances of Europe to escape two conclusions: First that the world-wide alarm produced by the Hitler episode was itself well founded; second, that a new period of similar tension can arrive at any moment and might have far more serious consequences than the war scare of March. For it remains clear that Europe is henceforth face to face with a crisis which has gradually been taking form for more than a decade and cannot now long be dodged nor safely postponed.

## II

Actually, to-day, the whole territorial system of Europe established at the Paris Peace Conference is under direct challenge. It has, in fact, become beyond further hope of disguise, a basis of dispute among more than two hundred millions of people divided into opposing groups. Europe thus finds itself unwillingly approaching a situation in which the sole alternatives will be eventual war carefully prepared by the dissatisfied nations seeking revision

and sudden conflict precipitated by those countries for whom a preventive war seems the single method of preserving national existence.

But why has it taken fourteen years and the Hitler incident to bring Europe to the present pass? What new element has suddenly obtruded itself into the situation? To answer these questions it is necessary to consider the circumstances in which the Paris Settlement was made. Above all it is essential to indicate that the contemporary crisis had its origin not in the moral but the material limitations of that Settlement; in fact, has resulted largely from American action.

To-day the Peace Treaties find themselves under direct and deadly challenge because originally they were based upon political facts which, although assumed to be permanent, proved only transitory. For these treaties were founded upon the assumption that the countries which had made the peace would thereafter stand ready to keep it. When the "Big Three" of Paris, Wilson, Lloyd George, and Clemenceau, gave Europe its present territorial structure, all assumed that the countries which they represented would in the future lend their military, naval, and financial resources to insure permanence to their handiwork.

On no other premise save that of continuing Anglo-Saxon support for the territorial decisions of Paris was it even conceivable that the statesmen of Britain, France, and the United States should have created a Polish Corridor, ratified the dispersal of Austrian provinces, abolished the millennial unity of the Crown of St. Stephen. Nor, save in the expectation of an Anglo-French-American alliance, could Clemenceau have dared to affront Italy in the matter of the Adriatic.

A century before, the conquerors of Napoleon had been faced by the same problem. And it was only in the con-



viction that their alliance would last beyond the making of peace that they ventured to reduce the farflung frontiers of the Napoleonic Empire to the restricted limits of the Bourbon Kingdom of 1789. It was, too, solely because the nations which had been present at the Congress of Vienna stood ready to defend their decisions on the battlefield that Napoleon's return from Elba ended at Waterloo. Finally, only after that conclusive demonstration of solidarity among her conquerors, did France accept the frontiers fixed by her foes and, as a consequence, Europe knew a full generation of peace.

By contrast, however, when the United States Senate rejected the Treaty of Versailles, suffered the Tripartite Treaty of Guarantee to France to die in committee, and finally, with the subsequent assent of the American people, took their country out of European complications altogether, one essential foundation stone of the edifice of Paris was removed. When, later, the British in the Locarno Pacts registered their refusal to accept responsibilities beyond the Rhine for the *status quo* of Paris, another equally important stone was removed.

From 1920 onwards, therefore, France was left singlehanded to sustain the weight of a structure for which she had no exclusive responsibility. On the contrary, it had been Wilson who had deserved the name of "Father of the Polish Corridor" and Wilson, and not Clemenceau, who had publicly vetoed Italian ambitions in Fiume and in Dalmatia. Henceforth France was condemned to face alone a resentful Italy and an irreconcilable Germany. And the resolution of the peoples of both countries to seek revision of decisions which were for them intolerable was enormously fortified by American withdrawal and British retreat.

In such a situation France might, by means of alliances with the Succession

States and Poland, postpone the day when Germany would regain her pre-war stature as a fully armed great power. She could similarly retard the creation of a common front between Rome and Berlin. But at best she could only delay what in the end was beyond her strength to prevent. Unless she could persuade the Anglo Saxons to return to Europe and either by direct alliance or through the medium of the League of Nations give their authority and influence to the support of the system of frontiers in the making of which they had shared largely, the moment was bound to arrive when France and her allies would have to choose between striking down a Germany whose purposes were immutable but whose preparations were still incomplete, and surrendering to a program of territorial revision with all that program involved for these several nations.

When, therefore, Hitler's triumph marked the end of all possibility of further delaying German re-armament, and events alike in Britain and the United States indicated complete and enduring Anglo-Saxon unwillingness to assume Continental responsibilities, while the action of Japan in Manchuria had already resulted in the destruction of even the moral authority of the League of Nations, the crisis of March arrived ineluctably. Henceforth that issue which had long been latent became acute.

### III

For the whole world could now see with utmost clarity that France had failed in London and Washington to win back old allies and in Geneva to establish a new executor of the Paris Treaties. What, therefore, remained for France was a threefold problem. She must now decide whether to undertake to persuade her allies to agree to

treaty revision, abandon them to their fate if they declined to agree to such a program, or, finally, make up her mind to stand with them in the defense of their existing frontiers in the struggle which such a decision was bound to insure.

The first of these possibilities was presented in the project launched from Rome by Mussolini and MacDonald, of a new Concert of Europe to impose treaty revision by collective coercion. The second flowed naturally from the first and envisaged French consent to stand aside while Germany compelled Poland and Italy forced Yugoslavia to accept the programs of Berlin and Rome respectively. It was based upon the perception that Poland and Yugoslavia would doubtless resist, but was designed to insure that no general war should result from these localized conflicts.

The third of these courses clearly had its inspiration in the conviction that French security would be hopelessly compromised if France should decide to retire behind her own frontiers and abandon all her postwar policy. All of these projects were passionately argued in France. And upon the character of the French decision it was everywhere perceived that the future direction of European events must depend.

To appreciate the extent of the problem with which the people of France had now to wrestle it is necessary to examine briefly the actual implication of this proposed revision of the Paris Settlement and particularly of the Treaties of Versailles, St. Germain, and Trianon, which concern Germany, Austria, and Hungary respectively. Such an examination must, too, be directed first to the immediate consequences of such a program for the Allies of France, Poland, and the Little Entente, and then to the eventual effect upon the situation of France itself.

What, then, does treaty revision mean to the German mind?—and the German opinion was “frozen” even before the advent of Hitler and his gospel of ferocious nationalism. As it affects Poland it involves the recovery of Danzig, the suppression of the Polish Corridor, the re-annexation of Upper Silesia. Thus defined, it would envisage the subtraction from Poland of a territory in area as large as Massachusetts and Connecticut combined and containing a population of some two millions and a half, four-fifths of which to-day is Slavic.

For Poland, aside from the loss of territory and population, it would mean the surrender of all of its seacoast, most of its industrial area, the greater part of its coal deposits. It would insure a descent to a condition of economic and political vassalage in circumstances fatally reminiscent of the conditions of the First Partition, a century and a half ago. Since no country could accept such conditions save after conquest, Poland would fight. But unsupported by France, she would be crushed. After defeat, too, while a mutilated fragment of free Poland might survive, Poland as a factor in European calculations would vanish.

In the same fashion the second detail in the German program, that which calls for the Anschluss—the union of Austria with the Reich—would just as patently carry a death warrant for an independent Czechoslovakia. The return of Upper Silesia and the annexation of Austria would practically close the German circle about Moravia and Bohemia. Access to the outside world either by the Elbe or the Danube would be in German hands. The great German minority now dwelling within these provinces would certainly clamor to be brought within the new Third Reich of Hitler. And deserted by France, the Czechs, unlike the Poles, could not even think of armed



resistance. On the contrary, they would have to go to Berlin and accept such terms as were offered, which would hardly extend beyond ethnic autonomy for the purely Slavic areas. Thus Czechoslovakia, like Poland, would disappear as a political factor in Central Europe.

As to the prospective fate of the Yugoslavs and the Rumanians, the former caught between Hungarian irredentist purposes on the Danube and Italian ambitions on the Adriatic, the latter menaced by Magyar resolution to recover Transylvania and the Banat, no extended comment is required. Indeed, significant if unconfirmed reports from Rome following MacDonald's visit forecast the practical extinction of Serb existence, following distribution of present Yugoslav territory between Albanians, Italians, Bulgarians, and Magyars. As for Rumania, return to the limits of the Regat of the pre-Balkan War era was just as confidently proposed.

In sum, the project of revision as it is directed toward Poland and the Little Entente and as it is formulated by Germany, Italy, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria would mean the practical destruction of all the nations now allied to France. It would mean the creation of a new Germany, including some ninety millions of people within its economic frontiers and at least eighty millions of Germans within its political boundaries. Italy would acquire complete mastery of the Adriatic. Hungary would resume its frontiers of 1914 and its economic dependence upon the German world. Two brief wars, the one Polo-German, the other Serb-Italian would precede the fulfillment of this program of revision, but when these were terminated, the destruction of the territorial system of Paris would be complete.

But in what situation would France then find herself? On the European

Continent no potential ally would remain. Against a Germany of ninety millions a France of forty could hardly hope to make head, if the masters of the new empire should presently seek to complete the obliteration of the decisions of Paris by retaking Alsace and Lorraine. Even more hopeless would be a resistance to a German-Italian coalition based upon the recovery of the Reichsland by Germany and the acquisition of French North Africa by Italy.

It is this double specter of German mastery on the Continent and Italian domination in the Mediterranean, both achieved at French cost which always remains before French eyes. Nor, in seeking to fathom the disquieting future can French statesmen fail to weigh ceaselessly the nationalistic purposes and programs of two Fascisms, the one expressed by Mussolini the other by Hitler. Similarly, it is beyond their power to ignore such facts as the arrival of armed bands of Nazis in the demilitarized district of Kehl, across the Rhine from Strasbourg, on the morrow of the Hitlerian victory.

Five years ago, when Stresemann was still alive and Locarno as yet a name to conjure by, there were not lacking Frenchmen, of whom Briand was only the most conspicuous, who were willing to recognize the right of the Germans of Austria to unite with those of the Reich; who viewed the gradual and peaceful development of German economic hegemony throughout Central Europe from the Baltic to the Black Sea as at once inevitable and in itself not alarming; who, above all regarded Franco-German reconciliation as both profitable and possible for both countries and were ready to discuss the question of the revision of Polish frontiers by peaceful means and to German advantage.

Even after the rise of Hitler it is plain that French opinion still re-

mained hesitant. To imagine that French alliances are based upon sympathy or sentiment is to fall into an error made equally rarely in Paris and in the capitals of Poland and the Little Entente. Even more stupid is the effort to interpret French policy in the post-war period as due to appetite for Continental hegemony, ambition for military glory, or considerations of national prestige. On the contrary, the allies of France have through the years been becoming increasingly unpopular with the French people, who see them as a source of huge expense and a source of permanent danger.

But what would become of France if Poland were abolished, the countries of the Little Entente smashed, and France herself left alone in a Europe given over to German and Italian control unreservedly? What would be the future of republican and democratic France in the face of the two reactionary imperialisms of Berlin and Rome? In this present hour of decision had it been even remotely conceivable that a Roosevelt administration would assume the pledges of Woodrow Wilson, that American assurance might be joined to British on the Rhine and extended to the Mediterranean, the retreat of the French from Central Europe would have rivalled in rapidity that of America from Europe a dozen years before.

But America was silent and seemed certain to remain aloof, while the voice of MacDonald, speaking at least temporarily for Britain, bade France abandon her present allies, agree to German military equality and Italian naval parity, and trust to luck that Italian and German aspirations might be satiated before the question of Strasbourg or of Tunis should be raised. But concomitantly from Warsaw, Prague, and Belgrade come warnings, which were once voiced to me by a Polish

Prime Minister who said, "Our French allies would do well always to keep in mind the significant sequence of Sadowa and Sedan."

Nor can any Frenchman forget that two generations ago his country did stand aside and permit Prussia to crush Austria. But that victorious army of the elder Moltke which considerably refrained from entering Vienna after Sadowa five years later after Sedan marched down the Champs Élysées. Moreover, that Austria which France permitted to be overwhelmed in 1866 promptly after 1871 allied itself with the new Germany and became a guarantor of a German Reichsland. Might not history repeat itself, and at a later time the Slavs who saw their ruin as accomplished by French desertion march gladly with their German masters to a war against France?

Could France safely abandon a Poland she might not even hope to persuade to immolate itself, to permit peaceful satisfaction of German aspirations for territorial revision in the east? After all the real crux of the problem was in the Polish Corridor. If French statesmanship miscalculated now, it was plain that thereafter there could be no escape from the consequences of the mistake. Of Polish determination to resist there was no question. Of German resolution to force revision there could be no doubt. Thus nineteen years after the outbreak of the World War, and by the most ironical of all imaginable coincidences, the French were caught in the same fix in which the Germans found themselves in 1914.

For, two decades ago it was the fear of Germany lest it find itself isolated between a hostile Russia and an irreconcilable France which had led Bethmann and Jagow to give the fatal blank check to Berchtold after Serajevo. The menace to Austrian existence of Serb purpose backed by Russian support could not be mistaken. And,



in the eyes of the statesmen of the Hohenzollern Empire, the security of Germany was locked up in the survival of the Hapsburg Monarchy.

To-day, however, the security of France is similarly linked to the question of the permanence of Poland and of the Little Entente. The peoples of these countries will no more readily consent to territorial revision than the rulers of the Dual Monarchy would nineteen years ago agree to transfer their Southern Slav populations and provinces to Serbia. But resistance by Poland and the Little Entente to revisionary projects, which without French aid must condemn them to defeat and virtual destruction, would leave France isolated and practically helpless in the face of intransigent nationalisms in Germany and Italy, still clamoring for possession of French territory.

Precisely in the same fashion, the German demand for military equality with France, and the Italian for naval parity, would destroy the one remaining resource by which France and her allies are still able to maintain the *status quo*, namely their present superiority in arms. Revision of the Paris Settlement which permitted Germany and her wartime allies to rearm would, therefore, provide them with the means to accomplish what their territorial programs plainly forecast. And it was over the question of a restoration of German right to rearm up to the level of France that the Arms Conference in Geneva broke down even before it really began to function.

#### IV

Of the nature of the eventual response of Paris to this Roman initiative launched by Mussolini and MacDonald there could, therefore, be no real question. France was, indeed, bound in the very nature of things to insist that

treaty revision must be made, if at all, at Geneva and in conformity with the provisions of the Covenant of the League of Nations and that a dying Disarmament Conference should not be revived to permit the rearmament of Germany and her former allies. Accordingly, not without hesitation, not with any show of enthusiasm, France in her April pronouncement stood fast by her Polish and Little Entente allies, and as a consequence the Roman proposals were stillborn.

Inevitably, however, the French decision perpetuated the European situation out of which the March crisis had arisen. The danger, on the one hand, of a German foray into the Corridor, and on the other, of a Polish resort to action which might precipitate that preventive war, which had become the obsession of all Continental statesmen, remained unmodified. European peace, which had escaped destruction in the war scare of March, still remained visibly at the mercy of some new incident.

What course can such an incident take? Inescapably the answer to that question must turn upon the progress of events in Germany. Plainly if the Hitler upheaval should lead to the swift and catastrophic decline of the material circumstances of the Reich or to actual civil war, the peril would for the time being at least be exorcized. As the arrival of the Nazis had disturbed the tranquillity of Europe, their disappearance could permit at least a temporary return to calm.

On the other hand, if the Hitlerian mob continues its control in the Reich, it is manifest that, once it has exploited its campaign against the Jews to the limit of possible political profit, it must seek a new experiment in violence. For not only is there no hope of restoring German prosperity while world conditions remain as they are, but also the attack upon the Jews has weakened

German material circumstances both at home and abroad. And to escape the disastrous political consequences of failure to perform the promised domestic miracle, Hitler must almost infallibly embark upon foreign adventure.

Whither then must Hitler turn? Obviously to the Polish Corridor or to Vienna. He may procure a disturbance in Danzig or a demonstration in the Austrian capital. But at the first sign of the former a Polish army, already concentrated in Pomorze, Posen, and Upper Silesia, will march on Berlin. And at the first conclusive evidence of an effort to confront the world with the *fait accompli* of the Anschluss the forces of the Little Entente will move upon Vienna certainly, upon Budapest not improbably. In both cases the preparations are made, the means are at hand, the resolution unmistakable.

By contrast, were it conceivable that Hitler might even in small measure repeat the success of Mussolini, did it become manifest that this prophet of explosive and expansive nationalism was likely to achieve the successful reorganization of the Reich, the creation of a new army, then it would be hardly thinkable that the nations menaced by Hitlerian purposes would sit idly by while the weapon designed to produce their ruin was deliberately forged. In a word, while an unsuccessful Hitler would, himself, have to hunt foreign adventure a triumphant dictator would almost as certainly attract a preventive war.

Aside from the possible domestic collapse of Hitler and the National-Socialist dictatorship, is there any present basis of hope for averting a new general war on the European Continent? In theory, at least, the answer must be negative unless one is to discover some promise of a change in the temper and policies of peoples and nations. For the resolution of

the peoples is inflexible, and the policies lead straight to collision.

The very issues which divide nations appear in the eyes of the peoples concerned questions of life and death for countries and races. They menace the independence or the unity of the nations involved. They are matters over which peoples in all past time have been willing to fight and over which they seem even to-day willing to join battle. Set down in the circumstances of the German or Pole, confronted by the alternative each faces, the American would inevitably share the sentiments of either.

In the present crisis the League of Nations has broken down completely because it, too, like the territorial decisions of the Peace Treaties, was founded upon a basic misconception. It was established upon the assumption that there was an equal desire among all peoples for peace and a similar readiness in all nations to subordinate individual national purposes to collective judgment. The League was designed to be the executor of the moral and political will of an international society. But it has become the battleground of two groups of European peoples each seeking to operate the institution of Geneva in the interests of its own exclusively national objectives.

Once the Japanese had launched their Manchurian operation, the League of Nations was reduced to the status of a mill-wheel suspended over a water-course which had gone dry. The machine, itself, continued intact, available, adequate; but the collective will of mankind, which was to supply the power, was lacking. And if to-morrow the Germans marched into the Corridor or procured an Austrian uprising in favor of the Anschluss, and if Poland thereafter moved on Danzig or the Little Entente upon Vienna, the League would still remain impotent.

Indeed, in any such crisis Geneva



would become what it has been all through the dreary sessions of the latest Arms Conference, the scene of skillful endeavors to exploit its machinery to forward or delay projects profitable or prejudicial to the member nations. For the truth so little perceived in America is that the very instruments and treaties which were originally conceived as means to prevent war have to-day become no more than counters and chips in the game which opposing peoples are playing.

In fact, while American thought continues to be concentrated upon projects to abolish or restrict the means of making war, Europe is moving steadily toward a new conflict because it seems impossible to discover any means of modifying the purposes of peoples which make such a war possible. For a quarter of a billion people on the European Continent peace itself has become associated with the realization of purposes which are mutually exclusive and can prevail only after conflict.

What can be more obvious than the fact that if for both the Polish and German people the possession of the Corridor is a prerequisite to peace, Kellogg Pacts have less than the value of nursery rhymes, and Stimson Doctrines a rating below that of Voodoo incantations? How is it possible to expect progress in disarmament when against the designs of forcibly disarmed peoples the superior military resources of the armed constitute the sole protection? How can any Arms Conference hope to make progress while its activities are limited to attempts to reduce the means of defense of the countries visibly threatened, without concern for the modification of policies of other peoples which constitute the danger?

To-day in Washington the new Roosevelt Administration is eagerly pressing for an international economic conference. It is calculating that in

the present temper of Europe it is still possible to restore normal relations of trade and commerce, and that with the restoration of such relations the political issues will lose their contemporary and perilous acuteness. But from the Baltic to the Aegean, Continental peoples which must trade together to live are divided by political issues which make even the mutually profitable exchange of goods impossible. It is, indeed, precisely by the raising and lowering of tariff barriers that countries have in recent years conducted their territorial battles.

Poland and Germany, Czechoslovakia and Hungary, Yugoslavia and Italy are naturally complementary markets, but trade between these states is to-day regulated not by economic but by ethnic considerations. After the League of Nations had pumped millions into Vienna to avert bankruptcy, the quarrel between Paris and Berlin over the Austro-German Tariff Union precipitated a crash which was not limited to the banks of the Danube. Hoover's Moratorium was foredoomed to failure because it was conceived with the idea of saving Germany financially without regard to the consequences for the neighbors of Germany of a restoration of the Reich unaccompanied by any modification of German purposes as these affected the adjoining states.

Is a next war then henceforth inevitable in Europe? No one can say that wisely to-day and no one would say it willingly in any case. What is true, however, what can to-day be denied only by those who wilfully close their eyes to contemporary realities, is that such a war has become possible. In fact, for nearly four years, ever since the death of Stresemann, the collapse of Locarno, the rise of Hitler, Europe has been moving unmistakably toward conflict. And the effects of the Great Depression have manifestly accentuated the pace.

The war scare of March was, then, not the product of sensation-mongers but the result of a sudden necessity for realistic appraisal. That enduring sense of apprehension which followed the moment of acute anxiety, has, too, resulted from the disclosure that, while the policies of many nations led directly to collision, peoples were becoming as fatalistic and statesmen as helpless as in the similarly disturbing years between 1905 and 1914, which just preceded the World War.

In the face of the possibility of a new catastrophe due in no small measure to American action and bound to augment American economic disintegration, what can the United States do? Obviously nothing if public opinion continues

resolved to play safe in imagined isolation and salve its conscience and pretend to serve its interests by proposing paper pacts and collecting dead debts. If the United States is not ready to give its authority and engage its means in co-operation with France and Great Britain to insure a period of political truce in Europe and a return of economic and financial sanity in the world, while a new war may be postponed, it cannot be prevented. Such a war might produce a Red and ruined Europe, but the hope of avoiding it must henceforth depend largely upon American action in the weeks and months, which, if we are lucky, will perhaps precede the next incident.

## STREET BEGGAR

BY ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS

**T***HIS is the depth, the end of all despair:  
That man for whom the planets toil and sing—  
Inheritor of earth and sea and air—  
Should come to be this starved, forsaken thing  
Whose soft, obsequious words and pleading eye  
Invoke the heedless masses of the street,  
Hoping that in the crowds that pass him by,  
Some fat-faced god may deign to let him eat.  
Here is the deepest wrong, the darkest deed  
That man must answer in some distant dawn:  
That in this fecund earth there should be need  
For such as these—the beggars that pass on  
Down dim-lit streets and byways of the night,  
Asking of man what should be man's by right.*





## PROPOSAL

A STORY

BY ELAINE STERNE CARRINGTON

MARILYN came in sight of the tennis court. Her sister, Adrienne, was playing with Jack Loomis, knocking the white balls back and forth across the net in desultory practice. Half an hour ago Marilyn had been playing with them and now, standing there on the grassy slope that swept down to the edge of the red en tout cas court, she felt as if all that had taken place since then had made them strangers to her, strangers in the sense that everything, the garden, the tennis court, the lawn, the paddock, the house were strange to her as if she saw them all for the first time; as if she stood off, apart from them; as if she had been torn loose, sent spinning into space and could never return again.

No. She could never go back to where she had been before. Never bat balls across the sagging net to Jack Loomis, never shout to Adrienne, never fling herself down on the bank, heels up, chin on her palms, in quite the old way.

Jack saw her, flipped a hand at her, called, "I beat her." They stopped playing and came slowly towards her.

He thinks it's I, Marilyn said to herself; only it isn't. It's somebody else. She had a thrilling, ecstatic sense of having shed her old body, her old mind, and of having assumed a new one. She felt—smiling down at them, waving back—that they must some-

how, even at that distance, sense the change that had come over her. Surely something quivering, something iridescent enveloped her!

She called, "I'm going in," and turned abruptly toward the house. She was, she found, unable to talk to them—to anyone. She went around the paddock where the fat, old pony, Merrylegs, which had been hers and Adrienne's and Martha's, now spent halcyon days actually in clover, his shaggy brown sides fairly popping over his slim little pipestems of white legs.

He was tugging at the shining grass blades, ripping them loose with a toss of his mane, returning to lip more and still more of the tender, juicy grass before properly finishing a mouthful.

Merrylegs. The same pony, and yet different. Even Merrylegs meant something new and exciting now! She called to him over the white fence, "Here, Merrylegs. Here, Merrylegs." He continued his feast unmoved, making pleasant little tearing sounds as the roots came away from the tight brown earth.

She leaned there, watching him, her chin on her folded arms. She could remember perfectly the feel of his fat little body between her legs; she could remember the tug on her wrists when he suddenly ducked his head to graze.

"Maybe my babies will ride on your back," and the thought sent her heart galloping in her breast.

Think of thinking about babies!

She whirled and dashed headlong toward the house, as if running could cool her blood, could stifle the wild, joyous beating of her heart.

Nearing the house, seeing figures seated on the terrace, her mother and a guest, she slowed down. She could not go charging up the path in that fashion. But what if she did? What if she shouted, "Mother, I'm engaged! Mother, Donny and I are going to be married! Mother, at half-past four this very afternoon—how do I know it was half-past four? I looked at my wrist watch. I said, 'Donny, I'll never forget half-past four again as long as I live!'"

Silly. Bursting with happiness. She stopped short. So this was happiness! The thing you read about. And now, suddenly, miraculously, in this blinding instant she knew the meaning of it.

No words could describe it. It was an internal whirlwind. It tore you up from the roots, just as Merrylegs tore the young grass blades. It left you breathless and dizzy and a stranger to yourself.

Her mother was pouring tea. Opposite her sat Mrs. Devereaux. Catching sight of Marilyn, her mother called out, "Oh, Mary, will you run in and tell Kathy to lay two extra places? Martha and Joe will be here for dinner."

Mrs. Devereaux smiled and nodded to Marilyn. "Hello, dear, playing tennis?"

"Yes, Mrs. Devereaux."

"I hear you're in the semi-finals at the Club."

"Yes."

"Well, I hope you win."

Her mother said, "Darling, you look so warm. You'd better take a shower."

"Yes, mother."

The two women resumed their conversation. Marilyn thought, I could

give them something to talk about, I could give everyone something to talk about.

She went indoors, whistling. She thought, Martha and Joe for dinner. Martha and Joe. I wonder if Martha ever felt this way? I wonder if anyone ever felt this way?

She met Kathy on the stairs, told her about the extra places and went on up to her room. It too had become, strangely enough, merely a room in her mother's house, completely detached from her. When I get a house of my own, she thought, I'm going to do it in early American with cunning little curly maple dressers and candlewick spreads and things.

A house of her own! A maid of her own! A maid in a stiff white organdie apron who would knock at the door each morning for the day's orders—the way Kathy did. Who would summon her to the telephone, "Mrs. Leavitt, it's your father calling."

Mrs. Leavitt! Mrs. Leavitt! She waltzed round the room, and stopped before the mirror, tipping it forward to examine her face. Did she look as different as she felt? Her lips smiled back at her and suddenly she leaned forward and kissed the parted red lips of the girl who was herself.

It was growing dark in the room. The river, which lay like a slab of cold, gray slate, directly beneath her window, was turning black. She curled up on the window seat and stared out at the distant hills still faintly illuminated by the yellow afterglow of the setting sun. She tried, sitting there, dimly conscious of voices, of laughter, of the stabbingly sweet odor of new-mown hay, to recapture each instant of that golden afternoon. It was as if she feared by moving, by speaking, almost by breathing, to break the spell.

Donny's car had come up the driveway. She had seen it from the tennis



court, felt the sudden, quickened beating of her heart and the tightening of her throat at the sight of it; missed an easy shot; blurted out an apology. It was her serve. She sent the ball spinning into the net, thrillingly aware that Donny was bounding across the grass toward her.

She heard Adrianne say, "Doubles!" triumphantly.

Donny shouted, and she turned and called out to him and went back to the miserable game, with the hand that held the racquet suddenly as weak as water, to saying nothing of her knees.

It was over at last. Adrianne and Jack walked off the court to where Donny lounged on the grass under the trees.

"Hello," they said idly.

He got up, greeted them, came toward her.

"Swell tennis!" he grinned, then, in a low voice, "Come on. Want to tell you something. Get in the car."

She obeyed instantly.

"Hey, where are you going?" Adrianne shouted after her, "How about doubles?"

They did not answer her. Marilyn's heart beat suffocatingly. She was filled with a crushing fear lest what he had to say was that he was off on the wing again. After all, he had been home longer this time than ever before. Yes, that was probably it. He was starting out again for some far distant corner of the globe. "I just wanted to tell you that I'm leaving for Timbuctoo to-morrow." Or it might be Afghanistan or French Indo China. She wondered if she could bear it. She wondered if he would ever know how much she loved him, how much she had always loved him.

He did not speak but drove recklessly, charging across streets, clipping corners, skirting cars, just as he did everything, swiftly, dangerously, confidently.

Then they came to the Hill Road, on top of which was the Plateau. There at nights lovers parked, dimmed their lights and clung together, silent and tense. Now, in the warm, orange light of late afternoon, it was deserted, and the view to the right showed a thin blue line of mountains, and to the left, far below, the river.

There was an eerie stillness to the place now that the motor was suddenly silenced. Donny sat without speaking, staring straight out before him. Then he said, abruptly, "Marilyn, how old are you?"

"I'm eighteen. Why?"

He shook his head. "Lord but you're young!"

She laughed at this, but he turned on her fiercely, "Don't laugh!" and he was silent again, wrapped in a dark mantle of thought, his lean, handsome face grim.

For no reason at all she began to tremble. She thought, why doesn't he speak? Whatever it is, why doesn't he speak?

He spoke at last. "Mary, you've got to marry me." It was wrung from his lips despairingly.

She gasped, "What—what did you say?"

"I've tried not to say it. I've tried to go away and leave you. I've tried telling myself I'm all wrong for you. It's no damned use. I'm licked."

She thought, this isn't happening to me. I'm dreaming it. I'll wake up and find it hasn't happened.

He went on, in a rush of words, "If you were anyone but little Marilyn Davis whom I've known all my life, I'd—I'd seduce you. I'd carry you off and live with you. It would be better for you too then, when you got tired of me, as you will—yes you will. Don't interrupt—you could chuck me and go home. But please say yes, it's your hard luck, but for God's sake say you'll marry me."

She said, "Of course I'll marry you, Donny. I always intended to."

"You always—you *what?*" He whirled, seized her shoulders, stared into her eyes, thrust her away, said, "You're making a terrible mistake. You like an orderly life. You like home and hearthstone. I have to rush from one end of the world to the other. I'll be a millstone around your neck. You ought to think this over carefully. Weigh the pros and cons. The cons have it, hands down. I'm moody and bad-tempered. I hate being anchored. I hate possessions. Oh, but tell me you aren't going to throw me over. Say it!"

"I'm not going to throw you over."

He held her loosely and gazed down at the hills turning purple. When he spoke again it was with tragic intensity. "Don't let anything anyone says against me change you. Don't believe them. What they say will be true. All of it. Every word. But don't believe them."

She sighed against him. She said, "Let's get married soon. Let's not ask. They'll say no. Let's just do it and tell them about it afterward."

"Would you dare?"

"Yes."

"To-morrow?"

"Yes."

The hall door opened. Adrienne came into the room, switched on the light, and said, "Oh, are you here? What are you doing?"

"Thinking."

"Aren't you going to dress for dinner?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, you'd better step on it. Martha's coming."

Marilyn did not answer.

"What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing."

Adrienne ripped off her sweater, her dress, stood regarding her sister, frowning. "Did you have a scrap with Donny?"

"No."

"If you ask me, I think he's a wet smack."

"You mean you don't like him?"

"No. But you do."

"What makes you think so?"

"Don't you?"

"Sort of."

"Well, you certainly run when he whistles. I guess all girls do except me. I haven't any use for his kind. Neither has mother. She told me she hoped you weren't seeing too much of him. Where did you go this afternoon? I've half a mind to tell her. She'd be furious. I heard her telling father she hoped he'd go away soon. I don't see what you see in him. I like people you can put your finger on. He's not a person. He's a flea."

Marilyn rose, stretched, yawned. "Well, I guess I'd better start dressing."

Adrienne watched her closely, "You haven't a case on him, have you? I mean a real one?"

"On Donny? Me? No. Of course not."

Adrienne said, "Well, that's a relief!" and flung into the bathroom. Marilyn could hear the swift rush of water as she turned on the shower. Then Adrienne began to sing in her high, sweet voice, stopped short, shouted, "Jack's staying for dinner. He's the kind of man *I* like. Steady. You know where you're at. Not always chasing rainbows. Not always going off half-cocked."

Marilyn did not reply. She stood looking down at the fourth finger of her left hand, a little smile creeping to the corners of her mouth.





## THE RISING CURVE OF PROPHETS

BY ROY HELTON

**D**URING this first third of the Twentieth Century our country has lived much of its life on borrowed time and gold. Drunk with the expectation of bigger and better things, we staggered through the most bountiful years ever bestowed upon any portion of the human race, wholly blinded to the possibilities of sane and contented living by our vision of a dazzling future. During that period of high prosperity we were the fulfillment of two centuries of human hope, and we are all now aware that in not realizing on those fulfillments we have missed our greatest material opportunity. For our world is tottering under a new burden of borrowed and unpaid-for destiny. It is crushed by the debt of our personal, national, and industrial dreams. Blithely and in a rapt confidence in to-morrow, we traded our own maturity for our hopes, and now, having become our own future, find that for millions of our friends and neighbors life is a mere emptiness, an unsheltered hunger, instead of a feast in a palace of delight.

Though we have made to-day vacant by dreaming about it and by trading it off for the prospect of dreams coming true, this so evident fact has not in the least awakened us to our own present reality. Nor has it, in any perceptible way, diminished our faith that salvation lies not in to-day, but somewhere just around the corner. Our ability merely to retrieve some portion of our losses, to build again

a going world, however plain, encounters mysterious resistances, battles against a powerful and hindering delusion which cheats us of life and of the ability to adapt ourselves to life's changing scene. Even this shock of general economic collapse has not been powerful enough to recall our gaze from the future and concentrate it upon to-day.

This is not to say that one ought not hope, but that hope is only a fillip to the dish of days. Hope relishes the hour but does not feed it. One cannot nourish a life on *antipasto*.

The focus of American future-worship is the New York Stock Exchange, in whose shadows sit its oracles on the tripods of swivel chairs. Here broods the very spirit of prophecy. Mr. Shaw has prophesied, Mr. Huxley has prophesied, Edward Bellamy has prophesied, and a host of others; but not even so inveterate a forecaster as H. G. Wells foresees the doom or triumph of man every week-day afternoon. In the purlieus of Broad and Wall Streets, however, predicting is a full-time job, and the rise and fall of United States Steel is foretold, not merely every day, but every hour.

The fluctuations of the stock market and of commerce are not, perhaps, affairs of conscious concern to everybody, and yet such vast material issues, such immense sums of money are involved in the course of prices and of trade that in this field, if anywhere, and in the light of these highly informed prophetic labors, man's proper atti-

tude toward the future ought to come clear. For, surely, if interests able to command millions of dollars cannot anticipate changes in business or changes in prices sufficiently well to insure themselves against tremendous loss, it is hardly reasonable to expect prophecy to be of high value in regard to looser matters. And if considering the future has proved disastrous to the human pocket book, or to the tranquility of nations, perhaps we may come at last to realize that it is equally disastrous to the single spirit and to the government of an individual life.

Nobler ends than those of gain concern themselves with the future, but nobility of purpose exempts no man or cause from the operation of inexorable laws. It is often very hard to show concretely that prepossession with the future is harmful to art, or to personal conduct, or to the policies of government, though I believe that true; but in the marketplace where man's passion for the future concentrates on a struggle for gold it should be feasible to discover whether a belief about to-morrow is a source of profit or loss. And that is what I am now undertaking, merely as a key to what seem to me deeper matters than profit or power.

That the human future is essentially unknowable is, I am well aware, a claim that seems to disregard every feeling developed by scientific progress during the past two hundred years. I must not bog down into a discussion of determinism, for I am not so much interested in whether our present depression was inevitably fixed in the grain of nature a billion years ago, as in whether, by the finite wisdom of men, it could have been foreshadowed far enough ahead to have been prevented, and by that prevention have proved its prophets false.

It is obvious enough that determinism, of itself, makes the determinability of most future events a problem of ex-

cessive difficulty. If every event in nature is a resultant of all preceding events, it is hard to perceive how, without infinite knowledge, the occurrence of any succeeding event can be foretold. As to certain future events, the probability is high, but those are very rarely events which involve a human consciousness. I am perhaps justified in guessing that the sun will rise to-morrow. The chance that I shall be here to see it rise can be computed from a life insurance table, and I am happy to feel that it is comparatively high; but my *seeing* the sun rise to-morrow is a horse of another color. For that implies that I awake in time for the observation, and that waking depends in turn upon the functioning of a brass mechanism, whose useful life, I trust, is shorter than my own. It also implies that if I do awake I shall still possess my sight, which is no longer something any man can count on, that I awake in the possession of treasures of will, and that the sky be clear.

It will be observed from this homely illustration how excessively complicating are the man-generated factors, and how simple the astronomical factor. Most of the self-deception of prophets and their followers stems from the high probability of astronomical futures, and from the assumption that determinism in sociology, in economics, and in psychology is of the same usable sort as the determinism and logic of events that led to the discovery of Neptune and to the possibility of mechanically predicting the height of the tide next January 13th, at the dock in Eastport, Maine. And that is simply not true. The evidence is voluminous.

## II

Recent history is perhaps more instructive, if more painful, than remote history. If one wonders at his own exalted state of mind in the summer of



1929, perhaps that wonder may diminish a little if he recalls a few of that season's authoritative economic utterances. I have space for only a few, not from the brochures of wildcat promoters, but from the pages of reputable financial journals whose opinions are backed by expert investigation.

Said one journal on August 21, 1929: "Practically all the current indexes of trade are indicative of high sustained general business activity. All in all business prospects continue quite favorably defined for the coming months. . . . As long as we have the combination of a demand for the common stocks of prosperous companies, the money with which to satisfy that demand, confidence in the future and no near prospect for a general trade recession, past history, *i.e.* rising prices for stocks of companies with rising earnings, can be expected to repeat."

Said another on August 5, 1929: "When one considers such simple calculations as these, the prices paid (for common stocks) may for the moment seem exorbitant, but will they not find their best vindication in the testimony of future years as they have in past years?"

The same journal, August 19, 1929: "The sort of inflation which exists to-day is the sort that does not blow up. With wants insatiable, energy abundant, and guidance as informed as it is to-day, there is no weakness in the economic situation serious enough to plunge industry into a major depression.

"Apparently the very fact which the pessimist cannot see for his gloom is that our very leisure is contributing to our support. It is curious, after our own experience has been clearly seen, how the threat of deflation could have frightened anybody. With ample trade statistics, light inventories, hand to mouth buying, accurate and adequate records of goods consumed, in short, more skillfully regulated pro-

duction, falling prices have proved not a hazard, but a boon. The entire world of business has learned something in the science of self-protection."

But perhaps I am asking too much of economic prediction. Let us give it a square break and move on to an hour when the storm signals had been displayed for three months and more, when we were in fact sliding down the first glissade of our economic snow slope. By December 29, 1929, American industry had suffered a serious setback. The Dow Jones industrial stock averages had fallen one hundred and fifty points to 230. It was concealed in the seeds of time that one year later they should have fallen to 157, and two years later to 73, and three years later to 60. The indices of business were to parallel this unprecedented descent. The sky was dark. The barometer was falling.

"The business vista disclosed as the curtain rises on the new year beckons to a forward sweep of industry toward prosperous horizons all around the circle," wrote Samuel P. Arnot, President of the Chicago Board of Trade, on January 1, 1930. "Signs all point to the fact that this nation which has entered an era of vast industrial expansion will continue its forward sweep for many years to come."

On the same day William Beatty, President of the New York Produce Exchange, predicted "a complete recovery by early spring from the effects of the collapse of stock values in October and November."

"The question as to how long slow business will last seems easier to answer," wrote Col. Leonard P. Ayres, the most distinguished business prophet in the American banking world, on that same January 1, 1930. "Apparently the duration must be comparatively brief because there are on hand in this country relatively small excess stocks of goods, and so any considerable cur-

tailment in manufacturing will result in shortages. It seems not unlikely that signs of improvement will appear in the spring months. We may confidently expect that sometime early in 1930 financial news will tell that the number of blast furnaces in operation has begun to increase. When that happens we can accept it as an almost sure sign that the curve of general business activity has passed its lowest point and recovery is under way."

This prediction was particularly awkward in view of the fact that in the spring of 1930 the number of blast furnaces in operation did actually increase, but no sooner had that increase been made evident than the real storm of the depression broke over us. Business avalanched down hill and stock prices fell fifty per cent from the figure to which they had risen, on the bids of those who had faith in the validity of economic prophecy.

"I see nothing however in the present situation that is either menacing or warrants pessimism. I have every confidence that there will be a revival of activity in the spring and that during the coming year the country will make steady progress." Andrew W. Mellon, January 1, 1930.

"It is probably not too much to say that the outlook for large construction work was never better." The Economic Bulletin of the National City Bank, January 1, 1930.

In still another highly considered financial journal of that same week Dr. Karl Scholz contributed a paper in which he computed the speculative investment values of a number of common stocks. The figures included United States Steel, 159; American Telephone and Telegraph, 212.50; Packard Motors, 161; International Telephone and Telegraph, 226.

Our unhappy future, figured as a world of promise, was a factor in Doctor Scholz's equations.

To these, among hundreds of similar utterances of the highly informed on that single day, I must add one item of subsequent date. One year later, in January, 1931, a prominent financial magazine carried articles with the following headings:

Improving Rail Prospects in 1931.  
Utilities Show Strength and Promise.  
Motor Industries in Slow Recovery.  
Merchandising Faces Improving  
Trend.  
Bonds Pointed for Higher Levels.

### III

There is no point in wearying the reader with instances of similar errors, nor have I selected from the vast stores of material a few egregious blunders to prove a point. Ten magazines more bulky than this issue could not contain the unfortunate financial prophecies of the past three years. If I were searching for egregious examples I might quote you this one, from a form letter issued by a well known financial forecasting agency in March, 1932:

"Wednesday, March 2, on greatly increasing volume, the industrial averages emerged on the upside from the trading range they have occupied for the past three months. Here is a definite market indication that a sharp advance in selected stocks is rapidly approaching. Within the next month, possibly next week, the market will begin to discount this year's spring rise in industrial activity. Now is the time to start buying on recessions. This may be your last opportunity to buy sound securities at such low levels."

The date was March 7. The following day, stocks measured by the Standard Statistics Average rose about one point to 68.9. And that was all there ever was to the predicted spring rise. One month later, after a steady fall, the



averages had reached 50; two months later, 45; three months later, 38; and four months later, 35.5.

These are not mere instances to be balanced by a recital of the few wise or lucky guesses. Financial journals and services have an important use to investors which I am not in the least depreciating. Their assumption of an ability to forecast the future, however, is on a par with the similar claims of astrology.

In the latest month, at this writing, the security advice of three important agencies, each with a staff of trained economists and predictors, might be briefly summarized as follows:

Agency A. Buy now.

Agency B. Sell now.

Agency C. Do not buy now.

The financial forecasts issued in the weeks preceding the great banking crisis of March, 1933, could be also summarized almost as briefly:

Agency 1. The gold standard is safe and is growing safer.

Agency 2. Bank reserves are increasing. Funds available are ample.

Agency 3. Financial tension is growing.

Agency 4. No nation-wide banking troubles are in sight.

Before the great stock market break of October, 1929, certain forecasting agencies announced that the end was at hand. Unfortunately, however, subscribers to such services did not generally take advantage of the forecasts, for in the preceding year, just before the dramatic rise that was to push the average of prices from 250 to nearly 400, the same predictions had been offered in terms less tempered by the recollection of having, a year before, turned in a false alarm.

At the recent bottom in July, 1932, many forecasting agencies advised their clients that a great opportunity was at hand to buy common stocks. Unfortunately, however, these advices were often unheeded through discouragement or necessity.

For Agency X had issued the same advice in September, 1930, when the Dow Jones average of prices was 220. And again in October, 1931, it had said, "This is the chance of a lifetime."

And Agency Y had announced in September, 1931 that there had seldom been a time when borrowing for the purchase of stocks was more clearly indicated—after which, unhappily, prices fell 66 per cent.

And Agency Z had recommended purchasing stocks up to 75 per cent of the client's capital in February, 1931, when the average price was 183 (the highest figure of that year, and a figure that would now stagger the imagination). It had further advised them in March, 1931, that business was turning the corner, and in the following August had recommended further purchases when the Dow Jones average price was 140. Thus clients could have had small interest in its discovery in July, 1932, that cautious purchases were justified when the Dow Jones average was 36.

Mr. Alfred Cowles recently reported to the American Statistical Association the results of an impartial analysis of 11,500 financial forecasts, from reputable agencies and journals. From a comparison of the predictions with the changes predicted, he concluded that the results of following the prophetic suggestions would have been approximately four per cent a year below those attainable by a reliance on chance.

The financial policies of many of our leading banks in 1929 and 1932 reveal no benefit derived by them from the foresight of purchased services or private statisticians; but perhaps the most searching test to which economic and financial previsioning was ever subjected is afforded by the behavior of the management investment trusts since the summer of 1929. These companies were organized to attempt, through the exercise of superior providence, to give to the investor a safety

and profit in the security market which he could not attain for himself. At their command was the most costly and expert advice attainable. Their managers and directors were men of financial skill and long experience. If reliable prophecy were on the market at any price, these companies had the motive to purchase it and the money to pay. Whatever knowledge of the future is at human command it is reasonable to assume they have commanded. The results of their operations are a matter of record.

If their foresight had been one hundred per cent efficient, securities held on January first, 1930, would have been converted into cash or government bonds sometime during the rising market of the ensuing three months. After that, assuming no short selling, the funds would have been set aside at interest for the repurchase of stocks and bonds at the bottom in May or June or July, 1932. By January, 1933, such investments would have somewhat appreciated in value. But if no funds had been reinvested and the foresight evidenced had been of the very limited sort which kept the capital sum untouched, we might assume that a certain provision had been employed.

Of the eight large management investment trusts listed in *Barron's Weekly* on February 27, 1933, the loss in capital value of the assets during the three years to January 1, 1933, ranges from 42.3 per cent to 74 per cent. The average loss is 57.7 per cent.

If, on the other hand, no discrimination whatever had been employed by these companies, if each of them had bought at the close of 1929 an equal number of the shares of every company listed on the New York Exchange and had held those shares straight through the long decline, the market value of their holdings by January 1, 1933, would have fallen 61.1 per cent. Thus, over the operations of three years,

compared with the result of standing pat, with the use of no information as to the suspension of certain industries and the relative stability of others, foresight and selection combined yielded those trusts an annual loss of about 1.1 per cent less than the loss of the whole market. Assuming that the intelligent selection of the stronger companies in each industry accounts for but half of that slight advantage, it is only fair to conclude that foresight had a maximum value of one half of one per cent a year. More probably it had only a negative value, as indicated by the researches of Mr. Cowles—that it was a factor of loss.

#### IV

There is consequently evidence that a ten-cent pair of dice knows somewhat more about the future than the most expensive human prophet. I do not speak about the value of investments. Only about the future. Human dice are always lopsided with hope or loaded with despair. Prediction betrays the prophet by transporting him into a world of dreams in which the living moment loses its sharpness and reality, and its power to register its truth and meaning.

When in the midst of a recent prolonged down-trend of prices a leading financial writer called what was going on under his nose a "fifty-fifty bull market" he was a victim of his own far-gazing eye. He was future-struck by hope. Prophets develop a psychological disorder, an emotional lag. One wrong forecast begins a vicious circle. A functional disease develops which one might well designate as the prophetic jitters. An apparent perversity appears in the sequence of events that confounds prediction. Every man who has lost money in speculation is aware of the reality of this disease in himself and in his counselors.



In the history of almost any forecasting agency there appear, quite often, extended periods when one might safely reverse each week's advice and then act on it to his profit. Prophetic judgment, in short, can never be cold and on the facts at hand. If it were so it might be as good as chance. Imagination is the essence of prophecy, and imagination is unfortunately a device for wish fulfilment. This fact, however, is deeply concealed from the prophets themselves by their own impressive, and in its own place, highly valuable economic and financial machinery.

There are two bases for the attempted prediction of the course of business and of security prices, a technical basis and an economic basis. The technical prediction assumes that stock prices forecast their own future and that of business. The economic prediction assumes that trade and credit conditions reveal the future of business and that of the stock market. It is somewhat difficult to reconcile these two theories, which are both warmly held. Logical difficulties suggest themselves, and it is certain that the professors of either one or the other of these two fundamental systems of foretelling must be frequently deceived. A careful examination of the records reveals the fact that the two sets of economic data that may be plotted as a business index and as an average of stock prices move on loosely parallel lines, with rather erratic lags and variations, or as Frederick D. Bond has remarked in *Success in Security Operations*, a highly rational treatise, "Between the course of business of a country and the course of the stock market, there are without doubt interrelations, but these interrelations are those of two environments which mutually affect each other, rather than of linear cause and effect."

The practical and theoretical difficulties in the way of business fore-

casting even its own developments are somewhat staggering. Economists have lately felt their science challenged by its failure to shed any clear and undebatable light on the problems of economic depression or to provide any safe guidance at these lately critical hours. Led by such pioneers as Dean Donham of the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, they have at last accepted what seemed a reasonable challenge: that if economics be a science, and not a mere body of data and material for debate, it might readily demonstrate that fact by revealing a few of the economic consequences of present world or national conditions. I do not regard that as a reasonable challenge; nevertheless, it has been accepted. In two admirable studies Doctor Donham has approached the problem of economic prophecy through devices too elaborate to be dealt with here. Unfortunately, however, economics has not yet had its Newton, nor even its Freud or Pavlov. If indeed that Newton should appear to-day it is difficult to see how he could help very much in the prediction of future events. One might easily illustrate how that must be so from Newton's own labors in the field of gravitational physics. Having arrived at his now classical laws of motion, the great mathematician proceeded to describe exactly the behavior of two bodies moving under the influence of their mutual attraction. That feat was accomplished, but when the discoverer of the law of gravitation attempted to apply his law to three bodies mutually attracting, he found the problem to be beyond his powers. No general equation could be devised by him, nor has any been since devised that expresses exactly what would happen to three billiard balls left to themselves in space.

But conceive if, instead of three billiard balls, we assume three social

forces mutually interacting. There are no three billiard balls anywhere alone in space, and there are no three social forces interacting toward some event. The universe is not so simple. Instead we have at once hundreds of factors of unequal intensity and rate of change determining every outcome. In place of the simple formula of Newton's law, Dean Donham is compelled to establish, as fixed trends of events over a period of forecasting, such highly debatable guesses as that the forces which tend to transfer men from the country to the city will continue to operate for a considerable period of time. Such an assumption is true only with a high possibility of error. Its truth depends, in a measure, upon the as yet unknown reactions of technology on labor and on city and country life. It is not an axiom, but an argument.

But suppose all the critical economic factors bearing on any future outcome were detected and weighted, as to period and power, by some divine calculus lent for the purpose to men; suppose a machine that from all these values would draw, as a tide predictor draws, a graph of the next events; and then add that one more factor, the uneasy rat called human nature, scuttling among the cogs of the machine and spinning the wheels at its whim. Is it any wonder that even Dean Donham admits that the hopeful approach to social and economic problems lies rather in creating methods of adjustment than through a reliance on foresight? Or is it any wonder that such an organization as the Harvard Economic Society could state in August, 1929, that "the business situation in most respects appears unusually sound"—though within a month after the appearance of that dictum the walls of Jericho were to be visibly falling?

Like therapeutics and psychology, economics is not a predictive science.

Its function is never to foretell, but to unravel and to adjust disharmonies in the going machine. The analogy of the beautiful reasonableness of nineteenth-century physics has deceived most of those sciences which admit human nature into their equations into a false simplicity, or a false sense of power; but the analogy of the profound complexity of twentieth-century physics may in time assist them to a more realistic attempt. As James W. Angell recently wrote, in a review contributed to the *Journal of the American Statistical Association*, "It is no use to establish the general forms of relations between variables which are not statistically measurable, and which in the mathematical sense are not unique or determinate elements at all." That is a fair, if a somewhat technical summary of the flaws in the analogy which has led sociology and finance into the morass of prophecy and, it might be added, into the rainbow-chasing of economic planning, which is the inevitable consequence of taking seriously prophecies based on imperfect laws.

Financial prophecy has proved devastating to the public exchequer. Economic and social prophecy may well prove even more devastating, in their turn, to the public morale. The method of trial and error is proper for to-day, when we can pay the piper; but not when it makes our children pay the piper, or even our old age pay. We should do very well right now, while some of their results are fresh in our memories, to face the limitations of economic and social prophecy and of the fine schemes built up upon the assumption that it has no such limitations. Dean Donham wisely admits that economic forecasting should not now concern itself with predictions of events closer than three years away, because we can know so little about this near future. And that fact I believe has been amply demonstrated.



That a knowledge of a more distant future is attainable, however, I question. If it were, I question its human use. Nor would I envy the possessors of any such undemonstrable truth. To bend the energies of a society to the prevention of a calamity five years hence, that may never happen, would seem to me a strange perversion of politics and of life. To be constantly allured by the vista of a future in the middle distance of time would rob man of more going life than he has ever yet willingly stolen from himself. I do not believe that success in economic prophecy is a near peril to mankind and I am very happy to think that it is not. Even that middle-distant future about which it is felt that something can be known seems to me merely a mirage that retreats as we walk toward it. If the immediate future is something about which we can know nothing surely, despite our opportunity of digesting the forces which must bring it into being, it is very hard to see what superiority of position or knowledge we have as to a future five years away, which will seem just as elusive as we approach it. The focal and peculiar forces of every year are more effective than those long-term influences which lie hidden under them.

It is the immediate future that man most hungers to foresee, that period within which prediction can be fulfilled before it is forgotten. And it is the obvious remark about that near future, that in the stock market, at least, some men can foresee it sufficiently well to amass huge fortunes through their prevision. Some famous speculators have even, to their loss, fallen victim to that illusion about themselves.

There is no space here to discuss all that is known about the methods employed by men who have accumulated much money by stock operations. A few things are certainly known, how-

ever: that all of them have at one time or another been disastrously wrong in their guesses; that most of them have been hugely benefited by the possession of advance information as to conditions unknown to the public; that they frequently pool their resources to perform major operations whose outcome they control by influencing the public's passionate belief in the future; and finally that the very essence of their success lies in an immediate and unprejudiced appraisal of the present moment, untrammelled by any theory as to what is coming next. Few mediums believe in their own ghosts.

Such men rapidly and unregretfully change their minds when they discover that they have guessed wrong. They follow, or if they can, direct a stream of events springing from hopes and fears engendered in the hearts of a future-sold public which is always too lost in its to-morrows to accept as real the moment that denies its hopes. Lambs graze on the pastures of futurity. Wolves smell the fat meat of the lambs.

## V

A careful analysis of the technical methods used in an attempt to forecast stock prices by the behavior of the market reveals the fact that such methods, when they have a positive value, are not methods of forecasting but of appraisal. They value the present condition of financial markets as a physician values his patient's health. They have a worth for those who are interested, and particularly for the nimble who do not trust them, but they do not foretell. To demonstrate that fact I have room to consider only a single method of technical forecasting, and I must select that one most familiar to the general reader.

The Dow theory, in some ways quite different from all other technical stud-

ies of the stock market, is applied common sense; and if any financial or economic device had the right to have claimed for it the power of foretelling the future, this would have to be that one. Examined retrospectively, the Dow theory is almost always right. That is, it is right every time but one in almost every important movement, that once being at the top or bottom. And there it is invariably wrong, and indeed has to be. But before I discuss the meaning of that fact, perhaps I had better outline very briefly what this supposed predicting device really is.

Its important premises are simple: first, that there are three simultaneous movements in the stock market: a primary or long-term movement, forming a bull or bear market over a period often of several years; a series of secondary reactions lasting sometimes for several months; and a day-to-day movement whose minor fluctuations form the other two.

The second assumption is also simple and reasonable. It holds that if the high points reached by successive secondary movements of the stock averages ascend, and the succeeding low points also ascend in a rising zigzag when charted, and if this is true for both railroad and industrial stocks, it is evidence that we are in a bull market, and that if the reverse condition obtains we are in a bear market. In its broadest outline that is the Dow theory. And stripped of its details as I have here stripped it, it becomes perfectly clear what this theory of prediction amounts to. It is a definition of what is meant by a bear or bull market and no more and no less. A usable and accurate definition. Usable to the speculator and to the investor because of the fact that in a bull market, so long as that bull market continues, most sound common stocks are cheap no matter how much they cost, and in a bear market most stocks are dear no

matter how little they cost. Unfortunately, however, when a bull market changes into a bear market that which was cheap yesterday becomes dear today, and still more unfortunately, the Dow theory gives no warning of this change.

What it predicts is absolutely nothing. It says that the wind is blowing up or down the financial hill, not how long it will blow, not even that it will blow another hour. On that you must take your own chances. Emphatically it does not guarantee the wind any more than a weather vane guarantees its wind.

The September high in the 1929 stock market showed the wind still blowing up hill, and the Dow theory had no remark to make as to whether that wind would continue. But some weeks after the wind had changed there was a visible record of that fact having occurred. Neither did this predicting device commit itself in July, 1932, nor has it at any time since, to the moment of this writing, committed itself as to whether the market zephyrs have veered and now begin to blow up hill again. Some time after that change has definitely occurred the Dow theory will record the fact unmistakably and perhaps usefully, but it will not guarantee to any one that, even as it is revealing the meaning of the recent past, a change in an opposite direction may not be in the making. So far is it, in fact, from predicting the future that it does not at once value even the present. It is a good weather vane which is slow on its hinges. Its value lies in that very fact that it takes a heavy wind to establish its readings. But heavy winds also change.

Before it can register an alteration in the market's tendency from up to down as having taken place, the down movement must have completed its first zigzag and have then fallen to a point under its most recent low.



Then a definition of what has occurred becomes possible.

In 1929, for instance, the Dow theory defined what was happening as being a bear market, late in October. That was highly useful information to those stock traders and investors who believed in it, but it was not prediction, until viewed in the light of subsequent events.

Other technical devices of prediction have the same characteristic: they evaluate the past and present. They do not and cannot penetrate into the future. Some of them may even at times detect human intentions, but none predicts human performances. If one chooses to bet on to-morrow he must always understand—allowing no confidence in any prediction to disturb his understanding—the distinction between a certainty and an adventure. For a man the future has no certainties but death—not even taxes.

## VI

It may be thought that between the achievement of detecting a trend in business or securities and predicting their future course I am drawing a thin and theoretical line. On the contrary, I believe it a highly useful line to be drawn. When a man confuses his thinking by supposing that from a study of trends and tendencies he is foreseeing the future he immediately dims his vision of to-day. He commits himself to that future he has foreseen, and begins to reject any present reality that contradicts his hopes.

The recent sad history of the prohi-

bition movement illustrates very clearly the futility of living in the dream accomplished. Prohibitionists grew so confident of the future that they forgot completely that the present was their arena of battle. They were so certain of having the whole world dry by 1940 that they permitted conditions to develop that forced the United States to go wet in 1932. So in 1928 many men were so certain of being able to retire from business by 1930 that by 1933 their businesses had retired from them. The future yields few dividends to its votaries. Once in a while a lottery prize falls in a lucky hat, but dividends are always of even date. They adhere to the fingers of those whose eyes refuse to be tangled in the tea leaves of to-morrow, or who, if they dream, are aware of the odds against them and behave accordingly.

If the words "outlook, forecast, and prospect" were eliminated from business and social literature it would be a highly useful achievement of common sense, as important to the mental health as the elimination of the word "cure" from the labels of patent medicine bottles has been to man's physical health. The cases are just parallel.

The future, I have written elsewhere, is essentially unknowable. I should like to add the word to that, that the future, because of the human reactions to a belief in it, is essentially treacherous. It is a false god. Perhaps we shall some day come to accept that fact, so important to our inner health and happiness, through the curious and ironic device of finding its acceptance profitable.



## I DON'T LIKE LADIES

BY JOAN MAYBURY

I SHOULD like to think that my own feeling of hostility toward ladies was reasoned, logical, and born of mature observation, but candor and Mr. Freud compel me to acknowledge that it probably dates from a complex acquired at the time when they wore high-buttoned boots, black silk stockings, and white kid gloves. They had a way of gushing over children and a fashion of nibbling at the end of the moiré card case which they carried in a plump hand. They always sat erect on the outer edge of the chair, and they always, always knew and did what was right. Their word was law, at least with children.

Those were manifestly great advantages. But there were other things about being a lady whose value was more dubious. A lady did not fight with her brothers. She could not bat balls in the street. She never whistled nor did she climb fences. A lady did not make faces nor pull hair nor sit cross-legged on the lawn and play mumble-ty-peg with the boys next door. And under no circumstances did she lie flat on her stomach and pull the peg out of the grass roots with her teeth.

There was a kind of fascination about them, but it was not strong enough to win out against the mingling of a resentment at authority too lightly assumed and a love of all the things they were not permitted to do. Slowly but surely it was borne in upon me that a lady was the last thing in the world I wanted to be.

For a good many years it looked as though I need not have worried about it. As I grew older there was added to that small-girl attitude the force of a family point of view and a steady economic pressure. My mother took it for granted that I was to be a lady, but she also wanted me to have a career. She saw no contradiction between the two objectives, but even if she had, the state of the family exchequer would have forestalled any argument as to which was preferable. I went to college only on the understanding that I was to emerge a full-fledged working girl. I was proud of it, indeed I was rather lofty about it. The severest of tailored suits became my uniform, and Ann Veronica, with her latch key and her lover, won at the cost of a revolt against the family, took the place of a Tennysonian princess as my ideal.

There was nothing original about this. It was a phase in the common consciousness of the time, a tendency as general as the spread of the scientific spirit and the liberal point of view. Gentility, like romanticism, was out of date, and the War put the final violent period to a manner and an ideal which had been long a-dying. In our town the only people who went on bothering about "social standing" were the minister's wife, who had come out from Cincinnati, and the banker's daughter, who had attended a finishing school in the South. As for us young ones, we thanked heaven that we were



too busy getting ourselves diplomas and jobs to worry about such nonsense.

And then I married and went to live in one of the largest cities in the country.

The experience of moving from a small town to a metropolis has many curious aspects. A city is not just a village puffed up by a multiplication table. It is that and a great deal more besides, but in the sheer element of size are factors all too little known to the people affected by them. Out of the many things that were different in this, my first big city, the hardest to cope with was the fact that I was thrust again into the midst of ladies. Worse than that, I was, by the circumstances of my marriage, a lady myself.

Looking at ladies thus eye to eye, my first sensation was that I liked them even less than I had remembered. So far as appearances were concerned, the older ones looked very much as they used to. They were just as charming, just as vague, just as well-meaning, just as stuffy.

The younger ones were different, so very different that almost everything they did and said would have horrified the ladies of that older day. Instead of sitting bolt upright, they lounged. Instead of nibbling at *moiré* purses, they smoked cigarettes. Instead of confining themselves to tea, they drank cocktails. Instead of pinching their cheeks, they put on rouge and lipstick. They swam in the briefest of bathing suits and danced in backless gowns. Their favorite adjectives were "divine" and "foul." They abhorred sentiment and adored decadence. Or so they said.

Yet in spite of all these changes—changes which were leading older essayists to deplore and younger cynics to rejoice that the genus lady was gone from American life—it became very quickly evident that these young persons were in every fundamental

their mothers' daughters. They might regard biology as an excellent subject for drawing-room conversation, be appallingly frank about their own desires and distressingly casual about other people's perversions, violate every Victorian canon of behavior, but none of those divergences really mattered. The masks and the vocabulary were different—powder, petting, and profanity were in style and a modest demeanor was out—but not enough to conceal the fact that these were indubitably ladies.

They were inclined to be annoyed if you charged them with it. They thought themselves modern, enlightened women, who had put away all that 19th-century foolishness, yet if you scratched the rather smug surface of their conventional unconventionality you found them surprisingly like their grandmothers. They accepted the world as it was, their world, the world of their class with its privileges and its pleasures, as the best of all possible worlds, and they deplored any changes which might possibly alter their position. They might have become experts, for conversational purposes at least, on modern theories of sex, but their ideas on economics were those of the earliest days of the industrial revolution. They might have a good deal of smart conversation about Russia and the growth of the proletarian movement, but in their hearts they really believed they were the last rampart that held civilized society against the barbarian invasion. Politically, they inclined to aristocratic Fascism, and they could be heard in any smart drawing-room pitying the poor financiers and deploring the Huey Longs.

## II

It was at this point that I began wondering what it was that stamped them so surely with the mask of their

class. What made them all look alike, talk alike, take the same things for granted? What, in these rickety days and this strange tangled America of ours, was a lady anyhow?

First I went to the dictionary. The fattest and newest one published in Noah Webster's name gives "lady" eleven separate meanings. For the purpose of this discussion his most illuminating definition is "A woman of social distinction or position; a woman conventionally or courteously regarded as of superior social position or as more or less above a certain rather indefinite but not necessarily high social status."

Careful as Webster shows himself to keep well away from any dangerous commitments, he does get at what seems to me the real heart of the trouble. Not beauty, nor brain, nor courage, nor kindness determines the lady, not emotional power nor moral strength, not business ability nor professional standing. No mention here of family duty or community obligation, no standards, no honor, none of that gallant "noblesse oblige" that flamed before the ladies of an older day. No values here that are natural, but the purely artificial ones of social distinction, social position, social status—that is what makes a modern lady what she is.

And as, in this highly commercial civilization of ours, social distinction, social position, social status are largely determined by money, the result is that in almost any given community the women whose people have it are the avowed ladies. It had been the banker's daughter and the minister's wife at home. Not that the latter had had money, poor dear, but her father had; and even in a commercial civilization the professions still command some respect. Here in this huge and curious city of my transmigration, where money and family and profession and education were all factors in lady-mak-

ing, it was leisure that was the final determinant. You might be rich and not be a lady, though voices that started out to make this bold assertion were apt to fade away before they got to the end of it. But a lady must be a lady of leisure, she must be able to command her own time. Otherwise she was a working girl.

As for that old conviction of my mother's that you could be both a lady and a working girl, the indisputable fact was that very few people were. Somehow the one—either one—made the other seem so unimportant.

It is not my intention to go off at this point on the puritanical tangent that there is of necessity something wicked about leisure and the sheltered life, or even to fall in with the frequent suggestion that there is something raw and of the frontier about Americans, even American women, that makes them unable to handle leisure to the satisfaction of themselves or of anyone else. But I do observe that, compared to the working girl, there is about the lady of leisure a singular set of inadequacies. Too often she is trebly inadequate—as a person, in her attitude toward women not of her status and, most curious of all, in her own job.

The inadequacies of the lady as a person have been set forth in innumerable tales, true and otherwise. How timid she is, how shallow, how badly educated, how lacking in any sense of reality—all this has been a factor if not a theme in endless discussions. More than one author of a book or a play has laid these charges at the door of all women. But there are certain aspects of that inadequacy which come home with particular force to women who earn a living and who are subject to the discipline which that process entails.

In the first place, your lady is apt to lack clarity and sense of proportion. Shielded as she is from life by money



and leisure, she seldom learns much by first-hand experience. As a child, she is educated expensively, taught what to believe, but seldom how to think. As an adult, politics, science, industry, finance, even the arts and the ideas of life, are things read about, heard about, seen in movies, but not often handled. Protected from contact with hard-won success or grinding poverty, she is a modern Lady of Shalott, seeing all life in a mirror, spending her days spinning weird webs out of prejudice and the pictures caught on that shadowy and distorted glass.

She knows little of the excitement of taking actual part in the world's work. The lady is seldom the one who manages a small army of employees, who formulates a labor policy, builds houses, tracks down elusive legal clues, sits through cold and lonely nights photographing stars, or spends long days with a microscope, a slide rule, a palette, or a pile of putty. The few who do see their activities chronicled in newspapers as matters of public wonderment. She finds it all too easy to slip out from under the hard, the unpleasant, the unhappy angles of existence. She may wash dirty babies in a clinic every morning from eleven to twelve, but then she can go home to a scented bath and a hot lunch. Death is almost the only fact from which she cannot escape, and some of her kind will go to almost any lengths to keep from acknowledging that.

The result is that her edges are fuzzy and her straight lines blurred. She talks in generalities and has never learned to be careful with universal statements. "All Iowans think . . ." "Everybody in Chicago knows"—are her favorite phrases of introduction for her own opinions, and she brushes aside any suggestion that perhaps there is a stubborn Iowan who does not think and a benighted Chicaguan who does not know.

To the girl with a job that interests her, the average lady of leisure is almost more alien than a visitor from another land, and much more difficult than any man to find common ground with. You may talk to them about clothes, or hairdressers, or taxi drivers, ask them about their children (if any), and then the possibilities are about exhausted. They are very vague about scientific, economic, or political forces, they have almost no historical sense. They were indignant about the bonus army last year, they gushed over Technocracy this year.

Even the good old arts do not last long. If they are familiar with books or plays they will give you no reasoned judgment, but a purely personal reaction. They won't like this novel because "its characters are so unpleasant. Not one of them is the kind of person you would care to know." They will praise one play as "such a clean, sweet comedy" and damn another as "too sordid for words. I do think people of that class are so uninteresting."

Sheltered as she is from discipline of any kind, the lady seldom acquires that passion for accuracy, that clear-cut standard of precision which distinguish certain of her hard-working sisters. Indeed, accuracy is a word which seems to have no meaning for her. Some of her kind specialize in understatement, some exaggerate. Very few of them tell the precise truth. A fact as such seems to have no validity for them. Guesses, approximations, prejudices are just as good. Truth is to them no dear desire, no hard-won goal, but rather the opinion or the need of the moment. It is not that they mean to lie. For good, thumping falsehoods with body and substance behind them give me the kind the working girl invents when she wants to. The lady merely does not know, does not remember, sees no real

reason for bothering to be exact, scarcely knows what exactness is.

After all, what does it matter to her when Altgeld ruled or the Monroe Doctrine was conceived? What does she care when Marco Polo was in China or how far north La Salle penetrated? No scholar will check up on her, no publisher will charge her for corrections on the last proof, no indignant Chamber of Commerce will threaten to have her removed from her job for casting doubt on a town's profitable claim to antiquity. Unlike people who earn their way, she is responsible to herself only.

It is arguable that they, the ladies, are themselves the greatest sufferers from this lack of responsibility in that it deprives them of an important factor in the development of character. If one could leave them alone on their little ice cake of security and leisure this argument might be valid. But they are not, after all, Polynesian primitives or penguins. Isolated though they are, they do deal with other people, they do make decisions (or fail to make them), give promises (or fail to give them), hire and fire and handle money and influence other people's lives.

It is in these dealings with other people that they show themselves in their worst light. They will make promises involving the time, effort, or reputation of someone else and break them without a quiver of conscience. Cornered, the franker ones may say, "I couldn't be bothered" or "It really didn't matter." Those are the consciously ruthless young. The older ones will hide farther back. If they are late to appointments, "The traffic, my dear, is too horrible, and that taxi driver was such a fool." If things go wrong at home it is because the servants are so slack, and "one simply has to take what one can get nowadays." If she runs over her household budgets, "Well, really, you couldn't

expect me to foresee that my mink coat would fall to shreds. And it certainly wasn't my fault that our liquor bill was so high last month. You practically made me give those bridge parties. You know you did. They were much more your friends than they were mine."

Nor are they any more conscientious or more understanding when it comes to grave public problems; food, shelter, clothing, all of the best quality being provided for them, they take it for granted, and have considerable difficulty understanding the worries of those who must get it for themselves. It was a lady of another age who said of the people who stormed her palace, "If they haven't bread let them eat cake," and it was a lady of this age who dropped her cigarette into a tray of beaten gold and murmured, "I'm so sick of hearing about the plight of the unemployed. I don't see why they don't stop talking and go to work."

To tell the truth, it was a remark of that kind that proved the final straw on the camel's back of my endurance. Up to that moment I had gone along with the ladies, trying very hard to understand and appreciate them. They were my husband's friends, and I owed them a certain consideration if only for his sake. Besides, I have always liked getting acquainted with strange people and finding out what makes their minds go round. I knew the American clubwoman, the instinctive radical, the militant D. A. R., the faded spinster whose prime and sadistic soul was bound up in the W. C. T. U. All of them were what they were for understandable reasons, and they aroused no tumult of revolt in me. But the lady, who had had all the advantages, who had been everywhere and learned nothing, that smug and complacent paragon of all the virtues, that upholstered pig!



## III

This is, as I admitted in the beginning, no reasoned reaction. It is not charitable, it is not Christian, it is neither polite nor politic. It is just as foolish as throwing a brick through a plate-glass window. Though I have never heard a brick actually go through, I imagine that the noise it makes is as soothing to the thrower as is the clatter of my typewriter to me. I am so tired of their patronage and their snobbery. I may be a lady by marriage (though perhaps not after this tirade) but I am a working girl by training and conviction. The thing I most bitterly resent is the attitude of the lady toward women who work.

They are so secure, and so cruel. Having fathers or husbands or incomes of their own, they find it almost impossible to realize that there are women in the world who are actually dependent for their own support on their own efforts. If their friends have jobs—well, jobs are smart these days, and it must be fun to run a tearoom.

They have no understanding of regular hours and no patience with the exigencies of a job. They will think nothing of calling you up at the office and demanding your attention for ten minutes' worth of words that sift down to nothing. They see no reason why you cannot come up to their favorite restaurant for lunch, though you explain that common carriers take half an hour, and that you cannot afford the time any more than you can afford the money for a speedier taxicab. They think it stupid that you must leave a leisurely luncheon table to get back to work at an appointed hour.

They seem unaware that there is a line of discrimination between personal favors and professional services. There was, for instance, a woman investment broker who did a very neat piece of business for a charity hospital

she was interested in. Regarding her work as her contribution to the cause, she charged no fee. When a vote of thanks to her was asked in board meeting, the lady chairman was puzzled and a bit indignant. "I can't see what you're all making such a fuss about," she declared. "Why shouldn't Myra handle financial matters for us? She knows how, and it doesn't cost her anything."

The fact that this was a professional service the like of which won Myra her bread, and for which anyone else would have charged the hospital a fat fee, did not seem to enter the chairman's ladylike head. That the broker's time had a value measurable in cold dollars, that this act was possible only because of the years of hard and expensive work that lay behind it were concepts she was fundamentally unable to grasp. Wasn't Myra a friend of hers? Hadn't they gone to school together?

Neither do ladies seem to understand what a sad-eyed writer characterized as "bread hunger." Organized labor calls the cause of it "scab competition." They will sign articles they did not write, accept money they did nothing to earn, enter blithely upon highly professional tasks for which they have not the least preparation, and take the public credit for performing them. The only thing that the entrepreneur wants of them is the use of their names. For this he pays handsomely, while some professional does the actual work and receives neither pay nor credit commensurate with the job.

A New England friend of mine insists that all this is due to long years of what she calls the "pin-money attitude." She claims that it dates from the days when men were the real providers and women kept the house, making a foray into money-earning now and then for their own pleasure or the good of the missionary society.

They sold eggs or baked cakes or held bazaars in the Sunday School rooms. It was exciting and made them feel important, but in their heart of hearts they knew that life would go on just the same whether they earned or not. The family would not starve for lack of those dimes in the china pig on the mantelpiece.

The professional woman worked out of this attitude long ago. Competition and the knowledge that if she did not earn her own living—and in many cases the living for older or younger people dependent on her—then she and they must starve were forces that could not be denied. But the lady has not yet faced those.

Some of them are still proud that they know nothing about business. Others who have inherited largely from generous fathers and husbands claim an acuteness based, presumably, on their ability to cut coupons and check bank balances. Both attitudes may be almost equally disastrous when put to the test. The first is partly responsible for that large pool of inanimate wealth which gives women the reputation of controlling, not only the purchasing power in the country, but certain large corporations which are favorite fields for safe investments. They are said to own a majority of the stock, but it is typical of the ladylike attitude that they do nothing about it. There are very few women's names on the lists of directors of big corporations.

As for the second attitude, that of business competence, well, there was in the West a certain manufacturer who died leaving his widow many millions and making her his executor. She weathered the crash of October, 1929, and sure that nothing worse could possibly happen, took her granddaughter on an extended tour. For months she was out of touch with the world. Her brokers had no authority to manipulate her investments, she

had given her secretary a leave of absence in order to save the money which would otherwise have been spent for his salary, her children knew nothing of her affairs. The second crash came, and the third, and still she stayed away while margins vanished and collateral was forfeit. When she finally came back she had a moment of panic. Then, remembering that she was, after all, a great lady, she did just what her grandmother would have done. She discharged her servants, sold her car, closed her house, and shut herself up in a single hotel room to cut coupons and straighten out the wreckage herself. The only trouble was that her grandmother had never had to face the complications of modern finance, and she herself did not know how. This was a gallant gesture, but she got nothing out of it but nervous prostration.

#### IV

It is not good enough, any of it, and there is no doubt that the most intelligent among the ladies are beginning to realize that something must be done if they are going on living in a modern world. With everything as uncertain as it is, they must have some standards and some concepts if they are to meet threatened social changes with something beside flutterings. At least they ought to know their own jobs. It is significant that such an organization as the Junior League, whose very existence is based on the continuance of the present society (with and without capital letters), makes every effort to instill into its young members the very virtues whose absence makes the average lady such a difficult problem for the working world.

One of the ablest women I ever met was a Junior League president who applied professional standards to her task of marshalling and training amateurs. In her very intensity, in the



skill with which she made her programs and outlined her arguments, met her appointments on the dot, handled her classes and represented her kind, there was an unconscious acknowledgment that this was unusual. She herself was that contradiction in terms, a professional lady; but she knew that the chances of molding her followers in her image were very slim. A budding lady may work at amateur activities, or even at one of the less offensive trades. She may ~~slave~~ <sup>slave</sup> over a charity or sit on a hospital board or debate the proper educational policy to be pursued by missionaries in Indo-China. She may even go straight from school to one of those department stores which exploit this cheapest and most gullible of untrained labor groups by making it smart to stand behind a counter. But she can never do it with that single-minded devotion to the job, that disciplined sense of values, that highly professional interest which comes with earning a living. She is first of all a lady, and concerned with social distinctions, social position, social status. They are her gods, and to them, consciously or not, she makes sacrifices.

What those sacrifices cost she herself may never know. There are two girls of good family on the New York stage whose limitations are illustrative. Of one the critics say, "A charming person, and lovely to look at. Possesses a good deal of talent. But of course she'll never make an actress. She's too much of a lady." And of the other, "What a dancer she'd be if only she weren't a lady!" There is nothing they can do about it, nothing anyone can do. They are marked by their class, and their efforts to get away result only in added proof of their bondage.

The less intelligent are, with all their social graces, apt to be ignorant, undisciplined, emotional, and unstable. They seem at times more like children

than like the adults whom one treats as equals. Yet it is not safe to handle them as you would handle nine-year-olds. They may have no more sense than children, but they have a quite unchildlike power of inflicting adult injury; and their very lack of the sense of responsibility that should accompany power makes them the more dangerous.

Like the nobles of old, they hold the power of life and death, but unlike them, they lack the code of "noblesse oblige" to restrain or correct them. They have been known to adopt protégés and discard them with less thought than they would expend on buying and giving away a dog, totally disregarding, perhaps even unaware that this was human life they were trafficking with and human hopes they were spoiling. They have entered into campaigns and causes, promising money and personal support, and withdrawn three months later for no better reason than that they did not like a shade of lipstick or a tone of voice. One of them promoted the woman's suffrage movement into unexpected and quite unaccustomed magnificence, and later almost wrecked it because the others would not let her run the show. Another accepted the chairmanship of a certain relief committee and gave approval and a promise of large funds to a scheme for putting the unemployed to work. Relying on that promise, the planners went into immediate action, set up an organization, hired a staff, started work. A week later the lady notified them that she had changed her mind. The next day in a front-page interview she applauded the scheme all over again and took the whole credit for its inspiration. But she never did pay the promised money.

Yet the score is not all black. They have proved over and over again what they can do when they really stiffen the backbone and set the jaw—half a

generation ago in that same suffrage movement, in the War, and more lately in the campaign for prohibition repeal. Stories in themselves, all those crusades, with ladies as the heroines, ladies who offered up their money and their leisure with passionate fervor and an almost embarrassing completeness of devotion. Ladies they were who marched in parades, drove ambulances under fire, turned their backs on tradition in order to do the thing they wanted to do. But it must not be forgotten that in the process, and at least for the time being, they ceased to remember that they were primarily ladies. And it is highly significant that the best of them speak of these experiences with acute nostalgia, and obviously think of them as the greatest periods of their lives. Then they were doing things, then they were alive.

Perhaps it is partly the glow of past or the warm shadow of potential accomplishment that makes me, and other professionals among my friends, feel a certain almost pathetic gallantry about them. Snobs they are beyond the shadow of a doubt, badly educated, conservative without knowing why, set by circumstances in a perpetual state of jellied adolescence. They have not even a standard for their own snobbery. Present-day changes going on all over the world make them look like people living placidly on an ice cake which has drifted away from shore and will inevitably break up and leave them to drown unless they can be aroused to a consciousness of their own danger and persuaded to make some effort toward reestablishing contact with the rest of the world. Yet they are the representatives of a lost cause, the remnants of a group devoted to the worship of a status which, dating from feudal days, had some importance in

the bourgeois 19th century, but has almost none at all in the proletarian 20th. As survivors of a once honored class, they are entitled to a certain respect.

But that does not mean that I like them. I like individuals among them very much, alert, sparkling women who, in spite of their handicaps, have become artists in living, and for reasons known only to themselves have taken the trouble to get past my guard and to show me, for an hour or a week, their society sparkling and desirable in the old glamorous light of wit and romance. But as a group—

I tried to like them all. At moments I still try. As an individual thrust by circumstances into their circle, I have learned their patter. It was not difficult, not half so hard as learning German or finding out how to make a banker feel confidential. A bit about horses and houses, servants, the right schools, clothes, the most recent parties, a smatter of literary gossip if it is not too detailed, a phrase or two about European places and people, and you are equipped. I play their game as I play bridge with them, correctly but unenthusiastically. I go to their dinner parties as they come to mine. My husband takes this, and them, for granted because, except for the adventure of marrying me, he has never known women of any other kind. They take me for granted because I am my husband's wife. But they do not altogether trust me. In my humbler moments I suspect that I bore them quite as much as they bore me. For I can never quite persuade myself that horses and houses, servants, the right schools, and the rest of their polite preoccupations are of more than pathetically trivial moment in a world to whose realities they are smugly deaf and blind.





## SOME DELUSIONS ABOUT CRIME

BY JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN AND  
VEE TERRYS PERLMAN

**T**HOUGH he may never have been inside a prison or witnessed a police court trial, the American citizen has very definite and positive ideas about crime and criminals and prisons. These ideas are based upon newspaper headlines, hysterical oratory before a jury, and detective fiction. All of these ideas, of course, are highly colored and during the course of years have hardened into fixed traditions.

The citizen has neither the time nor the inclination to search out the facts for himself, and so, very gradually, the truth about crimes and the persons who commit them has been obscured until now his beliefs are fiction and little else.

One of the most widely accepted beliefs is that which holds that a normal, peaceable life is impossible for an ex-convict because of relentless hounding by the police. In fact, this theme has lent itself so readily to dramatization that it has been worn threadbare long since. In story, book, and play the poor convict, struggling to live a decent life, is forced from job to street, from street to river, or perhaps behind bars again by the inescapable bloodhounds of the law.

Everyone is familiar with the story of the man who, unknown to anyone in his new environment, has done time in prison. He strives to earn an honest living and merit the love of his innocent sweetheart. Just as he has gained

the confidence of the village banker, in walks Detective Doherty through the old gate with the overhanging calico apple blossoms, and states that there's been a robbery at the First National Bank in the next town and he guesses that this jailbird isn't just countin' the blades of grass in this vicinity, so come along. The young girl is too shocked and indignant to see the tragedy in her sweetheart's face. As the convict is walked off the set, his world crashes about him, and the audience realizes for the first time that the mysterious radio salesman, book agent, and insurance solicitor who had appeared at the most unexpected times was none other than the supersleuth who had been watchfully waiting the moment to pounce on his prey every second of the two years since the prisoner had been released from the hoosegow.

What actually happens is that, save as an extraordinary and almost unheard of occurrence, ex-prisoners are never hounded by the police.

In New York City, for instance, there are, at a conservative estimate, seventy-five to one hundred thousand persons who have done time in some penal institution. How conservative this estimate is may be judged from the fact that between nine and ten thousand men are released yearly from the New York City Penitentiary on Welfare Island alone, while hundreds more arrive from the State prisons

at Sing Sing, Auburn, Dannemora, Great Meadow, and the reformatory at Elmira. In addition, there are the thousands of ex-convicts who come to New York from other parts of the country. There are also the released women prisoners, though these are comparatively few.

Against the ex-prisoner population of New York the police force numbers nineteen thousand men. From these, when sleuthing activities are to be considered, must be deducted those on traffic duty, those engaged in office work in the police stations, those assigned to watch public buildings, those held in reserve for riots and other emergencies, and many others working on matters in no way connected with the apprehension of criminals. Even the uniformed patrolmen are limited in hounding possibilities, since each is confined to a beat which he is not permitted to leave under a penalty except in case of emergency. On the other hand the criminal or ex-criminal is mobile and can come or go as he wishes. In some situations he has only to walk across the street to escape a given cop's jurisdiction.

Actually, in New York less than two thousand detectives are actively engaged in tracking criminals. Obviously it is physically impossible for a group of men numbering under two thousand to watch even casually a hundred thousand ex-prisoners, to say nothing of applying to them the continuous observation which the word hounding implies. It would be impossible even if the two thousand were to devote every minute of their working time to the task. What an absurdity the supposed hounding becomes in the light of the fact that practically all a city detective's time is given to work on crimes of the moment—not to watching a vast horde of ex-prisoners in the expectation that they may commit one!

This situation is practically the same in the smaller cities of the country—Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Kansas City, New Orleans, Seattle, and Los Angeles. Criminals seldom live in small towns. They cling to the cities, making trips to the lesser settlements for purely "business" reasons.

It is true that the police do at times arrest ex-prisoners on suspicion. This is what is apt to happen: A robbery has been committed and the police have seen several men with criminal records loitering in the vicinity. A few days later they are found to be spending money freely in the tough pool rooms, dance halls, and speakeasies. Thereupon the police arrest them on suspicion, using if necessary some technical charge such as disorderly conduct, and take them to the station house to question them. Speaking from a strictly legal point of view, the police may not always be justified in taking this action. But from the human and practical point of protecting the community this procedure, in lieu of any subtler and surer method of detection, has amply justified itself. Hundreds and hundreds of crimes have been solved in just this way. And undoubtedly those persons who are convinced that official hounding exists would be the first to protest if the police overlooked such suspicious characters.

This is not to say that at no time, in no place in the United States, has any ex-prisoner causelessly been persecuted by some policeman. Some little fellow may provide an alluring target to shoot at for some big cop with a little too much bully in him. It is not wise to let a dog see your fright. In isolated instances our police may warn a prospective employer or rooming-house keeper of a man's prison past. But these are exceptional events. In an experience of over twenty years with criminals, police, prison officials, pris-



oners' aid societies, and other individuals and organizations directly concerned with crime, we have found but one case of police hounding of ex-prisoners. Outside of this single instance we have not been able to discover an officer of a prisoners' aid society or similar organization who could cite a single specific instance of such baleful tracking down, although they are engaged in finding jobs for ex-prisoners and would know if the men were hampered by the police. Yet the old "the police wouldn't let him alone" tradition still flourishes in many welfare organizations. For this reason we challenged the entire group of representatives of such organizations at a recent prison congress to give one definite example of such interference. They could not meet the challenge.

A slightly different situation may exist in certain cities with regard to women prostitutes. We are told that some women need only appear within the bailiwick of certain policemen to be arrested on sight, whether they are committing an offense or not. But so hardened are we toward the woman prostitute—guilty at worst of participating in vice, not crime, with her unmolested customer—that we never give a thought as to whether she is hounded or not. She is never even considered when reference is made to police hounding of former prisoners.

The truth is that men who have done time are often hounded not by the police but by their former fellow-prisoners. Nearly every experienced prisoners' aid man can cite three or four such cases. Usually they take the form of blackmail. This phase of the recent René Clair film, "*A Nous La Liberté*," is authentic. In fact, so conscious are the French of this situation, that in their prisons—as at Fresnes—the inmates are not allowed to mingle with one another. The rule of absolute silence prevails, and

the men wear masks when exercising in the yards or otherwise coming into contact with one another. In this country we can state flatly and unequivocally that, with rare exceptions, police hounding of ex-prisoners is non-existent.

## II

This tradition of police persecution has its twin brother: the belief that it is almost impossible for an ex-prisoner to get work. Contrary to the popular belief, employment can be found for more ex-convicts than for men who have never been in jail. It is true that some employers shrink from having men with records in their employ. In other cases where they themselves have no objection, they fear their employees will resent it. Those who have worked with ex-prisoners have met the following obstacles:

1. Personnel committees of large businesses sometimes require a complete employment history of applicants, and will consider only those men having absolutely unblemished records.

2. In cases where bonds are required of employees, invariably surety companies refuse to bond men who have been in prison.

3. In many States conviction for a felony prevents professional men, such as doctors and lawyers, from practicing again.

4. Some localities have special rulings which make it impossible for an ex-prisoner to work in the field for which he was trained and in which he was employed before going to prison. For instance, regardless of the nature of his crime, some automobile license bureaus refuse licenses to released chauffeurs, taxi drivers, automobile mechanics, and truckmen.

5. Where an individual, not the owner of the company, has charge of employment and is held responsible to a board or other official for the behavior of employees, ex-prisoners are usually refused employment.

Yet the forces which operate to supply employment to men released

from prison so far overcome the above-mentioned handicaps that the percentage of successful applicants among ex-prisoners is three and four times as great in normal years as the percentage of those who have never been behind the bars; and now in depression times it is easily eight or ten times as great.

Consider, for example, the city of New York. In 1925, out of 1,165 applicants to the Prison Association for assistance in obtaining work, 732, or sixty-three per cent, were placed; in 1926, out of 1,115 applicants, 652, or fifty-eight per cent, were placed; in 1927, out of 1,206 applicants, 935, or seventy-seven per cent, were placed; in 1928, out of 1,228 applicants, 946 or seventy-seven per cent again were placed; and in 1929, out of 1,288 applicants, 962, or seventy-five per cent, were placed.

Outside employment agencies in normal times place but twenty-five to thirty per cent at most of their applicants. In the depression years, out of 2,323 who applied in 1930 to the New York Prison Association, 785 or thirty-four per cent were placed; in 1931, out of 4,983 who applied, 607 or twelve per cent were placed. In this period the percentage of successful applications in general commercial agencies had sunk to less than five per cent.

In 1923 when 540 ex-prisoners were referred to places, the not unusual accomplishment of 100 per cent was reached; 376 men actually started to work, the others failing because they showed up in an intoxicated condition, or did not appear at all, or for some other reason chargeable to the ex-prisoners themselves. Thus the percentages given above do not take into account men who could have had jobs if they had wanted them. Edward R. Cass, the executive secretary of the New York Prison Association, states that in normal years he can obtain

employment for practically any ex-prisoner who is really desirous of working.

What is true of New York is likewise true of other cities. Howard C. Hill, executive secretary of Maryland's prisoners' aid society, reports that during the years 1926 to 1930 inclusive the apparent percentage of ex-prisoners who found work was fifty-eight and a quarter; but that the actual percentage of ex-prisoners really desiring to work for whom employment was found was ninety per cent, as many left the Home before taking jobs or did not appear for them at the specified time. For the last year and eight months, in depression times, Mr. Hill says that the ratio runs round fifty per cent. What employment agency throughout the country can match these records?

Joseph E. Dayton, of the Washington Bureau of Rehabilitation, who has had eight years' experience in prisoners' aid work, states that during the depression years up to the present time he has obtained work for from twenty to twenty-five per cent of ex-prisoners who applied. This figure is far ahead of what any other employment agency in Washington can show. Mr. Dayton, like Mr. Cass, makes the flat statement that in normal years he can find employment for any ex-prisoner who really wants to work. Prisoners' aid men in widely separated parts of the United States have made similar statements, as have also parole officials. The latter are well qualified to speak. Thousands of prisoners are released on parole each year. Practically every parole system in the country requires the possession of a job antecedent to release, and in normal times the number of paroles held up because of inability to obtain employment is relatively slight.

It is true that men who have been convicted of crimes cannot always get the same kind of work after coming



out of prison that they had before. One cannot expect that a cashier who had served a term for embezzlement should immediately be entrusted with the funds of another firm, or that an office or factory manager should be placed at once in charge of a large group of people. On the other hand, men applying to prisoners' aid associations for help in obtaining jobs are largely the social, mental, physical, or industrial misfits. The able ones usually scorn to align themselves with any organization the mere connection with which stamps them as ex-prisoners. The great majority of those included in the figures given are the incompetents who make the least appeal to an employer. Often, too, they have discouraging records. Out of 509 who started working in a year when 100 per cent jobs were obtained, 124 had been convicted twice, 49 three times, and 80 four or more times. This ratio is fairly representative of any group. Yet with some exceptions of high-calibre men who are sent to private employment agencies, the prisoners' aid associations invariably inform every employer in advance of the man's record. And still they got the jobs! As we have shown, regular employment agencies try with less success to get jobs for competent men who have never come in conflict with the law.

There seem to be two reasons for this. One is the philanthropic instinct which responds to an appeal to aid the unfortunate in rehabilitation. Occasionally this philanthropy represents indulged vanity. Some men enjoy looking upon themselves as broad-minded, good sports who even do such odd things as to take into their own employ a man who has been imprisoned for a crime; they glow as they tell their friends about it. If the former "con" succeeds they boast about it; if not, they dismiss the subject with "once a thief always a thief."

Beside the genuine philanthropy which induces some employers to help ex-prisoners get on their feet for the sake of the ex-prisoners, there is at work a practical instinct, which may be termed philanthropy for the sake of society. This concerns itself with the potential menace which unemployed ex-prisoners present to the public. It is obvious that without the means of earning an honest living those who tend toward crimes against property and life will shortly return to that occupation. This is no theory, but the expressed motivation of certain large manufacturers who are willing to give preference to ex-prisoners. It is a very practical, prophylactic philosophy indeed that prompts the conferring of immediate earning power on released convicts.

### III

Another persistent delusion about crime and criminals is found in the belief that there is honor among thieves.

Originating in the long ago, it has in recent years taken on a new vitality because of the apparent confirmation given it by the so-called underworld rule of silence. It has become a common thing to observe, through the newspapers, how gunmen on their deathbed "kid the police along" and resist all attempts to make them reveal the identity of their slayers. This silence is completely misunderstood. It is not dictated by a stern ethical requirement to protect their kind. It is simply a working out of the practical instinct of self-preservation in the face of the common enemy. There are two powerful reasons operating against even deathbed admissions. One, no underworld character of any guts has the slightest desire under any circumstances to help out his lifelong enemy, the police. To do this is too bitter a cup for a crook to drink.

Two, by such aiding of the law the whole underworld structure would fall apart. Criminals could no longer play their own game in their own way in defiance of the police, and no criminal would be safe from the common foe. The fellow that told to-day would be told on to-morrow. No longer would the slightest detail of his gang's operations be hidden from the police, nor would members of his gang remain free to take care of, that is, take for a ride, their fellow-enemies. Crookdom would crash almost overnight, only of course to rise again shortly on the foundation of this vital rule of silence—not for honor but for crime's sake.

An actual acquaintance with thieves reveals that they are no more honest with one another's possessions than with those of anyone else. Whether in prison or the outside world, they engage frequently in intrigues against one another by cheating at cards and crooking one another in many ways. In the recent Rosenthal kidnapping case it was brought out that the ring-leader had cheated his associates out of their share of the ransom money. Something similar occurred in the Schoelkopf gem robbery. Any police chief could give dozens of instances in which one thief robbed another in cases not so prominent and, therefore, not made public. It is a truism in the penal world that no man's possessions in a prison are safe from his fellows. Warden J. J. Sullivan of the Minnesota State Prison, Stillwater, says: "There is no honor in petty affairs among prisoners. Tobacco is not safe. Honor prevails among prisoners in official matters only." Warden Joseph A. McCann of the Welfare Island Penitentiary, New York, says: "Honor exists among a certain percentage of prisoners only when it concerns the common enemy—the officers—but it does not exist among

inmates themselves." Warden Morehead of Riker's Island Prison says: "Honor among thieves is apparent only when it concerns their relationship to prison officials." Other wardens give similar testimony. The honor referred to as prevailing in official matters—when there is a difficulty between a prisoner or prisoners and the officers—is simply the underworld rule of silence carrying on inside the walls. It is a compact cemented not by honor but by fear.

Startling as it may seem, prisoners actually fear one another far more than they do the officers of the institution. R. W. McClaughry, in his day the leading student of penology in America and a warden for many years, used to put the situation thus: "The greatest enemy of the prisoner is his fellow-prisoner." His terse summing up has been reiterated many times since by practical prison men as well as criminologists.

So far we have discussed only the honor involved in stealing and the chicanery generally practiced among themselves by thieves. This leaves still undiscussed an entire field of deception and betrayal characteristic of the underworld. The well-known and widespread existence of stool pigeons both inside of prison and out should blast any remaining confidence in the honor-among-thieves aphorism.

#### IV

The question of stool pigeons brings us to another long lived delusion. This is the belief that the stool-pigeon system in prisons is thoroughly despicable and should be abolished. At first glance the cultivation of stool pigeons by prison officials seems too reprehensible to admit of controversy. Rather than merely to punish, penal institutions to-day are supposed to endeavor to remodel their inmates so as to prevent



them from preying on society. What more sardonic spectacle could one ask than the sight of the authorities charged theoretically with the banishment of deceit and dishonesty from their wards, not only negotiating with the sneaks among their fellows but soliciting and rewarding them? In school the tattletale is despised and shunned by students and teachers alike. In prison he is shunned by his fellows, but by those who are the counterpart of his teachers on the outside he is welcome and given substantial favors in the form of reductions of his sentence and in some cases even complete pardon or parole. This custom of rewarding the most contemptible and craven naturally appears disgraceful.

So universal is this attitude toward the stool-pigeon system that prison officials—while they are yet tyros—are apt to feel the same way. E. C. Macklin, newly appointed deputy warden of a large penitentiary in the Middle West and new to prison life, is a case in point. When an old hand advised him that he'd better play in with the stool pigeons, Macklin waved him away with the statement that he'd been a marshal for nine years, had had plenty of dealings with prisoners, and that he knew snitches were absolutely unnecessary, and he'd have nothing to do with them. Further, he addressed the inmates in the mess hall, announcing that the stool-pigeon system was at an end and that anyone who came to him with tales would be kicked down the stairs. A few months later as he stood in the yard of the prison an inmate sidled up to him and said, "If you don't look out, Deputy, somebody around here's gonna get killed." "What do you mean?" asked the startled officer. "Well, if you'll look in that piece of old stove pipe in the pile of building material over there you'll find some dynamite." The Deputy looked and he found two dozen sticks

of dynamite, a dozen revolvers, several hundred rounds of ammunition, some percussion caps and fuse. The snitch, as is usual in all prisons, was kicked not downstairs but up—Deputy Macklin, like his colleagues, holding out various favors for further tips.

The plain truth is that under the present system of incarcerating men for the commission of crimes, entirely aside from whether one approves of the system or not, the lives of officers and inmates would not be safe for five minutes without stool pigeons. It must be remembered that in all well-administered prisons only the outside patrol and wall guards have firearms. The warden must cope with cliques and individuals to whom the word honor is an unintelligible term and who stop at nothing in their efforts to outwit authority. In order to do his job—to care properly for the human beings and property entrusted to him—the warden is compelled to meet these desperadoes on their own grounds. Beneath the lid of its apparent orderliness and peace every prison is a seething stew of maneuvers, schemes, and plots. The smuggling of all kinds of contraband—narcotics, weapons, and materials with which to make weapons; individual and group plots for escape; plans to blow up the prison gate, short-circuit the entire lighting system, or get possession of the prison arsenal in attempts to make wholesale deliveries of the inmates; vendettas and battles among the prisoners; and various kinds of mutinies and riots—these are a few of the ingredients constantly coming to a boil. And the men who prepare these messes are the vicious, the subnormal, the abnormal, the feeble-minded, and the psychopathic whose cunning and ingenuity, under the added pressure of close confinement, often take the most sudden and surprising forms.

Always, of course, the guards are

vastly outnumbered by their charges, the ratio running from fifteen or twenty to one, to as high as fifty or sixty to one. Moreover, even if Old Calamity (the Deputy Warden), who is in charge of discipline, and his officers had the time to mix freely among the prisoners they would never learn through ordinary fraternizing anything of what was secretly going on under their noses. The brains of prisoners when applied to the business of nullifying their sentences are so able that, in addition to the budding enterprises which the vigilance and calculation of the officers uncover, there are countless dangerous undertakings which could not even be suspected unless someone peached.

So the matter resolves itself into a simple choice between a succession of volcanic upheavals inside the institution or the use of judicious tips to prevent destruction and bloodshed. If you abolish the latter you must endure the former, even though the participants themselves often cannot physically survive. Only a few years ago the community was shocked to hear that three prisoners who had managed to have guns smuggled in to them at the Tombs in New York City killed the warden, killed a keeper, wounded another keeper, and were either killed or killed themselves in a battle between prisoners, police, and keepers in the prison yard before the attempted flight was ended. Here was an instance in which the offices of a stool pigeon did not come into play.

Still more recently some inmates in the Federal penitentiary at Leavenworth obtained guns, got out of the prison by holding Warden White in front of them as a hostage, then shattered his arm with bullets when he tried to break away, and injured him severely by throwing him out of a speeding car. In the California State Prison at San Quentin some prisoners also obtained guns from the outside

and succeeded in making a wreck of the place before they were subdued. In Canon City, Colorado, prisoners with guns seized five or six keepers as hostages and, when their demands for liberty were refused, killed the keepers and threw them out of the window one by one, in view of the remaining officers.

Compared with the pots which boil over and thus come to the public's attention, there are hundreds and hundreds continually simmering which through the services of stool pigeons are pulled off the fire before a high temperature is reached. No method has yet been devised to keep weapons out of prisons. They are smuggled in in innumerable ways or else stealthily manufactured by the prisoners out of the most unlikely materials. In the curio cabinet or safe of every deputy one can find an elaborate collection of guns, saws, files, and narcotics; knives made from door hinges filed down to a razor edge, stilettos from broomsticks, blackjacks from stones tied in old socks or from lumps of tinfoil saved over a period of months from tobacco wrappings, clubs from pieces of wood and steel stolen from the shops, ladders for use in climbing walls from rope, thongs of leather and three-pronged hooks which will snag on anything, lassos designed to pull armed guards off the wall, and files made from yarn dipped in mucilage and emery powder. It is up to the Deputy Warden to anticipate the use of these things, and this he does, with the aid of his snitches, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, as a mere part of the day's routine.

The often heard argument that it is infamous to train men in need of reform to be sneaks is thus overwhelmed by the inescapable necessities of the situation described. It is because of these necessities that the warden of every sizable penal institution in the United States uses stool pigeons. When he says he does not he is simply not telling



the truth. For, as at present conducted, prisons can be run without stool pigeons—but not long.

# V

With what passionate devotion the public holds to its beliefs about drugs and drug addicts! It pictures the narcotic addict as the most dangerous and desperate of criminals. To the general imagination the typical drug slave is a weak, furtive, emaciated creature, transformed by a shot or two of his favorite narcotic into a swaggering, hard-boiled desperado who does not hesitate to shoot to kill for the fun of it. An inspection of the criminal records of addicts shows that of all offenders he is the most trivial. The addict usually has neither the courage nor the incentive to commit a really hair-raising crime. He is not even runner-up. Petty thievery, vagrancy, disorderly conduct, and such minor offenses ordinarily constitute his crimes. In a study which the writers recently made of approximately twelve hundred prisoner addicts in one year, not one had committed a really serious crime.

Furthermore, most criminal drug users are not criminals at all in the accepted sense of the word; that is, they do not commit crimes against the lives or property of others. Many of them are jailed exclusively for the possession of narcotics, in other words, for being victims of a bad habit. In countries where no such sumptuary legislation is enacted there are no such criminals. Numbers of others are self-committed to jail in order that they may take the narcotic "cure." The remaining minority constitute the petty offenders, whose misdemeanors, such as vagrancy, may be sheer misfortune, and whose thievery, in the majority of cases, is caused solely by a lack of money with which to purchase

the imperatively needed drug. In other words, they do not pursue crime for gain or to support themselves. If they had enough money to take care of the terrific drug costs, or if there were dispensaries that helped them out, they would not even be petty offenders. Of course it is the law against the sale of drugs that makes the price of drugs so high, and it is the law also—the Harrison Anti-Narcotic Act—that helps to make drug addicts, since it supplies a powerful incentive to certain types of people to garner in the large profits from the sale of drugs.

Almost no addict really wishes to be cured, and in almost every case addicts who have taken the "cure" go back to the drug. Most of those who have themselves committed do so only in order to reduce the amount of drug they require so as to be able to meet its cost.

The lack of money with which to keep himself supplied with drugs is usually the only connection between the drug addicts and crime. The big-shots in the criminal world keep as far away from addicts as possible. A word concerning the habit of a potential associate is enough to make any experienced underworld character drop him at once. Any crook who is not the greenest kind of tyro has a very respectable fear of junkies, for he knows that every one is a potential stool pigeon, whom the police can make squeal within forty-eight hours by keeping his drug away from him and promising him a shot if he comes across. Once a user, the addict becomes literally a slave to the drug. Yet far from being a grave menace to society, those who deal with him directly—penologists, medical men, jail wardens, and so forth—know him to be merely a nuisance, and his record bears them out.

In contradiction to the accepted belief that the continued use of narcotics wrecks the health, stands the evidence

that the health of addicts seems to suffer but little permanent injury, if any, thereby. The tradition is that the pathetic but revolting weakling who must depend on this unnatural support is decaying fast and presently will smash up in a complete physical collapse. Actually, however, men take drugs continuously over a period of fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, or even forty or fifty years while living along as usual. It is far from certain that the habit lessens the span of their lives. A study which we made of approximately 1,200 prisoners confirmed the opinions just given. Addicts, at least in prison, are egregious liars, but in a larger number of these cases their statements were proved correct by checking with the prison records, for as known addicts they had come and gone over a long period of time. Few had used narcotics for less than five years, about half had used them for ten years or more, possibly 20 to 25 per cent for fifteen years, and at least 10 per cent for more than fifteen years. Among the latter were men who had been addicted continuously for eighteen, twenty, and twenty-five years, while several had used drugs for twenty-nine or thirty years, one for forty years, one for forty-four years, and one for forty-eight years.

Some of the prison officials tell us that they have had men sixty-eight and seventy years of age who have used drugs continuously for more than fifty years. Some of course are in very poor physical condition, but others enjoy a fairly good state of health—a state of health which parallels that of men who are not addicts but who have led similarly irregular and dissipated lives. After reaching prison, where they are given plain, wholesome food, sufficient sleep, and where they must keep regular hours, they build up rapidly. Within a short time after they have been

taken off the drug, a few weeks or two or three months, they will be in good health again, even though they may have been using drugs continuously for thirty or forty years. The medical explanation for this is that narcotics diminish the flow of gastric juice and thus limit the appetite for food. When normal secretions occur again, the addict's desire for food increases proportionately, and his increased eating causes him to gain rapidly in health and weight.

It must be understood that although there are no statistics on the subject, from the medical profession's confidential knowledge of its patients and an occasional startling individual revelation, the percentage of addicts who land in prison must be a slight minority indeed of all the addicts living unsuspected, peaceable lives. For with some exceptions only those drift into the hands of the police who are friendless, jobless, or lack sufficient funds to buy the drug, or to take a cure at a private hospital. The others—usually those who do not need to increase the dosage—attract no special attention at all. They bear no noticeable marks of their habit. They study, work, play, support their families steadily, and get along. Their health has not been impaired by their secret habit.

There is reason, too, to doubt whether that much-clung-to assumption that addicts start the use of drugs in an effort to relieve pain, either on their own initiative or through the prescription of a doctor, has validity. Most prisoners say when questioned closely that they became addicts because other addicts induced them to try it. This side of the question was evidently not recognized when laws were passed which would throw all addicts into prison; for prisons offer a wide and fertile field for the spread of the drug habit.





# SCIENCE, LAW, AND ALCOHOL

## LIQUOR CONTROL AFTER REPEAL OF PROHIBITION

BY YANDELL HENDERSON

**I**F REPEAL of national prohibition is confirmed by thirty-six States, what system of legal control will follow? No one now knows. But if we make the (rather improbable) assumption that thereafter alcoholism is to be scientifically controlled for the best interests of individual health and public order, the answer, within broad lines, is clear and certain.

When all the irrelevancies and political prejudices that now obscure this problem are put aside, science and experience afford one simple principle as the only sound basis for any effective solution of the problem of alcohol. It is best stated in three rules. The first of these rules is as follows: The higher the percentage of alcohol in a beverage that is widely consumed the more it contributes to the evils of alcoholism; the lower the percentage the less the evils.

The second rule is: Whenever two beverages, one of high and the other of low percentage of alcohol, are dispensed under essentially the same terms and conditions, many consumers who have started with the weaker beverage finally acquire the habit of the stronger. As there is little or no tendency to pass from the stronger to the weaker, the stronger, therefore, determines the extent of the evils resulting.

The third rule follows naturally from the other two. It is that a system of licensing which exercises a much

stricter control over the strong than over the weak beverages, and thus tends to substitute consumption of the weaker for that of the stronger, tends thereby to diminish the evils of alcoholism, both in their effects upon the individual and upon the public order and welfare.

The history of alcohol in the United States during the past one hundred thirty years includes three distinct periods; and each period illustrates one of these rules. There was an early period when distilled spirits, first rum and then whisky, were almost the sole alcoholic beverages, with results that illustrate the first rule. Then there was the era when the combination of whisky and beer in the saloon illustrated the second rule. Finally there was the period of prohibition that has worked directly against the teaching of the third rule. How different the fourth period will be will depend upon whether or not science and experience, rather than political prejudice and special interests, are in future to control public policy regarding alcohol.

It has been said that almost from the beginning of our country "hard liquor has been the national drink." It would be truer, however, to say that, in regard to alcohol, history and custom in America have differed from every other civilized country. In all the countries of Europe, excepting perhaps only Scotland and Ireland, alco-

holic beverages of intermediate strength have always been extensively used; but in America only the strongest and weakest. With us neither wines (8 to 13 per cent alcohol) nor strong ales (6 to 9 per cent) have ever been made or drunk to any great extent. The problem is almost wholly one of distilled spirits and light beer; or, more precisely stated, whisky and gin of about 50 per cent alcohol, cocktails running from 20 to 30 per cent, and light beer of not more than 4 per cent.

The earliest settlers in the northern colonies complained of the lack of the "small beer" or thin ale that in England, Holland, and North Germany had partially protected them from typhoid and other water-borne diseases. The Puritans were surprised to find that at first in New England, before the streams and wells became polluted, mere water was not an unhealthy drink.

Later, as trade with the sugar-producing West Indies developed, rum was the alcoholic beverage consumed by all the Colonials except the very few that were wealthy. The allowance of rum to Washington's soldiers was considered to be their most essential ration, for it was supposed to protect them from the fevers that were then rife.

When emigration to the country west of the Allegheny mountains set in, and particularly when the rich lands of Kentucky were occupied, the settlers found that they were far from all sources of outside supplies, including rum, and also from any market for their own products. They could raise unlimited amounts of corn, but if it were transported over the mountains to the East or down the Mississippi its value disappeared. In whisky made from corn they found a product small in bulk but high enough in money value to be a profitable export. Down to the middle of the Nineteenth

Century whisky was almost the sole alcoholic beverage of the South and West and was increasingly used in the East also.

The Revolution of 1848 in Europe sent to this country a tide of immigrants with a large German element that established breweries and introduced lager beer. In a few places, such as Milwaukee, Cincinnati, and St. Louis, the German element was sufficiently large to establish "beer gardens" and "beer halls" on the German model.

Elsewhere unfortunately beer was merely added to the whisky sold in the already fully established system of barrooms. Among the well-to-do elements in the older population beer was looked upon as essentially a plebeian drink; and whisky retained its place. The immigrant who went to a barroom for his glass of beer was offered as an alternative a drink of the far more potent whisky. The results of this development, peculiar to the United States, were the manifold evils physiological, social, and political that produced a nation-wide feeling of shame and led to national prohibition: an attempt ill planned, but sincere, in one sweeping act to eliminate the intolerable evils of alcoholism.

The futility of all attempts to control the evils of alcoholism in the United States up to the present time may perhaps best be shown, not by discussing the stale subject of prohibition, but by considering one aspect of the saloon together with local option. And let us consider these subjects, not as applied to alcoholic beverages, but as they might be applied to certain other intoxicants, namely, alkaloids.

Alkaloids are a class of substances that includes not only morphine, cocaine, and other narcotic drugs, but also the nicotine of tobacco and the caffeine of coffee. If then the saloon system and local option were to be



applied to alkaloids as they have been applied to whisky and beer, we should have some such condition as this: We should have on our street corners shops that would offer their customers the choice of tobacco or opium, a cigar or a grain of morphine, a cup of coffee or a "shot of cocaine." The inevitable result would be like that described in the second rule: men would start with the weaker and end by habituation to the stronger drugs. And if local option for alkaloids were established along the same lines as for alcoholic beverages, each city or town would have the choice of forbidding tobacco and coffee along with morphine and cocaine or of licensing the sale of morphine and cocaine along with tobacco and coffee.

When looked at in this way all the attempts to control alcoholism in the United States up to the present time take on an appearance of absurdity. Yet this comparison of alcohol and alkaloids is not in the slightest degree overdrawn. In their harmfulness to the individual and to society in general distilled spirits do not fall appreciably short of other narcotics. Indeed, in their physical effects distilled spirits are distinctly more injurious to the chronic inebriate than is morphine to its addicts; and I do not believe that other toxicologists would disagree with the statement that I recently made before a committee of Congress that "a bottle of light beer is distinctly less intoxicating (that is less toxic) than a cigar." But, as I tried to emphasize before another committee, the evils of alcoholism, and particularly of the saloon, develop "whenever the conditions under which beer is dispensed and consumed are such as to tempt or permit the consumer to alternate from a glass of beer to a drink of whisky."

Strict regulation of the sale of the narcotic alcoholic liquors and relatively slight restriction on the milder beverages together form the basic principle

of the control of alcoholism in Germany, in France, in Sweden under the Bratt system, and in the provinces of Canada. The principle is essentially the same as that embodied in the Harrison Narcotics Act and other laws which provide for a strict control over morphine, cocaine, and related drugs in this country, while leaving tobacco subject merely to excise taxes.

Yet in respect to alcoholic beverages this principle is understood by few, if any, of our political leaders. Ample testimony in recent Congressional hearings and other public statements shows that the leaders of the Wet cause now generally aim to restore all strengths of alcoholic beverages alike; and that on one point the Drys go them one better, or worse. They aim their heaviest attack upon the lighter beverages, especially the lightest of all, instead of distilled spirits.

## II

It is needless to give here more than a brief reference to the pathological changes that autopsy shows in the body of the habitual inebriate, who over long periods of time has consumed daily from a pint to a quart or more of distilled spirits, or to discuss delirium tremens and alcoholic insanity. It is sufficient to point out that these degenerations, structural and functional, are in the large majority of cases the resultants of the excessive use and abuse of distilled spirits. Their mere bulk, the volume of water diluting the alcohol in the milder beverages, diminishes or prevents the more serious effects both upon the individual and upon social order.

On this point all scientific authorities of high standing are in agreement. The automobile and the fatalities due to drunken drivers have made the immediate effects of intoxication even more important than formerly. On the immediate effects of beverages of

various percentages of alcohol we have one of the ablest scientific reports that has ever been written on a question of public health. It is the report on the control of alcoholism to the Central Control Board of the liquor traffic in Great Britain by a committee of the foremost scientific men of England. This report is fortunately now available in the United States, as it has been reprinted as part of the report of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate on Modification of the National Prohibition Act (72d Congress, Senate Report No. 1105).

The man who drinks a light beer must consume some pints of fluid before he gets as much alcohol into his blood as the spirit drinker would absorb from a glass of neat whisky at proof. . . . In this connection, it has also to be borne in mind that alcohol is absorbed into the blood more slowly when it is drunk in dilute solution than when taken in concentrated form and more slowly when drunk as beer than when consumed as distilled spirits. (Senate Report, page 96.)

As our practical conclusion, then, from the evidence at present available, we may say that any form of alcoholic liquor can cause drunkenness if such a quantity of it is taken at once or within a short time as will lead to the presence of the drug in the blood above a certain proportion which, in the case of the average healthy adult, may be put provisionally at from 0.15 to 0.2 per cent. From the point of view of the prevention of drunkenness, the superiority of the more dilute beverages, such as the lighter beers and natural wines, is therefore mainly due to the fact that the bulk of the fluid makes it difficult for the drinker to consume a very large dose of alcohol within a moderate period. (Senate Report, page 87.)

The effects of alcohol described in this report cover a wide range. Some are so slight as not to influence appreciably the individual's behavior; other more intense effects are manifest as inebriation and drunkenness; and still more extreme effects involve coma,

or unconsciousness, collapse, and even death from alcoholic intoxication. The matter of outstanding practical importance is the establishment of the amount of alcohol and particularly the amount of each beverage that must be drunk to induce each of these states.

All scientific authorities are now in agreement that the best founded and most applicable index of alcoholic intoxication, and particularly of the degree of intoxication, is the amount of alcohol in the blood. As soon as alcohol is absorbed from the digestive tract it is distributed throughout the blood, the brain, the tissues of the body, the urine, and in a smaller proportion in the breath.

The effects upon a man's conduct and feeling induced by a certain percentage of alcohol in the blood are somewhat influenced by the rapidity with which the alcohol is absorbed and by the length of time that the concentration is maintained. The ill-temper subsequent to inebriation, for instance, is influenced by the duration as well as by the intensity of the intoxication. But in the main the concentration of alcohol in the blood is recognized in all recent scientific work as the most objective and reliable index of whether or not a man is intoxicated and of the degree of intoxication. It is by means of this index that the effects of the various alcoholic beverages may be scientifically assessed. Those liquors which contain a high percentage of alcohol are found, when consumed in any considerable amount, to induce a correspondingly high concentration of alcohol in the blood and to be correspondingly highly intoxicating. On the other hand, those beverages in which the percentage of alcohol is sufficiently low to induce only a low concentration in the blood are found to have a correspondingly slight effect upon the individual's behavior.

In the years since the English report



was published, and as the result of such confirmatory investigations as those discussed by twenty-two American authors in the recent volume *Alcohol and Man*, the standard for the blood index that has now obtained general acceptance is 1.0 gram or 1.25 cubic centimeters of alcohol per liter of blood, or correspondingly 1.0 milligram of alcohol per cubic centimeter of blood. These figures represent the level below which the large majority of persons exhibit no noteworthy alteration of their normal feelings or behavior. This is not merely a scientific standard; it is now coming to be used in some countries for police court evidence, particularly on persons involved in automobile accidents. At present in Sweden all police stations are provided with simple apparatus for taking a few drops of blood from the ear or finger of any automobile driver suspected of being at all under the influence of alcohol. These samples, together with a report by the police physician as to the behavior and clinical symptoms of the person concerned, are sent to the Medico-Chemical Institute of the University of Lund, where all of the blood samples are analyzed by Professor Erik M. P. Widmark for the entire nation of Sweden.

Analyses on 992 persons have been made during the past two years. Comparison of the data yielded by these analyses with reports of the police physicians as to the condition of the persons examined shows that no persons in whom the concentration of alcohol in the blood was below 0.6 milligram of alcohol per cubic centimeter of blood and very few of those below 0.8 milligram were reported as showing any signs of intoxication. Of those with 0.8 to 1.0 milligram only 30 per cent were reported as showing signs of intoxication. Of those having from 1.4 to 1.6 milligrams 70 per cent showed signs of intoxication. Of those with

2.0 to 2.2 milligrams 92 per cent were so reported. Of those with 3 milligrams or more 100 per cent were reported as intoxicated.

It thus appears that of all the cases in which the 1 to 1000 of alcohol, or 1.0 milligram per cubic centimeter of blood, was found, less than 1 in 3 was diagnosed by a police physician as showing indications of the influence of alcohol. Only those persons who are unusually susceptible were sufficiently affected as regards their speech and conduct at this level of alcohol to show any perceptible effect. The two-thirds majority showed no noticeable alteration of normal behavior.

Turning back now to the English report, we find there evidence of great importance as to the amounts of the various alcoholic beverages, and the conditions of their consumption, that produce certain concentrations of alcohol in the blood. When distilled spirits in undiluted, or not greatly diluted, form are taken on an empty stomach—conditions corresponding to the drinking of cocktails or highballs before a meal—the consumption of an amount of alcohol corresponding to 0.1 per cent, or 1 to 1000, of the person's weight induces in the course of an hour or less a blood concentration of 1 to 1000. Twice this amount of alcohol in the form of spirits before, or several hours after a meal, induce a blood concentration of 2 to 1000. Larger amounts induce correspondingly higher concentrations, until at blood concentrations of 4 or 5 per 1000, the person is rendered completely unconscious. At concentrations of 5 or 6 per 1000 death from respiratory failure may result.

The amounts of whisky, rum, gin, or brandy that will induce these various blood concentrations and the corresponding degrees of intoxication are readily estimated from the fact that all of these forms of distilled spirits contain about 50 per cent of alcohol by

weight. Thus when a person of 65 kilos (143 pounds) takes on an empty stomach about 130 cubic centimeters of whisky or gin, whether as highballs or cocktails, the 1 to 1000 concentration of alcohol in the blood will be reached.

In discussing the stronger alcoholic liquors, the English report repeatedly emphasizes the fact that because a small volume of these beverages contains a high concentration of alcohol, an excessive dose is readily and frequently taken. In support of this statement observations are quoted in the British report in which the same amount of alcohol, in the one case diluted to 20 per cent and in the other to 5 per cent, were taken by the same person under similar conditions, but at different times. The absorption of the lower percentages was found in every pair of experiments of this type to be much slower, and to induce a considerably lower concentration of alcohol in the blood, than did the same amount of alcohol in higher percentage.

Even more retardation and diminution of the blood concentration occur when a dilute alcoholic beverage is taken with or after a meal; that is, under the conditions under which beer and wine are in fact chiefly drunk. Thus taking the English data, together with the large number of careful observations made more recently in this country by Professor W. R. Miles, it appears that for alcoholic beverages containing less than 4.0 per cent of alcohol by weight, the blood concentration induced reaches to only about 60 or 70 per cent of that which results from an equal amount of alcohol in a beverage of 20 per cent, or higher, concentration. Expressed in concrete terms, this would mean that a 65-kilo man would have to drink approximately 3000 cubic centimeters, that is 3 liters, or about 3 quarts, of 3 per cent beer on an empty stomach, and as rapidly as possible, to induce the level

of 1 to 1000 of alcohol in his blood: a level induced more quickly by three or four cocktails or two or three highballs. If the beer were drunk with or after a meal at least another liter would be required.

In taking the concentration of 1 to 1000 of alcohol in the blood as a standard, no scientific man would wish to be understood as implying that lower concentrations do not have physiological and psychological effects. Such effects are, however, within the range of the normal variations of our physical and mental functions; they do not exceed those induced by the common euphorics: tea, coffee, and tobacco. All three of these drugs induce mild degrees of euphoria, or "feeling of well being"; that is the reason for which they are used.

The careful measurements of Professor Miles in particular have shown that concentrations of alcohol in the blood well below the 1 to 1000 level have sedative and euphoric effects. But such euphoric effects do not exceed those variations of bodily and mental functions that are incident to the working day of a normal man. Thus a man is most alert, and his reactions to all stimuli are quickest in the morning. He is often somewhat sleepy and inactive, and his mental and physical reactions are slower, after a heavy lunch. He is strongly disinclined to further exertion with the ending of the day's work. And in the evening, if matters have gone ill with him during the day, he may not easily find that peace of mind that will restore his strength for to-morrow's work. It is for their influence upon these mental and physical states that the euphorics are used: tea and coffee for their stimulant effects; tobacco, beer, and wine for their sedative effects.

Whether, as some psychologists appear now to be inclined to believe, civilized man should, or could, get



along without the aid of these mild drug effects is a question outside the range of practical general policy. The vast majority of people living under modern industrial conditions show their opinion on this question by their use of euphorics. In defense of the demand for wine and beer, and even of spirits if strictly controlled to moderate amounts, it may be pointed out that all the euphorics, providing their use does not extend to abuse, are equally justifiable. Coffee braces the nerves to meet a strain; tobacco relaxes taut nerves when the strain is past; beer and wine tend to make a tired, cross man more sociable, and life pleasanter and easier to bear. It is only when a beverage contains such an amount of alcohol that it can readily induce a distinctly narcotic effect that it ceases to be a euphoric and is properly classified with such narcotic poisons as morphine and cocaine.

### III

If alcoholic beverages were a subject free from special interests and strong partisanship, and if it were one in which the general public took no interest beyond demanding that it be investigated and settled for the best interests of all, the problem would be simple. Toxicologists are continually solving such problems. It may be worth while, therefore, to give a few examples of such problems as I have myself helped to solve.

As a rule the first step is to determine three standards: the amount of the intoxicant that will kill or injure severely; the amount that can be tolerated for a time; and the amount below which the substance is virtually harmless.

Gas warfare involved the use of many poisonous substances, several of them related to alcohol, and for each of these substances we determined these three standards. In modern

industry chemistry plays a major part, and nearly all chemicals, particularly the volatile liquids, are more or less poisonous. Standards of their toxicity are of fundamental importance to measures of safety. Even in our homes, and particularly in our automobiles, such standards are now the basis of protective measures.

Tetraethyl lead is a volatile poison used as an anti-knock in gasoline. Inhalation of any considerable amount of the pure substance induces saturnine mania of the most violent form and inevitable death. Yet with the safeguards under which this substance is now mixed and sold as "ethyl gas" its dangers are entirely prevented.

Lastly, as the best example of many highly poisonous substances that civilization will not do without, there is the carbon monoxide of automobile exhaust gas. For this substance a particularly complete scale of standards was worked out as the basis for the ventilation of the vehicular tunnels under the Hudson River at New York. As the ill effects of carbon monoxide are rather similar to those from excess of alcohol, it is noteworthy that among all of the tens of millions of people who have passed through these tunnels in recent years there is probably not a single one that has got even a carbon monoxide headache.

If then legislatures would enact laws according to toxicological standards, as engineers use such standards for the ventilation of tunnels and the protection of workmen in chemical industries, something of this sort would result: It would be recognized that the peculiar conditions and habits of Americans clearly indicate three standards as a basis for three types of license to dispense alcoholic beverages.

There would be noted first the extremely fortunate and advantageous fact that the amount of alcohol in beer here has seldom exceeded 3.5 per cent

by weight. This is the equivalent of a beverage that in Denmark is called "temperance beer." Licenses to sell nothing stronger than 3.5 or, for the sake of a little leeway, 4 per cent beverages, might be called "A licenses" and would be allowed under rather low license fees.

The next feature of our peculiar American conditions—a very unfortunate feature—that would be noted is that in recent years cocktails have become the chief American alcoholic beverage among what we may call the "dress suit class." American tourists of this class in Europe now almost universally neglect the fine wines that are there to be had at moderate prices with dinner; for it is now an American peculiarity not to drink any alcoholics with meals, but instead to swallow several cocktails on an empty stomach before each meal. On transatlantic liners now there is often in the large dining room of the ship scarcely a single bottle of wine to be seen, while up in the smoking room many groups, including a considerable proportion of women, spend half an hour or more before dinner in consuming a succession of "dry Martinis."

The ingredients of a dry Martini are two parts of gin (50 per cent alcohol) and one of vermouth (a little below 20 per cent). Even after being cooled with cracked ice, the alcoholic content is 30 per cent or more, and its volume 60 cubic centimeters: a beverage of high potency for intoxication with a "kick" due to the rapid absorption of a high concentration of alcohol upon an empty stomach.

Fortunately, however, there are also cocktails that approach more nearly to the relatively harmless French *apéritif* or appetizer with only 15 or 20 per cent of alcohol. Furthermore the cocktail under prohibition, to which a large number of people are now habituated, is generally more or

less diluted, not only by residual traces of denaturant, but also by the water with which the bootleggers increase the volume of their synthetic gin. One of the important questions for expert decision is, then: How far may the alcoholic content of a legal cocktail to be served in restaurants and clubs be reduced and yet meet the demands of cocktail addicts, without seriously promoting the illegal cocktail that the bootlegger will always be ready to supply?

On the whole, as a toxicologist, I am inclined to believe that the figure need not be above 20 per cent of alcohol to have a fair chance of acceptance, but that it cannot be far below 20 per cent without promoting illegality. A legal, yet acceptable cocktail containing nothing stronger than vermouth—no gin—would certainly make for temperance, particularly among women.

The licenses for bona fide restaurants, for clubs, and for grocery stores, to be called perhaps "B licenses," would then provide that the holders shall never either dispense or have upon the premises any liquors containing more than 20 per cent of alcohol. Under such licenses they could even serve whisky "highballs," providing the liquor had been diluted with carbonated water at the distillery before bottling, instead of a less extensive dilution in the consumer's glass.

Finally, as the third feature of our conditions, a scientific observer acting solely on the basis of reality would recognize that the practice of buying distilled spirits for home consumption has now developed to immense proportions and cannot be immediately eliminated. He would then recommend that there should be established in each large center of population a limited number of dispensaries of the Swedish or Canadian type; or possibly that a few drug stores without soda fountains or lunch counters should



receive licenses (class C licenses) to sell distilled spirits (50 per cent, or more, alcohol), and all other beverages above 20 per cent of alcohol.

The amount that any one person would be permitted to buy from the dispensary in any one week would be limited to some such volume as a pint, or at most a quart of spirits. Sales would be allowed only to citizens who had obtained a license to buy spirits, and such licenses would be issued by a State board in which representatives of the health department, the police, and the commissioner of motor vehicles would be represented. Such licenses would be revocable for any automobile accident or other misconduct.

The force of taxation should of course also be used to discourage consumption of the stronger alcoholic beverages and to promote their replacement by those less potent for intoxication. A gram of alcohol diluted only by an equal weight of water to make a 50 per cent solution, as all distilled spirits are, should be taxed far more than a gram of alcohol diluted five-fold to a 20 per cent solution; and a gram diluted twenty-five times down to a 4 per cent solution should be taxed much less. For the promotion of temperance the prime point is that the more a given weight of alcohol is diluted the less intoxicating it becomes.

All of these ideas are merely modifications of the Swedish and Canadian systems of liquor control to fit the peculiarities of the American situation. Most of the facts and conceptions upon which those systems are based are as

yet too foreign to popular thought in this country to have much chance of early adoption. Alcohol is here looked on almost wholly in terms of morals, money, and politics. In reality its problems are mainly technical questions to be solved only by scientific experts. It is a feature of American genius to use science and technology to the full in all problems of engineering and industry; and it is equally a feature of American democracy not to use science and technology in problems of government. Many governors have recently appointed commissions to collect and transmit to the State legislatures the opinions chiefly of citizens with strong prejudices and no scientific knowledge. But in all these commissions (on the date this is written) one finds no chemist, or toxicologist, or physiologist, and only one pathologist.

We are promised that the evils of prohibition shall be abolished and that those of the earlier periods shall not return. There are grounds for the hope that, at least in some states, such promises may ultimately be fulfilled. In the election last November the citizens of California passed by a majority of 470,000 votes a referendum that as soon as the 18th Amendment is repealed the sale of beer and light wines with meals in restaurants shall be legal, but that distilled spirits shall nowhere be sold for consumption on the premises. A vigorously controlled dispensary system for distilled spirits, if completely separated from all beverages below 20 per cent, would be the first long step forward.



## ON PLAYING GOD

BY LILLIAN SYMES

SOME time ago I went to tea at the apartment of an acquaintance whose eight-year-old son was one of those modern products who had never been crossed. "Sonny" was very much in evidence on this particular occasion; and during an hour in which I yearned to wring his small neck he made such a persistent and defiant din with the aid of a small xylophone that his mother and I were forced to scream at each other to the point of exhaustion. Sonny paid not the slightest attention to the one gentle remonstrance of his parent and when he finally left to annoy the maid in the kitchen, my hostess explained a little ruefully that it *was* trying to have Sonny at home, but that she had trained herself not to interfere with him. I could only make a noncommittal noise in my throat.

And yet—not ten minutes after Sonny's departure—his mother was deep in a story of how she was attempting to bring pressure to bear upon a friend, one of the younger women in her circle, to leave an unemployed husband.

"I never could bear the man," she said. "The whole thing was a mistake from the start, and Jane ought to know it by this time. If I can only get her to break away now, while she is still young and pretty and has such a good excuse—this non-support and everything—she'll still have a chance to get the right sort of man."

"Perhaps she doesn't want to break away," I suggested.

"She doesn't know what she wants," my hostess replied. "She doesn't want to leave Bob and she doesn't want poverty. She needs someone to make up her mind for her."

It was obvious that the speaker was determined to do just that.

What was it, I found myself reflecting later, that would lead a woman, so fearful of interfering with the life of her own child that she could not bring herself to curb in him a single barbaric impulse, to make such an unwarranted intrusion into the life of an adult? Was her own life so successful that she could feel a legitimate call to direct that of another? I knew it was not. Here was an intelligent and modern woman who would have been genuinely shocked had anyone called her a busybody. She was always helping others "to find themselves," pushing young people into opportunities, arranging things for this artist, getting a lecture date for that needy poet, bringing the "right" people together, and generally performing a number of very valuable services for her friends and acquaintances. She was a born fixer. But all of this, as I suddenly realized, was but the credit side of a dangerously double-edged activity. For she was playing God without benefit of omniscience, and her passion for pulling the strings of other people's destinies was directed solely by her own conception of what was good for them. Her type is as old as human association itself, but in its modern garb it is rarely recognized.



She was a God-player, model 1933—a little more direct and obvious in her methods than the majority of her kind.

The God-players will continue to function, I suppose, as long as there are people in the world who seem not to know what they want. For such persons give them the widest possible scope for the operation of their talents. And yet the more hard-boiled of the amateur deities requires no such fertile field and no such pliant material. I have seen one rush in where any well-bred angel would never dream of treading and re-direct the pattern of an apparently well-planned life—and this before the victim realized what was happening. Usually, of course, this takes place at some moment of crisis or readjustment, those brief periods of confusion or hesitancy from which none of us is altogether immune. For your truly sophisticated God-player, unlike his lowly prototype, the village busybody, is something of an artist and has a keen nose for the *moment juste*. He is nothing if not subtle and, practically always, he flies the banner of freedom. His mission is never repressive—as in other times; it is always emancipatory, though usually he is too much a child of our century to admit that he has any mission at all. He operates exclusively in behalf of the fuller and freer life and when he pulls the strings it is in the cause of your personal unfoldment. Even when wise-cracking about the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals he cannot keep his fingers out of other people's lives. The post-war decade, with its apotheosis of individual laissez-faire, might have seemed to be the end of him. It was really his heyday. In the thirties, he still abounds, less blatant, more restrained. I will attempt a possible interpretation of him later.

However doubtful, disgusted, or infuriated many of us may be about the obvious political and economic insanity

of the society in which we find ourselves, in the matter of personal conduct we are apt to congratulate ourselves on the period in which we live. Petty personal tyranny, at least, is dead, and even the public blue-nose is on the run. If asked to give the dominant note of our social life since the World War, most of us would readily reply—the insistence on the right of the individual to live his own life in his own way. We know, to be sure, that there can be no such thing as complete individual liberty in any organized society, and we are willing to exchange a modicum of conformity for the protective benefits which organization alone can assure. But the very contempt for such legislative anachronisms as the Prohibition Law among all classes of people is eloquent of our insistence on the right to do as we please in personal manners and morals, however much we may realize the fallacy of laissez-faire in the administration of a complex industrial organism. We want, in short, to be let alone.

The corollary of this motto—to let other people alone—is a sort of unofficial credo of contemporary society. "Everyone has a right to go to hell in his own way" says the speakeasy sophisticate, and his dictum is echoed alike by high-school seniors and middle-aged academicians who have only recently discovered the facts of life. The doctrine is sound enough. But unfortunately many of them do not mean it. What they mean as a rule is "in my way." For the will to influence others, with its accompanying thrill of personal omnipotence, is not to be exorcised by a formula. Like tyranny, the passion for playing God does not die; it merely changes its form. And while the God-player is certainly no more numerous now than he has ever been in the past, he has taken on the protective coloration of

the new moral dispensation. The subtlety of his current manifestations has rendered him doubly dangerous because we no longer recognize him for what he is.

The inability of many well-meaning and intelligent persons to leave other people's lives alone undoubtedly received an impetus from the layman's psycho-analytic craze of ten or twelve years ago. Evangelical souls who, in an earlier day, might have expended their energies on the Hottentots or the village saloon-keeper, were now, under the ægis of "science," enabled to go about the world releasing people from their inhibitions. The Ladies Aid Society never afforded any such dazzling opportunities to pull people's lives apart and put them together again as did the new psychology. To-day, the Freudian patter is a little passé, but the practice of saving people from their virtues, instead of from their vices, is as common as ever. It has merely ceased to require a therapeutic excuse. It may even take on the aspect of a purely personal amusement, a sort of experimental game. But whether in drama, literature, or life itself, so long as this new Calvinism is sanctified by a few current wise-cracks we fail to see behind it the age-old impulse which inspired so many of our forebears to such heights of missionary zeal.

If this conclusion seems far-fetched, let us consider for a moment the reaction of modern audiences to two plays of a year or so ago which completed successful road tours after long New York runs. Totally dissimilar in plot, period, and value, they had, nevertheless, a philosophic similarity which, so far as I know, has never been pointed out. I refer to "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," in which Miss Cornell gave such a perfect performance, and the less interesting "Cynara," which later went into the talkies.

The first play, as most theater-goers know, was built about the tyranny of that pathological despot, Edward Moulton-Barrett, over the lives of his children. The right of the parent to play God Almighty in the family circle, particularly in relation to its women, was a dogma rarely questioned in England of the 1840's. The conflict which ensued when someone did question it is the recurring and familiar theme of the "advanced" Victorian play or novel. The contemporary mind has little hesitancy about picking the villain of such a piece. At least part of the popularity of the Wimpole Street drama was undoubtedly due to the vicarious sense of victory enjoyed by the modern audience over this particularly hated symbol of the forces of darkness—the domestic tyrant who, standing in much the same relation to the family as the blue-nose stands to society as a whole, is one of the especial phobias of our generation.

But did the same or similar audiences who glowered in silent hate at the elder Barrett experience a similar emotion when that more modern edition of the *deus ex machina*—the epigrammatic gentleman who acted as a West End Mephistopheles in the play "Cynara"—sets out on a little life-wrecking expedition of his own? They did not. His blood-relationship to the rather pitiable Barrett passed unnoticed because his accents and vocabulary were those of a 1931 sophisticate who had been reading the Calverton-Schmalhausen anthologies. When his passion for experimenting with other persons' emotions brings tragedy to the lives of three quite decent people, not even the authors show any appreciation of his essential motivation. And yet, here, if ever, is modern society's most unmitigated pest—the individual who attempts to foist his own brand of values upon persons who may be living in harmony with their own



inner impulses and who, therefore—whether those impulses are in or out of line with existing conventions—are, in the truest sense, free. Consider for a moment this particular situation.

A husband and wife are happily married. During the wife's brief absence the elderly Mayfair busy-body (animated ostensibly by a desire to shake his friend out of his happy complacency) succeeds, by a series of deliberate and quite conscious maneuvers, in throwing the inexperienced husband into the arms of an attractive and freshly emancipated shopgirl who overestimates her own sophistication. What ensues is designed to be one of those delightful episodes beloved of our Michael Arlens and Noel Cowards, a gay and harmless interlude to be finished before the wife's return. But this amateur effort at lighthearted dalliance on the part of persons totally unfitted for the roles ends in the suicide of the deeply enamored girl, the public disgrace of the barrister husband, and the suffering and disillusionment of the wife who shares that disgrace and its resultant publicity. And at the end we find the elderly author of the *débâcle* merrily dispensing bright platitudes to the survivors who, for some inexplicable reason, fail to kick him downstairs.

The incidents of the triangle were heightened and colored, of course, for purposes of drama; but no one who has lived his life in contact with some of our more self-conscious "moderns" has failed to meet his quota of John Trings, male and female, going about their business of recreating the world in their own image. It is in just such circles that one is assumed to have learned this truism—that we are not all cut off the same piece of cloth and that there is no single code of conduct wherein all may find harmony and fulfillment. It should be obvious, therefore, that while many persons are

temperamentally unfitted for such institutions as monogamy, there are also persons quite as unfitted for promiscuity. Arbitrarily to jockey an essential monogamist into a promiscuous situation is not only as unwarranted as to enforce monogamy upon the sexually casual, but it is much more likely to result in tragedy and suffering for everyone involved. Many men and women belonging to the first type and trying to imitate the second have learned this to their sorrow. The studios, speakeasies, and tea-rooms of the land are cluttered with the wreckage of amateur Casanovas and Ninons who never learned the first commandment—"Be yourself."

## II

There are those, of course, who hold that such people do not matter; that anyone so spiritually flabby as to allow the pattern of his life to be disarranged by the interferences or suggestions of others gets what is coming to him; that the person who lacks the courage to be himself usually has no self to be. Apropos of this subject, an acquaintance wrote recently, "The undermining of the dogmas which has gone on during the past generation seems to have left many people without anything to steer themselves by, because they expect to have their code laid down for them and enforced by public opinion. In matters of ethics and taste, they are born slaves unfit for the freedom that has been given them." It is undoubtedly true that many of the lives thus wrecked or shifted from their bearings do not really matter, for they would somehow get wrecked anyway, even without interference; and for such congenital weaklings among the God-player's victims I shed no tears. It is true also that the bulk of people are incredibly suggestible and, in our more emancipated circles

in particular, pathologically frightened of being out of step with those they consider in the vanguard, whether in morals, manners, or politics. Nowhere else, perhaps, do intellectual trends so partake of the character of a stampede. But even the most strong-minded of us are not strongminded all of the time. We have, as I have said, our moments of hesitation and confusion. We are social animals, even as our more gregarious brethren, and few of us are so spiritually well-balanced that we are completely immune to the attitudes of those about us and to the pressure of repeated suggestion, especially when it comes from those we consider worldly-wise.

This is particularly true of young people a little ashamed of their inexperience. About a year ago, I saw the marriage of two unusually intelligent and fine youngsters go on the rocks as a result of just such suggestive pressure. They had married when they were very young, they were very much in love and thoroughly compatible. And yet, when they came to New York from the Middle West and settled among somewhat older, more experienced, and much more confused people, they were made to feel immediately that their inexperience was just a little ridiculous. Without a suspicion of direct interference—and perhaps quite unconsciously—their more worldly-wise friends began to create “situations” for them, situations inevitably productive of trouble. Under this pressure irritations which ordinarily would have amounted to nothing assumed the proportions of complete misunderstandings. Their essentially direct and whole-souled relationship would not fit into the pattern of action superimposed upon it by their quite irrelevant “sophistication.” “I suppose,” said the girl to me soon after their divorce, “we just didn’t have sense enough to live our own lives in our own way.”

Few young people have. Most of us have to live through serious vicissitudes before we learn that lesson. We have to learn to be occasionally unsocial, a little hard-boiled, and sometimes downright insulting. To people who care about personal popularity in some narrow circle—and most people do—this is not an easy course to pursue. All of us need some social life, and frequently the people to whose string-pulling we object have certain other, more desirable qualities which command our affection. But the majority of us are, as I have said, incredibly suggestible, and are quite unconscious of the string-pulling. We conform as readily to the expectations of those about us as did our grandparents. It is merely that the expectations have changed. While we may resent, especially if we are young, any suspicion of interference from a close relative (haven’t we read enough Freud, seen enough “Silver Cords,” “Another Languages,” etc. to be on our guard against these?) we are rarely immune to the machinations of the God-player in the role of a friend or group of friends.

It may be said that if this be the case it might be more profitable to stiffen the backbone of his potential victims than to inveigh against the God-player himself. I doubt if backbones can be arbitrarily stiffened, however, and to the young and unformed in particular, those who must necessarily learn much about life from the lives of others and in whom a certain plasticity is a requisite of growth, such a course offers no protection. Nor am I concerned primarily with inveighing against that timeless phenomenon, the God-player himself. I am concerned rather with pointing to his survival in unsuspected forms, with unmasking as essential God-players of the most virulent type some of those highly talented, intelligent, purposeful, or care-free meddlers



who, either for their own amusement or the gratification of their egos, insist on thrusting their brand of enlightenment upon the unprepared or who make a mission of saving people from their better impulses. The heavy-handed moralist no longer constitutes a danger; we are well-armed against him. We have not yet learned to tell his "knowing," his flippant, his pseudo-philosophical first cousins to go to the devil.

If, as I believe, the itch for playing God is most flagrant among the very people who should know better, it is probably due to the fact that these are the people for whom the ordinary channels of exercising authority have been closed by the very act of their emancipation. They can no longer, with any consistency, lay down the law to their families and, like the woman with whom I opened this discussion, they may no longer take out a justifiable irritation on the posterior of some annoying small boy. The personal lives of sons, daughters, younger brothers and sisters or servants are now sacred. The modern social agency has destroyed most of the opportunities for charitable meddling on the part of the charitably inclined. At almost every point which once served as an outlet for their power-instincts, the modern salvationists are balked. It is only natural then that these impulses should undergo a transformation into some form that will pass muster in the circle in which they move. These impulses undergo, to be Freudian, a sort of pseudo-sublimation.

There is, of course, no clear line of demarkation at which the instinct for string-pulling is separated from the perfectly normal and commendable impulse of the average person to help his friends and neighbors with sympathy and advice. There is a borderland, no doubt, wherein the two motives meet and merge in all of us.

In its more attenuated form and exercised with intelligent restraint, the impulse to manipulate other people's lives is probably harmless. With the messianic temperament, whether religious or anti-religious, it is rarely exercised with such restraint, and certainly intellectual non-conformity is no guarantee of critical intelligence and good judgment in such matters, as the following incident illustrates.

Sometime during the past year a hitherto normal and happy fourteen-year-old boy tried to shoot himself in the heart with his father's pistol and missed that vital organ by a fraction of an inch. For a month after this affair his dismayed parents could elicit no explanation from a silent and moody convalescent. Then suddenly, at some significant words of understanding sympathy from an outsider, the dam of repression broke and the whole story came out.

The boy, a sensitive and idealistic youngster who had never shown any specific intellectual aptitude, had come in contact with a young high-school teacher who had aroused in him a genuine passion for poetry. A whole new world of interest and expression opened up to the boy; and it was only natural in this intense, hero-worshipping stage of his adolescence that the man who had been the instrument of this transformation should become the temporary center of his little world, the object of his still undirected and undeveloped emotional interests. For a while he could talk of no one else at home. He quoted his teacher continuously to the good-natured amusement of his family. He went for walks with the object of his devotion—a quite normal young man engaged to be married. He told among his friends quite incredible tales of his teacher's erudition and abilities. He was, in short, going through one of those very common cases of the adolescent

"crush" from which many thousands of youngsters have graduated into perfectly normal hetero-sexuality. But his experience aroused in the breast of a very knowing friend of the family the irresistible impulse to enlighten the child about the "real" nature of his attachment. An impressive and highly clinical study of homosexuality, illustrated by case stories of adolescent school life, was mailed to the boy with a note to the effect that a perusal of the book would open his eyes to certain truths about himself. In his horror and shame at what he read the boy had attempted suicide.

The reaction of this particular child was probably an extreme one. But most of us, fed upon tales of modern youth and its rather grim sophistication, have overestimated its tough-mindedness. Whatever his attitude may be after eighteen or twenty, the average normal adolescent is secretly romantic—and quite fortunately so—on the subject of sex. The glamour which poetry and romance have lent to the subject serves for him at this period the same purpose which judgment and discrimination serve for his less idealistic maturity. To force upon his attention the details of what may or may not be pathology before he has had a chance to adjust himself properly to the facts of normality is an invasion of his personal right to his own natural development. The facts of life should undoubtedly be imparted to children as soon as they show any natural curiosity about them; but I am convinced that the imposition upon them of an unnatural precocity in such matters is merely an indulgence of the desire to play God.

Frequently, of course, it partakes also of personal exhibitionism, that most common and annoying vice which so often accompanies the God-playing impulse. Passing as "honesty," it is usually nothing more than the

compulsion to undress in public. I am reminded in this connection of the lady who, with her husband, conducts a very modern school for children and who during her most recent pregnancy hastened to inform the uninterested five-to ten-year-olds in her care that her distinguished husband was not the responsible party.

Parenthetically, it is such verbal exhibitionism as this that has helped to bulwark repressive formulas well on their way to decay. For the exhibitionist, like the God-player, is not satisfied to hug his emancipation to his bosom and go his own way. He must wave it under his neighbors' noses in the evangelical hope of first shocking, then converting them. Usually he fails to see that while he may be annoying, he is no longer shocking. The cause of sex freedom is pretty much a *fait accompli* so far as outer compulsion is concerned. It remains a matter to which individuals must make their individual adjustments in their own way. Except, perhaps, in ecclesiastical circles, those of us who live in larger towns and cities may live about as we please unless we insist on challenging our neighbor's choice of regularity. Adultery is probably as common in Dubuque as in Manhattan, and illegitimacy has never been a subject for undue excitement among our Southern hillbillies. Who cares? The battle has moved on to a very different and much more important front.

In a Middle-Western town which I visited shortly after the recent election, I discovered, to my surprise, that among the really nice people it was considered much more outrageous to have voted the Socialist ticket than to have had an affair with someone's husband, and that Mr. Hemingway was much more widely read than Mr. Harold Bell Wright. Suburban audiences in the Far West were as vastly tickled as the Broadway critics at the "naughty"



sophistication of "Reunion in Vienna" and "Springtime for Henry." Really someone should tell the sex evangels of New York and London that if they will only attend to their knitting no one will bother them. Sex has ceased to be "advanced" and the provinces are no longer shuddering at their goings on. Since October, 1929, at least, there have been too many more important things to worry about.

### III

It should not be supposed from the foregoing that the sex life of his fellows is the only field in which the God-player operates. It is merely his favorite one. How many earnest but ineffectual yearners after the arts, with no gift for independence, have been "rescued" from the tyrannies of their families and set adrift in the Greenwich Villages and Montparnasses of the world by well-meaning but over-enthusiastic amateur deities will never be known. How many perfectly good potential wives and mothers have been turned into tenth-rate vocalists, Little Theater addicts, advertising-copy writers, and Sunday-newspaper fillers by some understanding soul who pulled the wrong string at the right moment and thus started them on their careers will likewise remain a mystery. Most of us know at least two or three of them. The God-player moves in a thousand ways his wonders to perform. I once knew a very well-informed man who could be an interesting and brilliant conversationalist. But as soon as he came into the presence of anyone whom he suspected of being in the slightest degree puritanical or conventional his conversation would become so purposefully profane and scatological as to bore the most liberal-minded listener. He regarded it as his mission, evidently, to shock and liberate the proper into a properly Rabelaisian state of mind.

Sometimes the God-player plays his role as unconsciously as the ineffable Bessie in Miss Parrish's *Loads of Love*, leaving a trail of human wreckage in the wake of his good intentions. At other times, he is the intelligent and conscious egoist, certain of his ability to set other lives on the paths they should follow. For a combination of both these types, the reader is referred to that amazing autobiographical study, Mabel Dodge Luhan's *Lorenzo in Taos*, the story of D. H. Lawrence's sojourn in New Mexico as the guest of the author. Here is one of the frankest confessions of the God-playing temperament ever publicly printed—the tale of an irresistible will to personal power meeting an immovable body of messianic illusion. It was a fortunate thing for Lorenzo, as well as for Mrs. Lorenzo, that the hostess who had "willed" him to New Mexico possessed as wise and self-contained a husband as the Indian, Tony Luhan. A lesser man in a like conflict of wills, such a titanic battle of God-playing egos, would have run amuck, with disastrous consequences all around.

Such cases as these are sufficiently obvious to carry their own antidote for the average person. Their earmarks may be recognized from afar. Far more dangerous, because far more subtle, are those understanding but determined souls who offer no direct advice and make no positive efforts to bend us to their wills but who manage—like the friends of the young couple of whom I have spoken—to create situations that are inevitably productive of trouble. They are like the small boy who pulls someone's watch to pieces in order to find out what makes it go, except that in the case of the God-player curiosity is more frequently tinged with malice.

In most of us, I imagine, there is a considerable residue of unconscious malice, the fruit of our own unavenged

hurts and disappointments, the dregs of a bitterness that probably should have found release in the hurling of plates or timely bursts of invective. At any rate, it is not surprising that in a world so full of personal frustrations there should be so many people who cannot bear the spectacle of another's peace or happiness without being seized with the temptation to poke at it and test it. Many of these people would not consciously injure a living soul, but that they can obtain both excitement and a kind of satisfaction from the tribulations and difficulties—chiefly amorous—of their friends and acquaintances, cannot be doubted by anyone who has watched them suddenly “perk up” in the midst of a lagging conversation when some such affair is mentioned. All of us are fond of gossip, even when a little malicious, and most of us are intensely interested in this particular field of human relationships. What divides the normal individual from the God-player in such matters is the compulsion of the latter, when troublesome emotional situations do not occur of themselves, to create or abet them in order that he may pull strings, offer advice, or even act as mediator.

I have, as I have intimated earlier, a theory of my own as a possible interpretation of such persons. It may be worthless as a general formula but it is based upon personal observation. It is obvious that the inveterate God-player is not entirely normal; that he is a person whose own adjustment to life in general, and probably to sex in particular, is a faulty one; that he is afflicted with a sort of psychic itch. It is my theory that he is particularly common among those fairly numerous individuals in modern society who are divided against themselves, whose emotional impulses are neither definitely hetero- or homo-sexual and who, being unable to find satisfaction in either type of relationship, use up their

frustrated energies and assuage their own dissatisfaction in manipulating other lives, in creating among others some of their own confusions.

I am aware of course of the truism that none of us is one hundred per cent male or female in our psychic make-ups. But in most of us, one or the other definitely predominates so that our physical and emotional impulses function more or less smoothly. The definitely “normal” individual or the definitely homo-sexual one at least knows what he wants in this respect. But the bi-sexual person can only succeed in making himself and the person to whom he attaches himself miserable. He usually marries a person of the opposite sex only to find himself continuously dissatisfied, continuously in need of some new stimulation. If unconscious of what is wrong with him (and he usually is), he may flit from one unsatisfactory love affair to the other (thus gaining a reputation as a Don Juan that is totally unwarranted on any physiological basis). His difficulty is that he might possibly love both a man and a woman but that he cannot really be satisfied with either. Frequently the unattached portion of his divided emotional energy fixes itself on a member of his own sex (man or woman, as the case may be), and if that person is a normal individual, involved in a normal relationship, the fireworks begin. Our bi-sexual hero in the role of God-player will not be satisfied until he picks that relationship to pieces. Somehow he must assuage his own inner turmoil and division and the easiest way to do this is to reproduce it in others. In his efforts to do so he is quite capable of wrecking the immediate world about him.

I am not intimating here that every God-player is a bi-sexually inclined individual. There are other compulsions and frustrations which undoubtedly seek compensation in such a role.



But I am quite certain that every bisexual individual I have ever encountered has been a God-player.

Occasionally such people do manage to approximate their ideal solutions through deeply emotional friendships plus a normal but lighthearted love affair. I have known of such a case among my own acquaintances; and Mr. Noel Coward's recent success, "Design for Living," in which two talented gentlemen have a vicarious affair with each other through the medium of a mutual mistress, is a case in point. But such solutions are rare. More frequently the sorely divided spirit turns his attention to other people's lives.

It is a pity that in a world so sadly in need of "fixing" so much energy should be wasted in such petty personal channels. In a world gone so completely askew that we may starve in the midst of plenty, the God-player

might find, if he looked, a highly legitimate challenge to his talents. Here is a field in which he could function with benefit both to himself and to society. By transferring his passion for manipulation into social channels, by lending his energies to the very necessary job of social reconstruction, he might achieve a very satisfactory illusion of omnipotence. In a period of such gross and obvious maladjustments in our social and economic life, what are the repressions of his friends, the mother-complex of the neighbor's small boy, the mismating of his old college chum, the appalling naïveté of the young couple from Sioux Falls? More serious matters await our God-player's attention.

Here, indeed, is a magnificent opportunity to sublimate a private vice into a public virtue—a chance to play God in a Big Way.





# SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR THE RAILROADS

A PASSENGER'S POINT OF VIEW

BY TYLER TURNER

SINCE the railroads first toppled from their secure position as the nation's transportation medium, reams of literary commiseration, explanation, encouragement, discouragement, apology, and advice have appeared. Most of the authors responsible have been officials of roads or men in close contact with the industry. To question their opinions takes some amount of self-assurance, verging, indeed, on presumption. Yet in the study of any condition a common danger lurks for those immersed in it: the lack of perspective which is necessary to well-formed judgment. A danger which has often trapped the healthiest industries is the insidious self-satisfaction and limited vision which comes of regarding the individual business as a self-contained entity rather than as a unit in a composite pattern.

Railroad men are proverbially conservative. Railroading is an involved occupation, surrounded by an enormous amount of native circumstance, and touching in its various aspects innumerable other fields. It is, therefore, to be expected that its personnel experience some difficulty in viewing it with any degree of detachment. Their evaluation starts from the center and works outward. Such a restriction is, of course, by no means confined to railroading. Most of the older industries are as bound by tradition as the church or the schools.

An evidence of this condition is seen in the methods employed by the rails to compete with the inroads made by the bus. Activities in this direction have been more of the nature of imitation than competition. Immersed in the intricacies of stock manipulations, railroad magnates envy the competing medium and seek to retrieve lost business by copying its methods.

So uncomfortable was motor transport that it was necessary, to avoid throwing the passengers about the conveyances, to install a new type of seat, deeply cushioned and form-fitting. When the traveling public found this improvement, at a reduced fare, a prompt shift occurred. The rails, after waiting for the lost business to return voluntarily, coyly began to introduce the same sort of seating in coaches. This afforded, at 3.6 cents a mile, luxury comparable with that which the bus gave at 1.5 to 2 cents. When this failed to lure the wayward traveler, the rails began to howl in earnest. The bus was getting a right of way supported by the State! Unfair competition! No fixed rates! No supervision by the Interstate Commerce Commission, to which the rails were responsible!

The competition was much more serious in the matter of freight, which was taken from door to door by the truck, while the railroad not only charged higher rates but imposed the



extra expense of haulage to and from remote freight yards. When confronted with this obvious advantage, a railroad man made a characteristic reply: "The road instituted the less-carload pick-up and delivery service some years ago, and it never became very popular; why should it now? Store-door delivery cannot be the answer, or it would have become more popular previously." It required too much imagination to realize that the efforts of one road to institute an entirely new type of service in the days when drayage was a normal and expected procedure would make little impression, though it would be a deciding factor when it became (on the part of the trucking concerns) a normal and accepted service.

In passenger operations, however, the imitation of bus methods was less an accommodation to industrial need than a grudging, tardy concession to a market which years of prosperity had falsely led the rails to believe inalienable. The noisy automobiles in the form of rail cars are another example of direct simulation. Gas vehicles are cheaper in operation than steam trains. Though rail cars powered by oil were in the experimental stage twenty-five years ago, they did not become popular until about 1922. As long as steam trains paid, however inefficient from an engineering point of view, gas cars remained in the background. Only when measures of economy were necessary did the roads begin to adopt the idea.

That competition forces new methods which would not otherwise appear is well known in industry (as for example, the exponential horn in the phonograph, which, though known, was reserved as an extra inducement until the advent of radio). But it is especially significant that the railroads took only the most tepid interest in devices calculated to expedite their

own operations until forced to do so by external conditions.

The era of healthy experiment in railroading lasted until the end of the past century, when, glutted by their successes, the companies found it easier to follow lines of least resistance than to consider the possibility of any really important competitive medium.

## II

The chief concern of an industry should be the place it occupies in the affairs of the public, and the way in which—both for its own welfare, and for the support and good will of the public—it fills that position. Railroads are a medium of transportation. The passenger or shipper is not interested in the cost or weight of rails, the maintenance of roadbed, the burden of taxation (from which the bus, plane, and navigation companies are nearly exempt), in the expense of rolling stock or its deterioration, or in union wages, or in terminals. Yet when the protest was first made by the rails all of these were presented in a suitably pathetic aspect to create public sympathy and stimulate protective legislation. That such legislation exists for the most part in the minds of corporation counsels may be due either to procrastination or to public dissatisfaction. But one point is notable—in all considerations of the problem practically no attention is paid to the primary function of the railroad as a transportation medium.

We are told by economists that the only logical way to do a thing is to select the cheapest. Therefore, if the railroads are inefficient, they say, discard them. Then they follow with illustrations of how the railroad itself superseded the coach, and the inevitable statement that the rails must in turn give way to improved methods. Before such an argument the cries for

special protection seem thin. The sequel, which brings in the investments of insurance companies and the reaction on widows and orphans whose welfare is affected by the welfare of railroad obligations, is stupid and beside the point. The possible difficulties of those who may have made short-sighted investments are matters for either economists or bankers, but surely not for the rails themselves. Such bogus charity has little place in any consideration of the problem.

In ignoring their primary function and specific attributes, the railroads have lost sight of the particular part they play in the field of transportation. They think of themselves as the only rightful operators, and of the trucking and air transport companies as illegitimate intruders. Their moves are, therefore, protective rather than progressive. They would halt the expansion of the transportation industry to suit the convenience of their own archaic methods; they would prohibit the competition which is "unfair" only because they have been too conservative to improve their own equipment to a point of comparative efficiency.

The railroad has certain assets which place it in a definite category. It competes in speed with the bus and the boat; it surpasses the bus and plane in safety, and also in comfort (that is, it can surpass them in comfort if the passenger will consent to a service or Pullman charge, plus a surcharge, plus the ensuing tip for special accommodations, and also, sometimes an extra fare); and it is free from the illness which frequently attends travel on boat, plane, and bus. Originally it competed slightly on price with the plane, though the "gentlemen's agreement" alleged to have been framed to prevent open competition has since been abrogated by the plane companies.

This narrows the railroad down to a certain band of utility. It is a broad band, and probably larger than those on either side of it combined, but it is definite. The function of the rails, then, is mass transportation. They are equipped to carry more people than either the bus or the plane (as well as more freight than the truck). The superiority of mass industry is low cost. Though this is the pivot of the railroad's problem, I have never seen more than passing reference to it in any of the numerous authoritative articles purporting to deal with the vital factors of the situation. Officials, engineers, all seem interested in imitating the bus, and regaining lost business by the foolish expedient of applying small-carrier standards to a large carrier.

### III

The insufficiency of curtailing schedules to save money has been so adequately treated by Edward Hungerford in his "Better Days for Rail Passengers" (*American Mercury*, January, 1933) as to need no further mention. Local traffic, once entirely at the mercy of the rails, has entered a new phase of existence, in which the bus and privately operated car will play an increasingly important part. Any effort to recover what has gone will be working against terrific odds. The convenience of the private garage, of the immediate departure, and of delivery direct to destination dwarfs any inducement which the railroads are now making, except possibly in congested commuting areas, where special club cars and various facilities such as buffet cars may afford a service convenient to the commuter and otherwise unobtainable by him. The New Haven has entered this field with its "Breakfast Car," which serves breakfast or tea en route to or from work.

Commutation definitely falls into



the category of mass transportation, but because of difficulties of entrance to the centers of population the losses in this field are likely to increase rather than decrease. A carrier which offers delivery to one terminal, whence the traveler must transfer to a local conveyance, can hardly compete with carriers which make several more convenient stops.

In this connection, as in several others, the electric interurban railroads of the Middle West present valuable lessons. The Chicago North Shore and Milwaukee, and its companion road, the Chicago South Shore and South Bend, two of the most representative suburban roads in the country, make a number of stops in Chicago and supplement a modern coach service with dining- and parlor-car service. They have succeeded in cornering most of the commuting business in their respective territories. This has been done on the basis of service, speed, equipment, and convenient schedules direct to frequent, well-located stations. The North Shore Line enters Chicago over the elevated system, stopping at a number of express stations, where passengers may transfer without charge to the regular rapid-transit trains. This makes it possible to go from Milwaukee, or any intervening stop, to a remote destination in Chicago without extra expense and by direct transfer. Contrast that with the arrangement in New York, where one arrives at either of three city terminals, then walks perhaps a quarter of a mile to the subway or elevated. Neither the steam roads nor their electrified divisions have assumed the flexibility which the Middle Western electric roads have. Yet if they are to expect short-haul business it is not unfair to expect them to accommodate themselves to its demands.

To such a suggestion the rail official would, of course, advance a number

of well-proven impossibilities. Equipment is too heavy and too large to permit interchange with rapid-transit lines. Traffic regulations and legislative restrictions would make any co-operation impossible.

Beneath all of this, however, one in the least familiar with the actual state of affairs recognizes an industrial snobbery which prohibits the rail executive from working with a medium which he believes inferior to his own. Suburban equipment can be made—and should be for a number of reasons—lighter than previously; enough elections have been controlled by the railroads to make protests against the law rather comic. As for the financial difficulties, the roads stand either to find a way or to lose.

It has been remarked that America can make traveling more awkward than any other country. Anyone who has been confronted with the problem of entering one of the larger cities by steam road realizes how true that statement is. A comparatively simple journey such as from a Westchester suburb to a part of Manhattan—not more than twenty-five miles—may consume the better part of two hours. To Brooklyn, a matter of seven or eight miles more, it would be at least two hours and a quarter. To reach the subway platforms at the terminal means a walk of some distance, up and down endless ramps and stairways, through concourses, which to anyone laden with luggage is a difficult enough experience in itself. Much the same is true with most of the lines in Chicago, save the North Shore, with which it is an easy matter to leave a train at one station and wait in the same spot for the next local elevated train.

That some similar system of co-ordinated passenger transport is not worked out on other lines speaks poorly for the ingenuity of the railroads.

From Philadelphia to Norristown,

Pennsylvania, there runs a little-known suburban road, the Philadelphia and Western. It operates the first fully stream-lined cars in this country, tapering to a point at the ends. The center of gravity is low, and the cars are powered to make over ninety miles per hour. With such equipment it would not be difficult to cut local suburban service on electrified steam roads to slightly over half of its present normal running time. Yet the purchases which are made currently for the major roads of the country are coaches of essentially the same pattern as have been in use for fifty years or more, without improvements in seating, and geared to maximum speeds of seventy miles.

#### IV

Long-haul business is vanishing more rapidly, if possible, than local. The enormous cuts in tariff by the busses, and the slight reductions sometimes offered by planes, in addition to the far more rapid time in the case of the latter, are conspiring to make rail travel a luxurious inconvenience. Comparisons on both points have been sufficiently frequent to need no repetition. It may be useful, however, to recall the usual test case, New York to Chicago. By plane, the fare is \$47.95, and the running time eleven hours and forty-five minutes between the centers of the cities. By train, the cost with lower berth is \$51.70, taking 18 hours, or \$41.70, taking 21 hours. The cost by bus is \$7.00, and schedules 28 hours.

Losses to the bus are almost entirely due to price, though it must in all fairness be said that their accommodations have improved greatly. The well-padded reclining seats found in many of the long-distance coaches exceed the comfort of the old-fashioned railroad coaches, and indeed, for the most part, that of the newer bucket-

seats. Realizing this, the Baltimore and Ohio produced a new type of reclining seat coach, containing spacious retiring rooms for smoking, improved toilet facilities, and a lunch counter furnishing a number of items, not exceeding ten cents each. The seats themselves are wide enough for comfort, covered with a tasteful fabric and equipped with foot-rests. The ceiling lights are dimmed at night, but for those who wish to read individual lamps are provided, immediately over the seats. The ventilation is through small screened, adjustable vents at the bottom of the windows. In such equipment as this one can make an over-night journey in comfort. The car is self-contained. It is unnecessary to trudge through the train to smoke or eat. It would be difficult for a bus to approximate such service.

But the real problem at the moment is that of fare. The cost of distance travel is enormous to the average traveler. He is convinced that the private automobile is cheaper and would be surprised to find that actually, computing gas, oil, investment, and deterioration, it is not. If traveling for pleasure he will, in his own car, be able to see the towns he passes through, and not only their slums and freight yards. If he is on business he can go from door to door without change of vehicles. To lure him back to the train would require a reduction which would make the economy of rail travel very evident.

In conjecturing as to the latitude of reduction in rail fares there are several factors to be held in mind. First, and most important of all, the train is the mass carrier. Twelve cars will carry as many as five hundred passengers, baggage, and mail. (This is a conservative estimate, based on new equipment, built for comfort rather than capacity. With old coaches the number would be greater.) To ac-



commodate the same number without baggage or mail—except hand bags or very small trunks which might be carried on the roof—would require at least twelve, and probably more, busses. The crew of the train would consist of five, exclusive of those on extra-fare service, for which an extra cost is exacted. The busses would require one man each.

The second important factor in price reduction is the enormous overhead of the railway, its roadbed, safety devices, and stations. This presents the most serious phase of the problem at present. However, as the public realizes the drain on taxation occasioned by the use of the highways, and as the trucking interests are forced to shoulder this obligation, as well as the precautions which they have thus far failed to make for the safety of their passengers and others who use the roads, a fairer competitive relationship will be effected. The bus and truck are at present both an expense and a menace because of their size and speed, as well as because of the irresponsibility of the individual owners and small companies. A sizable bill awaits the trucking company: enforced insurance against accident and taxation to pay for their rights of way. In addition to this, safety precautions will have to be taken which will curb their running time considerably. The Roman holiday which they have thus far enjoyed at the expense and discomfort of the citizen is drawing to a close.

It would, however, be supreme folly to suppose that the bus and truck are not an important unit in the field of transportation, or even that they will not supplant the railroads in instances. Their flexibility, especially in local traffic, places them in a certain field, the boundaries of which, under anticipated future conditions, cannot be transgressed profitably.

## V

To a certain point, the railroads can and should be protected by favorable legislation, simply because their service at present and for some time to come is vitally necessary to the country, because the bus enjoys an unfair advantage, and because the position which the rails occupy in the structure of transportation entitles them to it. If an adequate number of trucks, busses, and planes were immediately produced and put into service to meet traffic needs, it would be a physical impossibility for them to operate cheaply and safely. The plane's advantageous position on tariff is secure at present only because of government mail subsidies, which, if removed, would bring their rates back to a non-competitive level.

It is said on reliable statistics that the railroads of the country could carry full trains profitably at three-fourths of a cent a passenger mile. The basic figures for plane cost are two and three-fourths of a cent full, and three cents sixty per cent full. That mass transportation at low figures is profitable every rail executive knows from experience with excursion rates. What he either will not recognize or cannot see is that the principle of the full train at low cost is what must govern passenger policies from now on. Excursions are but a small proportion of passenger business. Trying to pad gross receipts by week-end excursions on forty-five per cent round-trip reductions will not appreciably affect the enormous amount of commercial traveling, or even other miscellaneous traveling. Here as elsewhere, the remedy chosen is a characteristically railroad solution to what is really an industrial problem.

Rail executives are, I believe, for the most part anxious to meet the situation justly. I know of a number who, if

they could do so, would reduce the passenger rate to two cents a mile by coach, and three cents by chair car. They are unable to do so because concerted action is necessary, and others are still foolish enough to believe that running empty trains is cheaper than reducing rates.

Nearly forty-five per cent of the railroads' income goes out in wages. This includes not only the train crews, but a vast host of workers necessary to maintain properties, clerical workers, ticket sellers, and the ever present staff of executives. The labor problem is a serious one. Most trains carry far more labor than necessary, when the porters and special help are included. Brushing off the coat and shining shoes does not contribute materially to the parlor car's charm. If the demands of the Railway Brotherhoods could be modified, the roads would be spared considerable expense in maintaining the superfluity of dignitaries usually found on passenger trains. To have both a Pullman conductor and a railroad conductor on each train, as well as a porter for each parlor and sleeping car, is an obvious waste of man power. This need not necessarily mean a reduction of employees if a redistribution of work is undertaken. The labor engaged in maintenance of right of way and operation is very slowly decreasing by the introduction of safety devices and labor saving machinery. Classification yards, for example, are now operated from a central tower, which governs not only the switches, but also the speed of the cars which enter them. Thus a switch engine and one or two brakemen can do the work which formerly needed a score. Grade crossings, which are gradually being eliminated because of safety and speed, now employ the services of gatemen who will not be needed in the future.

All of this, though it may seem dark for rail labor, is not especially so when one realizes the time which these innovations require for their manufacture and introduction, and also the increase in positions remaining after the roads are equipped to handle the growth in traffic consequent to their increased efficiency. The principle which makes the rails the mass carriers implies a reduction in operating expense, which will benefit the passenger and shipper, thus increasing haulage. Only in such a conspectus does the problem resolve itself to such a simple equation.

Another obstacle to present success is the cost of operation of present equipment. The steam locomotive is only about 8 per cent efficient. That is a lower efficiency than that of any other practical type of traction. The electric motor can be as high as 90 per cent efficient. An electric system — generator, lines, locomotives — is, even despite the losses in transmission, boosting, and reduction of current, more efficient than steam locomotives. In addition to this, it affords a flexibility of operation not found in steam. The generating plants operate only to the point necessary, and eliminate the care and waste to which the steam locomotive is subject.

Electrification offers altogether too large a question even to speculate on here. It is usually regarded as an eventuality, though when it will be extended to any proportion of the nation's rail mileage is an open question. The initial expense is approximately the same as that of building the right of way itself, so that any extension would require enormous capital, not easily found at present, especially considering the position of the railroads.

The Diesel locomotive, on the other hand, driven by electric motors mounted on the axles, which in turn are powered by Diesel oil engines in



the locomotive itself, cuts fuel costs to one-fourth or one-third of that of the steam locomotive.

Contrast the difficulties of steam with Diesel or electric performance. When the latter are to be used, they are just started; there is no preparatory trouble or attention. There is no waste of power except the transmission of the power from the plants or from the generator on the Diesel to the driving motors. The entire efficiency of a Diesel locomotive, from the fuel oil to output, is said to be in excess of 25 per cent, two and one-half times as great as that of the most efficient high-pressure steam jobs in use at present. While electrification involves an almost prohibitive investment in power systems, the Diesel locomotive does not; and though usually it costs five or more times more than a steam locomotive, it needs no line supply, or other external apparatus, and can be applied in substitution for steam power. The fact that the initial cost of Diesel locomotives is so great, and that they are still subject to some amount of mechanical trouble, has prevented their general introduction. Their theoretical superiority, however, suggests a wide field of operation which the roads have but slowly recognized. On at least one large Western trunk line, the motor car has entirely supplanted the steam train in passenger service, and on another large road, only one steam train remains. Elsewhere, Diesel equipment is confined to local motorcar service and yard switching.

Any definite reduction in the weight of coaches would do much toward reducing schedules and costs. Passenger cars range in weight from 140,000 to 180,000 lbs. On a very few roads, the value of light-weight coaches has been recognized. The Reading, Central of New Jersey, and Long Island have cars considerably lighter than standard. It is but slowly being seen that smooth

riding is due only in part to the weight of a car and that it can in large measure be secured by correct balance and a low center of gravity. Yet figures show a steady increase in average coach weight. In the field of the electric interurban, where these factors have been subjected to actual experiment and study, the results have definitely proven their value. In an interurban car, traveling at eighty miles per hour, the wind resistance constitutes one half of its load. Mr. Otto Kuhler, who has been responsible for considerable attention to "teardrop" streamlining, estimates the saving in head resistance on a Hudson 4-6-4 passenger locomotive to be 28 per cent at eighty miles per hour. This would figure a small percentage of the total load of a train; but when the slight cost of its application is contrasted with the saving in fuel over a period of years the result is worth while.

Both the possibility of increased speed and greatly facilitated acceleration make streamlining appear to be an advantageous practice for car and locomotive construction. I believe it an important, but ignored, point that the salvation of the railroads lies in their complete readjustment to modern conditions. Sporadic attempts to cut costs here and there will not place them in the position for which they are fitted by their natural powers and capacities. The present crisis, more perhaps than any other in the history of industry—certainly more than any other in the railroad industry—calls for concerted, immediate action along a wide front. How likely such a move may be, is suggested by the progress in consolidation of the Eastern Trunk Lines.

It was common only a short time ago for locomotives to travel over very short divisions and then be hosted, meaning a waste of fuel. In addition to the locomotive's low thermal efficiency, its use is cut down by the need

for rest and attention at frequent intervals. To run one with any degree of economy demands not only considerable skill, but conscientious attention to the actual needs of the journey. It is not uncommon for hostlers to dump as much as a ton of coal after a journey, left by a careless stoker who overfueled the engine toward the end. The roads are now avoiding as far as possible such waste, not only of fuel, but of excess labor, by running locomotives over as great a distance as possible. A locomotive can now carry a train from New York to Chicago and still have mileage left before a hostling, whereas previously it was necessary to change frequently throughout the trip.

## VI

Apologists for the railroads have made elaborate efforts to present the actual improvements in the equipment of trains during the past fifty years. They point out the air brake, the steel car construction, heating, ventilation, through service over several roads, the individual bedroom car (introduced here about 1925, but current in Europe for decades), and other improvements in construction. The attitude which prompts this proves the thesis of this article: that the roads can see themselves only from their own offices and shops. The apology ignores a fundamental industrial principle which determines the success of any business. The railroads have ceased to regard themselves as purveyors to a market. The point at issue is that they are not serving the customer as he would be served. Their size and past position has made them oblivious to the laws of supply and demand. It is not that improvements have not been made on the railroads, but that those improvements are but variations of archaic methods. The club car of to-day is the club car of twenty years ago, re-

decorated and refurnished. The schedules of to-day are practically identical with those of the same period, but often inferior when a comparison is to be made. Fares have remained about the same. Coaches have improved but slightly and, as we have pointed out, in imitation of the bus. Almost every improvement which we now enjoy in rail travel was known and in actual operation at the beginning of this century. When schedules have been improved it has been at a small fraction of the journey, not enough to affect the passenger appreciably.

Let us look back. About 1910 fast trains between New York and Chicago made their journey in 16 hours. Because of several serious accidents, this time was advanced to 18, and then to 20 hours, where it stayed until a year ago. In 1896, the Empire State Express running between Buffalo and Batavia reached a speed of  $112\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour, the fastest time ever officially clocked in the United States. About the beginning of the present century the Plant System mail train, competing for a Government contract, made 120. In 1903, in an experimental run on a German military railway, an electric car made 130 miles an hour. Since these famous records, little has been done here in the way of striving for high speeds.

The Cheltenham Flyer, crack train of the Great Western (England) makes the trip from Swindon to London at an average speed of 71.3. Accounting for stops, this average is raised to 81.6 miles per hour. The "Flying Hamburger," Maybach Zeppelin powered rail car, recently reached a speed of 96 miles on a test run in Germany. Such schedules on American trains, of course, do not exist. In explanation, officials will tell about the weight of our equipment. Yet it is said that a regular passenger train on one of the Mid-Western railroads, recently late for its



destination, made 114 miles an hour!

Any enthusiasm which the American roads might have had for improving their speed has been dampened by the maximum speed limit of 70 miles an hour imposed by the Interstate Commerce Commission. While this is ignored in practice, it, nevertheless, prevents a normal increase in average running speeds between terminals, and makes it difficult for the roads to improve their schedules radically. The fact that they have not taken advantage of the limit allowed by this ruling, however, shows that they have not done what they might have.

Speaking with the president of one of the country's foremost roads, I advanced the question of speed as a competitive factor. He was visibly perturbed at such a vulgar concern. To any competition on that basis he was willing to make an unconditional surrender. Those who felt speed a necessary condition could take the plane. Sixty miles an hour was quite as fast as anyone should want to go, and that settled the matter for him. It was an amusing contrast, a few hours later, to travel on one of his own trains at a speed of over 72, for mile after mile.

The protracted delays in stations which usually hold up trains for a considerable proportion of their running time are an item which does not require any great ingenuity to cure. Unloading of express and mail, handled efficiently, would take considerably less time than it does at present. Shunting of cars, when necessary, can be done faster than usual. By a number of these cuts the distance runs can be materially diminished.

One hears it said frequently that the railroad, because of its enormous expenses, cannot hope to compete with the newer forms of transportation on a price basis. The answer to that lies in the fact that passengers can be

hauled profitably at one cent a mile on full trains. This is far better than the bus can possibly do, considering its small capacity. The answer to plane competition is in the basic cost comparison given above. Mail subsidies have reduced the per passenger rate of the plane, so that it is now cheaper to go from New York to Chicago by plane than by extra-fare train.

That the train can never compete with the plane in speed now seems apparent. But that it must improve its schedules to compete with the bus should be equally evident.

## VII

The plight of the railroads is not due to natural causes. It is the result of a defeatist psychology, of stagnant thinking, and of traditionalism. Railroad executives are as miserably oblivious to modern methods of stylizing and merchandising as they are to operating possibilities. When they have been moved to make any approach to the public aside from their time tables and flyers announcing excursions to Niagara Falls, the attempt has usually been unwisely calculated and poorly presented. Most railroad advertising is suggestive of a Model T Ford, repainted after several years' furlough in a graveyard.

It remained for a travel company to introduce the first public entertainment car in this country. It was equipped with picture-projection apparatus, dance floor, radio, and facilities for playing ping-pong and similar games. It has since been bought by a railroad, and has been in operation between New York and Florida, though, so far as I am aware, the closest study of the tables of the roads over which it runs does not disclose its existence!

Europe has been ahead of us for years in this respect, as in most others concerning travel. Its leading trains

have carried dance floors, bars, and casually arranged lounges, contrasted with our geometrically parallel leather-seated "club" cars. It would probably be considered a flight of disordered imagination to suggest the arrangement of every first-class, or Pullman chair car as a lounge, with deeply cushioned, multi-angled seats of differing patterns and sizes, leaving the passengers to select which ones they cared to occupy, instead of shunting them arbitrarily into absolutely identical barber chairs. Yet such a plan could not but improve comfort. That the passenger must consent to an extra charge to sit in anything but a padded bench is an absurdity so apparent as to vex the most patient.

The passenger should not only be given the comforts which he receives in his own home, but should be impressed with a luxury which he does not receive there. Traveling should be dramatized. The appurtenances of travel should not merely serve to mitigate the boredom of the journey,

but should constitute an experience desirable in itself.

Mr. Norman Bel Geddes has given considerable space to the trains of the future in his *Horizons*, and the illustrations which he presents convey a fair idea of what their appearance may be, if they survive. Built and equipped as he suggests, they would restore something of the thrill which we experienced on our earliest train rides.

The story of the railroads is one of the most compelling in the history of the United States. It is in large measure to them that we owe the unity of the present American commonwealth. What their future may be one cannot easily foretell. Should they continue the ruinous policies of the past, their end would seem inevitable, by all canons of reason. If, on the other hand, they adapt themselves to the age; if they offer, at a reasonable price, service which merits approval, it is equally safe to assume that they will remain. In either case the burden rests with them; their future is in their own hands.





## AN INTRODUCTION TO ERIC

A STORY

BY ELLIS ST. JOSEPH

NOW that the murder was a thing accomplished, Eric felt suddenly relieved and surfeited. Miss Prung, the governess, hung from a rope in the nursery where Eric had hanged her; and no one, he felt sure, was as yet aware of the killing except Miss Prung and himself. The lady had been fully cognizant of his proceedings for a good half hour, or, to be exact, from the instant when Eric had slipped the rope over her head and encompassed the thin neck in its noose, until that later and even more ecstatic moment, when, with a shiver of pain and ultimate horror, her bulging eyes had opened upon eternity. Perhaps it was more than thirty minutes, but it seemed less, his interest had so intensified the time; he had just stood there, thrillingly near her kicking feet, wringing his fingers with a nervous delight, and watched the contortions of her changing face: the expression of surprise, and anger; the screw of pain; the grimace of twitching terror, and the final mask of death. It seemed that he had hanged five Miss Prungs, not one; and he was glad, terribly glad, that he had chosen her to be his—yes, he must qualify the word—his *first* victim.

His idea, his great idea, had dawned very suddenly upon him, so late as yesterday, when, in the company of some friends, he had attended a matinee performance of marionettes. By

a freakish chance of fate, the little theater was given that day to a presentation of "The Tragedy of Mr. Punch." The play was lovely, Eric thought, and the puppets excellent; practiced fingers manipulated the invisible wires and coaxed them into oblivion. The mechanical actors moved and spoke like living souls, expired with the real anguish of dying men; nothing was wanting to the illusion. Eric experienced an almost childish delight in the company of so many delighted children and he followed the story with a breathless interest. Mr. Punch was a terrible drunkard: by his frightful appearance one might have foretold his doom. He beat Toby, his faithful dog, and killed him; he beat Judy, his wife, to death; and when the Hangman came to hang him, he hanged the Hangman. It was a marvellous show. At its conclusion, as the gaudy curtain fell upon the gory scene, Eric stood up and applauded and, with all the little children who surrounded him, he clapped and called for more.

He remembered this very clearly now, every wooden gesture and each fluting voice, but the precise moment of his inspiration and his subsequent decision, these seemed echoes of a distant epoch and quite beyond recall. Perhaps their inception antedated the performance, perhaps they had been born in him and had motivated his every action from birth, culminating in

his desire to see "The Tragedy of Mr. Punch"; if so, then yesterday's playlet was only a stimulus to his unconscious yearning, a sharp prod to his sleeping mind. At all events, his long walk home had been a deeply meditative one, and the sight of so many murders, rendered real by his sympathetic imagination, had excited rather than appeased his thirst for . . . But the thing must be nameless lest the horror become familiar and lose some particle of its awfulness.

Murder it would be when committed, but in the formless state of his present mind it remained an apparition, the faceless ghost of a departed twilight. He was vaguely disturbed by the haunting persistency of a thought, the thought that he had thought all this before, in every detail, and was reliving some darkly-ancient incident, half-remembered, from his *own* past. Like an artist who has blocked in the composition on a grateful canvas, there remained nothing for Eric but the light sketch of his sitter's portrait.

What an immense problem to solve in the span of one single night! How close he came to the heart of darkness, in the stormy course of his thought, Eric knew; there were times when he was lost, drowned with his crew of victims, or engulfed in the cavernous maw of a hideous monster. But as these visions fast faded and apprehension left him, a feeling of power came upon Eric, a bigness that swelled him beyond the limiting confines of his bed and home: he continued to grow and expand until his enormous figure loomed over the city, casting an invisible shadow in the night, and all the millions of little people, observed through the boxlike windows of their apartment houses, were seen as one gigantic puppet show.

Eric suddenly discovered that he was like God and, like God, he moved

in a cloak of darkness. The very multiplicity of his choice, the power to murder any one of a million men and women, his tenable position to take life or permit it—this confirmed his resolution and filled him with a thrilling importance. He turned and tossed in his solitude, longed for light and the moment when he might point a random finger at some unsuspecting stranger; he rebelled at his impotence of the moment and cursed the calm living sleep which pervaded the city. What is sleep but a rehearsal of death? And as Eric remembered this, his little lips smiled queerly, somewhat crookedly, and almost tenderly, as if pleased by this elaborate preparation for the slaughter, and soon after he fell into the deep untroubled slumber of a child.

How long he had slept, Eric did not know; but when he awoke, it was still dark, still night, and his first conscious thought was the last on which he had closed his eyes. To point a random finger at some unsuspecting stranger—no, that made light of the killing, rendered it a passing incident; it was too like culling flowers in a strange field at midnight. He would realize the full might of his act only if he recognized the vital force of the life thus taken, its frightening importance, and confront it in the extreme moment with his own superiority. In giving a face to this nameless body he must draw from real life; and with the name on his little lips, Eric conceived the deed as already done.

Who lived in his house?

First, there was his old father, a fat bloated man with a hard mole on one nostril and a thick bristling beard that grew over his soft mouth and hurt Eric's hairless cheek as the old man kissed him good-night. He had a bald skull with a circular fringe of black hair which grew long and thin and was plastered over the shining baldness. His paunch—the way it was encased



in large baggy trousers—made Eric slightly ill; but, above all, he hated the manner in which the old man removed his spectacles as he sat down to the dinner table. He wiped them with a clean napkin, adjusted them carefully upon his nose, and then peered *over* them at the collation of bowls and dishes of food before him.

"The happiest days of our lives," his father was fond of saying, "are the days of our childhood. I shall never forget . . ." And as he went on interminably, Eric clenched his fists until the knuckles showed in white spots, and, filled with an agony of resentment, was forced to sit there silent. How he longed to kill this self-righteous man who had forgotten even that he no longer remembered, and mouthed such meaningless words! And do you remember, you stupid old man, the nights of your childhood, the long feverish nights, as interminable as one of your speeches, and meaningless with unknown forms and half-sensed horror? Do you remember those shapes which glided past your bed, taking on color in the darkness, and kissed your cold lips with a hideous affection? What of those ominous words that danced before your eyes and glowed with an unruly fire? Have you never felt so bitter that the thought of death was sweet?

But his father spoke on, scarcely aware of Eric's frozen smile and desperate eyes, spoke on; he discussed politics, and business, and economics, and prison reform, and better wages for the people. His conversation had become a dull monologue that at times rocked hysterically upon the brink of oratory. . . . Once Eric tore himself away from the table, knocking down his chair, and rushed precipitantly into the drawing-room.

This was his father's forum, a cold stilted room, furnished with his father's easy chair and artificial flowers enclosed in a glass globe which belonged

to his father's mother, and an upright piano that had come down through generations of his father's people; here, shaking with a nervous anxiety, he thrust his face into the dim recesses of a high cheval mirror. It was with a feeling of *now or never*, and a desire to know the truth at all costs, that he searched the image of his reflection, the thin peaked nose, the white transparency of his skin, the formless little lips, and burning eyes—all this, for one single mark or resemblance which might establish an indisputable consanguinity with his father. Just as Miss Prung's entrance into the room was announced by the swishing of taffeta skirts on the threshold, Eric noticed, or thought he saw, the beginning of a little hard mole on one nostril, and he fainted.

It would be pleasant if the old man were suddenly to disappear, or to die in natural order; but to kill him, to come into physical contact with him, was odious to Eric, and he dismissed the idea with a quick repulsion. No, not his father, better still, Tant'Hélène.

That was his stepmother, a French woman with unnatural blond hair. She was small and plump, with large nervous eyes, a wide nose, and rubbery lips; powder and rouge coated her swarthy complexion, and a thick line of crayon accentuated the heavy black brows which formed a continuous line across her low forehead. Her many gestures were abrupt and startling, her hands were the largest that Eric had ever seen; her tightly laced corset was in constant evidence beneath the clinging silk, usually black, which she wore to enhance her yellow hair. She was openly and proudly addicted to the use of perfumes: bottles of narcissus, violet, lilac, heliotrope, and lily-of-the-valley, all in bottles, smothered her dressing table, and from day to day, flooded the house with their heavy odor.

Eric disliked her intensely. For-

merly he remembered his own mother, a little thin anæmic woman; but since the advent of Tant'Hélène this memory was murdered, and the two women had merged into one. There had been a time when the dead woman appeared to him in apparitions of sudden and startling violence, apparelled in the livid beauty of a mediæval saint—appeared to him with the astounding clarity of a stained-glass window illuminated by lightning at night. Then the dark years seemed to roll from under him, a long line of seasons called in military count, and he remembered; he remembered that his mother's name was Mary, and that he had been an infant in her arms. But these marvellous visions had long since ceased, were superseded by an unscrupulous reality; now it was his stepmother, Tant'Hélène in carpet slippers and a bathrobe, who trudged through his little room silently with red rubber gloves on her enormous hands.

Although she filled him with horror and her kisses suffocated him, Eric was hopelessly fascinated by the woman, so much so, that the very name of Tant'Hélène had a terrible beauty of its own. He was irresistibly compelled to follow her from room to room throughout the house, listening to her unending conversations over the telephone, watching as she rouged her lips like some pouting mannequin in a hand mirror—and all the time he looked with a grave uncritical countenance. His continual presence, the noiseless steps of his dogged pursuit, his silent admission of a conscious wrongdoing, these things annoyed and irritated, even drove her volatile temper to distraction. Time after time she sent him away, back to Miss Prung and the nursery; but always, when least expected and hardly heard, sometimes standing on the threshold hesitantly, often just behind her as she walked, he was there. He frightened her.

"Why do you always follow me?" she screamed in thick guttural tones. "What do you hope to find?" "I hate silent children!"

Late one afternoon in winter, when the street was filled with a bluish twilight and a blanket of white snow covered the gutter, when long shadows fell from the dark windows and drowned the rooms in an obscure gloom, Eric stole into his stepmother's bedroom and began to ransack the drawers of her bureau. Tant'Hélène, wrapped in furs, had long since departed for tea; his old father would not come for an hour from business; Miss Prung was asleep in the nursery. What he was after Eric did not know; he knew only that the empty dark room drew him with an irresistible force. As he opened the door a wave of cold air bathed his face and made myriads of little goose-pimples rise on his arms and legs and the nape of his thin neck. He stood in the forbidden doorway and listened.

Downstairs in the drawing-room an old German clock, the last gift of his father's dead sister, chimed five. Five times it chimed with an unbearable interval between each chime, and each chime seemed to put a periodic end to time.

Then he was ransacking the bureau, opening drawer after drawer, digging his lean fingers into piles of her undergarments, unearthing sachets of lavender and old rose, discovering her elastic garters, pink ribbons, embroidered corset covers, her newly washed brassières, shields for her arm pits—he was drawn by an insatiable curiosity; *there* were the awful rubber-red gloves, *there* in the miscellaneous box of photographs, pins, cigarettes, and fallen hair. And *here* her creams, her ointments and unguents, her salves, bath salts, cleansing fluid, etc. . . . He was holding a pair of black-silk opera hose, the longest stockings he ever had seen,



holding them up to the light, the better to see and feel their soft mesh, when he heard a smothered cry, and in the dark mirror before him saw a reflection of Tant'Hélène. She looked ghastly. Eric felt the opera hose run through his fingers like water, and the life in him seemed to flow and fall with them. Her sealskin was wet, her face was green, her mouth was open wide and looked all black inside. For one fleeting minute there was a deafening silence, during which each gazed at the other's reflection and wished to wake from this strange dream into reality.

Suddenly coming to life, Tant'Hélène ran across the room, roughly clutched Eric's shoulder and turned him around: from then on, Eric saw nothing but her eyes, two wheels of dirty fire, and heard her screaming voice:

"You thief! Thief! What are you doing in my room? *Mon dieu*, I have you now! Caught in the act! Now you can't lie to me, you can't make such innocent eyes at me; I know you now! If you were my child I should kill you! But no, no, no; not mine, *his!* His, you robber; do you hear me? *His!*"

As she recoiled to strike him she caught the expression in his eyes, and her arm went paralyzed. In one glance she encompassed the havoc he had wrought, her undergarments scattered over the red rug, the long black hose in a pile at his feet, the intimate details of her life exposed and bare—she saw this, and she saw the expression in his eyes, and she lost her voice and blushed to the roots of her hair.

"*Mère de dieu! Mère de dieu!*"

Eric stood erect. Tant'Hélène backed away from him in real horror, mumbling to herself as she went, "You are no child, you are an old man. . . . *You're a horrible old man!*" She fled from the room. I might have killed her then when she turned her back and fled; not when I saw that awful reflec-

tion in the mirror, not when she stood before me, but when she turned her plump back and fled. It would have been easy then; then I should have enjoyed it, but now, now it's too late. Then she knew me for what I am, and that gave me courage; the sight of her flat back gave me courage—courage? I can murder anyone I choose! . . . But not Tant'Hélène, I mustn't murder her. I don't dare to—not because I can't, or don't want to—but because of her *hands!*

So ran his thoughts as he lay in bed, meditating and premeditating, and now, more than ever, bent upon murder. The old man was a shabby phantom, hungry for death, and Eric his invisible host; but he dismissed him in the manner of a dainty lady who, for fear of soiling the tip of her glove in a beggar's palm, avoids his eloquent eye. Tant'Hélène was likewise tabu, the untouchable, the naked Life-in-Death who wins her throw with Death. Unable to accept his two intended victims by reason of his own weakness, he determined upon a third, someone who would bear the brunt of their crimes, his revenge, and expiate in their place.

Who else lived in the house?

There remained but one logical alternative, so inevitable that the name had been in Eric's mind long before any consideration of the others; he knew this, and in recognizing his subconscious desire achieved a complete fulfillment. It made Eric so happy that, before he fell into a dreamless sleep, he decided upon the name and the manner of the deed; so deeply happy that, when awakened the following morning by Miss Prung, the governess, he threw his arms around her thin neck and kissed her stupid face.

This was three hours before he hanged her, and the sun was still shining, and his parents were downstairs eating soft-boiled eggs at breakfast, and already little children were skip-

ping rope in the street, and playing Jack-the-Ripper, and Jack-be-nimble, Jack-be-quick, Jack-jump-over-the-candle-stick.

"Good morning, my dear!" said Miss Prung, and added cheerfully, "Such a lovely bright sunny morning! It's time to be up and doing!"

Her voice was naturally so wan and undecisive, so pathetically weak, that her intended bright remarks, said with sadly-smiling lips and heavy-lidded eyes (enormous eyes, really, which frightened you with their own timidity) sounded absurd and were screamingly funny to Eric. Her soft loose hands fluttered nervously all about her through the air like two large white moths. Evidently she had intended to draw her thin brown hair into a bun at the back of her neck, but it escaped on the way in innumerable wisps which she constantly smoothed and sought to replace. Miss Prung, with a tendency to chicken-breastedness, thin and undeveloped, over forty, suggested an anxious child about to recite in assembly.

As he sat up and studied her, Eric looked like a little lecherous old man being served in bed by a frightened young girl.

He bathed and dressed, under Miss Prung's embarrassed supervision; and then, with an air of coming into her own, she led him into the old nursery which now served as schoolroom. For this purpose it was bare and white-washed, furnished with a large chair, a small chair, a large desk, and a small desk, all in oak, a broad work table, likewise in oak, and, dispossessed from his father's drawing-room, a stuffed owl with glassy eyes, buried in the dim recesses of a dust-catcher. Pictures of our dead Presidents lined the walls; unhealthy geraniums in terra-cotta pots cluttered the triple window sill; in one corner was an untidy heap of toys piled one on the other. From the cen-

ter of the ceiling hung a stiff chandelier, one end firmly planted in the plaster, the other twisted like two clutching arms, upwards and downwards, into a gas candle and electric bulb. In a black bowl on the work table a dying narcissus sent its roots, like tentacles of white rubber, into the wet pebbles; an opened bud, folded in coarse green shoots, was already decayed, yellow, and crisp.

Miss Prung sat down on the large chair, with her back to the window; facing her, Eric sat down in the small chair. The governess opened a large book, and as she scanned the page intently, Eric's attention wandered from the concentrated expression upon her sad childish face to a consideration of the chandelier which hung above them and then to the indiscriminate pile of toys in one corner. Thin as he was, he sat with all the enormous poise of obesity; the monstrous nature of his intentions gave him a bigness and bulk which dwarfed the schoolroom. Back and forth, from the stiff chandelier to the pile of toys, his attention swung until, suddenly looking up, Miss Prung commanded it.

"We shall begin with geography," announced Miss Prung tentatively. Eric nodded in the affirmative.

"What is the largest country in South America?" asked Miss Prung.

"Brazil," said Eric.

"What is the next largest country?" she inquired.

"Argentine."

"What is the capital of Peru?"

"Lima."

"By whom was it settled?"

"The Spanish."

And so on. If some stranger with an ear to the wall had listened to their voices in the next room, he would have thought the woman actually ignorant and sincere in her questions, he would have thought the boy most anxious to inform his curious companion; and this



same stranger might have wondered why, if he had the acute penetration, why those answers sounded like the soft explosions of a string of Chinese firecrackers. There was a timed regularity about them, the deliberate precision of a man whose every word has its place in a definite pattern. The study of geography was concluded, and a review of history begun; then they advanced with rapid stride through the simple maze of spelling, grammar, and arithmetic. Finally they were finished.

Miss Prung sat back in the large chair, sighed deeply, and closed her tired eyes. Eric was tense, excited, alert; his work commenced with the conclusion of her labors. When she opened her eyes at last it was to discover that Eric, perched on the edge of his stool, was intently scrutinizing her.

"We will now have recreation," Miss Prung announced with an accustomed vagueness. Her face was so inadequate and sad as she said these words that Eric with difficulty controlled his countenance. As if he were in the theater, attending the performance of a terror play, the most meaningless humors gave rise and excuse to a delirious laughter. But he was silent, expectant, waiting.

"Tell me what you did yesterday afternoon," asked Miss Prung.

Eric was waiting for this.

"Where did you go, my dear?"

"*I went to the puppet show,*" said Eric.

Again he experienced that strange feeling that this conversation, all this, had happened before, a long time ago.

"And tell me, what did you see?" queried Miss Prung.

"*'The Tragedy of Mr. Punch,'*" said Eric. It seemed as if they spoke by rote, as though each had learned his given part, and in performance now recited their lines from memory. The dramatic title awoke a show of amazement in Miss Prung's stupid kind face;

she was startled, but having been startled before, she quickly concealed it. She knew that she was not very clever, even suspected that she was rather dull, and it was sad to consider this fact; moreover, she abhorred deception and strove for honesty; but, in relations with her pupil, through consideration for his welfare, she deemed it wise, much wiser, to disguise and hide her own inadequacy. Miss Prung hoped that for what she lacked in intelligence and real erudition she might substitute in real companionship; and the past, with its long series of little charges, had confirmed her modest intentions and given her reason to hope.

"When I was a little girl," Miss Prung was accustomed to say, "I never played with the other children." And sometimes, with more truth perhaps, and exactitude, she added, "They never played with me." There was a peculiar catch in her normal voice, a habit of speech rather than an expression of grief, which weighted these remarks with an unintentional pathos that was quite beyond her comprehension. Now, though scarcely more than a girl, she was a governess of forty; and Miss Prung liked to believe in her happier moments that she played with little children, that she was one of them, and that they liked to play with her. It was the unswerving ambition of her life to become a child (before she was too old to enjoy it, of course), and though the years hung all about her like dried winter leaves to an oak, Miss Prung thought she had achieved fulfillment. For this reason she anticipated the hour of recreation and play, took an active part in it, and tried to enter into the spirit of things.

Eric watched her.

Avoiding a repetition of the tragic title, "Can you tell me the story?" Miss Prung asked hastily.

"*He's a drunkard,*" said Eric.

"And what happens to him, my

dear?" she thought it wise to ask, that she might possibly point out some obvious moral.

*"He beats his dog and kills him."*

"Yes, yes," she pursued quickly, "but what happens to him? Mr. Punch?" She began to think that it might have been wiser if Eric had remained at home. At best, the theater is not a proper place for little children. Miss Prung decided that in the future she would attend and censor any production which the boy expressed a desire to see.

*"He beats his wife, Judy, to death."*

"How awful! And then, surely, something happens to him? Mr. Punch is punished?" How she wished that she were better acquainted with that particular history! She thought that she now knew the worst: Eric should not have seen the play. He was an impressionable child; one never knows what horrible ideas such children may receive from plays, even puppet plays. "Tell me what happens to him!" she cried.

*"He hangs the Hangman."*

This went utterly beyond Miss Prung's feeble and excited mentality. She wanted to understand this, felt it her duty, and suddenly sensed an inexplicable importance in it. Almost frightened, she cried out, "I don't understand! Explain what you mean, Eric!"

Eric was waiting for this.

He slowly stood up, walked across the room, and began to search in the pile of toys. Dismayed, Miss Prung followed his movements with an uneasy apprehension; if this was some game she was determined to appreciate, to take part in it. Eric uncovered a long measure of rope, formerly utilized for street exercise, and long since discarded amongst his other useless odds and ends. Now Miss Prung was watching, completely fascinated, as he drew up his little chair to the center of the room,

to that spot immediately under the chandelier.

*"I'll show you."*

So it was to be a game. Anything to take his mind away from that horrid recital of cruelty and murder! She corrected herself quickly—as the chair, the rope, and his lingering gaze upon the chandelier formed a concrete and ineradicable pattern in her mind—but even so, she would permit anything that she might better understand, better grasp the problem, that she might point a moral period to the child's awful tale. This was her thought as Eric showed her what to do, how to stand, and what was next expected of her. A sensation of terror, delicious in its daring, and yet tempered by a consciousness of fun and mimicry, completely overcame her scruples; as the little boy went unerringly about his task, Miss Prung abandoned herself to a full enjoyment of her precarious situation. "What next?" she cried. "What shall I do next?" Eric demonstrated. "Oh! Oh!" she screamed in shrill delight, like an infant whose naked toe meets its first cold wave. By this time, thoroughly submerged in the spirit of things, she had lost sight of her original objective.

For one fleeting instant she was aware of her fate. It may have been the expression in Eric's eyes that warned her; or it may have been possible that, perched so high, she felt the tip of a gigantic wing brush her stupidly smiling lips. However it was, she *knew*; and her mouth broke open with horror.

"Remember: I'm a marionette!" she shouted. "We're marionettes!"

Eric found himself smiling as he kicked the chair. He delivered a vicious kick at its rungs that sent it flying, from under her and away from him, across the room and into the wall. Into that kick he poured all the violent blood that surged in him and sought



outlet; aimed at no one, it hit out indiscriminately, at Tant'Hélène and the old man, at himself and the fate that had formed him, at the calendar of bitter tears that marked his brief time.

Miss Prung hung from the rope, her chin held higher than usual; and her soft white hands fluttered all about her like large moths around an agitated flame. Miss Prung's legs worked as if she were pedaling a bicycle; Miss Prung's eyes were stung with terror and swelled enormously, seeing less and less as they strained to see more; Miss Prung's jaw, dislocated by the fall, gave her face in expression the exaggerated fear of a tragic mask. Her feet, encased in high-laced shoes, were not fourteen inches from the floor. Suddenly, the chandelier gave; it gave from the ceiling and fell in a shower of white plaster; it fell for a few inches and then, with an abrupt jerk, was brought up by the stout wires and tubing which lined it.

Eric backed away against the wall. His one disappointment was, that Miss Prung, as she hung there, seemed completely inhuman; there was no blood upon her blue taffeta, no loud voice to embody her agony; she merely hung, and twisted, like a puppet that has finished its performance, and is hung from the shelf, still warm and trembling with mimic life.

Sometime later, as he closed the door softly behind him, Eric felt relieved and surfeited. The murder was a thing accomplished; and Miss Prung, the governess, turned and twisted in the nursery where Eric had hanged her. Then, suddenly, Eric became afraid, and he ran for the staircase; he floated down the steps like a man in a dream, and his shadow came up to meet him as it fell down the flight at his feet. Voices started and expanded in his ears, grew into conversation, and became real as he walked into the drawing-room.

He walked into the drawing-room slowly.

Tant'Hélène was entertaining a friend, two friends, perhaps three. The room was filled with the heavy odor of her perfume. In one corner, his father, dispossessed from his own chair by an audacious guest, peered over his trembling spectacles as he spoke, and with one finger felt the hard mole on the nostril of his ugly nose.

"Eric!" said his stepmother. "Eric, my dear," cried Tant'Hélène, lifting her guttural voice above the steady flow of her husband's words, "Eric, I want you to say hello to these ladies. They are my very dear friends. And this is Eric! I want to introduce you . . . only eight years old and so big! . . . My son, Eric!"



## JAM TO-MORROW

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

**B**Y GENERAL consent, a revolution is imminent. The average man-in-the-speakeasy (modern for man in the street) now agrees with the editors of left-wing journals that Capitalism is Doomed, and hence, no doubt, it is. But the closer it comes the less anyone seems to know what it will be like and I, for one, should prefer to form some definite idea of just what it is that I am in for. Generalities about the Class Struggle, Planned Economy, and the Social Control of the Means of Production are satisfactory enough when one is reading a textbook on Dialectic Materialism, but they convey very little to the man who is about to be involved in a social upheaval. At best they are decidedly lacking in color and they hardly describe what will be the intimate experiences of individuals like ourselves.

I am aware, of course, that the first, violent phase of the revolution is expected to be pretty unpleasant for nearly everybody concerned. The few American communists are already split into so many irreconcilable factions that the more frank among them are ready to admit that most of them (as well as all the liberals) will have to be "eliminated" by the group which gains control, and that it is difficult for anybody to know to-day which will get to power and which will be slaughtered even more ruthlessly than resistant members of the bourgeoisie. At the present moment there are four fully organized communist parties in the

United States to say nothing of the relatively large number of communist individuals without party affiliations. Each is so busy attacking the others that it has very little time left over to attack capitalism, and it is reasonable to assume that no one of them could gain control without "liquidating" the others.

But if we must resign ourselves to civil war of a particularly bloody kind, then we should like to feel pretty sure that the gain for the survivors would be proportionately great. It is hardly enough to be assured that the evils of present-day society are too terrible to be borne and that communism would at least be different. A government which jailed conservatives instead of radicals, discriminated against those who wore white collars instead of against those who did not, and was, in general, inclined to bully the upper half rather than the lower half of its population would be different—perhaps, indeed, even refreshingly so. But it is hardly worth while to go through a civil war merely to effect a change in the character of the current atrocities.

Unfortunately, however, it is extremely difficult to determine just how much more than that a communist revolution would actually accomplish. Its proponents frequently warn us that we must not assume that all the Russian phenomena would repeat themselves here; but the Russian "experiment" is the only one so far performed for our benefit and its gains are for the



most part not convincingly absolute. We may admit for the sake of argument that the average Russian is better off than he was under the rule of the Tzar and that he regards the future with ardent hope. But we never had a Tzar, and we desire to emerge from whatever upheaval we may be compelled to endure with something more substantial than a hope in a future still further removed. We desire the assurance that life will actually be very much better than it actually is, and it is exactly that assurance which the Russian experiment is unable to give.

Few of even the most ardent communists would deny that the earthly paradise has yet to be achieved. Food is scarce, housing conditions are abominable, wages are low if measured by their purchasing power, and working hours are still very long—indeed, almost as long as they are in lands where the worker is compelled to support by his labors the luxurious idleness of the owning class. The plain citizen is still compelled both to bear the burden of a tremendous military establishment and, perhaps, to lay down his life in some distant land while engaged in fighting interests which concern him no more immediately than the interests of the German Kaiser concerned the son of the Kansas agriculturist. Only last spring thousands of farm animals died of starvation because of the unreasonable contributions of grain which the peasant was compelled to make; and unless this same peasant is far less realistic than his masters profess to try to make him, he will feel little difference between the taxes imposed by a "capitalist" government and the contributions exacted by a communistic one.

To say this is not to say that the governments of Lenin and Stalin have not done their best. The explanations which they give and the excuses which they offer are reasonable and valid. Perhaps they are even better than the

excuses offered for the present American collapse by those who believe that "rugged individualism" leads ultimately to the best of all possible worlds. But new excuses, like new atrocities, are not worth going through a revolution to get. The *reason* why the Russian workman must work hard and have little; the *reason* why he must submit to many restrictions, and the *reason* why he must serve his time in the army are very different from the reasons why he must do the same things under the capitalist order. But to a materialist the important thing is rather the fact than the reason which explains its existence.

It is pleasant, of course, to learn that Russia has a new and rational attitude toward the criminal. The punishments visited upon the ordinary offender are relatively light and the penal system, so we are assured, is designed primarily to re-educate the malefactor. But though, for example, the death penalty has been abolished for the murderer, it has not been abolished altogether. It is still applied to the more flagrant cases of "counter-revolutionary activity"; and the more one hears about the administration of justice the more one realizes that, here again, the shift of emphasis is more conspicuous than a general amelioration. The ferocity which other societies exhibit toward the ordinary criminal is redirected against the heretic. Civil crimes are regarded as less heinous than they are with us, but political crimes are regarded as more so; and thus where one had hoped to find greater humanity, one finds merely that the victims of society's legalized cruelty are picked out in a different way.

When one reads even the official accounts of food shortages and housing conditions one wonders if the sense of economic insecurity has been abolished as completely as is sometimes said.

But even if we grant that it has, there seems little doubt that the sense of political insecurity has been correspondingly increased. The workman may no longer fear that "business conditions" will deprive him of a job, but he has good reason to fear that his political opinions, his lack of orthodox ardor, or even his social origins may do so. Thus, even where the specific evils characteristic of the familiar order have been ameliorated or abolished, their equivalents seem to have been reintroduced; and the lover of humanity (as distinguished from the mere hater of capitalism) may be pardoned if he murmurs "*plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*" Your communist loves mankind; the wrongs which that abstraction, The Worker, has been compelled to suffer move him deeply. But he is still capable of the utmost ferocity toward an individual or a class—particularly if either fails to fit into the system.

The most rugged of rugged individualists hesitates to rejoice openly over the fate of those whom the system has condemned to starvation. He would think twice before saying that the unskilled laborer who remained unskilled had merely proved his unfitness to survive in this best of all competitive systems, or that the victims of the depression were "mere individuals" whose sacrifice was a price that had to be paid in order that our precious tradition of private initiative should survive this difficult test. But communism has no such scruples. It can (in accordance with a recently published and official decree) leave farms in charge of women and children while it moves every peasant of the region to a distant lumber camp; and it can even accept with complacency the slow extinction of what it calls the "unassimilable bourgeoisie." These are "mere individuals" who are sacrificed to the system with a ruthlessness which

capitalism has known only during those epochs which were the preludes to organized revolt against the prevailing government.

Communism, like Christianity, is based upon love; but like Christianity also, it finds a place for hate, and the paradise promised to the faithful resembles, in more ways than one, the paradise promised the primitive Christian. Tertullian guaranteed a ring-side seat from which the tortures of the damned could be contemplated; the theologians of Leninism promise a no less favorable position from which to enjoy the no less delightful spectacle of collapsing capitalism and the painful end of the bourgeoisie.

It is true, of course, that the system is a different system. When the dissenter starves, or when the peasant is moved to the lumber camp, he is entitled to whatever satisfaction he can get out of the fact that he is "building a new society" instead of supporting an old one. But if he happens to be philosophically inclined he may well wonder if his masters are not making exactly the same mistake which masters have made in the past—if they are not, like the capitalists before them, thinking in terms of the system rather than in terms of the human being.

When one hears a report of the gains made in Russia during the last ten years they sound surprisingly like the gains made in other countries during the epoch immediately preceding our depression. The government is growing more stable and industry is advancing. But did not industry advance here also, and was not the essence of our mistake exactly our tendency to assume that progress in organization was equivalent to progress in human welfare? We never, to be sure, did anything quite so spectacular as quite directly to subordinate the entire private life of a group of farmers. Persons were sacrificed to the good of the



lumber industry in more indirect ways. But if we were building capitalism instead of human happiness, Russia seems to be building socialism with a similar disregard of those individuals for whose children socialism is being built.

We laugh at the typical American who postponed living until he had made that "pile" which would enable him to live in comfort. We know that he generally either killed himself in mid-career or found that when the pile had been made he could think of nothing except the possibility of making another. Now Russia as a nation seems to have embarked upon the same career. She all but admits that the individual citizen is working as hard and getting as little as the workingman anywhere else. The only difference is supposed to be that he is making "his" pile instead of someone else's. Yet the second Five Year Plan is to follow immediately upon the first. The second million has now to be made on top of the first. One wonders whether the individual will ever really reap the reward or whether the state will go on from triumph to triumph, greedy for more and more wealth and efficiency and hence, like the magnate of capitalism, forever unwilling to distribute the profits either to himself or his subordinates. Leisure and comfort are promised for the future but for the present man is still tied to the machine or the plow, still seeing much of the products of his labor diverted toward something which may be called the common good but which is still as remote from him as Industry or The State.

The soldier moved off to a Siberian camp, the peasant transferred from his fields to the exploited forests, even the workingman who returns from a long day in the factory to his crowded home and his scanty dinner has acquired a new vocabulary. But it is difficult to see what else he has acquired. The

master in the Kremlin is exercising his dictatorship in the name of the proletariat; the two proud looking men who sweep by in a Rolls Royce are not owners of a factory but People's Commissars for this industry or that. And if the ruling class still gets what poor best there is of housing and food, it gets it in the name of the State. Yet the poor still work hard, the masters still command, and the ruling class still enjoys whatever privileges there are. One cannot own; but one can hold office; and nothing has changed quite so much as the theory and the terminology. Yet the fact remains that revolutions are unpleasant things and it is still at least an open question whether a change in the names of things is quite an adequate compensation for the unpleasantness entailed. Once again Utopia has been postponed till tomorrow. "Man never is, but's always to be, blessed." There was jam yesterday, say the Reactionaries. There will be jam to-morrow, say the Revolutionists. But there is never jam to-day.

## II

Karl Marx, it will be remembered, predicted that the revolution would first take place in the most advanced and complicated civilizations. Actually, it has so far proved successful only in the most backward of European nations, and Lenin was put to no little trouble in his effort to explain how the infallible "science" of Marxism happened to be so demonstrably in error on this capital point. As for us, we may, of course, leave to the theologians of the movement the task of reconciling theory with the actuality, but we may be permitted to wonder how many of the characteristic features of current communism were determined by the fact that its institutions were developed in a country where the whole atmosphere was medieval.

The communists themselves, even when they happen to be Americans, are loath to admit this possibility. They insist that an intolerant dictatorship and a complete contempt for all the "liberal" principles of democratic society are not only essential to the system but actually represent an advance in political methods. Yet the prominent part played by the secret police, the ferocious suppression of all non-conformist thought, and the habit of resorting to decrees of exile or execution on the slightest provocation look suspiciously like survivals from the only form of government which the Russians have ever known. They need not have been invented anew and if they do actually derive from the logic of communism, then one can only remark that its logic is amazingly similar to the logic which ruled Europe for nearly two thousand years. Such ruthlessness, such intolerance, and such disregard of the "mere" individual seem novel to anyone accustomed to the political thought of the last century and a half, but they would not have seemed so to the emperors of Rome, the founders of the Papacy, or even to Napoleon. Such was exactly the logic which, in the late Roman Empire, tied land-owner and peasant alike to the land. Such, also, was the logic which attempted to "liquidate" the Protestantism of the Netherlands.

Indeed the more carefully one examines the novelties of communist thought the more it appears that they seem novel only because they are so old as to have been almost forgotten. Take for example the matter of education. Your communist believes that its aim should be to indoctrinate the child with the "true" dogma. He has no patience with liberal nonsense about teaching the young to think for themselves or about developing their powers of critical analysis. Catechisms are prepared with the "correct" answer to

every question and it is, as a matter of fact, admitted that the ultimate success of the whole scheme depends upon the success of this educational system. In no other way will it be possible to eradicate those destructively individualistic tendencies which are inherent in that corrupt system of conditioned reflexes known to the bourgeois as "human nature" and responsible for whatever maladjustments may now be evident in communist society. But no one seems to have noticed either that the project is the same as that adopted by the Jesuits or that the method proved ultimately ineffectual when it was tried before.

The Society of Jesus seems to have operated under the most favorable conditions. Without ever having heard of a behavioristic psychology it was convinced that it could unalterably fix a human mind if it was allowed to control it through its formative period, and it had the full co-operation of the state which put the entire education of the young into the hands either of the Jesuits themselves or of other clerics not essentially different minded. Yet variation and revolt still persisted. The reformation did come; human nature did remain still recognizably itself; and individuals did still think individual thoughts. Indeed the whole system was so thoroughly discredited that it has survived only as an anomaly. And yet the communist offers the slogan "Give me the youth until he is twenty and I care not who has him afterward" as though it implied a great truth never suspected until the mighty Pavlov—a great scientist whose anti-Bolshevik tendencies are only explicable on the theory that his bourgeois ideology was too early ingrained—demonstrated it by keeping a dog with a rubber tube in his belly.

Thus the communist ideology seems to combine a certain medieval ferocity with a certain Renaissance naïveté.



The despotism of its practice corresponds to the absolutism of its thought, and when it insists that the intricate metaphysical theories of Marxism are really the formulæ of an exact science it forgets that for nearly a thousand years the theology of the Catholic Church was regarded, not as a theology, but as "The Queen of the Sciences." Even certain minor instances are highly revealing and when, for example, one reads how a heretical leader has signed a recantation in order that he may be readmitted to the party, one is back at one leap to the days when it was supposed that something useful could be accomplished by having Galileo recant before the Inquisition. Surely it is legitimate to wonder whether a society of the future can really be evolved by a group whose whole habit of thought is so patently primitive. Surely it is legitimate to hesitate before entrusting the cure of American ills to a party which takes its gospel from the leaders whose aims may be good but who are obviously accustomed to think in medieval terms, inherited from the society of the former Tzar. *Conditions* in Russia may be, so far, merely no worse than they are elsewhere; *thought*, so far, is clearly retrograde.

Doubtless the newest thing about Russia is commonly supposed to be its wholehearted faith in the common man, its discovery that Democracy failed because the "common man" of Democracy was not common enough—being, as he was, merely a bourgeois instead of a proletarian. But even this is less new than it seems. It goes back to that romanticism out of which Democracy was born and it reintroduces an absurdity which Democracy has been struggling for a century to work out of its system. We know now that there is no magic in mere commonness. We know now that the sanctions of democratic government are purely pragmatic and that it can be defended,

not on the ground that the voice of the people is necessarily the voice of God, but only because it seems on the whole to work less badly than previous systems. But the Worker of Communism is merely the Noble Savage of Rousseau all over again—a reservoir of natural strength and goodness and wisdom; an abstraction unconnected with the concrete workman whose affairs and even opinions must be arranged for him. Of course the Russian rulers have no intention of actually allowing the latter to decide any policy. The dictatorship of the proletariat is not a dictatorship *by* any actual proletariat. But the Worker, or the New Noble Savage, is a useful figment in the name of whose theoretical will any course of conduct may be pursued and in whose interests the happiness, or even the life, of any concrete working man may be sacrificed.

I am aware that the value of faith and the beneficence of certain illusions may possibly be urged. The Worker must be idealized if one is to love him with an effective love and the man of action must be dogmatic in order that he may act with wholehearted enthusiasm. But are enthusiastic error and passionate muddleheadedness ever really worthwhile? Is not the intolerant ferocity of Bolshevik justice directly traceable to the naïveté of its psychology, and is not the failure of the actual laborer to get good food, short hours, and adequate housing due, in part at least, just to the Rousseauesque delusion concerning the importance of that abstraction The Worker? I am inclined to suspect that only that critical skepticism which communism hates with the hatred of a religious fanatic could possibly prevent the usual tendency of most reforms merely to substitute one evil for another. Perhaps good may come out of delusion, but the formula of Voltaire is to me convincing: *Men will continue to commit*

*atrocities as long as they continue to believe absurdities.* Communism is not really worth trying unless it can purge itself of its fanaticism and its delusions.

In one way, at least, it is too bad that the Revolution should have occurred in Russia rather than somewhere else. Any other European country would have provided an experiment more instructive to us and would have answered better the question: "To what extent are the tragic absurdities of sovietism inherent in the system and to what extent are they the result of the fact that, so far, communism has functioned only in a barbarous country?" But perhaps, on the other hand, the experiment *could* have been performed nowhere else. Perhaps only Russia could have evolved it, and perhaps only a people immemorially accustomed to hardship and tyranny would have endured it so long. No other Western people has been prepared by so extensive a training to endure the ruthlessness of an all-powerful State.

Human happiness is impossible to

measure and difficult even to estimate. Some observers report that the average man in Russia is pleased with his lot, others, that his misery is acute. But there is one objective fact which is not uninformative. Though the contentment—even the joy—of the people is vividly described by their leaders; though we are assured that the Russian would not want to exchange his government for any other; strong and unique measures are nevertheless taken to prevent his leaving the country. It is odd that the only government which has the good of its citizen at heart should also be the only one (except fascist Italy) which finds it necessary to prevent him from escaping from its jurisdiction. Neither in its best days nor in its worst, has the United States ever found it necessary to restrain those who wished to try life elsewhere. Seldom if ever has any other European nation found it necessary to do anything of the sort. But a citizen of the Soviet must stay where he is. Surely it is an odd sort of Utopia which finds it necessary to lock its citizens in every night.







## “TAKING A BATH”

THE ADVANTAGES OF BANKRUPTCY

BY DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

**I** AM not ashamed of going into bankruptcy,” one of our well-known actresses announced to the press the other day. “After all, the best people are doing it. Sign of the times and all that sort of thing, you know.” She was in debt for a mere \$7,436, and she thought it was “simply nasty” of her creditors to press her.

Out in Michigan Governor Comstock, reputed to have been wealthy in other days, is fighting garnishment proceedings which have grown out of a \$7,802 property judgment against him in the matter of a lease. “It isn’t any secret that I’m broke,” the Governor says. “Two years ago I should have worried if I owed a man a cent, but to-day it is different.”

Debt repudiation is in the air. France defaults on her war debts, England insists upon a new deal, and our farmers, faced with ruin, demand that they be forgiven their debts. City people who financed their purchase of property by mortgages based on inflated valuations, are also in trouble. Foreclosures and forced sales yield so little that deficiency judgments for staggering amounts are taken against debtors who have no choice but to go into bankruptcy. In the retail field, druggists and grocers are being driven into bankruptcy by the ruinous competition from the chain stores that have sprung up everywhere.

Still other people who leased their apartments in the boom days at a figure incommensurate with their present incomes find that the only way to wipe out their accumulated rent is to go through bankruptcy.

In practically all such cases the sympathy of the public is with the debtor. The mortgage holder who forecloses or the creditor who secures a judgment against a man, is a heartless Shylock and his victim an honest Bassanio. President Hoover, the arch-priest of individualism, urged upon Congress before he left office, a change in the bankruptcy law designed to facilitate the payment of debts by “composition,” an arrangement under which the debtor reaches an agreement with the majority of the creditors to settle for a certain per cent on the dollar, without going through formal bankruptcy. In his message to Congress he urged relief for “individual and corporate debtors who through no fault of their own are unable in the present emergency to provide for the payment of their debts. . . .”

It is clear that a certain amount of liquidation among business concerns is essential to economic recovery. It is equally clear that many individuals who to-day are repudiating their debts are helpless victims of the depression, only a little more unfortunate than the rest of us. But what is to be said of people who come out of bankruptcy

richer than they went in? Of people who appear to be far from destitute and yet who seize upon bankruptcy as a convenient way to write off their doctors' bills, their department store purchases, their bills for household furniture, furs, expensive gowns, and all other debts which they may have incurred for the luxuries as well as the necessities of life? Are these people to be labelled as crooks, or have they a right to the immunity which the law grants them?

The practice of wiping out debts is as old as the Bible. In the 15th chapter of Deuteronomy, Verses 1 and 2, we read, "At the end of every seven years, thou shalt make a release. And this is the manner of the release: Every creditor that lendeth ought unto his neighbor shall release it; he shall not exact it of his neighbor, or of his brother; because it is called the Lord's release."

The first English law, enacted in the time of Henry VIII, was not so humane. Not only were a debtor's goods taken away from him to satisfy the claims of his creditors, but he was thrown into prison. This practice continued in England well into the Nineteenth Century, as readers of Charles Dickens know. Our forefathers, who had fled from England to escape oppressive laws of all kinds, set it down in the Constitution that "Congress shall have power to establish uniform laws on the subject of bankruptcies throughout the United States." Short-lived laws were passed in 1800 and 1841, and in 1867 the first law was enacted which made personal as well as business debts dischargeable through bankruptcy. But it was repealed in 1878, and for the next twenty years we had no federal bankruptcy statute. Finally in 1898 a definitive act was passed. This Act, as amended in 1925, provides that individuals and most categories of business concerns

whose liabilities exceed their assets, may upon petition to the court be discharged of their obligations after they have surrendered to their creditors all of their property. Individuals are allowed such exemptions as the State law specifies. Most States allow a bankrupt and his family to keep so many dollars' worth of furniture and clothing, also the "tools of his trade." In agricultural States the homestead and a certain amount of livestock are also exempt.

The Act is sweeping in its effect. A man may owe many thousands of dollars and not have a cent left to turn over to his creditors; yet by "taking a bankruptcy bath"—to use the inelegant phraseology of the lawyers—he comes forth washed clean of his debts, with a few important exceptions. He will still be liable for back taxes, alimony payments, debts incurred through embezzlement or obtaining money under false pretenses, a judgment for breach of promise "when accompanied by seduction," damages assessed for the wilful or malicious injury to the person or property of another individual, and wages to his employees for three months prior to his filing a petition. Debts such as these may be satisfied by judgments and garnishments regardless of bankruptcy.

Nothing can stop a man from enjoying the benefits of bankruptcy provided he has not been discharged within the past six years and his creditors can show no legal reason why he should be denied his present discharge. To restrain him they must prove to the satisfaction of the court that he perpetrated a fraud upon them by issuing a false financial statement in order to secure further credit, or that he committed perjury, or concealed his assets, or was guilty of some other crime under the Bankruptcy Act. Such proof is not offered in the average



run of cases since it is not worth the creditors' while to search for it.

The theory of the Act—that a man who is overburdened by debt must be given a fresh start in life for the good of society as well as his own good—is sound enough. But the question may fairly be raised whether the Act, as it is written and administered, does not encourage an irresponsible and in some cases an insolent attitude toward debt.

## II

Glance, if you please, at the schedule filed by a certain New Yorker, who has always sold his services for a high price. He lives, or did when he filed his petition, at a fashionable address on Park Avenue, and he was working at the time for a firm of some importance. His income is not stated, but an overdue balance of \$125 on his federal income tax for 1931, and an additional tax of \$284 for 1930, go to show that he belongs to the higher-salaried class. He appears to be a man of fastidious tastes. Among the lesser items which he ordered while he was in London in 1931 were hollow shoe-trees at \$10, Russian brogue laced shoes at \$36, and polo boots at \$66. The \$1,200 worth of debts which he left behind him in England apparently did not keep him awake at night; for in the spring of 1932 he redecorated his Park Avenue apartment on a scale suitable to a man with a very comfortable income. There were \$1,100 worth of velvet carpets, sofas, chaise longues, and other merchandise purchased from a Fifth Avenue firm, \$195 worth of pottery bought from another store, and \$166 worth of kitchen equipment from still another. Five months later, in October 1932, he suddenly found himself penniless—remember that he had a position—and so he filed a petition in bankruptcy, listing \$4,530 in liabilities and no assets, except for

\$225 which he claimed was due him for services rendered and on a car he had turned in. Besides his income tax, the bills he had run up in England, and the bills for house furnishings, he owed money to the ice company, the dentist, the cigar dealer, and a lawyer to whom he had given notes.

Bankruptcy is supposed by the uninitiated to be an ordeal and a disgrace. It was nothing of the kind for this smart New Yorker. He was summoned once to the office of the Referee in Bankruptcy for a first meeting with the creditors, and at that time merely had to swear that his schedule contained "a full and true statement of his liabilities and assets." He was not asked to appear again for an examination by counsel because there were practically no assets in his estate, and the creditors were unwilling to engage a lawyer and throw good money after bad. So he got off without having to answer such questions as "What salary were you earning at the time you filed your petition?" "What did you do with the balance in your checking account?" "When did you tell your wife that this expensive furniture belonged to her?" "Have you a safe deposit box?" "Have you ever owned any stocks and bonds?" "When and how did you dispose of them?" An examination of this kind, made by an astute lawyer, might conceivably have uncovered some hidden assets. But not necessarily, since a wife may hold under her own name property which her husband has given her as a mark of "love and affection," and her husband's creditors will not be able to touch it, unless they can show that the transfer was made at a time when he was already insolvent or was contemplating a hazardous venture. This particular bankrupt will undoubtedly be discharged as soon as the trustee has collected the small amount of money due the estate and

turned it over to the government for the income tax arrears. The creditors will not get a cent. In the meantime the bankrupt continues to live well and to earn a good salary.

The hero of our story may be inclined to boast—in the circles in which he moves—of the way in which he has got rid of his debts. But if he wants to keep the affair quiet, he can easily do so in a city as large as New York. Two of the New York newspapers, the *Times* and the *Herald-Tribune*, publish lists of bankruptcies daily, under the caption, “Business Troubles,” but this information is buried in the financial section where the casual reader never comes upon it.

This New York case is typical of the thousands of “no asset” bankruptcies which go through our courts. The bankrupt reports that he has nothing, the creditors are afraid of losing more money in an investigation, and so the case slides through the courts. Bankruptcy is a judicial process, and yet curiously enough no one sits in judgment on the bankrupt. The Referee, who is appointed by the United States District Court to pass on bankruptcy petitions, is just what his title implies, a referee between two sides. He has no discretion, and if the creditors raise no objections, he is obliged under the law to recommend to the Court that the bankrupt be discharged of his debts.

“No-asset” cases are like the undefended divorce suits, in that they leave the door wide open to fraud. But there is this important difference. In divorce cases the burden of proof is upon the petitioner to show why he should be freed. In voluntary bankruptcy cases the petitioner has to prove nothing: he only has to swear to a statement as to his liabilities and assets, and the burden of proof is upon the creditors to show why he should not be discharged of his debts. The

lengths to which the Act goes in placing the responsibility on the creditor are illustrated by a recent Supreme Court decision. A petitioner had been denied a discharge upon a showing by the creditors that he had made a false financial statement. Several months later he had filed a second application for a discharge, and the creditors neglected to file their objections again. He was, therefore, discharged. Subsequently it came out that he had gone through bankruptcy less than six years previously, and the creditors sought to have his discharge set aside on the ground that it was illegal. But the Supreme Court ruled that it was valid since the creditors had raised no objections at the time.

It should be added that the trustee, who is appointed by the creditors to administer and liquidate what there is left of the debtor's property, is supposed to make a search for hidden assets. But here again, if there is no money, or very little left in the estate, the trustee and his counsel are at a serious disadvantage in carrying on the search. It frequently happens, furthermore, in the “no-asset” cases, that there is not even enough money in the estate to defray the expenses of calling a meeting of the creditors for the purpose of electing a trustee.

### III

Professors in the law schools will tell you that the Bankruptcy Act was designed to relieve debtors who are being constantly harassed and sued by their creditors and who have no resources with which to meet their obligations. No law could have a more beneficent purpose. But they forget that it shields another type of debtor—the kind who earns enormous sums of money and spends still larger sums.

Consider this fantastic story. A



popular dancer who appears both in the movies and on the legitimate stage went into bankruptcy, owing more than \$200,000. She had bought one automobile after another, paying 20 per cent down and forgetting the balance. Jewels, furs, clothes, flowers, she had had to have in abundance. Yet the only assets she listed were some old furniture in a warehouse and a \$5,000 equity in a suburban house that was mortgaged for \$25,000. When the creditors' lawyer wanted to know what she had done with the jewels which the tabloids had described as hers, she said she had pawned them, on such and such a date, for \$5,000. But she could not produce the ticket. Strange, the lawyer remarked, that she should have had to raise this money the same week that she was paid \$15,000 by a motion picture producer. She shrugged her shoulders and said she really couldn't remember as far back as that. Like the great majority of bankrupts, she had never kept books—couldn't be bothered. Replying to one of the creditors who had asked how much she was now earning in vaudeville and the movies, she impudently turned on him and said, "What's that to you?" She was within her legal rights; for the law holds that the creditors have no claim upon property or money acquired at any time after the filing of the petition. If this dancer succeeds in getting her discharge she will be free to begin her career of spending all over again. There are always merchants who are foolish enough to extend credit to people who have big names no matter how bad their reputation.

It is very convenient to have an agent. Several years ago one of our famous opera singers was met at the boat by her agent and told to sign a petition in bankruptcy which he had prepared. It seemed that she was in debt for \$45,788, \$2,621 of which she

owed for income taxes. There was a \$20,000 personal note to a New York financier, and the rest was owed to gown and specialty shops. According to her schedule, the prima donna had no assets other than one small insurance policy and such furniture and clothes as the law exempts. Yet she appeared at the Referee's office, naïvely wearing a platinum, diamond-studded wrist watch. It had been a gift from a certain symphony orchestra, she told the attorney for the creditors, and she supposed it was of no value since it had her name engraved on it. She admitted too that she owned a mink fur coat and an ermine one. There appeared to be still more serious omissions in her schedule. Had she not received royalties from the talking machine company for which she had not accounted, and what of the life insurance policies on which dividends had recently been paid? Her agent had either discreetly refrained from keeping books or had destroyed the records, and she insisted that she knew nothing about her own business affairs. In the end the Referee decided, over the objections of the creditors, that she had not intended to defraud them and that she was entitled to her discharge. About \$900 was realized from the sale of her watch and furs, but this went to the government as a small part of what she owed on her income tax. The stores that had sold clothes to her and the financier who had loaned her \$20,000 were left holding the bag, while she went on earning a good income under contracts with an opera company, a talking machine company, and a large concert bureau.

The boldness of bankrupts these days makes those of us who have a conscience about paying our debts seem quite old-fashioned. An interior decorator with a studio in a fashionable street in New York took a profitable "bath" not long ago. Her petition

showed that she owed \$53,000 to furniture concerns, upholsterers, painters, etc. On the asset side she listed the furnishings of her shop as worth \$2,500, and a claim of \$15,000 against her husband for unpaid alimony. But the gentleman could not be located, and her claim against him was not secured by any legal decree; so it was worthless to the creditors. When they went into her shop to look over the "\$2,500 worth of furnishings" they found that the objets d'art and the antiques which had formerly adorned the quarters had all disappeared, and that what remained was not worth more than \$100. At the hearing one of the creditors asked her about a heavy string of pearls which he had seen her wearing not many months before. Her sister had lent it to her, she said, and that was all there was to that.

#### IV

If the debtor has shrewd legal advice—and there is plenty of it available—he is almost certain to beat the game coming or going. A merchant, let us say, owes \$50,000 and has \$25,000 in cash. He owes \$20,000 of the \$50,000 to relatives who are not pressing him. Before he goes into bankruptcy he pays them off, with the understanding that they will let him have the money again to start a new business. When he files his petition listing only \$5,000 worth of assets, the creditors engage lawyers and accountants to discover what has become of his working capital. In the course of time they find out about the payment to the relatives and they bring action to recover the money, since the Bankruptcy Act provides that a creditor who receives a preferential payment within four months of the bankruptcy, knowing that the debtor was insolvent and was planning to liquidate, may be forced to relinquish the money. But it is not

easy to prove that the relatives or the friendly creditors who were preferred knew of the impending bankruptcy. The bankrupt, therefore, approaches the creditors and says, "You have a doubtful case against my relatives. If you lose it, the entire \$5,000 that is left in the estate will be eaten up. If you are completely successful you will recover after the administration expenses are taken out, at the outside \$17,500, or 35 cents on the dollar. My relatives are willing to settle with you now for \$12,000, or 25 cents on the dollar." This is a clear admission that there has been fraud, but in nine cases out of ten the creditors will take the cash and let justice go, and the bankrupt will be discharged under a "composition" agreement.

The stigma of bankruptcy does not prevent a man from going into business again. It is all done with mirrors. After he has put his new business in the name of a secretary or clerk, he borrows money or merchandise from a relative—assuming that he has not been able to conceal any assets—and issues a financial statement showing the assets he has on hand. This will get him credit, and he will once again be launched on his career of piracy. A few years later he may go into bankruptcy all over again, filing his petition under his clerk's name, in order to get around the six-year provision of the law.

Stories of crooked bankruptcies in the mercantile and business world are not news. But it is news, I believe, that the practices of the unscrupulous merchant—and his way of looking at debt—are spreading into all levels of society. The other day a lawyer friend of mine received a call from a man of his acquaintance who wanted to get rid of his debts before he took a good position. He owed florists' bills, doctors' bills, grocery bills—all carried over from the boom period when he had lived up



to the hilt of a very good income. By a process of ratiocination he had convinced himself that he no longer owed the full amount of these bills. "Why," he said, "the flowers I bought would cost to-day \$40 instead of \$80. And take this surgeon's bill—why should I have to pay him according to 1929 standards?" My friend's answer was that he had bought the flowers and had had the operation in 1929, but his caller did not choose to see the logic of his reasoning. Doubtless he did not have to go far to find a lawyer who was sympathetic with his point of view. A few days later the same friend had another man call on him who wanted to write off a sheaf of doctors' and household bills which amounted to \$500 or \$600. He was about to collect a commission on a sale, and he did not want to run the risk of having his bank account attached, because he was looking forward to buying a new car. His purchase will help the automobile industry, no doubt, but it is hard to see why the Italian green grocer, the dentist, the doctor, and the butcher should not have the privilege of spending a little of the money which he owes them.

One of the most callous debt-repudiators I have heard of is a well-known New York doctor who went through bankruptcy to clear himself of a judgment in a negligence case. He had been driving rapidly, as doctors will, and had gravely injured a boy. To his dismay he found that his broker had allowed his liability insurance to lapse and that he was personally liable for the \$9,000 damages which were allowed by the court. His lawyer advised him that this was the kind of a negligence claim which could be written off by going through bankruptcy, since he had not been charged with "wilful or malicious intent to injure." He was able to get his discharge without any difficulty, since

the parents of the injured boy could not afford to fight the case. His reputation to-day is as good as it ever was, while the child he injured promises to be a burden on society.

Still more conscienceless, I should say, is a real-estate operator who owes some \$30,000 and is preparing to file a petition in bankruptcy before he inherits \$250,000 from his mother, who has cancer and is expected to die in a few months. There is good legal precedent for what he is planning to do. The law books contain the case of a father who in his will directed the trust company to pay a spendthrift son the income from \$50,000 during his lifetime, and to pay him the principal "when he should become financially solvent and able to pay all his just debts and liabilities from resources other than the principal of the trust fund." As soon as the will had been probated, the son—who was deeply in debt—filed a petition in bankruptcy and promptly received his discharge. He was then eligible to inherit the principal of the trust fund. It is immaterial whether the father was careless in drafting the will or whether he intended his son to go into bankruptcy. What matters is that the law allows people who have a certain expectancy of an inheritance, or a good income—as the New Yorker, the opera singer, the dancer, and the well-known doctor all had—to repudiate their just obligations.

### V

Buying when you know you cannot pay for your purchases—or when you have already decided to go into bankruptcy—is almost the same thing as shoplifting. The only difference is that obtaining credit when you are insolvent is not a crime in this country even if the theft involved is on a much larger scale than in petty shoplifting. Not long ago the New York Retail

Credit Association found that a young doctor and his wife had run up within the space of six months—in a dozen different stores—bills totaling \$2,000. It appeared that he and his wife had had domestic difficulties, and that she had taken to spending as a diversion, opening charge accounts in a number of stores on the strength of her husband's hospital connections. (It is easy for any woman to open charge accounts in her own name if her husband occupies a responsible position, for the store very seldom asks his permission, knowing that the law makes him liable for his wife's bills.) When the young doctor discovered that his wife was buying clothes lavishly, he lost his head and started in doing the same thing. As the stores began to press him, he chose the easiest way out and went into bankruptcy. Nothing could have been simpler. His only assets consisted of his home and office furnishings and the clothes which he and his wife had bought. Their personal property, all told, was undoubtedly worth more than \$250, the exemption allowed in the State of New York; but in such cases creditors very rarely attach used furniture and clothes because they know that they cannot get enough for them to justify the trouble. So the young doctor “took his bath” without suffering any upset in his life, and it is doubtful whether his colleagues at the hospital know that he has gone through bankruptcy.

The number of fur coats which one sees on the streets in New York would suggest that there is no depression. The truth is that a great many furs are being purchased on the installment plan, and some of them will never be paid for. Last August a stenographer earning \$20 a week bought a leopard coat for \$200 on the installment plan. She very soon fell behind in her payments, and when the store began to

annoy her, a lawyer friend suggested that she go into bankruptcy. The process cost her about \$50—that is the very least it can be done for in New York—but she was still more than \$100 to the good since the store did not reclaim the coat, which was worn and of no use to them. “You see,” this stenographer said to her girl-friend, wrapping her coat about her, “how easy it is to get things if you know how!” Another young woman who has worked as a private secretary with a large corporation for eleven years opened a charge account not long ago with a department store and gave as a reference the name of a reputable business man of her acquaintance. She proceeded to buy \$180 worth of clothes, and filed a petition in bankruptcy the following month. Perhaps she too had read in the paper that “the best people are doing it.” She would probably lose her job if her employers knew what she had done; but the large stores, I am told, do not make a practice of compromising customers with their employers unless it will profit them to do so. In this instance the customer went into bankruptcy before the store would have thought of garnisheeing her salary.

A person who uses a charge account shrewdly can get away with a great deal. In the summer of 1931 a woman whose husband was a New Jersey manufacturer opened an account with a Fifth Avenue specialty shop. For the first six months her purchases were small, and she paid her bills promptly. Then suddenly, after the first of the year, she bought about ten times as much as she had at any time previous, and two weeks later her husband went into bankruptcy. In another instance, a charge customer of long standing—a man this time—requested a certain department store to close his account in 1929. In August, 1931, he asked to have it reopened, made \$150 worth



of purchases on the same day, and the following day went into bankruptcy. Such cases, according to the New York Retail Credit Association, are not so rare as one might think. The merchants of the city have always taken losses on bankruptcies, but to-day the proportion of such accounts is one-third to one-half greater, and they realize very little if anything on the estates of the bankrupts. In a typical case a merchant who was owed \$450 collected a dividend of fifty-six cents.

## VI

Defenders of the present Bankruptcy Act argue that merchants who allow themselves to be thus defrauded have only themselves to blame. It is true that they have been far too ready to extend credit. I am a journalist with an irregular income and yet I have had letters from a number of the large stores with which I have traded very little, inviting me to open a charge account. Doubtless they would not let me charge a \$1,500 mink coat, but they probably would if I lived in a fashionable apartment hotel and had a country home. A woman who divides her time between New York, Paris, and Cannes recently went into bankruptcy for \$693,000, owing \$23,500 for rugs, \$32,000 for furniture, \$20,000 for a diamond bracelet, and so on. Neither she nor her husband ever had any financial rating, and yet the Fifth Avenue merchants had practically run after her to get her trade.

It is almost an unheard-of thing for a store to ask a customer for a financial statement showing his or her assets before it extends credit in any large amount. If this precaution was taken and the financial statement was found later to have been false, the store would have grounds for an objection to the discharge of the bankrupt. The truth is that the merchants have not wanted to

scrutinize their charge accounts too closely. The strategy of American retailing has been to step up sales at the expense of stability. The craze for installment buying of everything from refrigerators to furs appears to be just as great to-day as it ever was, despite the number of retailers and consumers who have been badly burnt in the past few years. When a man whom I know bought a car last summer in upstate New York and wrote out a check for the full amount, the dealer was stunned with surprise. It was the first time anyone had paid him in full in cash in a year, he said. Credit should presumably be harder to get to-day than three years ago, and yet I am told that the stores have not tightened up on their policy, so desperate are they to sell their merchandise. They will even trust a former bankrupt if they can convince themselves that he was to some extent a victim of circumstances.

The legal profession must also take its share of the blame for the large number of bankruptcies in this country. Bankruptcy offers as profitable a field as negligence cases to that substratum of unscrupulous lawyers who are still allowed to practice. Three or four years ago the situation became so serious in the Southern District of New York that an inquiry was conducted before former Judge Thomas D. Thacher of the Federal District Court. The most interesting phase of the report was a comparative study of bankruptcy legislation in Canada and England.

In both of these countries a system of suspended or conditional discharges is in effect. If a bankrupt cannot pay as much as 50 cents on the dollar, or if he has brought on or contributed to his bankruptcy by rash or hazardous speculation or by gambling or unjustifiable extravagance in living or by culpable neglect of his business affairs,

or if he has continued to trade with the knowledge that he was bankrupt, or if he has ever before been adjudged a bankrupt, his discharge may be either flatly denied or suspended for a period of years until he has paid dividends to his debtors amounting to 50 cents on the dollar. After two or three years this order may be modified if the bankrupt can show that there is no reasonable probability of his being able to comply with its terms. During the period of suspension, however, any property which the bankrupt may acquire may be taken over by the trustee for the benefit of the creditors.

The courts in England take direct responsibility for the conduct of bankruptcy cases. The court, not the creditors, sets up the machinery for ascertaining the truth about a petitioner's assets, and every bankrupt is examined at least once in open court by the Official Receiver, who is a government officer and who has much wider powers than our Referees in Bankruptcy. It is his duty to recommend to the Court that a discharge be denied if the facts warrant such action.

The law in England also protects creditors against exploitation by former bankrupts, by making it a crime for a man to do business under an assumed firm name without disclosing the name under which he had been adjudged a bankrupt. This is only one of twenty-seven different offenses which are crimes under the English bankruptcy law. If, for instance, you obtain credit of so much as ten pounds, knowing that you are insolvent, you may be tried for a misdemeanor.

If we had such a law in this country, providing for conditional discharges, examination in open court by an official of the government, and a search for assets to be made by the court, the number of bankruptcies would be greatly reduced, and the losses to

creditors would be considerably less. In England hardly 35 per cent of the petitioners report assets of less than 25 per cent, and less than one-fourth of the total get their final discharge. In this country two-thirds of the petitioners have no assets, the great majority are discharged, and the return to creditors is now about five cents on the dollar.

Judge Thacher is convinced that bankruptcy practice will continue to be demoralized "so long as we leave the enforcement of discipline to the initiative of scattered creditors." As Solicitor General he drafted some time ago an amendment to the Bankruptcy Act which included among other changes, a provision for a system of conditional discharge similar to the English. But this bill was allowed to die in committee. The emergency bankruptcy legislation which was passed at the end of the Hoover administration will favor the debtor rather than the creditor, by facilitating composition agreements.

Some members of the Bar are opposed to a law providing for conditional discharge on the ground that it would call for the setting up of a large new government bureau, whose function would be to examine the bankrupt, search for assets, and collect his payments. They argue that it would be a costly undertaking and that the opportunities for bribery would be as great as they are under prohibition. There are two answers to such arguments. First, a more stringent bankruptcy law would gradually reduce the number of petitioners and, therefore, the cost of maintaining such a bureau. Second, the plea that we cannot find honest officials to enforce a law, is a poor reason for not passing it. The enforcement of prohibition is not analogous, for the community at large has not been in sympathy with the prohibition law.



The present administration of the bankruptcy law is only another example of the growing tendency on the part of the courts to countenance mockery of the law and to abdicate their authority. In the final analysis it is the creditors and the lawyers who are responsible for the outcome. Even if a bankrupt appears to be perjuring himself, there is nothing the Referee can do about it, unless the lawyer for the creditors makes an investigation. I will admit that in the average run of civil cases the court cannot be expected to examine into the veracity of a man's oath. But bankruptcy is a more fundamental matter. If the law of the land allows a man to wipe out his debts with one gesture it owes his creditors every possible protection. The law owes something to society, too, for in this sort of case the morals of a people will not rise much higher than the level of the law.

If this were not so, the cases of discharged bankrupts who are honorable enough to settle their debts when they are able to do so, would not make front-page copy. Reuben H. Donnelly, the well-known printer, is a famous example of a man who dis-

tinguished between what was legal and what was moral. The company with which he was associated failed in 1905 for \$300,000, the creditors receiving 27 cents on the dollar. Twenty-three years later Mr. Donnelly paid off all the creditors' claims and also added interest which amounted to another \$300,000.

It may be that the crumbling of the average debtor's conscience is only another symptom of the crumbling of the capitalistic system. The password of that system has been "I'll get mine and the devil take the hindmost." I sometimes wonder whether personal honesty is possible in a society that values money above everything else. I have heard it said that the depression was giving us a new set of values, less materialistic than the old. But aren't the average run of people still as avid for things—for automobiles, fur coats, and fine furnishings—as they ever were? That we should tolerate a law which encourages people to have these things dishonorably at the expense of their fellow-citizens, is an ironic comment on our national mores. So long as we profess to believe in private property let's be consistent about it.





# THE FALLACY OF PROGRESS

BY LUDWIG LEWISOHN

IT IS a good many years now since we have been told and, nearly all of us, learned and simple, have come to accept it as true, that this is a machine age. Few people stopped to examine the contents of the phrase. They merely repeated it; others gave it private meanings. These unadmitted private meanings they used as a justification for all kinds of things and for all kinds of actions, and a more or less innocent public was asked, and is still being asked, not only to accept but to be pleased with sculptures of rusty wire, bedroom furniture of steel and glass, atonal music, inarticulate prose and opaque verse, cruel self-regardingness, and even unguided sexual conduct—all on the ground that this is a machine age. And quite normal and decent human beings have spent much effort on living up to the supposed demands of this machine age, because the snob is eternal in the human heart, and the last snobbishness is that of being of one's time, of being progressive and up-to-date.

Nor is this all. Other people, incomparably more numerous than the devotees of the supposedly *dernier cri* in art and morals, have substituted for their ancestral culture, which was difficult and made definite demands on them, an appreciation of technical progress which makes no demands at all upon the deeper sources of one's being. It is easier to make a hero of a Charles Lindbergh than even of a Henry Ward Beecher; it is easier

and less taxing to be enthusiastic about an automobile show than about a specimen of either political or evangelistic eloquence. The ways of the machine age are the easiest ways. They do not tax the faculties of the mind. They give the flabbiest fool a chance which, did he but know it, is his final undoing. For it is by yielding so largely to this easiest way that the middle class of society, both on its higher and on its lower level, has lost its leadership by losing itself and has, as we shall see, played into the hands of the mechanic and of the barbarian at the gate.

But let us first examine the notion of this being a machine age. We shall, indeed, come upon nothing but commonplaces. Yet these commonplaces, though tepidly admitted here and there, have lost all influence on practice. Their proximate, not to say ultimate, consequences have not been thought out at all. With something like a sigh the middle-aged father will sometimes consent to his son's electing at high school or college an almost entirely mechanical and technical course of studies. The father thinks the sigh half-sentimental, a tribute to the farness of his youth. He does not consider that modern technic is one of the results of a long development of civilization. It is only one. And now his son proposes to abandon all the other results and conclusions and fruits of human culture. The youth gives up history, which is memory; he



gives up religion and philosophy and literature, which are the garnered interpretations of experience that teach man how to live. He does not learn how to live; he learns how to build and to control machines. The father is amazed that the results are often like those that would ensue if a child of three were given as playthings sticks of dynamite and vials of virulent poison. The point is not that the son will kill the father. That has, symbolically speaking, happened a thousand times. The point is that the son will kill himself and that his progeny, feeble cavemen than those of old, will have to re-tread the long road toward civilization.

But let us return to the age which, being full of machines, is supposed to be in some special sense a machine age, according to the dictates of which we must revise all hitherto accepted notions. And let us ask what contact and what kind of contact a normal man has with the machine. Of the manner in which the articles that he and his family uses are made, he is not over-curious; he, or at least his wife, will in fact show a sound prejudice in favor of anything actually or supposedly handmade. His lighting and plumbing, which are indeed precious achievements, he will, unless hailing from a very rude village, take quite for granted. Two types of the machine, then, will be seen to touch him and to fire, however feebly, his imagination. Let us call these the machine of locomotion and the machine of amusement. He drives a car and he goes to the talkies. Now the gasoline engine is truly a great blessing. It makes it possible to get from place to place with privacy and dignity and speed; a man driving the shabbiest of second-hand Fords along a mired road is a creature of infinitely nobler occupation and aspect than the wretched worm half-suffocated in a subway rush. He is independent; he is his own man;

he is equal to the *eques*, the knight, the man who owned a horse, of primitive societies; he can avoid the "steaming herd" and stop at night and look at the heavens for himself and, as that knight added to his power the power of the horse, add to his own the power of the motor. He has recovered the freedom of movement that a few had before the coming of the railroads; there is again, as there was in old days, a life of the road; there are inns and perhaps adventures. The only difference is one of speed, and speed makes for seeing more in a given time than the old horseman saw. But he sees the same earth and the same people; immemorial moral qualities, tolerance and brotherliness, may be released by this process of swift movement from place to place; peace, but for the restless aggressiveness of the human animal, might be promoted.

What is there here that is new? What inner change has taken place? What has happened to man as a moral and intellectual being in the name of which the "machine age" is supposed to have rendered useless the ancient wisdom and outmoded the ancient ways of conduct of the race? We live in time and space; living in space, we need to pass from point to point of space on certain errands, both important and trivial. Whether we pass from point to point in space on foot, in ox cart, in stagecoach, in motor car or in airplane, the character of the errands has not changed. For that could change only with a change in human nature. We have new means; we have no new ends. The question in truth arises whether in our wonder over the new means we have not begun to forget the old, the eternal ends and are more foolish rather than wiser for all our speed and all our babble!

Flagrant above all other examples and illustrations of the fallacy that in

this machine age we are thinking new thoughts and creating new morals is that delightful machine or group of machines by means of which, sitting in a darkened hall at our ease, we can see far lands strange as dreams which we shall never visit and the tiger in his very jungle and are told stories and hear and witness dramas which, however foolish in fable, are of a never-ending and irresistible interest by virtue of the unheard of wealth of human aspect and human gesture, and latterly of word and voice, that, amid the old and beautiful and familiar scenes of earth and sky, they offer us.

It is not unlikely that the films impoverish the imagination by leaving it unexercised. They do not require its co-operation as do the narrative that is read and the less sharp and complete illusion of the drama. But whether this be true or not, we are still dealing with no new thing; we are still dealing with the human imagination which is better understood but has not changed in character since Plato spoke of it. When finally we turn to the contents of the films, we are confronted by all the immemorial passions and aspirations, sins and failures of mankind. There is no element, no *human* element there which was not present in primitive myth and ritual, which did not find expression in the *Odyssey* and the tale of Rahab and the Book of Ruth. Choose quite at random; choose from all lands! A good man is ruined by a light woman in "Der Blaue Engel"; the eerie ancient romance of beggardom is in the "Drei-Groschen Oper"; is it not the eternal myth of Robin Hood that is at the bottom of the gangster tale of "Little Caesar" plus the myth of Dick Whittington? Men have sought truth and love not first in "Arrowsmith" nor weaklings fallen a prey to their unguided passions first in "An American Tragedy." The sinister revengeful freaks in "Barnum"

re-tell the medieval horrors of dwarfs, and the wayfaring circus-people go back to the car of Thespis. Somewhere on dusty marketplaces in front of palaces built of sun-baked brick in Nineveh or Susa tumbled the authentic ancestor of Groucho Marx, while his fellow-clown, the ancestor of Eddie Cantor, wittier of tongue than leg, sang a scurrilous song of the doings of the harem ladies and derided some king's fat councillor.

It would be no unprofitable sport to reduce film actions and fables to their traditional and mythic denominators. There would be found hundreds of variations on the Cinderella theme and dozens upon that of Clytemnestra. The last film I saw, an extremely amusing one featuring Adolphe Menjou and a magnificently built young platinum blonde, was woven of three motifs: 1. "Crabbed age and youth cannot live together"; 2. King Cophetua with a dash of Robertson's *Caste*; 3. the Penelope-patient Grizzel motif. So it is; so it must be. There is nothing new in human nature; there are no new ends. These films which are to be played all over the world are built around old and unvarying motifs. The propriety and, indeed, necessity of their being so built proves that the intricate mechanisms of their production have influenced or changed human nature no whit, and that an age full of machines is not in the falsely sophisticated sense a "machine age."

I shall be told that I overlook the new, that there are *avant-garde* films, for instance, that point a way to the future. It is an error and a pretense. I have indeed seen a jumble of madly wheeling symbols on the screen. The audience tittered, which was to its credit. The few who did not laugh, because they were able to read the symbolism, could think of nothing more recent than Sodom and Gomorrah. In addition there have been



lovely enough films of lyric mood; one of spring with birds amid budding branches that made one think of the "*Jam ver egelidos refert tepores*" of Catullus, and one of ruined forests and strange melancholy which brought inevitably to the lips Shelley's "O wild West wind, thou breath of Autumn's being!" The younger people in to-day's audiences may consider these films more than a new technic for expressing emotions as old as man because they have never heard of either Catullus or Shelley, because from tinkering with machines they have gone to see films and *that* has been their education. But here is precisely the point that must recurrently be emphasized: By pretending that the new means are new ends we are forgetting and, therefore, neglecting the eternal necessary ends; we are repudiating the garnered wisdom and experience of the race and falling more and more into a stupor of ignorance. No wonder that the civilization which our fathers built is crumbling.

## II

The retrogression of our civilization on certain sides through the confusions brought about by voluntary ignorance may be illustrated by various massive examples. They may be illustrated by those kindly well-meant fallacies with which not long ago Judge Ben Lindsey set the youth of the country agog. He was kindly and sympathetic and advanced. All he forgot was a common denominator of eternal human experience on which the most enlightened gynecologist agrees with the dullest village priest. But I prefer as an example the moribund eighteenth amendment to our Constitution. It has proved disastrous, as nearly everyone agrees. But neither its friends now so discomfited, nor its enemies, triumphant through no merit of their

own, have ever so far as I know uttered a rational word on the subject. The drys have insisted that men must obey this law, which is silly, and the wets that men must do as they like, which in this brash form is equally so. For a question of real moral progress was involved, that, namely, of diminishing the great and undoubted evil of over-indulgence in alcohol and especially of causing those to abstain entirely who, so numerous in Anglo-Saxon countries, cannot drink at all without getting drunk.

Now the old-fashioned temperance people faced the problem in the only way it could be faced. They prayed with and over the drunkard; they appealed to his honor, to his aspirations, to his affections. They sought to effect in him an inner change, by which he would *consent* to abstention. No doubt the process was slow and the backsliders many. Yet there is no doubt, according to all records, that horrible and indecent drunkenness did decrease extraordinarily between the Civil War and the World War, that religious and social influences did in the slow process of moral change bring about a vast amelioration. But now came the age of the machine and of mechanical befuddlement and of the total neglect of education. Even the professors of traditional religion would no longer rely on it. They insisted, as Fundamentalists, on its outworn dogmas; they repudiated, under the influence of so-called progress, its eternal psychological truth, that only conversion converts, that only a new spiritual man is capable of new action, that no man *can* obey a law unless he is persuaded to consent to it. For if he does not consent to it, its breach by himself brings upon him no feeling of guilt, no remorse, no moral discomfort even. Hence if he is punished for his infraction of a law to which his will does not consent he conceives of himself as being

wronged. He becomes in so far, in spite of himself, a less co-operative member of society. In other words, the precisely similar final results of the prohibition laws in both Finland and the United States could easily, and from the eternal nature of things, have been foretold by anyone who had not, through ignorance or under the delusion of progress, abandoned the historic experiences of the race.

But culture was by now old stuff. "There ought to be a law," men began to say, even as they said, "There should be a machine." And it is one of the great ironies of these latter times that these apparently believing Protestant Christians who kept saying that there ought to be a law were by that very fact abandoning their central and psychologically correct doctrine of grace and were allying themselves with the materialists and behaviorists who thought of man as a machine that could be passively tinkered with or as a sausage-skin that could be filled with scraps from without. Instead of waiting for grace they passed laws; the resultant corruption is logical according to that Christianity which they betrayed. "Ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord, and the cup of devils," Paul once wrote to the Corinthians.

The humanistic values within Christianity were abandoned, and so it is no wonder that the humanistic values outside of Christianity were not only abandoned but openly scorned. Only effeminate and moldy fools were supposed to study Greek or philosophy. Machines were built and laws passed. So no one came forward to tell Mr. Volstead that even in the fragments of the pre-Socratic Democritus men had for ages read, "Men are better led toward virtue through monition and persuasion than through law and compulsion. For it is probable that he who is kept from wrong only by a law will sin in private." No one quoted

Ovid to him—one can imagine the hilarious moment!—"Nititur in vetitum semper, cupimus negata—always do we strive after the forbidden and desire what is denied us." No one told him that a certain Baruch Spinoza—Spinoza? Spinoza?—grounded this whole matter psychologically in his "Political Tractate": "For all laws which can be broken without hurt to others are not taken seriously. Far from curbing human desires and lusts, they spur them on."

But if Christian and Pagan and Jewish wisdom were forgotten and no more thought upon either at St. Olaf's College in Minnesota, which boasts of nurturing Mr. Volstead's tenderer years, or at those many and notable seats of learning that must have harbored the Protestant bishops and elders as well as the professors and politicians that wanted all human ills eliminated by passing laws and building machines, did none of these people have a grandmother who, unstupefied by "progress," whispered something about it having been known to *her* grandmother that "forbidden fruit is sweet"? But the old, old folk-wisdom of the race was scrapped, together with the garnered wisdom of the teachers and sages of mankind. Progressive Americans knew better; they knew best. And none of the professors who abetted them told them that, at their most orgiastic moment, a great sage named Sigmund Freud had proved up to the hilt that the grandmother's grandmother was right. He had proved that fruit is forbidden not because it is sweet, because it is desired, but that it is forbidden because men fear their desire for its sweetness and reply to that desire for a sweetness which they fear by a pang of conscience. He proved that these simple but eternal facts are at the basis of all law. Hence where the sweetness of the fruit is not feared nor the desire for it accompanied



by a pang of conscience there can be no law, whatever verbiage may be promulgated.

The retrogression illustrated by the example of the prohibition enactments is spreading. Large sections of peoples once more enlightened than ourselves are falling prey to ignorance and delusion. They, too, are abandoning the wisdom and experience of mankind, on the basis of which true progress alone is possible—namely, a better attainment of those unchanged ends that belong to such a creature as man in such a world as the present. They, too, flee from this slow and difficult process of growth and substitute for it utopian figments based upon mechanistic superstition, upon the false analogy of man to a mechanism, upon the false slogan that this is a machine age in which both nature and experience based on nature can be outraged. It is as though there came an hour or a year, whether it was late in the nineteenth or early in the twentieth century, in which the soul of Western man suddenly grew weary and discouraged by the burden of its fate and dismayed at the length of the cruel road toward better things. And so, surrounded by machines and yielding to a set of cheap and easy notions derived from the machines, it began to deny out of existence the length and the cruelty of the road and the eternal necessity of resignation, of the striving after perfection and of the unattainableness of the thing itself. Wisdom and culture, which teach these eternal lessons, were scrapped. There were to be by sudden fiat “dry” societies and “pure” societies and finally classless societies, and it was forgotten, it was “repressed” that man is a creature who uses intoxicants, whose reproductive instinct is enormously intricate and pervasive in its manifestations and can be neither eliminated nor “liberated” beyond certain constant bound-

aries, and that finally this creature, this animal if you like, called man, exists in classes both by nature and by grace which will resist all efforts to obliterate them and will reestablish themselves in the end.

It is no wonder at all that during this precise period, as every physician and every priest knows, the neuroses spread wildly through the populations, especially the urban populations, of all countries, and especially of the more mechanized and “progressive” countries. For the neurotic is simply a person, usually of the better kind and finer sensibilities, who finds a typical human fate too difficult, who cannot satisfactorily express himself and his instincts through life as given and so substitutes neurotic symptoms for normal activity and normal social participation. Now this neurotic commonly became one because his age and his society had robbed him of all the consolations and mitigations of a typical human fate. He had to live in a void filled only with the whirl of machinery and the clatter of “progress.” Memory and religion as binding principles were discarded. He no longer took an example from the great and good of old who achieved their peace with the inevitable so-ness of man and of his world, because he was told that he knew more than they, that he must be “modern,” that the new mechanical means had changed the ends, that in this machine age the character of the good life, agreed upon in its fundamentals beyond all variations of form and mood by all the sages and prophets and poets, was no longer a fit ideal and was, indeed, outmoded and stone dead.

Lacking all sound and severe cultural training, this modern individual never learned that the good life with its striving after perfection and its inevitable resignation, its ultimate submission to the will of God, had not

been wickedly invented by reactionaries, but had been found and refound, proclaimed and reproclaimed, because it was in strict conformity with the nature of man and of his universe as given. No one told this wretched modern that certain moral truths are far more scientific than most scientific truths, since the latter change from age to age with the enlargement of knowledge, while the former, though they may be fruitfully reinterpreted, never change at all. To-day, according to the physicists, the universe is expanding; to-morrow it seems rather to contract.

The moral truths remain. Thou shalt not kill, said the most ancients; and more than two millennia and a half ago Isaiah proclaimed that vision of a time when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. How much progress have we made toward that? Somewhere in his subconsciousness at least the poor bedevilled "modern" knew that the world had gone mad. He went mad with it, especially during certain post-war years. He took to debauchery and gin. He had not the strength to admit to himself that he had nearly destroyed civilization by abandoning it in favor of machinery and modernity. He continued to identify inventions with progress; he continued to emasculate the education of his young. On a lower level he mythologized Jesus as a go-getter with Bruce Barton; on a somewhat higher one he permitted Bertrand Russell to tell him not that hopelessly unhappy marriages should be quietly dissolved, but that the spiritual solidarity of marriage could survive the partners to it having sexual adventures on the side. Flying in the face of nature became the chief sport of entire groups. But flying in the face of nature, not adjusting yourself as you are to the world as it is—this leads to neurosis, to sickness of

the soul. And as the individual neurotic will try to compensate for his maladaptation by dreaming of an unreal world to which he could adapt himself, so sick societies will dream of Utopias as escapes from the long, slow, difficult road toward gradually eliminating some of the evils that are under the sun.

### III

Has there then been no progress in this age which, like other ages when they saw the light, calls itself modern? There has been progress in every kind of human effort in which the means could not from the nature of things be mistaken for ends; there was progress in other matters so long as the permanent and changeless ends were kept in view and mechanistic and behavioristic superstitions did not seek either to outrage or violently to pervert the nature of man as given. Thus one of the eternal ends of every human creature and of every group of human creatures is health and length of days. The progress made by modern medicine toward this end is of an inestimable preciousness. And since few understood what, for instance, the immunologists were doing in their laboratories and since it occurred to no immunologist to display his laboratory technic as an end in itself that was to be substituted for the attainment of health and length of days, so this progress was and still is true progress toward the amelioration of man's lot. Nor have the physicians, the vast majority exemplars of the peculiar bourgeois virtue of disinterestedness, often taken part in the great game of substituting Utopia for reality. They are almost the only respectable class of men—I mean worthy of respect—left in our society. Unlike their colleagues in, let us say, economics and pedagogy and certain schools of psychology, they never neglected their job for doctrinaire



delusions. They helped women to bear more easily the pangs of childbirth; they did not let the women suffer and propose that the race should become oviparous.

There are or, at least, up to a certain point of time, there were other kinds of progress. In respect of the liberation of speech and especially of creative speech we had almost caught up in most countries with the John Milton of 1644; in respect of marriage and divorce with the same John Milton of the year before; in respect of the appreciation of the values created by other groups and communities of men, while carefully guarding our own, we were not far from the practical pacifism and cultural benevolence of the old Goethe. And it is conveniently forgotten to-day—I emphasize the word conveniently—that the pre-war Socialist party in Germany did go very far toward bringing to the workers both economic justice and a participation in human culture. And even to-day, amid confusion and raving, progress is seen to be possible when eternal ends are fought for by means known to Isaiah and Jesus, but not put into practice before—when an elderly, feeble, naked brown man by refusing food can force the lords and masters both of his own people and of the British Empire to begin to fulfill for the lowliest of men the dreams of the prophets of Israel. But Gandhi achieves progress, let it be noted, because he is a religious-minded man who knows what human nature is like and what its limitations are. He wants to upraise and slowly humanize the pariahs. He is no sick extremist shouting to the untouchables the paranoiac words of the *Internationale*, “Ye have been naught, ye shall be all!”

That line of verse, with its crashing *naught* and its equally crashing *all*, is well worth pondering as well as, on the other hand, the frenzies of fury with which the radicals of the right, the

Fascists of Italy and the Nazis of Germany, regard certain classes or races or nations. The extremists are all sick souls and their extremism, their radicalism, is to them an end in itself. This truth can be quite scientifically studied among the turmoils of contemporary Germany. When in a given election the Nazis lose, the Communists gain and *vice versa*; the numerical strength of the parties of the middle remains fairly constant. Eye-witnesses confirm this pendulum swing of hundreds of thousands of individuals from one radicalism to another and back again. This swing is admirably symbolized by the fact that Benito Mussolini began as a radical Socialist, was once condemned for blasphemy, and expelled from both an Austrian province and from the Swiss Republic for his left-wing radical activities. The extremes of so-called libertarianism and the lust for dictatorship stem from the same sick root. Nor will anyone who has had a quarrel with society, whether economic or moral, have failed, if he is capable of self-scrutiny, to discover in himself at one time the mood and impulse to make common cause with those who would destroy that society and, at another time, to imagine himself in a dictatorial position toward that society by means of which he could mold it nearer to its liking.

Within the rational mind these impulses are first curbed and next channelled into the advocacy of such reforms and ameliorations as are conformable to those known historic processes which depend upon the nature of man and of his world. In the sick mind, in the unadaptable character, in the more or less neurotic type, these impulses devour the whole man. He will no longer regard the limitations of either nature or human nature. He flees from the unendurable present and from the permanent so-ness of both himself and the universe into a Utopia

of the future or of the past and dreams either of a classless society in which all obstacles to his desires will be removed or of a hierarchical one in which he, at the top of the hierarchy, will force all things to his liking.

The whole question of progress and of the inner nature of radicalism can be well studied although, as it were, in miniature from the character and fate of those among the younger American intellectuals who have in recent years taken flight into either reactionary or communist ideologies. They grew up in an age of mechanical progress in which base means were mistaken for new ends and in which Babbitt, wholly cut off from historic culture but driving a good car, thought himself the heir of the ages. With him and his works these young men could not possibly make common cause. But they were, after all, children of the same age as himself. Partly, at least, on account of the inconceivable degradation into which Babbitt and his mechanics had thrown the so-called higher education, these young men, too, had lost emotional touch with the historic culture of mankind.

It was not a question for them of revaluing values, which is true progress. They had no living values, religious or philosophic or cultural, to revalue. They were essentially as empty as Babbitt himself; they were almost as ready to declare history bunk as Mr. Ford himself. They very properly loathed the World War. But they interpreted it not as a retrogression, a losing of the right way, a lapsing into barbarism; they conceived of it as a result of those values of history and culture which, in fact, all participants of the War had sold out and betrayed. Hence our young men sincerely believed that all the received values were "bunk." There was, in addition, the snobbishness of being "modern" and "free." Hence they

devaluated all values. There was nothing left for them to live by, nothing wherewith to affirm themselves and their lives and activities and their world, nothing wherewith to make significant a typical human fate. Nothing was any good any more—nothing, neither love nor faith nor the joys of the mind nor the hope of a better posterity. No pride or piety was left. Their souls were stripped and naked. They fled—a few into a Utopian Middle Age or Seventeenth Century, more into communism. Instead of putting the machine in its place, they made an idol of it; instead of repudiating the mechanism of the Nineteenth Century which helped to cause the War and increased its brutality, they made it coextensive with both religion and philosophy.

The psychological character of their communism can be studied in many ways. It can be studied, for instance, in their amusing treatment of the arts according to the doctrine of economic determinism. It can be studied from the fact that, though they are young, they are already unteachable by experience. Although over-industrialization and over-centralization have nearly destroyed our so-called capitalistic society, they entertain no doubt that monstrous industrialization and centralization will save mankind in a so-called communist society. When a dam is deserted in America and when one is built in Russia they are equally triumphant. They are not happy, so they deny that which they are and which has not made them happy and dream, safely afar from the dreadful privations of the Russian people, of a Utopia in which all human nature, including their own, will be capable of happiness, will be capable of true satisfaction once more.

They and the millions like them in Europe and also the middle classes everywhere, stopped short now for their own good in their false progress away



from ends toward means, are all unhappy. But their unhappiness, like the result of the eighteenth amendment to our Constitution, could easily have been foretold by a disinterested mind truly at the source and center of things. For such a mind could have told them that the majority of men had never been happy, but that there was no new way of being happy and that, since human nature had not changed, the means by which a man could attain happiness had not changed either. And that these means, barring a remedy for either crippling poverty or ill health, were wholly spiritual and moral in their nature; and that this possible happiness, this balance between desire and fulfillment, between dream and day cannot be won without a self-discipline that not only leads to an ultimate resignation, a consent to permanent limitations, but must find its satisfaction therein.

There is no Never-Land in which roast ducks fly into open mouths. There is no eternal bull market with two cars in every garage nor is there a perfect communist society in which each man will be happy as a functioning part of the whole. The two cars demonstrably brought no true contentment; men are becoming more individualized and not less and will not find happiness in a depersonalized social functioning. Are these not the merest commonplaces and, as it were, copy-book maxims? They are. And they have been forgotten. And it has been equally forgotten that they became commonplaces and copy-book maxims because they represented the age-long sum and fruit of human experience.

The first task of thinking men and women in this age must be a retracing of their way to that point at which

a vertigo seized Western man and he fancied that the machine and mechanical improvements and the analogy of himself to a mechanism had changed human nature and would bring Utopia of one kind or another to our threshold. We must re-ally ourselves with the experience of mankind, of which historic culture is the record; we must relearn what kind of a creature man is, what are his limitations, what are his possibilities of contentment, within what limits the evils under the sun are remediable, however improved the mechanical means may be.

Progress toward the permanent ends is possible. As we no longer burn witches we may learn to abstain from murder, even if the murderers wear uniform. But even then men will not be happy; those only will have been happy who have helped to bring this blessed end about. There will be no Utopia; there can be none. Man's portion is the road and not the goal. For the goal would be static, and what is static is dead. The very existence of all philosophies and of all religions, if it teaches no more, teaches that. Historic-minded, non-Utopian thinking is the first duty of the hour and age. By such thinking, which is the only kind of unprejudiced thinking, the only kind of thinking according to the facts and not according to sick fancies, we would undoubtedly be able to ameliorate even our economic ills. Sound thinking has never yet failed wholly to bring council. But we must abandon neurotic protests against being the creatures we are in the world as it is. We must not ask more of people or circumstances than is in them to give. Before improving it, we must consent once more to what is the essential and unchanging character of man's mortal lot.



## WASHINGTON JIG SAW

BY R. L. DUFFUS

**F**LYING with the late dusk into Washington from the north, one sees first, glowing demurely, the dome of the National Capitol, neatly corked with Thomas Crawford's statue of Freedom. As the pilot throttles his motors down before landing, one is for a moment directly above the Lincoln Memorial, and then one sees, precisely in line with Crawford's dumpy and frigid female, the plain and honest spear-head of the Washington Monument. Around this axis, pricked in light, balance the neat reticulations of the street pattern first drawn by Major L'Enfant almost a century and a half ago.

This illusion of pattern survives even a closer acquaintance with the Federal City and with that conception of federal government of which the city is to some extent a symbol. What though L'Enfant's great avenue, with the Capitol at one end and the Treasury and White House at the other, is cluttered with cheap stores, junk shops, and wretched looking lodging houses? It will look much better, perhaps almost worthy of the capital city of a great people, when the new plan of Washington is completed. The clutter here and about the Mall is being cleared away; the grounds between the Capitol and the Union Station are being parked, apparently to remind legislators that just as the Pennsylvania Railroad bringeth so the Pennsylvania Railroad taketh away; a Civic Center and an Executive Tri-  
an-

gle are taking shape. Stick pins at important points on the map and draw lines between them; the design, though classic rather than modern, static rather than dynamic, nevertheless hangs together. This is a synthetic city, as artificial as a Dutch garden. It carries into the Twentieth Century an Eighteenth Century notion of what the dignity and stability of the government of a federal republic are and how they ought to be expressed.

No intrusion of outside interests mars this expression. If Washington were not the capital it would not be here at all. At most, it would be a rural suburb of Baltimore. It lives by and for government. In 1931, before the heavy hand of retrenchment was felt, the federal pay roll in the District of Columbia was \$175,000,000 a year, or enough to provide an annual income of about \$360 for every man, woman, and child resident therein. Seventy-one thousand employees, ranging from the President of the United States down to the cleaning women in the office buildings, drew an average salary of \$2,300. The numbers have now shrunk, and so has the average salary, but in each case probably less than in any large private business. Add the wages and salaries of those who are in Washington because the government is there—the diplomats and their households, the lobbyists, the staffs of numerous organizations who in this pure air pursue the good of some or all of the human race, the members of the



press, the attorneys, the hotel employees, the guides and the drivers of sight-seeing buses—and one sees why no smoke of factories pollutes the semi-southern sky. The manufacture of government may produce vapors, but these do not smirch the washing on a Monday morning or kill the trees in the parks.

Ex-President Hoover once called Washington a "symbol of America." He meant probably that most of its inhabitants came from America. Yet, because government is a specialty, even more than steel, corn, cotton, motion pictures, banking, or the care and culture of hogs are specialties, this city created and supported by all the people is, nevertheless, a thing apart from the people—a thing in and for itself, not duplicated elsewhere. Its uniqueness gives to its parts an appearance of unity. Government, as concentrated in Washington, seems to be all of a piece, just as all Chinese seem to an Occidental to look alike. This illusion is heightened when, as at the present time, we have a dominant executive exercising emergency powers.

Indeed, it is fatally easy to personify that abstraction known to the poetic Red Man as The Great White Father and to the sordid Caucasian as Uncle Sam—that strange old gentleman, sometimes appearing in the role of a school teacher, sometimes in that of a policeman, sometimes in that of Jehovah, sometimes in that of a meddling old goat, by turns feared, suspected, derided, and with pathetic confidence, turned to for help.

But he does not exist. He never has existed. We might just as well say, on the evidence of what goes on at Washington, that the federal government is a colony of polyps—and rather irritable and suspicious polyps at that—working on a coral reef.

This statement is not made by way of disparagement. Democratic gov-

ernment ought to have polyplike characteristics. It ought to be more efficient in small ways than in large ones. It ought not to be centralized, purposeful, or even fully self-conscious. If Washington were what many persons think it, if it were permanently even as coherent and effective as our admirable President has temporarily rendered it, I should tremble for the future of my country.

I shall give my reasons for this, I hope not too heretical point of view a little later. Meanwhile let us glance at the existing situation.

## II

What is federal government, as we see it on inspection in Washington? It is a President, a Vice-President, nine Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, ninety-six Senators (when Congress is in session), ditto four hundred and thirty-five Representatives, one hundred and eighty bureaus, divisions, offices, and services scattered through ten departments, and seventy-five or eight independent commissions, boards, offices, and institutions outside the departments—and glad of it. Under Mr. Roosevelt's heroic axe the number of sub-divisions will have shrunk before this article appears, but the principle involved in this multiplicity of functions will not have altered. Here is a century and a half of growth, survival, and decay; here are a series of geological strata in which one can detect the aristocratic liberalism of the Eighteenth Century, the sprawling democracy of the Nineteenth, the near-sighted efficiency of the Twentieth. Someone has described Pennsylvania Avenue as "a thoroughfare where at almost every step yesterday seems looking over the shoulders of to-day and to-morrow peeps smilingly between"; one might apply the figure to the federal govern-

ment as a whole, even in the present uncertainty as to whether to-morrow smiles or frowns.

Are these numerous fragments of government consciously working at a common task? They are not, except in the minds of orators and authors of school text-books having to do with civics. Only one interest—that which every organism has in surviving and perpetuating its species—is common to them. Their various duties and functions, laid upon them though they commonly have been by the joint action of the national Legislature and the Chief Executive and sanctioned by the Supreme Judiciary after a painful and prayerful examination of the Constitution, need not even be mutually consistent. Not only do the fractions of government compete with one another for influence, prestige, and appropriations; they are bound, sometimes by law, sometimes by an irresistible tendency of their being, to oppose and undo one another's work. Everyone is familiar with the more notorious examples of this fact: the annulment of acts of Congress by the Supreme Court; the jealousy between the two Houses of Congress and its effects in delaying legislation which is otherwise non-controversial; the use of the presidential veto; the Senate's instinctive rejection of treaties, not because they are bad but because the President has proposed them. These acts are frequently, no doubt, the results of devotion to the common good. They are also, once in a while, the results of the desire of one department of government to give another department a kick in the shins.

Either House of Congress will at any time drop whatever it is doing to fight for its privileges and immunities, against the other House, against the Executive, against the press, against the governors of North and South Carolina—it hardly matters what or

whom. Let not the dewy-eyed optimist be deceived by the latitude which Congress has allowed President Roosevelt. Congress did not sell its birthright when it allowed F. D. to become what free America jocosely calls a "Dictator"; it merely bestowed upon him one of those suspicious-looking packages, with a queer, ticking sound inside, which are often addressed to great men and which it is best to soak well before opening. The fact that F. D. has used it to blast away some obstacles in the path of economic recovery is beside the question. Wait till the emergency is past, then watch Congress deflate the Presidency again—or try to.

Just as the two branches of the National Legislature do not see eye to eye with each other or with the Executive, so the Executive is not itself a unit. How can such an agglomeration of bureaus, divisions, offices, services, commissions, boards, and institutions be operated as a unit? How can their interests be reconciled? The answer is, they are not and cannot be, any more than they could be if they were so many competing drygoods stores or service stations. The less money Congress appropriates the bitterer the scramble for it. Each subdivision of government may be in favor of economy as a general principle; each sees its own need as a meritorious exception. The result when cutting has to be done is not a scientific co-ordination of means and agencies. It is a compromise, a balance of power, at best; at worst it is a blind slaughter.

The key to this regime is chronological, not logical. Government has taken on various chores and functions either because they came within the narrow Eighteenth Century conception of what a government ought to be, because no other agency would be bothered with them, or because no other agency could be trusted with



them. Each new function has had to be reconciled with the Constitution, but there has not been the same necessity for reconciling one function with other functions.

Thus certain contradictions and inconsistencies arise. The Departments of Commerce and State engage in foreign trade promotion; the Customs Division of the Department of Justice and the Treasury's Bureau of Customs are under obligations to discourage trade. The Department of Agriculture has devoted itself for many years to the noble objective of increasing the productivity of the farmer; it now finds itself rebuked by the present brilliant policy of limiting farm output to maintain prices. The Commerce Department constructs lighthouses to keep vessels off the rocks; the Coast Guard, pending the ratification of the Twenty-first Amendment, cannonades some of these vessels on the theory that they are carrying beverages containing more than 3.2 per cent of alcohol.

Commerce strives to bring business men together in their own common interest, which may conceivably be the public interest also; Justice looks on suspiciously, its bandage hooked up over one ear and off one eye. The State Department pours oil on troubled waters, while the Army and Navy, whistling softly, get out maps, as is their nature to, and stick them full of pins, and wonder who will get the big commands if war breaks out. The Department of Labor administers the quota law which keeps out the pauper labor of Europe, but the Patent Office goes right on encouraging inventors of machines with which even a pauper couldn't compete.

President Roosevelt is dealing with the existing crisis by emphasizing some governmental activities and by putting a soft pedal on others. But he is changing Washington functionally and temporarily, not structurally and per-

manently; he is doing a lot *in* it but not much *to* it. He cannot make it a unit. No one can make it a unit without altering its essential character—and incidentally the essential character of our civilization.

### III

Does all this suggest that this humble reporter is endeavoring to portray the operations of the government mills at Washington as fumbling and inept? Does it seem to be leading toward the suggestion that they be reorganized after the pattern of the mills of Henry Ford or those of the United States Steel Corporation? I hope not. It is my firm, indeed, almost fervent belief that government business is as well conducted as any other business. It could not, I imagine, be conducted worse than business in general has been in recent years.

There is, to be sure, the spoils system. Every one knows that Mr. James A. Farley was made Postmaster-General, not to deliver the mail but to deliver the jobs. But the mail does get delivered, and pretty promptly and safely, too. When exploring the government agencies at Washington one finds plenty of bureaus, offices, and commissions which are doing their work quietly and well. Certainly this is true of the Weather Bureau, the National Park Service, the Government Printing Office, and similar agencies.

Or look at Commerce, that Belgian baby of a department which Mr. Hoover, during his pre-presidential years, nursed to more than vigorous health. Once scattered among twenty separate buildings, Commerce has now been drawn together into a magnificent structure, one-fifth of a mile long and one-fifteenth of a mile wide, at the base of the new "Executive Triangle" south of Pennsylvania Avenue. Commerce takes the census; Commerce

studies and protects our fish supply, manages the Bureau of Standards, directs the Coast and Geodetic Survey, inspects steamboats, registers patents, runs the Bureau of Mines, keeps the lights that dot our shoals and headlands, surveys and lights our airways. Also, Commerce serves the great god Business, at home and abroad. It devotes itself, to borrow a phrase from Former Secretary Lamont, to "isolating and treating the basic causes of marketing waste"; it makes retail-trade surveys with the laudable purpose of adding to the merchant's profit and reducing the price to the consumer; ever since Mr. Hoover was Secretary it has been promoting "simplified practice," that is to say, the standardization of goods which have no reason for being different. Most assuredly, it saves the nation's merchants and manufacturers far more than it costs them, and if it were not for the depression it would deserve a great deal of credit for keeping the country prosperous. Similarly, Labor would be entitled to three hearty cheers if that Department had been able to prevent unemployment, and Agriculture if it had been able to guarantee the farmer a profit on his crops.

Consider the scientific agencies, which can be found in almost all the departments. They are full of men who are building roads into the future. In stuffy little offices, in laboratories smelling of chemicals and of decaying organic matter, these devotees study the habits of insects, the diseases of poultry, human beings, and livestock; they test soils and seeds, they weigh the earth and the stars, and when called upon, as Paul de Kruif has glowingly related, lay down their lives in a rather casual way for the service of mankind.

In these men, who are not really government at all, government in Washington seems to me to reach its highest point. Their line goes out through all

the earth; they map and sound; they set up instruments in jungles and on bleak mountain tops; their adventures, homely and heroic, would fill many volumes. A bit shabby, they lunch in groups in cheap restaurants, drive battered cars or else walk, live in little apartments or in dingy houses over on the Virginia side, complain humorously rather than bitterly when the federal auditors cut out of expense accounts items that auditors, not being scientists, cannot understand. They are frequently overworked, usually compelled to get along without some of the facilities they believe their researches demand, sometimes envious of one another's salaries and promotions; also, they are happy, and have been known (in the old days, when private employers once in a while actually took on new help) to refuse outside offers of many times their government salaries. May no retrenchment make the seats of their pants shinier or add one thread to the ravels on their cuffs!

Any number of illustrations could be brought forward to prove the point that Washington does its job well—in detail. I don't doubt that Congress is efficient enough; at any rate I am ready to defend it against those inconsistent critics who complain, first, that it talks too much and so gets nothing done, and, second, that it passes too many laws. I don't even doubt that the Army and Navy are efficient, though we shall not know about that until and unless there is a war. Rake away the Generals and the Admirals, or the higher officials in any division of government, and we come to the mass of civil service employees, four out of five of whom have entered the service by means of an examination in which four out of every five candidates fail. They cannot be, and are not, imbeciles. They are probably brighter than persons in similar positions in private life.

No, the divine inadequacy of Wash-



ington, for which I, for one, hereby render thanks to whatever gods may be, arises from no defects, moral or intellectual, of the federal personnel. It arises from the nature of our political tradition. While that tradition lasts we are safe from both Fascism and from Communism. And what is that tradition? I am ashamed to be so obvious, but it is simply that government is something we have, not for the fun of it but, like measles, because we can't help ourselves.

#### IV

If we Americans had believed in government what a government we might have had! How neatly every detail of our lives would have been dovetailed into it! With what inventive fury we should have tinkered with it and improved upon it! The Russia of Stalin, the Italy of Mussolini would have been rank libertarianism beside it. But as a matter of fact we established, in a mood of quiet desperation, just enough government, as we thought, to "secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity"; and to this minimum we have since added only under pressure of dire necessity. We have never said, "Government is a good thing; therefore, let's have a lot of it." We have always been more disposed to say, "Here is a problem the cat dragged in; it's beginning to smell, and against our natural inclinations we'll have to do something about it."

The actual scope of federal government has, of course, expanded enormously. If our forefathers had guessed, in 1787, what the United States of America would be doing, in 1933, by way of "securing the blessings of liberty" to its citizens, they would as soon have elected King George President as endorsed the Federal Constitution. But practice has gone much farther than philosophy. Every new

expansion of federal powers has been a makeshift, tacked on to what went before, never really incorporated into it. There has never been among us, practically speaking, any worship of the State as such. There has been more power outside the State, in various forms of economic organization, than inside it. It has not attracted, in large numbers, the predatory types of "leaders." (Incidentally, this is what is meant when it is said that the "best minds" do not go into politics.) Predatory individuals and interests have corrupted and exploited the State from time to time, but they have not determined its essential character. No political Henry Ford has ever coordinated, standardized, and modernized it. In cold truth, we have no State—we have merely a collection of governing devices.

To certain minds this statement, if accepted as true, will seem one of those appalling facts concerning which Something Ought to Be Done. But it appears to me a reason for thankfulness, as well as a tribute to the common sense of the American people. In almost every other phase of our life we have made machinery so good that it has finally become more important than humanity and has enslaved and abused us. (This is what we mean when we speak of The Depression, as though it were a natural phenomenon, like an earthquake or a tidal wave.) Our governmental machinery, as we see it in Washington, is, on the other hand, still human and imperfect. It is no monstrous instrument of precision, responding with hideous accuracy to pressure on a button.

Am I, then, arguing for ineptness and imperfection in government? Not at all. I am merely trying to point out that if we had a national government which was as carefully focused to a single purpose and which operated as directly and as wastelessly as an auto-

mobile factory, it would be an instrument of tyranny such as the world, on such a scale, has never seen. We had during the World War a faint foreshadowing of what such tyranny—imposed, needless to say, for the common good—might be; we may have another demonstration if the depression continues long. But, generally speaking, the Federal Government is an unwilling and defective instrument of oppression; the episode of the Eighteenth Amendment, now perhaps nearing its conclusion, would be sufficient in itself to prove that point. And so it will remain so long as we do not make the grotesque mistake of trying to apply to government the standards of the factory or the laboratory.

I do not mean to suggest that the government-mill at Washington could not be considerably improved without destroying democracy. Democracy does not demand that bureaus or departments devote their energies to destructive competition with one another. I do mean that this admittedly imperfect Washington is truer to the basic truth of human nature than is the detestable slickness of a textile mill or a power plant—two or three years ago I might have added, or of a great metropolitan bank. We can never have a perfect government under a democratic system because we can never get even a majority of the population to agree for any length of time as to what perfection is. What we actually have is a government which may be, legislatively, one of majorities but which, administratively, serves the divergent needs of minorities. Inevitably the agencies representing these minorities will have mutually inconsistent purposes. The best any Chief Executive

can do is to minimize the shin-kicking, biting, and gouging; he could not permanently abolish these activities without totally and permanently abolishing democracy.

## V

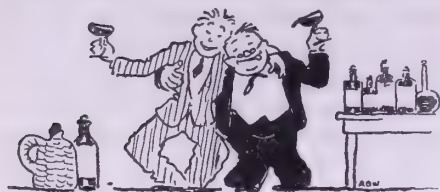
I find myself going to Washington to revive my faith in the genial folly of human nature, my belief that brains, such as they are, are not being replaced by adding machines, and that hearts are still composed of flesh and blood and not of steel or lastex. It is as though one turned from the perfection of the radio towers of Arlington, stark, precise, and primitive, to the homely imperfection of a tree. I rejoice that this Federal City and this Federal Government still have about them something of the ancient incalculability of all normal human institutions. Washington is, after all, a "symbol of America"—symbol of diversity, of provincialism, of interests legitimate, yet never to be reconciled, of a whole aspect of life not mechanized, not predictable.

The very human-ness of this our Federal City, its very follies and frailties, its pretensions and its bombast, its parading in the absurd and tattered garments of the past, its chronic timidity, its occasional venality—these familiar symptoms of democracy inspire in me a hope and confidence I never feel in New York, Detroit, Pittsburgh, or Chicago. Incoherent, disparate, but genuine, child of village store, barber-shop, street corner, wash-room, sewing-circle, fraternal lodge, Washington moves as we, the nation, move; mirrors us, does not rule us; so long as it does not become purposeful and efficient we are safe.





## The Lion's Mouth



### BACCHUS BACKS UP

BY FAIRFAX DOWNEY

SINCE the third decade of the Twentieth Century, when its doors were sealed, the cellar of George Q. LeBoire had been a source of burning curiosity throughout the United States, nay, throughout the world. It was known to contain samples of the choicest liquors of the Bootleg, or Prohibition, Era, a priceless and utterly unique collection without peer or parallel anywhere. Now fifty years had passed and the momentous day set for the breaking of the seals had arrived. And I, as a connoisseur in matters spirituous, had been selected by the venerable Mr. LeBoire to enter with him and give an account of his treasures to the eager public.

Mr. LeBoire received me with an air of ill-suppressed excitement and conducted me at once to his cellar, a regular stronghold of steel and concrete, as were many of the liquor repositories of those predatory days. We faced its bank vault door with the knowledge that the occasion was epochal. My host began to remove the seals which had held its locks inviolate for so long. Let us pause at this point while I sketch in the historical background of the founding of the cellar for those who like myself are too

young to have known personally that incredible period sportively known as the Dry Regime.

When Prohibition was imposed on this country, in 1919, almost immediately there gushed forth a flood of strange vintages, distillations, and brews such as mankind never had experienced. They flowed plentifully and were widely imbibed, becoming familiar to old and young, especially the latter. But with the approach of Repeal, the flood swiftly dried up. Bootleggers sold their stocks for a pittance, gave them away, threw them away. With the return of pre-Prohibition beverages the concoctions which had replaced them vanished as if by magic.

Only one man foresaw this eventuality, George Q. LeBoire. That seer, profiting by low prices, filled his cellar with every type of bootleg drink soon to be so great a rarity. Then, as I related, he reserved it for the edification of posterity.

The great vault swung open. Bin after bin of precious liquors greeted my eyes, potions in proud capsules decorated with labels aged in the press. On some was the dust of coal bins, on others the tang of the sea and fishing smacks. Some were chipped by bullets. Here was the freight of midnight trucks, the spoil of speakeasies, the boast of bootleggers. The eyes of Mr. LeBoire glowed with the fire of reminiscence.

"I am sensible of the great honor conferred on me as your companion on this notable occasion," I said, bowing.

"Your standing as an expert and the

delicacy of your palate well qualify you," he answered kindly. "For fifty years no man has tasted the like of these nor will again. Let us now proceed with the degustation."

Mr. LeBoire produced a corkscrew and glasses and seized one of the ancient bottles. As he uncorked and poured, he announced:

"This is a fine old vintage—Dago Rouge 1920. Raise your glass to the light and admire its *robe* of rich red. Savor it on your tongue. A full-bodied *encre*, is it not?"

"It is indeed," I spluttered.

"Now try this splendid distillation. Even in my day it was costly, and now of course it is beyond price. Can you believe that you now are sipping Le Veritable McCoy?"

I gasped at his words and at the fiery liquid I quaffed.

"Permit this to touch your palate," he urged. "It was a widely favored beverage in my day, being somewhat less costly than the run of liquors."

"What is it?" I asked as soon as I could stop choking.

"Gin-les-Bains," he declared with pardonable pride. "We considered it only a gin *ordinaire* in my time but now of course it is worth its weight in gold. What merry family festivals were those old gin-making bees of my youth, Father joyfully pouring in the alcohol and Mother the distilled water. Grandma stirring in the glycerine, and each child allowed to take part by adding one of the varieties of drops. Then the bottling and the sampling. Ah, it seems but yesterday!"

Mr. LeBoire paused, overcome by his emotions.

"I also have another gin, a Cordial Shoppe 1932, but it hasn't the same tender memories," he continued.

We filled our glasses again and "discussed" other distillations. I recall a very fine Jersey Lightning 1928 (an excellent year) and a Kentucky Corn

1923. This last reminded my host of Bacchic rites at stills in Southern fastnesses by stalwart mountaineers to the music of whose rifles Prohibition agents danced in the valleys below. Much of the romance of fermentation is gone to-day, I could not help but think.

We proceeded with our degustation, sampling several of the *grand crus* of Detroit and advancing to those brews which once were so plentiful on the Eastern seaboard. My host spun for me the quaint yarn of their fabrication—how they used to be produced in hidden plants, taken for that brief sea voyage so enhancing all their virtues, and then landed again and sold "right off the boat."

I was moved to ask what was the proper accompaniment of liquors with foods in those days.

"Well, before dinner we drank gin," my host recalled. "Then at or instead of the soup course we had some gin. With the fish the proper drink was gin. The roast was inevitably washed down by beakers of gin. The savory and coffee were traditionally followed with—if it were possible to obtain it—the best of gin."

I thanked him for his light on folkways but fell silent, for Mr. LeBoire was evidently about to open the gem of his cellar. He drew the cork from a squat bottle and held it under my nose. I aspirated and staggered back under the impact of its bouquet.

"Taste that," he cried jubilantly, "and never forget that you have lived to quaff the greatest of them all!"

"What can it be?" I demanded, gagging.

"A genuine Chateau Capone!" he proclaimed.

The enthusiasm of our degustations had by this time carried us beyond the point of strict sobriety, I fear. Mr. LeBoire was uttering strange idioms from the days of his youth and bursting out with snatches of archaic songs.



"I got about six shots of this gargle at a speak one night," he chortled, "and was I cockeyed!"

As we imbibed further, I could not doubt that he was. My aged host lifted his voice in an ancient folksong, "Life is just a bowl of cherries."

Our surroundings by this time had become blurred. Mr. LeBoire and I confided in each other solicitously that something we had eaten had disagreed with us and we felt extremely unwell. Then everything went black and we knew no more. I append an excerpt from the press to complete the history of the episode.

Extract from the *New York Chronicle*:

"Mr. LeBoire and the young wine agent were rushed in an unconscious state to the Polycision Hospital where their condition was diagnosed as severe poisoning.

"Both will probably recover, according to the attendant surgeons."



### SONNET FOR MYSELF

BY MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN

When I reflect how good a wife I've been,  
How dutiful, domestic and adoring,  
How unresponsive to the call of sin,  
How circumspect and how completely boring;

When I consider in my humdrum way  
How like to Cleopatra's past mine wasn't;  
How many mink and sable coats to-day  
Incline to white gardenias where mine doesn't;

When I perceive how vice gets Packard  
Eights

While virtue in the kitchen gets the dinner,  
Despite my prudence and my predicates,  
I wonder—as I view the saint, the sinner—

If time remains upon this mundane level  
To pack my trunk and hie me to the devil.



### COMMUTER'S CONSCIENCE

BY EDWARD FITCH HALL

**M**R. DOWSON was preoccupied when he boarded the train for the hour's run to the city. Breakfast had not been a successful meal. Mrs. Dowson had not overtly nagged him, but she had managed to create a disagreeable atmosphere. He had been less subtle, had, in fact, left the house in an unmistakable huff.

He was still in a huff, and for two reasons. First, he had been unable to establish the fact that she was at fault. She had exasperated him without ruffling her own calm good temper. Second, if and when he did calm down, he would have to feel foolish because he would be unable to formulate an intelligent reason for his irritation.

So he sat down in the smoker and for some minutes nursed his grudge to the exclusion of any consciousness of what went on about him.

When he looked about him the train was pulling out of Mt. Pleasant, three stations beyond that where he had boarded it. The conductor was just coming through the doorway up at the front end of the car. Instinctively Mr. Dowson reached for his fifty-trip family ticket and found it in its proper place in his upper-right waistcoat pocket.

"My gosh," he thought, "the conductor must have been through the train at least twice while I have been sitting here. I never noticed him. And he must have missed my ticket entirely. Twice at least he's passed me by."

Mr. Dowson was both a moral and a timid man. But in dealing with railroads, electric light companies, and certain others his morality had to be bolstered by his timidity. He felt they were larger, more powerful, and richer than he, who could by no stretch of the imagination be called either large or rich. For him it was impossible to embrace a system of ten thousand miles of railroad, plus sundry trackage rights, in the tender bonds of the Golden Rule. When he paid his fare his heart never glowed at a vision of a white-haired widow eking out the proceeds of her few railroad bonds by embroidering smocks for the Women's Exchange. Consequently he paid it simply because he knew of no safe way of refraining.

In reckless moments in the past he had once or twice gone so far as to feign sleep as soon as he seated himself on the train, just to test the conductor's skill in spotting the newly entered passenger and demanding his ticket. But always before his closed eyes the vision of prison bars and malevolent jailers arose. He would open his eyes and surrender his ticket, considering it a cheap price to pay, not for a ride into town, but for freedom and an unsullied name.

But on this day the temptation to sin arose in a more seductive guise. In innocent unconsciousness he had twice ignored the conductor's imperial progression through the car. The deed, one might say, was done. Nothing further but a calm indifference was required of him who would reap the reward.

The conductor was beside his seat. Mr. Dowson buried his hands in his pockets and glared out of the window.

In an instant the conductor had passed. Mr. Dowson exhaled, surprised at the surcharged compression of his lungs. He took out his handkerchief and wiped from his brow the

little drops of perspiration which he felt forming there. By sheer force of will he restrained his head from turning around to see if the conductor was yet out of the car.

"Don't give it away now, boy," he whispered to himself.

As his pulse stretched out into normal beat, Mr. Dowson took stock. Four times more the conductor would go through. Could he survive four more such ordeals? Surely there was a better, surer distraction than looking out the window. Sleep ought to do it.

The train was slowing down for the next stop, and he lost no time in slouching down in his seat, putting one foot on the steam-pipe guard under the window, bracing the other knee against the seat in front, and settling down for a good restful nap. He always got sleepy on the train. Damned if he was now.

After a long, long time he cautiously opened one eye, certain the conductor was well past him. Something had gone wrong, however, for he was just approaching. He snapped the eye shut again, and a fresh crop of perspiration beads came on his forehead.

"He must," thought Mr. Dowson, "be passing right now," the thought stimulating further perspiration.

Another interval, and then another cautious one-eyed reconnoiter. The conductor was right by the next seat. The eye clamped shut again.

While he sat there in blind misery he thought never in his life had he felt so wide awake. But rather than risk another fright, he swore he would keep his eyes shut until he felt the train slowing for the next station.

When at last it did slow down, Mr. Dowson felt sure that sleep was not the solution. Three more ordeals lay ahead. If only he had a newspaper or a magazine. That would make it simple. Perhaps he could jump off at this station and get something at the



newsstand. But then the conductor might not see him get off, but see him get on again, and think he had not been on the train before. Then he would surely demand his ticket. So that was out of the question.

He searched his pockets for reading matter. The train was starting up. The conductor would be along. It would not do to be seen going through his pockets. It would appear as though he were searching for his ticket.

He took the ticket out. Here was reading matter.

"This ticket may be used only by the person whose signature is affixed below, or by members of his or her immediate family or domestic servants habitually residing in—"

He suddenly realized the conductor might see the ticket in his hand and think it was being held out for him to take. Stuffing it back into his pocket, he looked up the aisle. The conductor was approaching.

Mr. Dowson pulled a timetable from his pocket. There was no more printed matter about him. He studied it diligently.

"Light-face figures denote A.M. time," he read, reread, and committed to memory, thinking that he could probably save quite a lot of time in future by not having to look up which was which.

By dint of rigid self-discipline he maintained unabated interest in the

timetable during two of the conductor's passages through the car. There remained only one more ordeal, and then an unbroken run into New York, with the conductor safely out of the car.

His resistance was at low ebb. He felt drained and wrung out. He had already decided he would require a hot malted milk as soon as he got off the train, to pull him together and restore his sapped energies. That would reduce the wages of sin.

He made up his mind that he would employ no devices, no artifice for this last encounter. He would sit calmly in his seat, like an honest citizen and watch the conductor, who was after all but a simple wage-earner, come down the aisle.

The train had left White Plains, and the conductor was coming through the car for the last time. Mr. Dowson told himself that victory was now within his grasp and sat back. He could feel the tempo of his pulse ascending in inverse ratio to the distance of the conductor. As the latter drew up to him, he felt the first signs of suffocation.

Mr. Dowson whipped out his ticket and pushed it at the conductor, emitting an inane and quavering giggle.

"I think you missed me," he said.

The conductor looked at him, detached a coupon, and passed on without speaking.



## *Editor's Easy Chair*

### THE NAZIS AND THE JEWS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

FOR several days at this writing the noisiest headlines in the papers have been concerned with the activity of the Hitlerites and their emulators in chasing the Jews about in Prussia. These activities are very earnestly deplored in this country not only by the Jewish brethren but by reputable people generally, and particularly by those connected with religious organizations. They hold meetings, and talk on the radio, fulminate, execrate, remonstrate, and say it is highly indecent to chase the Jews round so, which is the prevailing view hereabouts so far as any is audible, and in most other countries, not excepting Germany itself. President Hindenburg, one reads just now, has interfered to say that such proceedings will not do.

What relation the news we get on this subject bears to the truth cannot be accurately calculated. What the particular Nazi objection to Jews is has not been disclosed by Hitler in formal documents. Some people say that the Jews who are particularly unpopular in Germany have been pushed into that country from Poland, where their presence was not desired.

Well, now, what are Jews anyhow, and what is the matter? They seem to be the descendants of a part of one of the tribes of the children of Israel, the tribe of Judah, to which was added

a proportion of Benjaminites and another of Levites. That apparently was the beginning of the Jews. When the children of Israel separated into two kingdoms, the ten tribes and two tribes forming rival governments, the two tribes—as all Sunday School-taught people know—were Judah and Benjamin; then the ten tribes relaxed a good deal in the direction of heathenism, set up strange gods, Baal in particular, and finally wandered off and were lost to history; whereas the two tribes, held longer by their religion, never let it go, but still, as is told in the Bible and is known from other sources, lost their independence and were more or less dispersed, part of them being carried to Babylon, and became wanderers all over the known earth. Jerusalem was lost to them as a capital and a seat of government, though there have always been Jews there. They mixed in their wanderings with many people of different creeds and colors. Some of them were part of the brilliant Moorish civilization in Spain and Portugal; though whether those early Spanish Jews were of the ten tribes or of the two may be left to more learned people to say.

Since the remnant of the two tribes known in modern times as Jews had a terrific discipline, those who survived bad living and bad treatment are an extra hardy lot. They were like the



Calvinists in one respect: Calvin would not let his adherents have any more fun than he could help. He chased away from them most of what was cheerful in life in so far as he could, with the result that they tended to concentrate on the accumulation of material properties, because avarice was one of the few vanities that were left open to them. So it was with the Jews. Their neighbors in the Middle Ages practiced quite conscientiously to shut them off from the pleasures of life, denied them most occupations, and forced them as far as possible to concentrate on banking and trading. What was the result? It was that there were few peoples in the world who could hold their own with these wandering Jews as traders and accumulators. Some could. There were the Scotch. Jews starved in Scotland, so report says, but in any country where people were simple and stupid—in Russia, in Poland, no doubt a good deal in Germany, and indeed in most other countries, the Jews prospered in spite of all impediments and naturally became objects of jealous concern.

Probably that is what is the matter in Germany now. The basis of it is not religion but race. But when the Inquisition succeeded in turning the Jews out of Spain and Portugal—the best lot of Jews in the world, by the way—it was not found that the kingdoms of the peninsula profited by this deliverance. The experience of Spain left in the world a deep-seated opinion that Jew-baiting is unlucky and that driving the Jews out of a country does not make for that country's prosperity.

**J**EWES here, as we know them, have a flair for certain kinds of business. They are useful as publishers of periodicals, in the show business, in music, in merchandising, in banking, and they have contributed practitioners of the first quality to medicine and law. An

infusion of Jew in other stocks is common and apt to be valuable. Jewish racial material when of good quality is one of the most precious ingredients that was ever cast into humanity. Of the common run of nominal Jews things much less flattering might be said, and probably are said in Germany, and doubtless have a basis there as they would have anywhere else. Jews do better in England (what there are of them) and have a better social standing there than in most countries, and get what is coming to them in government, in finance, and almost everything else. There have been and are very remarkable Jews in that country, but it has never been overrun by crowds of them as has happened in southeastern Europe and elsewhere in localities not necessary to specify. Any group of people that in the long run seems to be getting more than its share of what is accessible will come in due time to be disliked by observers who are less fortunate.

In various localities Jews tend to monopolize lines of business in which they get started and are successful, as one may hear that they control the ice business, and heaven knows what else, in the South. That is never agreeable to ousted competitors. Nevertheless, it was a Jew who gave a dissenting opinion in the Supreme Court the other day to the effect that Florida had a right to tax chain stores if she wanted to. The State, Justice Brandeis thought, could control merchandising to that extent, and that opinion as far as it went was a stroke in defense of individual merchants against organized trade.

American Jews are fervent supporters of government, take a moderate interest in politics, do not organize as the Irish sometimes do to subject large communities to Irish rule. They are seldom troublesome in politics. When we got into War there was no

complaint of any lack of Jewish support. Nevertheless, there is probably in all countries a difference between what is in the back of the general mind of that country and what is in the back of the Jewish mind there resident. The superstitions of the Jewish mind are different from the superstitions of the Gentiles. Consider the English—they have a saying—"Oh, yes, but it is not cricket!" Something that is not cricket departs from a standard of conduct that is in their mind. It is in a way a sporting standard, but it enters into the conduct of life. It may be doubted if even the British Jews, who are fairly British, revere that standard as to what is cricket. They do not necessarily see right and wrong precisely as their civilized neighbors do. Why is that? It would be ascribed partly to their experience of life through many centuries and partly to their being an Oriental race who see some things with the eyes of Asia rather than with the eyes of Europe. Well, of course, they do. But so far as appears, we are all Oriental races since we all came at one time or another out of Asia—though that is not certain and may not be the opinion held by the Museum of Natural History. But if one has been detached from Asia for only two or three thousand years, the Asiatic point of view may persist. There is a theory that the Anglo Saxons, the Celts, and various other more or less commendable peoples are the descendants of the Lost Tribes of Israel, and one of the objections to that theory is that the Lost Tribes were a Semitic race, whatever that is and if anyone really knows. No doubt the Arabs are Semitic. But races got very much mixed working their way across country from Asia to Western Europe. For a fact there are strong symptoms of Israelite in the British races where you find them in the British Isles and in the United

States. In a good many particulars the view of what is right or wrong is different in London from what it is in Paris or yet in Berlin.

NOW the Nazis seem to see the Jews all as one family and one kind and are for hitting them all on the head. They seem to have little respect for individual varieties, which seems to be a mistake, since there are great differences in quality, ability, and character of Jews according to the conditions under which they have lived and the racial mixtures that are in them. As wanderers of the earth, they have undergone rather more racial mixtures than most races, though all races have some, and the British races in particular a good many.

Hitler, it seems, is by derivation an Austrian and by talent and practice an actor. He is spoken of as the tool of the Prussian Junkers and represents their sentiments about the Jews as well as about some other things. The Junkers believe in force. They have valuable traits but are stupid. It is the opinion of the British-Israel authorities that they are the descendants of the Assyrians and that their propensity to beat up the Jews is just an outbreak of an immemorial habit of their mind which has run through thousands of years.

It is likely enough that we shall have in the coming years, and not many of them, a new and better edition of *Who's Who* in this world we live in that will contain very interesting and surprising stories. The world is being made over so much just now and has such penetrating changes in prospect that it is really as though a new creation were proceeding under our eyes, and it makes more interesting than usual an inquiry into the nature of the materials which may enter into it. The idea that the human race is one family and has got to hang together is



quite novel as a detail of politics and is considerably one of the fruits of the Great War. Seldom has mankind been so conspicuously under instruction as now. Possibly if we get a little more light on what we are and where we came from, we shall be able to make better conjectures about where we are heading and where we may come out. As for the influence of Jews, the Hebrew tradition, the Hebrew literature on present-day civilization, one hardly needs to say that it has been enormous, the greatest single spiritual influence that exists. The Old Testament is Hebrew literature. The New Testament one may say is Hebrew literature once removed. It is newer light from an old lamp. The Bible never went stronger than it is going now. It is really the great field of spiritual excavation. What there is in any writing depends very much on what is in the mind of the reader. Books that we reread, whatever they are, after ten or twenty or thirty years, tell us new stories because we bring new knowledge and new ideas to the reading of them. We look for new things because we have come to believe that they exist and are worth a search. That applies enormously in these times to the Bible, on which all sorts of investigations, diggings, comparisons, and decipherings shed new light and bring new wonders to examination. Politically, and perhaps economically, there may have been times as disturbed and as speculative as these times, but, mystically, they are very curious, hard to measure, and still harder to beat. Students of world problems who recognize the enormous rapidity with which knowledge has increased in our world in our time do not all seem to realize that knowledge is still racing forward and that the increasing powers of men over matter constantly affect the relations of human life. We have

to deal with what we had, and we have to learn from what has happened; but the big bet about all things includes a good deal of speculation about what is going to happen next—what will happen to gold, what may take the place of coal, oil, and such deposits as a source of energy. Also, and still more important, what will happen to religion, which relates us not alone to conduct but to the invisible world and the means and prospects of deriving power from that.

And there the Jews come in again for notice, for it is from them that has come most of the light we have in that great subject, and out of Judah came the greatest mind that has ever dealt with human problems and the only one—so more and more it seems to more and more people—that has solved them.

THE advent of beer and its reported effect on the speakeasies warrants thought about what will happen to the bootleggers when repeal comes. Let us hope that by that time or sooner employment will be abundant, but if not, and they have to swell the number of the unemployed, that situation must, of course, be faced. Probably some of them are already getting Veterans' benefits and, except that it is no time to have such benefits extended, they might be bestowed on recipients much less deserving than the bootleggers. The service they have done the country is not appreciated yet as a service, but it went far beyond the mere distribution of stimulants to the dry. It beat back an organized and determined assault on some of the most fundamental liberties of mankind.

Some day there will be monuments to The Unknown Bootlegger. Incredible? By no means! Give it time! How long did it take to find a place in London for Cromwell's statue?







DOÑA ASCENSIONE

By Kenneth M. Adams

*Courtesy of the Weyhe Galleries*



# Harpers

## *Magazine*

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### THE WALL STREET DEBT MACHINE

A STUDY OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE

BY JOHN T. FLYNN

**D**EBT continues to be nearly as profound a mystery as death.

And the Stock Exchange remains one of the unexplored places of the earth. We continue to sit outside the torso of the capitalist system, like a medieval physician outside the human body, speculating on what goes on within and arriving at conclusions as diverse and bizarre as those old thirteenth-century doctors did about the blood and its habits. We have done a little thinking in this depression, but it has been distinguished by extent and color and violence rather than depth. We have yet to lay the body on the table of the vivisectionist, open it up, observe the courses of the blood, and locate the point at which new blood starts.

Most amazing of all is the utter darkness which surrounds the operations of our security markets. No

one ever studies speculation. Occasionally someone sets out to expose it. If a Senate committee embarks upon an investigation of speculation it sends for the president of the Stock Exchange, a few stock brokers, two or three eminent commercial bankers, perhaps an eminent economist or two, and solemnly asks them what they think of speculation. The president of the Exchange and the stock brokers and the commercial bankers who have grown rich on speculation assure the committee that the Exchange is a model of efficient management and that speculation serves an essential function in our complicated economic system. It is never revealed that these lofty gentlemen have not once studied the economic effect of speculation and the results which it produces in the whole economic society. The eminent economists either approve of it or call



it gambling, which gets us no farther, since they too have never given a dozen hours of thought to the matter and then only, like theologians and philosophers, evolving notions out of their inner consciousness at a safe distance from all perplexing data. All this is supplemented by the testimony of a whole rabble of victims who have lost money in Wall Street, and the inquiry ends with no one a whit wiser about the economic effects of speculation than when it began.

It is my own belief that the economic effects of speculation are bad; that ninety per cent of the operations of the stock exchanges result in injury to our economic life; that this injury proceeds from the speculative mechanism of the exchanges, and that capitalism itself would be in a healthier condition if this speculative machinery of the exchanges were dismantled and they were limited drastically to the function of mere markets for actual capital securities.

## II

I began by referring to the mystery of debt and exchanges. We have learned a little about both subjects lately—if only a little. But that little serves to point to the fact that there is an intimate connection between the twin mysteries; that a large section of that vast network of industrial debt in which we are enmeshed is woven on the New York Stock Exchange and the other subordinate exchanges of the country.

We need not flounder too deeply in the current controversies about debt. Somewhere between the obscurities of the technocrats and the perfect complacencies of the stock broker there is a point upon which all may unite. One thing is certain—debt is essential to the continued functioning of the capitalist system. One other thing is

reasonably certain—debt gets the system into trouble at all too frequent intervals. It is at once the essential charge which primes the engine, and in the end fouls the spark plugs. Perhaps it is true that the capitalist system, like man and his mate, cannot live without debt and cannot live with it. On the other hand, it may be that when we understand better the peculiar function of debt in our economic lives we may find a way to manage and discipline it and tame it and make it serve industry with a minimum of trouble.

Debt is a device for present spending of future income. Whenever a debt is created, its economic importance is reflected in three persons. There is the fellow who lends the money. He does not spend it. He merely advances it to the spender and expects to get it back. There is the borrower, who receives the money borrowed. Having come into possession of it, he now proceeds to spend it, but he will owe it to the man from whom he borrowed it, and he must pay it back out of his future income. Then there is the man who gets it when the borrower spends it. He furnishes the borrower with an automobile, a house, a set of furniture, or perhaps his services as a doctor or dentist. But in any case, in his hands the money becomes income. It becomes *present* income—*newly created* income. If you will keep these three persons in mind, much of the obscurity which arises about whether money borrowed is really spent becomes clear.

Apparently prosperity is not possible without this pumping of additional income by means of increased borrowing into the streams of trade. Mr. Filene's Twentieth Century Fund has just made a report upon wealth and indebtedness in this country. The Fund makes the discovery that our wealth in 1929 was 385 billions while our debt was 134 billions. The *New*

*York Times* and the brethren of that contented school think this an excellent showing—that our debts amount to but one-third of our national wealth. They miss the point of this disclosure. This 134 billions—or a good part of it—was borrowed at some more or less remote time. It took the form of money loaned to the borrowers. And they in turn promptly spent it, turned it swiftly into the channels of trade, where it produced new income and added to the gaiety of the times. But alas! now it is due, and must be paid, and in the meantime, out of present income, its hire in the form of interest must be met regularly—or defaulted. To the extent that these old borrowings produced fresh supplies of income at the time, they conferred a benefit upon the economic community. They were a benefit then. They are a load now.

This is the point at which the controversialists about debt divide. But here again we ought to be able to find a common spot on which we can unite. It is this: that while debt confers a present benefit and future burden, it is pretty certain that debt which confers no present benefit, produces no present income, but only a future burden, is an economic evil.

If I borrow five thousand dollars to build a house I assume a burden which I must pay out of my future income. But when I make the loan I spend the five thousand on carpenters, masons, and other craftsmen and contractors. The five thousand becomes in their hands present income and moves into the arteries of trade as a life-giving flood. But if the man from whom I borrow the five thousand dollars forces me to give him a ten-thousand-dollar mortgage, then the burden assumed is, plainly, twice as great as the benefit conferred. It may be that I shall be able to lease that house at an exorbitant rental sufficient to pay the extortionate debt charges and principal.

That will make it all right for me and the lender. But looked at in its economic consequences to the community, there remains the grim fact that the income created by the debt is only half the burden assumed. Of course, it ought not to be necessary to argue with any practical man that if you load a sufficient number of houses and factories and enterprises with these weights of debt in excess of benefit produced by debt you can crush those enterprises and, in the process, ruin the whole economic society.

Now I assert that the stock exchanges of the country, as they are now operated, are devices for creating excessive debts—claims upon property and business enormously in excess of the benefits conferred upon business by those claims.

### III

The capital structure of a corporation constitutes a claim upon its assets. Part of these claims are fixed claims—bonds—the principal sum of which is fixed and the return equally fixed. Part of these claims are in the form of equities—common stocks—in which the value as well as the yield is subject to the vicissitudes of business. Both, however, are evidences of Capital's share in the enterprise. On any defensible theory they represent Capital's contribution to the industry. If the Capitalist makes a contribution in return for his bonds or his stocks there is at least no violence done to the sound theory. But if the Capitalist gets his bonds or his stocks without making any contribution to the enterprise, he becomes a dead-head passenger. His bond or his stock becomes a claim upon the assets—a load to be carried—without any benefit flowing to the industry. It becomes an economic burden. As already intimated, an individual enterprise may stand up



under such a load, but no great number of enterprises together can, and when this condition becomes a characteristic of an economic community its collapse is always inevitable.

With all this understood, how is the capital of corporations provided? By selling its stocks and bonds. But stocks are distributed to the public very differently from bonds. Bonds are usually publicly offered. The investment banker underwrites them—that is, he manages their issue, takes them off the hands of the corporation at a discount, and then proceeds to offer them to the public—advertising them, selling them to individual investors through banks, retail investment houses, and salesmen. It is generally supposed that stocks are distributed to the public in the same way—that the investment banker underwrites them and then sells them directly to investors. But this is not so. Stocks are very seldom offered directly to the public by investment houses. For instance, in 1928, which was a very active year, the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. marketed sixty-eight security issues, but not one issue of common stocks. The same was true of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. Harris, Forbes & Co. and the National City Company were the largest distributors of securities that year. The former distributed 240 issues, but not one of common stocks; the latter 227 issues, but only eleven of common stocks. The eight leading Wall Street houses participated in distributing 995 issues, but only 24 of these were common stocks.

If this is true, how do common stocks get on the market, and why are they found so little on the shelves of investment bankers? Common stocks are almost invariably sold privately and only to what are called insiders—organizers and promoters. They are then distributed to the public through the machinery of the New York Stock

Exchange or one of the numerous minor exchanges.

For instance, a Wall Street banking firm organized the United States & Foreign Securities Company—an investment trust. The capital of this corporation at its organization was \$30,000,000. This was obtained by selling \$25,000,000 of bonds directly to the public through the usual channels of the banking house. The remaining \$5,000,000 was raised as follows: An issue of \$5,000,000 preferred stock was put out and 1,000,000 shares of common stock. The bankers took this preferred stock, paying \$5,000,000—its face value—for it. They also took, as a bonus for buying this, 750,000 shares of the common stock. When the whole transaction was complete, the 25 million of bonds stood in the names of the investors who had bought them; the \$5,000,000 of preferred stock and 750,000 shares of common stock stood in the names of the bankers and associates. There had been a public offering of the bonds, but only a private sale of the preferred and common to the bankers. So far as the corporation was concerned, the transaction was complete. It had its 30 million. But the bankers, of course, now wished to sell their stock to the public—they wished to distribute it. This they did, not by public offerings, as in the case of the bonds, but through the mechanism of the Exchange. In other words, they had the stock listed. While they paid nothing for it, the stock was very soon priced at fifty dollars a share. It had a market value of \$37,500,000, although, of course, no part of this 37 million ever went into the corporation. How much of this common-stock issue was sold it is not possible to say. It is conceivable that fifty million dollars' worth was sold before the market break, in which case it is clear that this enterprise would draw \$80,000,000 from the public

investor, though only \$30,000,000 actually went into the business.

#### IV

The effect of all this will be seen if we look at a large-scale distribution of securities in a classic operation. I select it because the facts are well known and the men who managed it of the highest position in the industrial world. There will be nothing new in the facts surrounding the flotation of the United States Steel Corporation. But I hope the reader will see them in a new and somewhat different light.

When the United States Steel Corporation was organized its capital was fixed at \$1,321,752,500. This was made up as follows:

Bonds .....	\$303,450,000
Preferred stock .....	510,000,000
Common stock .....	508,302,500

The actual assets of the company consisted of the plant and properties of a large number of steel and ore and railroad companies and working capital of \$25,000,000.

The bonds of \$303,450,000 and \$188,566,160 of preferred were given to Andrew Carnegie for his Carnegie Steel Company. The balance of the preferred stock was given to various owners of the other steel plants taken over. J. P. Morgan got \$64,898,700 of the preferred in return for the \$25,000,000 cash for working capital, and banking expenses. He got an equal amount of common.

The \$508,302,500 of common stock was given to the bankers and the various organizers as a bonus. Not one nickel of cash or property was turned into the corporation for these shares. At this stage the corporation had all the funds it would get from the securities. The problem now before the bankers was to distribute the common shares to the public. Whatever they

got would add nothing to the prosperity of the steel business. It would go wholly to the owners of the shares. The distribution of this stock must now be made through the machinery of the Stock Exchange. If there were no Exchange it might be possible to hawk it about through the peddling process used in the case of bonds. But as this is not done and as, in fact, the Exchange is almost always used, it must be assumed that the Exchange is the more efficient method. In fact, the economist of the Exchange has more than hinted that without the machinery of the Exchange this particular issue could never have been floated to the public. The reason for this is plain.

First of all, there being nothing behind the common stock but a mere hope, few investors would have anything to do with it. But stock certificates have other uses besides investment. They are counters which can be used in the game of speculation. There are a limited number of persons who will buy a certificate of stock without any regard to its intrinsic value, the yield it offers, or the soundness of the underlying property, if they feel they can find someone in twenty-four hours or a week or two who will pay a little more. The Stock Exchange attracts around it large numbers of these speculators, so that there is always a group of persons willing to buy almost any share at some price. These speculators perform the function of holding stock through its maturing and developing years until it has been seasoned, when it is slowly passed on to the investor. If there had been no Exchange and, hence, no group of speculators around, there would have been no one to take these United States Steel stocks. It was these speculators who took the stock at first—at least two-thirds of it. A dozen years later it was still kicking about to the extent of half the issue in



the hands of speculators. It is probable that most of the organizers and promoters were pretty well rid of their common stock and much of their preferred within two or three years. In 1910 the stock lists were opened to inspection at an annual meeting. Then Henry C. Frick, who had been the largest holder of common stock, had only \$100 worth of it left and only half a million shares of preferred. J. P. Morgan, whose firm had got over \$61,000,000 in common and as much in preferred, had only 18 million in common left and \$3,700,000 in preferred. Charles Schwab's holdings were nearly gone. They had been "distributed."

The manner of doing this is well understood on the Exchange. Usually one group of brokers is instructed to buy and another group to sell. A syndicate of the promoters manages the business. The prices are carefully arranged. Sales begin to appear in the Exchange reports. There is rising activity. The price moves tantalizingly upward. Good news about the stock gets mysteriously into the papers. Rumors are blown about. And presently the speculator a good deal and the investor a little begin to nibble at the bait. And as this process goes forward the stock is fed to these buyers as they will absorb it.

The price of this Steel common opened round 42 to 45. Presently it was selling at 38 and there was plenty of trading at this figure. But the stock sold as high as 55 that first year and as high as 46 in the second. It is probable that the bulk of the insiders' holdings of common was unloaded in these years and much of the balance between 1906 and 1909 when at one time it went to 94.7. It is not too much to say that these organizers collected for this stock in excess of 250 million dollars, all of which went into their pockets and no part of it into the steel industry.

No one can doubt the part performed by the Exchange in distributing this stock. And no one can doubt that this stock would not be distributed without the agency of the Exchange and speculators. But unless you are prepared to assert, as a matter of economic policy, that a service to the economic machine is performed by the issuance of over five million shares of stock without any direct cash return to the industry itself, then you will have to concede that the machine which makes such a distribution possible is not a defensible thing.

Many people make money out of it — stockbrokers, money lenders, the promoters, the speculators and, where the corporation makes good, as in this case, even the final investors may do well. But in the end we must ask what the whole operation has cost the economic community. Here is part of the answer.

The original capital of the corporation, on paper, was roughly \$1,321,000,000. The actual capital was, in fact, less than \$800,000,000. What did the public which bought steel in the ensuing thirty years pay for the use of this capital? The total dividend and interest payments in thirty years were:

Interest . . . . .	\$892,410,939
Dividends, com. and pfd. . .	1,951,016,261
Surplus . . . . .	329,000,000

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\$3,172,427,200

To this must be added \$508,302,500, the original paper value of the common stock, which the corporation finally wrote off out of earnings. This brings the whole sum collected by the capital contributors to the enterprise to \$3,680,729,700. This is a huge sum and amounts to an average of 14 per cent per annum on the actual original capital invested. But you will see that the bulk of this went to the common stockholders. The amount paid

to the common stockholders was:

Dividends.....	\$927,499,736
Surplus.....	329,000,000
Cost of common.....	508,302,500
Stock dividend.....	213,321,000
<hr/>	
Total.....	\$1,978,123,236

This huge toll has been abstracted from the national income as the tax levied on a single enterprise by this vicious system of issuing and distributing stocks. It is perfectly obvious that if it were not exacted as the cut of the common stockholder it would be available for wages of labor or for division between labor and the public which bought the steel.

While we must acknowledge the efficiency of the machine—the Stock Exchange—which made the distribution of this stock possible, we must also ask whether the stock should have been created in the first place and whether there ought to be a machine for the distribution of this sort of stock.

Of course, it will be urged that in spite of all this the corporation turned out to be a huge success; that it began to earn money at once; and that after the passage of years it piled up a surplus which actually did put real value behind the common stock. This is true. But that surplus and all the capital thus added was produced, not by the common stockholders, but by the corporation itself out of its own earnings.

This seems to be the rule. Industry gets its capital on the whole from bondholders and preferred stockholders and produces the balance itself. *Industry actually contributes capital to the common stockholders.* At no time in the life of these Steel common stocks was there a flow of value from the stockholder to the corporation. The theory that by offering a mechanism for distributing stocks the Exchange assists industry by obtaining the needed sup-

plies of capital was certainly not borne out in this case.

General Motors has been an extraordinarily successful corporation. It has made immense profits. This has been the result of wise management. Its stock has been traded in on the Stock Exchange for many years; but it would be difficult to discover any operation in which that distribution brought any capital into the General Motors Corporation and thus into the automobile industry.

The corporation was formed in 1908. The initial capital was \$7,000,000 in preferred and \$4,211,000 of common. How much cash was put up for this I do not know, but understand it was very little if any. Thereafter no money was ever put up for any common stock, though great sums were issued. About \$185,000,000—roughly—was issued in exchange for the stock of other corporations bought by the company. This represented true capital contribution, but the amounts of stock thus issued were extremely generous. Thereafter, in stock dividends some \$245,000,000 in additional stock was issued to these stockholders, by capitalizing earnings and surplus. In other words, while the ultimate claim of the stockholders became \$435,000,000, the greater part of it was obtained by capitalizing earnings and surplus. When the corporation needed more money than the earnings afforded, huge as they were, it was raised by issues of either preferred stock or bonds, but never by common-stock issues. The common stock was offered for distribution always after it had been issued to the organizers.

Between 1908 and 1917 the claim of common stockholders on the assets of this company was increased from \$5,000,000 to \$76,000,000 without any serious additional contribution by them to the company's capital. The number of shares was increased from 50,000 at \$100 to 760,000 at \$100 and then, by a



ten-for-one split, to 7,600,000 at \$10. These shares were all in the hands of the organizers and the few who had acquired them. But by 1915 the shares were pushed up on the market to 558 and after the split-up to round 135—a total market value of \$1,026,000,000. At this point the shares were what is called “seasoned.” That is, they were ready for “distribution.” The country was now ready for that extraordinary adventure in the “democratization of industry” which consisted in distributing these shares through the medium of the exchanges to the public. By 1917 the General Motors Company common stockholders had grown to 2,790. The next year they doubled. By 1919 the number was 18,214. By 1920 it was 36,894. By 1921 it was 66,837. The machinery of the Exchange was clicking with amazing efficiency as the process of distribution went forward. But it is difficult to see how anything was being contributed to the motor industry by this distribution save a growing inflation of the common stockholders’ claims upon its assets. It is unnecessary to multiply the incidents. The financial world is full of them.

## V

It is important to describe briefly an example of a different sort. Insull Utility Investments, Inc. was an investment trust formed by Samuel Insull and a number of prominent financiers in Chicago. This investment trust provided for the issuance of three million shares of common stock. Ostensibly these shares were sold directly to the public. But as a matter of fact, the usual method of distribution through the stock exchange in Chicago was used. I point to this case because it offers an excellent instance of why distribution is made through an exchange; because here the stock was distributed immediately and without

waiting for that seasoning process which we observed in the case of United States Steel and General Motors. As soon as organized and its stock issued, the shares were listed on the Chicago Stock Exchange. But this stock was never issued directly to the public. It was issued to certain insiders and organizers and promoters and at prices fixed by the corporation. Meantime, the promoters managed the prices on the Exchange. Many brokers were instructed to keep up plenty of activity and at prices directed by the managers. With plenty of activity, plenty of publicity, plenty of rumors, all boosted along by the persistent and vigorous rise of the stocks, the public buyers flocked in, placed their orders with their brokers, and bought through the usual channels of speculation. Here is what happened.

In Illinois when stock is issued by a corporation the amounts issued and the prices paid must be reported to the Secretary of State each month. I have secured the record of these issues. From January 4 to 9, 1929, some 764,000 shares were issued. Whoever bought them from the corporation got them at an average price of \$7.48 a share. This was a private sale. The buyer could then place them with his broker for sale. A few days later these shares were being sold on the Chicago Stock Exchange for \$30 a share. The corporation sold them to the organizers for \$5,765,908; they sold it to the public through the exchange for \$22,920,000. This went on for months. At one time shares were being issued to the private buyers at \$15 a share when the price on the Exchange had been forced up to \$43 to \$46.50 a share.

The total difference between the price at which the shares were sold to the private buyers, whoever they were, and the price on the exchanges during the identical periods amounted to over \$79,000,000.

## VI

Of course, all the common stocks issued are not sold privately to insiders. A good many shares find their way into the stock market by other channels. But they are very seldom put out in a public offering. Stocks are split up and thus distributed entirely to the existing shareholders of the corporation. A good many new shares are put out as stock dividends. Obviously, these bring in no fresh capital to the corporation. Stocks are issued often to retire bonds and still oftener in order to enable bondholders to convert their bonds into stocks. Stocks are issued for fresh capital chiefly for cash or to be issued in exchange for the property of other corporations or upon warrants or options.

Where stocks are issued for cash they are usually publicly sold. Where they are issued in exchange for properties bought, of course there is no public selling. When they are issued for rights or warrants or options, obviously they are not publicly sold. Rights and options are always issued either to existing stockholders or to insiders.

I have made a study of sixty-five issues listed on the New York Stock Exchange in the first three months of 1928—a very active period. The total number of shares issued was 26,795,954. Of this number only 1,459,642, or 5.4 per cent, were issued for cash. The chief types of issuance were:

	<i>Shares</i>	<i>Per cent</i>
In reorganizations..	5,095,309	19
For rights.....	5,732,019	21
Exchange of stocks..	8,506,119	31

Except in the case of mergers, these issues brought in no fresh assets, and in no case did the machinery of the Exchange assist in increasing the capital of the industry. But it did assist in putting huge sums into the pockets of

the fortunate holders of new issues. I give a few instances:

1. Corporation A declares a stock dividend of 63,000 shares. The stated value of the stock is \$10. The stockholder receiving the shares can sell them at that very time for \$32 a share.

2. Corporation B permits bondholders to convert their bonds into common stock at the rate of \$80 a share. It issues 41,000 shares for the purpose. At the moment the shares are selling on the Exchange at \$169 and very soon they went to \$207.

3. Corporation C issues rights to subscribe to 253,000 shares of common at \$25 a share. Those who exercise the rights can sell their shares at the time at \$48 a share. The corporation gets \$6,450,000. The subscribers get \$12,-384,000.

4. Corporation D buys out the stock of another corporation, appraises it at \$25 a share, and issues 1,030,000 shares to make the merger. The insiders of the corporation thus purchased can then take those shares bought at \$25 and sell them for \$51. A little later they were worth 74 $\frac{3}{4}$ .

The mechanism of the exchanges—all of them—lent themselves so easily to this sort of thing that the "profit side of wealth," as Mr. Raskob beautifully described it, was to be found not in the rendering of constructive service to a great business, but in managing its stocks, speculating in them, conducting pools, declaring stock dividends, making split-ups, whipping up by every means which the resourcefulness of market operators could contrive, the natural human propensity for gambling. Many a perfectly simple-minded business executive was instructed patiently by the investment banker how he could merge his business or reorganize it or do something with it to enormously expand its security liabilities and then push them up on the market to undreamed-of heights. The effect, there-



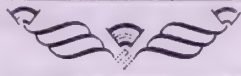
fore, has been to expand the capital liability of business out of all proportion to the capital contribution made by bond and stockholders. A study of the capital structure of some large corporations—particularly in the railroad and utility field—reveals huge masses of debt, almost beyond belief, debts which could never be incurred without the peculiar machinery of the stock exchanges for whipping up prices. It is for this reason that it is entitled to be known as the debt machine. And it is for this reason that the sections of its machinery designed for producing excessive debt should be dismantled.

Of course, I do not favor the abolition of the Stock Exchange. As long as you have stocks and bonds in a corporate system you must have a market where they can be bought and sold. But first of all stocks and bonds should be limited drastically to issuance only for actual and full-value capital contributions to the corporate enterprise. And then trading in stocks and bonds should be limited to buying and selling between persons who use stocks and bonds as media of investment. Their use as counters in a gigantic game of gambling ought to be brought to an end. The pretense that all this stock speculation plays any part in financing industry is preposterous. Most of the actual financing of industry is done, as I have pointed out, by capital derived from bonds and preferred stock and from the earnings of industry itself and not from common stocks. Yet the portion of the Exchange devoted to buying and selling bonds is just a very small room in one corner of the great floor where a few brokers meet

daily in composure and quiet. The great trading floor and almost all the energies of the institution are given over to operations in stocks which have made little or no contribution whatever to industry but constitute chiefly a claim upon its fruits.

I believe the speculative machinery of the Exchange can be dismantled. It must be done, however, by recognizing that the Exchange is not the only factor to be dealt with. The Exchange is merely the marketplace. On that market the business is done with money and securities. The flow of securities for speculative purposes must be checked. That can be done only by making it impossible to issue shares for anything but actual money or its equivalent in property, subject to the most rigorous public appraisals. Stock as bonuses and as stock dividends and in split-ups ought to be forbidden. On the other side, the money of the people in the banks should be ruthlessly excluded from the stock market. This should be supplemented by regulations applying to the Exchange forbidding margin trading and short selling. With this as a start, a long step would be taken toward the crippling of speculation.

This should be done, not with the mere idea of protecting foolish people who are drawn into the stock market against the consequences of their own folly, but in order to paralyze an organism which loads industry with excessive debt, squeezes out of the capital market vast sums on the theory that it is financing industry, and then permits only a small part of that capital to flow into income-making channels.



## HILL 61

A STORY

BY LAURENCE KIRK

"**T**RAGIC, tragic!" murmured Mrs. Jefferson. "But he plays a very good game of bridge."

The remark was addressed to Miss Smith, her paid (and underpaid) companion, who was cleaning up the bridge tables after the afternoon's orgy. There were four tables to clear up, for Mrs. Jefferson had been indulging in one of her larger parties, and the last of the guests had just gone. Mrs. Jefferson's parties were quite a feature of life at Bath, and her handsome room in Cavendish Place really looked lovely in the afternoon sun. She was looking round it now with complacent admiration, for the party had been a success. She had won four and sixpence, a very suitable amount for the hostess, and had not revoked—even once.

"I really think he's quite one of our best players," she went on.

Miss Smith had not been with her long enough to realize that when Mrs. Jefferson dropped these little remarks she expected them to be picked up. They were cues to which Miss Smith should answer, "Oh do tell me more about him, Mrs. Jefferson," or "I think he's such an interesting man!" However, in her ignorance, she let the opportunity pass. As she gathered up the innumerable ash trays and collected the pencils she merely looked rather wistfully out at the chestnuts in bloom on the Common, and thought how

wicked it was to stay indoors on such an afternoon. She realized vaguely that Mrs. Jefferson was apparently speaking of the poor old gentleman in the wheeled chair who had been the last to go. But she didn't care whether he played a good game of bridge or not. She was coming to the conclusion that she hated bridge.

Mrs. Jefferson, meanwhile, went to the window and looked out, not at the chestnuts, but at her beloved Colonel as he was wheeled away in his bath chair.

"Yes, there he goes, poor man! . . . Ah no, he didn't see me."

As there was still no encouragement from Miss Smith, Mrs. Jefferson decided to go on without it. After one glance of profound displeasure, which had equally little effect on her paid companion, she continued reminiscently, as though talking to herself:

"Always the last to go! . . . It's really quite a little ritual . . . just waits quietly until the others have said good-by, then we ring the bell, and up comes Mr. Goliath and takes him away."

"Mr. who?" Miss Smith suddenly showed signs of interest.

"Mr. Goliath—the man who wheels him about. Of course I don't know if that's his real name, but that's what the Colonel calls him. And it's very suitable, don't you think? Such a monster!"



"Very," Miss Smith agreed.

"But the Colonel never complains. Never. Never. He's such a good man. So patient."

Miss Smith, having gathered up the last of the ash trays, became a little more sympathetic.

"Has he always been like that, Mrs. Jefferson?"

"No—not always." Mrs. Jefferson's voice was suitably hushed, but her eyes sparkled, for she saw that at last she had a clear run for her story. "Come and sit here, my dear, and I'll tell you about it. It's a very very sad affair."

Miss Smith patiently sat down and waited.

"Colonel Meryon is a very distinguished soldier," Mrs. Jefferson proceeded, "I don't know *how* many times he was mentioned in despatches, and they say that he ought to have had the V. C. *at least*. . . . Put another coal on the fire, will you, my dear. . . . Anyhow it was at Hill 60—I dare say you've heard of Hill 60—that the terrible thing happened. There was an attack. The Colonel was at the head of his men, sword in hand, leading them."

"I expect he had some bombs in his pocket too!" Miss Smith suggested, getting quite excited.

"I don't know anything about the bombs." Mrs. Jefferson was not too pleased at the interruption. "But I am quite certain he had his sword. Up over the crest they went and down a steep hill, then just as they got to the bottom, a mine exploded and blew them all to bits!"

"But not the Colonel!"

"No, not the Colonel—but he never recovered. He had lost the use of his legs. It was the shock, they said."

"Oh, poor man!"

"Yes, but that wasn't the real tragedy."

"Oh, there's more?"

"Yes, they brought him home and they never expected him to live. He had a house in the country then, a few miles out of Bath. And my cousin Agnes volunteered to nurse him. Of course she wasn't *really* a nurse, my dear. Agnes was a *lady*—very good family. But she was absolutely devoted to him."

"Did she think he was going to die?"

"Certainly not. She saved him, gave him something to live for. We were all *so* delighted when we heard they were going to get married. Agnes was *such* a capable woman, and it was such a comfort to think that he would have someone like that to look after him. . . . But then . . ."

"But then, I suppose, she found she couldn't stick it," Miss Smith suggested brightly.

"My dear, really you must not interrupt—especially if you are going to say outrageous things like that." There came a deep gurgle in Mrs. Jefferson's interior, a distressing thing that always happened to her when she became indignant. However, she sat very upright and continued:

"Agnes *never* deserted anyone. She was a very exceptional woman. I simply cannot tell you what she did for that poor man—she made his life quite different. Little things that only a woman can do. A most devoted couple. Really touching to see. Yes, for two years they were very very happy . . . and then . . . Oh I really cannot go on."

"Oh, please do, Mrs. Jefferson."

"Well, it was one day at lunch," Mrs. Jefferson just touched her eyes with her handkerchief. "The Colonel was sitting in his wheeled chair at the table, and Agnes was at the sideboard, near the French window, carving—she always waited on him herself, you know— Then . . . Oh, my dear . . . before his very eyes a man crept up to the window. And before he knew

what was happening, he had darted in and stabbed her—dead, with her own carving knife.”

“Oh, I say!” Miss Smith at last was moved. “That was pretty horrible.”

“Horrible? It was *too* awful. Think of that poor man, helpless in his chair! Before his very eyes! Oh, what he must have suffered!”

“It was nasty for Agnes too,” Miss Smith observed.

This rather took the wind out of Mrs. Jefferson’s sails, and Miss Smith went on:

“But what did the man do it for? It seems so silly.”

“It was an escaped lunatic, my dear. They caught him afterwards. Quite, quite mad. He didn’t remember anything about it.”

“And was he hung?” Miss Smith asked eagerly.

“Hanged, please, Miss Smith. No, he was not hanged. He was sent to Broadmoor.”

“Oh, I say! And the Colonel didn’t die even after that?”

“No. But he has never”—Mrs. Jefferson sighed—“absolutely *never* been the same man since.”

“I should think not!” Miss Smith put her head on one side and considered for a moment all the strange things that could happen in life. Then, as Mrs. Jefferson seemed to have come to the end of her story, and as some suitable comment appeared to be called for, she added:

“Funny after all that to end up by just playing bridge!”

Mrs. Jefferson stared at the girl. What possessed me to think she would ever do as a companion? she wondered. She doesn’t even seem to know the rudiments of her place.

She was, in fact, just on the point of saying something rather sharp to Miss Smith, when the door burst open, and Rawlins, who ought to have known

better, dashed in in great distress.

“Oh, mum . . . a terrible thing has happened . . . the Colonel!”

Goliath, having closed the door of Mrs. Jefferson’s room, put on his bowler hat from behind, just like Mr. Robey, and proceeded to steer the chair down the stairs. It was not one of Goliath’s good days, and he bumped the chair at most of the corners on the way down. Colonel Meryon, however, was accustomed to the jars and jolts to which his helpless condition exposed him, and he made no complaint. Not that he was the good patient man that Mrs. Jefferson supposed him. In spite of his charming manners, he wasn’t even very tolerant of Mrs. Jefferson herself. Silly old trout, he was thinking. Always puts me at her table, and she plays like a fish.

Rawlins was at the door, holding it open, and she said good-night both to him and to Mr. Goliath. A moment later Goliath lifted him into the big bath-chair that was waiting, and proceeded to attach the neat little wheeled chair, in the usual way, behind it.

“Lovely evenin’, Colonel,” he remarked as he did so.

“Yes, a very beautiful evening,” Meryon agreed.

“Win any money, sir?”

“No, I lost.”

“Well, that’s too bad. Had a bad day meself at the races. . . . However, we’d better be getting along.”

As they started on their sedate progress down the hill Meryon suddenly decided that he would like a turn in the fresh air before going home.

“I think we might go back through the park to-night, Goliath. It’s such a very fine evening.”

“Oh, we ain’t hardly got time for that, sir.”

“But it doesn’t matter if we’re late.”



"Don't it?" Goliath snorted. "Mrs. Meecham'll blow my head off if I don't have you home in time for dinner."

With that he gave the bath-chair a sharp twist, away from the park, and proceeded towards the sepulchral silence of St. James's Square.

Meryon said no more. What was the use? There was a tear at the corner of his eye, but it was no good arguing. When a man was helpless it was just one tyranny or another. Agnes or Goliath. It did not matter much which. One was a child and one mustn't be a nuisance.

Then another thought occurred to him. Why do I stand it, he wondered, why have I gone on so long? Five years! Surely that was long enough to wait. Why don't I get out at this very moment and hobble down through the park on my own legs? What is there to prevent me?

But he didn't do it. The bath-chair continued its appointed course. St. James's Square, St. Andrew's Church, Catherine Place and Margaret Buildings, Brock Street, the Circus, then down the steep hill in Gay Street. And so on and so on and so on. And all because Mrs. Meecham and Goliath decreed it! Or had God decreed it? That was the point about which Meryon had some doubts.

St. James's Square, St. Andrew's Church . . . But Meryon saw none of the buildings on the way. He did not even see the white clouds in the blue sky. The past was coming back to him, first as single lantern slides, and then as a continuous cinematograph. Vivid, so vivid that he was glad that Goliath couldn't see his face.

First there was the Officers' Mess at Aldershot before the War. That was a mere etching of a sane world with fixed values. And it was also a stab of pain. Then there were woodcuts of the War abroad: mud in Flanders and mud in France. And finally the

sharp outline of that tense moment before the attack—hearts beating even louder than the deafening roar of the barrage.

Of the attack itself there was no picture. It was a blank. There were odd moments afterwards in hospitals, dim negatives clouded by an ever-darkening shadow—the knowledge that he had lost all communication with his legs. And then his homecoming: rather different from what he had expected. And finally Agnes. There was no memory of his first impression of her, for he was desperately ill then, and she made no impression.

Later she was just a presence that was always there. Mouse-colored hair and a high thin voice. Little softness, but then he didn't like softness. Really she was rather like the better kind of sergeant-major.

Perhaps that was why he had married her, for he had always been a furious soldier. Or perhaps it was because he knew she wanted it, and couldn't think of any other way of paying for all she had done. Or perhaps it was because he thought he was dying, and did not care.

The wedding. He had been wheeled up to the cake in his chair, and he had cut it with his sword. Hard work to control his feelings! Some of his officers were there too, and that was the brightest and saddest memory of them all. After that it was Agnes and Agnes and Agnes. She loomed up larger and larger until she filled the whole horizon. The Great Preventer, he came to call her in his own thoughts, for she always knew what was good for him. Mustn't drink too much. Mustn't smoke too much. Mustn't sit in a draught. . . . Not a nurse, not a wife, but a wardress.

Even now as the bath-chair trundled along past St. Andrew's church, his cheeks burned with the indignity of it. For he had always been a martinet in

his regiment, and his word was law. But he had been delivered helpless into the hand of Agnes. Whenever they had servants soft enough to give him the little things he wanted, or keep up the pretence that he could still command, Agnes, on some pretext or another, always got rid of them. And yet to the outside world her tyranny appeared to be devotion. It was terrible the vengeance that life could take!

Mustn't read too much! Mustn't sleep too long! Mustn't sit in a draught! Sometimes when he was alone, it had made him cry like a little schoolgirl, for he was too proud to ask for mercy, and his quiet requests were just brushed aside. And the way she cut a ham! That might have seemed to have been a small thing, but to the cripple it began to assume gigantic proportions. The art of carving a ham had always been a kind of religion with him. In the Mess he used to take young subalterns aside and show them how to slice it into thin transparent flakes, and woe betide them if it were ever half a millimeter too thick.

But Agnes cut it like hunks of bread—and they had it every single day for lunch. He had tried to teach her how to do it, but she told him not to be fussy. He had begged to be wheeled up to the sideboard so that he could do it himself, but she told him that he mustn't tire himself. Only on special occasions, when he had been very good, was he allowed to sharpen the knife!

Thus one day in May, for the hundredth time, they had sat down to their servantless lunch of ham and salad and cheese. It was a heavenly day, and the French windows by the sideboard were flung wide open on to the vivid green lawn outside, separated only by a stretch of crazy paving from the room. And what was better, the knife and the sharpener were at

the Colonel's place at the table, for they had a new servant who did the little things he wanted.

Agnes pushed his chair up to the table, handed him his napkin in case he might forget it, then went over to the sideboard to carve the ham.

"Tchah," she made a querulous sound with her tongue and teeth. "That fool of a girl has forgotten the carver."

"Here it is, my dear." The Colonel had just picked it up to sharpen it.

Agnes came over briskly to take it from him.

"I've told her dozens of times not to put it there."

"But don't you think it wants a little sharpening, my dear? As it is here, couldn't I? . . ." The Colonel was reluctantly parting with his prize.

"Nonsense, it's quite sharp enough. You're getting very fussy, Michael."

Her back was turned and she started carving.

"Don't you think we might have a hot lunch for a change, my dear?"

"I thought you said you liked ham."

"So I do, my dear . . . All the same . . ."

"Of course, if you want the servants to give notice."

"Very well, my dear." He realized once again that revolt was useless. "Just the merest flake for me, if you please."

A moment later she came over with his plate and put it in front of him. Great slabs of ham cut anyhow! He stared at it as she turned back again, and started to carve for herself. The blood was mounting to his face, and his hands were clenched. It was intolerable. Intolerable. . . . Intolerable.

For a second his helpless fury increased to a climax, then suddenly he realized that he was standing up—*standing up* after all these years. It seemed like an hallucination, but he



took a step forward, and his legs supported him. Then balancing himself with one hand on the table, he tottered forward up to Agnes, stiffly, like a robot.

She never saw him until he was right on her, then a deadly fear paralyzed her. She couldn't move or cry out.

"Great slabs of ham!" she heard him mutter. "I'll teach you!"

Then he took the knife from her lifeless fingers and plunged it in her breast.

For three eternal seconds he stood looking at her as she lay on the floor. Blood, he was thinking, but not on me. And it's better than some poor harmless German peasant.

Then he hobbled back to his chair again.

For half a minute after that he sat staring fixedly out of the window.

"My God!" he murmured, "I'm cured. . . . And now I'll always have to be a cripple!"

And quite suddenly he began to scream.

The fingerprints—his and hers—were so confused upon the knife handle that they told no tale. Many fingers might have struggled on it, and he told how he had himself sharpened it. The crazy pavement could not retain a footprint in that dry weather, and the Colonel managed to mutter, over and over again, that the man had not come across the grass—he would have seen him in that case, and so would Agnes. He had suddenly leaped in through the window from the paving. And there was an escaped lunatic about—Meryon simply repeated the description he had read in the newspapers. It all seemed very probable, especially as a few helpful and deluded people at once imagined they had seen the man near the house that morning.

When caught, the lunatic insisted that he was Charles the First, and

talked a great deal about the Divine Right of Kings, which did not help the police to trace his movements on the day in question. However, a half-solved mystery was better than one that was not solved at all, and in the end they duly put him in Broadmoor, although the experts insisted that his insanity was not of a homicidal nature. The experts also examined the Colonel and certified that he could not possibly have done it. This was for the private information of the police, and was not made public, for nobody dreamed, except one skeptical inspector, that the Colonel could or would have done it. Meryon himself felt that he was lucky in that it had happened in the twentieth century. In a less enlightened age they might have stuck pins into him until he gave definite proof that he could use his legs: but as it was, they confined themselves to scientific methods, and he escaped.

Escaped! It was an odd sensation. About Agnes he had no regrets. He felt that the manner of it was more merciful than she deserved, and he would have done it again, even if he knew he had to swing for it. For the lunatic he did feel rather sorry, but he consoled himself with the thought that one asylum must be very like another, and that anyhow he probably imagined that Broadmoor was the Palace of Whitehall.

The one point he couldn't decide in the weeks that followed was how long he would have to wait before he dare show that he was cured. Six months, he thought at first. But when the end of the six months came, he put it off. Mustn't be in a hurry, he thought, must make a job of it. And he decided to wait till the year was up.

Meanwhile at dead of night he sometimes got out of bed, and hobbled round to see that the precious nerves were still alive. He knocked over a

vase one time, and was nearly caught by Mrs. Meecham, which made him more careful than ever in future. The strain of this assumed immobility was almost unbearable at times, but when the end of the year came he still felt it was too soon. He couldn't make up his mind whether it should be a sudden cure or a gradual improvement. It was all so difficult to stage. Better wait a little while longer. Another six months . . . another year . . . another six months. And yet another year. Now it was already five years since the date of his crime. Goliath and Mrs. Meecham had grown almost as tyrannous as Agnes, and he was still a prisoner in the cage of his own making.

Would he never escape? Sometimes he thought that he never would. Sometimes he made plans.

St. Andrew's Church and Margaret Buildings. Brock Street and the Circus. . . . The bath-chair was just bumping up on to the pavement as they crossed the road into the Circus, when he suddenly came to a decision.

"To-morrow—yes, I must make a start to-morrow."

He had made resolutions like that before, but this time he felt that he meant it. The rooks were cawing in the four magnificent trees in the center of the Circus, and up on the right there was a gray-haired woman at a window watching him. She waved, and he waved back. A cripple like himself! He wondered who was the despot in that house.

"To-morrow—yes, I must make a start to-morrow."

They were just turning the corner, down the steep hill, into Gay Street, when a puff of wind came up and blew off Goliath's bowler hat. Just for a second Goliath let go the chair to reach for it, but another puff followed and blew it just out of his reach. Cursing under his breath, he plunged

after it . . . and the chair began to move.

The Colonel saw his danger at once. He gave a sharp cry, and even as he cried out the thought flashed through him—Now, now, I must get out now—they'll think the shock of the danger has given me back my legs. . . . There've been heaps of cases. People paralyzed for years. And I'm not helpless. There's no reason why I shouldn't.

The chair was already moving fast, and Goliath had stumbled as he started back to save it.

Now—now—now, thought the Colonel. Faster and faster went the bath-chair. Faster and faster went the thought through the Colonel's mind. But he couldn't move—those carefully cherished nerves refused to work. He, who had always responded to the thrill of necessary action, however dangerous, could not respond now. Yet only last night he had walked round and round his room for his usual hour, patient, sure of himself. . . . Now, for the first time, a vision of that unexpected crime came back to him, but not as it had occurred. It was as though, for one strange vivid moment, his story had been true, and he had seen, helpless in his chair, the maniac spring at Agnes and plant the knife in her breast. The helplessness he had not suffered from then or since seized hold of him, as though his maniac had come to life and were holding him down. The Colonel realized, with a grim inner smile, the revenge his nerves had taken, and he accepted his beating like a soldier.

It was an astonishing sight that met the eyes of the few pedestrians in Gay Street. The bath-chair hurling down the middle of the road, with Goliath, bowler in hand, panting after it, and the Colonel sitting foward, steering it, alert, alive, intent, just like a pilot in the Schneider Cup Race.



What was stranger still, they distinctly heard him shout as he whizzed past:

"At him! At him! Up and at him!"

It was supposed by some that he thought he was back at Hill 60, fighting the Germans, charging down that slope with the mine at the bottom. There was no mine at the end of Gay

Street, but the Bristol bus was up to time. It turned the corner just at the wrong moment, and it did what the mine had failed to do.

A very gallant soldier was what they wrote on his tombstone. That was perfectly true. They might have added—and a very great artist too, but then of course they didn't know that.

## PROTEST

BY E. O. LAUGHLIN

**I**T IS so strange that beauty such as yours,  
From elemental dust should be created;  
And yet more strange that only dust endures,  
And soft, sweet flesh so soon is dissipated.

*The Artist who so infinitely planned,  
And through long, patient eons grew so skillful  
To fashion beauty with unerring hand—  
Why should he be so whimsical and willful?*

*The works of man survive. The pyramid,  
Crude pile of stone, refuses still to crumble;  
The Grecian god of marble, ages hid,  
Lives on in palace, crypt, or attic, humble.*

*The effigy remains upon the vase,  
The saint upon the canvas, smiling sweetly;  
But long ago each living, breathing trace  
Of shepherdess and saint was lost completely.*

*It is so strange! From dust to dust again—  
What is the plan? What purpose that increases  
Through endless ages to attain, and then  
To toss aside incarnate masterpieces?*



## ON THE GENTILITY OF GENTILES

BY ELMER DAVIS

**E**ACH spring there arises in my family the problem of where we are to spend the summer; and among the countless summer colonies within two or three hours of New York whose prices are within the reach of a middle-class professional man the choice somehow narrows down in the end to the three or four settlements where we have spent previous summers. They offer plenty of variety; some are in the mountains, some beside the sea; some are addicted to golf, some to tennis; at one or two you have to do a good deal of dressing up, at the others you can wear anything you like; here the nucleus of New Yorkers is diluted by Brooklynites, there by Bostonians or Philadelphians. But in one respect all these resorts are alike: wherever we go, wherever we can afford to go, we can't ask the Rosenblatts down for a week-end.

Nor the Ecksteins, nor the Blaufarbs. The Ecksteins and the Blaufarbs would feel that they were slumming if they visited any of the summer colonies I could afford; at their country places they have Gentile neighbors, Gentile friends—Gentiles who are rich enough and prominent enough to be able to afford to associate with anybody they happen to like. But no place within reach of my purse will admit Ecksteins or Blaufarbs, even as guests. The rich seem able to endure their company without defilement, but not the middle class.

The Rosenblatts have little contact

with the rich; they differ in no way from the typical family at any of our moderate-priced colonies—except of course that they have more brains, and perhaps a little more money. Like the rest of us, they are solid and settled persons; their interests, social and intellectual, are our interests; their manners are our manners—or perhaps a little better; like the rest of us, they entertain a somewhat tepid respect for religion in the abstract, but seldom enter a house of worship. Yet it is enough to damn them that they are Jews. Some of our summer neighbors know the Rosenblatts in New York and keep on good terms with them—perhaps for the same reason that you would keep on good terms with your Japanese acquaintances if you lived in Manchukuo; still, they do keep on good terms with them. But once let these same people get away to the country for the summer, and they will tell you with all solemnity that the colony would be ruined if it ever began to let in Jews.

Perhaps in that "began to" lies part of the explanation, or at least of the excuse; where one Jewish family goes other Jewish families are apt to follow; as even the most Hebraeophile of Gentiles will mournfully tell you, they all have relatives. So they have, but Gentiles have relatives too, and their relatives can be extremely offensive. Also, where one Gentile family goes other Gentile families are apt to follow. You usually get into a summer colony



on the recommendation of friends who have been there before, after an inspection by the proprietor or the membership committee. Friends are sometimes careless in their recommendations, and membership committees sometimes make mistakes. But when a disagreeable Gentile family gets into the colony, or Gentile neighbors make the place noisome with their intolerable relatives, people feel that this is one of the inevitable hardships of life, a cross that must be borne. Whereas a disagreeable Jewish family would evoke the comment, "Well, what can you expect of Jews?"

In the case of one settlement where we used to spend the summer, I can see some excuse for a policy of rigorous exclusion. It lies in a mountainous district which ought to be renamed the Hill Country of Judah, and the Hebrews who have chosen that part of the world for their summer resort are in the main the least pleasing specimens of their race. When you see the countryside and the market town overrun by fat women from the East Side clad in sweaters and dirty white linen shorts, the fatter the shorter, you return thankfully to the colony, a Gentile island in a Hebrew sea, and feel as if you and your neighbors were a little band of Greeks making a desperate last stand at Thermopylæ against the engulfing hordes of the Orient. Naturally enough; those Jews are not our kind of people. But they are not the Rosenblatts' kind of people either; and the Rosenblatts, by most of the tests of congeniality, are our kind. Nevertheless, the gates are barred.

Once only in its history that colony harbored a Jewish guest over the weekend. A leading resident, for some reason which I have forgotten, had to see a Jewish friend in such a hurry that he asked him out to his summer place. The visitor happened to be by far the most distinguished person who had ever

visited the settlement; but his host smuggled him in as cautiously, and kept him out of sight as vigilantly, as if he had been an abolitionist of the fifties harboring a fugitive slave.

The same feeling shows itself in other places than summer colonies. Once I lived in a suburb—a typical suburb, chiefly inhabited by Aryan Protestants who were desperately clinging to the ragged edge by tooth and toenail, trying to meet the mortgage payments and keep up a front at the same time. A neighbor of mine had a bitter grievance against the real estate company, or the club committee, or somebody else in authority; and getting no satisfaction, he was driven to the awful threat, "I'll sell my house to Jews!" He could not have done it; the sort of Jews who cared to live in that suburb would not have bought his modest cottage. We had several Jewish residents, and the least opulent of them lived in a house far better than his. But to point that out to him would have been unkind, and futile. For by that time he was in a mood of homicidal and suicidal frenzy; he wanted to do the very worst thing he could think of—scuttle the ship, derail the train, blow up the powder magazine; betray the citadel, and let in the alien who would steal the palladium of Aryan exclusiveness.

## II

Now any group of people may reasonably prefer to live, if they can, in the company of people of their own sort, especially when they live in the isolated intimacy of a summer colony, or even the semi-isolation and semi-intimacy of a residential suburb. To say that we want in our colony only families of the same general background as our own, families who are (or were, in the days before everybody went broke) adequately but not offensively prosperous, and sufficiently but not in-

conveniently intellectual—that is no more than good sense, and could give legitimate offense to nobody. But when families which meet the test in all other respects are excluded merely because they are what is called Jews, that is rather disquieting; and less disquieting to the Jew (who can always find some place to spend the summer) than to the reflective Gentile.

For what is a Jew? Wherein lies the difference that debars the Rosenblatts and their like from our summer colonies? Not in religion, surely. There may be an occasional Catholic family in these settlements, but the overwhelming majority is Protestant, in the sense that we are of Protestant background and habit of mind. But few of us go to church; and those who have any interest in organized religion give their somewhat Laodicean allegiance to Modernist Protestantism, whose differences from Reformed Judaism are infinitesimal. The religious difference would be sound reason for excluding orthodox Jews (who would not want to fellowship with us anyway), but none of the Jewish families we know is orthodox.

Nor is it a matter of race. If the evidence of history and of eye-witness observation is worth anything, the Jews are no more a race than the Germans; like every nation in modern Europe (to say nothing of America), they are a mixture of races unified by a culture in so far as they are unified at all. Even that culture is chiefly of alien and largely of Christian imposition; what people think of as traditional Jewish characteristics cannot be discerned in the Jews who appear in the first trustworthy historical passages of the Old Testament. The Jews of David's day were ignorant and bigoted farmers, exactly like the hill-billies who made up the strength of the Ku Klux Klan. The Phœnicians were the smart business men of that period, and

while Hiram, King of Tyre, complained that Solomon had gypped him in a real-estate deal, that seems to have been a distinct exception. Then and for centuries after the bulk of the Jews had the hill-billy's distrust of the cityslicker who appreciates the amenities of life; the roars of Amos of Tekoa against those who lie on beds of ivory, and chant to the sound of viols, and drink wine in bowls (they used goatskin bags, back in Tekoa) set the keynote to which rural fanatics have faithfully attuned their vituperations for twenty-seven hundred years.

Judaism as we know it began with the Exile, and some think that Hebrew business ability was learned by the rivers of Babylon; but as late as New Testament days the typical Palestine Jew was an ignorant and bigoted farmer. The Jews scattered about the Roman Empire were artisans more often than business men; the Syrian was the shrewd trader of those times. Probably many "Jews" of to-day are the descendants of converted Carthaginians, and I believe that there is a theory that Jewish business ability dates from the annexation of that gifted commercial race. But the most authentic Carthaginians in the United States, the Minorcans of St. Augustine, seem to have lost those ancestral impulses; like Fafner, they lie quiet and possess; and I do not see why traits that died out of Christianized Carthaginians should have survived in Hebraicized Carthaginians but for Christian compulsion.

The Jews—the mixture of many races unified by the Jewish faith—became traders because medieval Christendom kept them off the land, and sharp traders because they had to be sharp to live under Christian persecution; they congregated in ghettos because Christians drove them there. If Jews are better business men than Christians, it is because the Christians



compelled them to get a several hundred years' start; if they stand together, it is because the Christians taught them that in standing together lay their only tenuous hope of surviving at all; if some of their names are grotesque, those names were imposed on them by Christian officials.

All of this, perhaps, is irrelevant to the feeling of my summer neighbors; they are concerned with the manifestations of Jewish shrewdness and solidarity, not with its origins. The point is that these manifestations have all but disappeared from the Jews we know. Jews are still apt to stand together under persecution, mild and severe; you cannot easily eradicate the habit of fifteen centuries. But with the ghetto a dimming memory, with Jewish orthodoxy (in this country at least) fading as fast as Christian orthodoxy, the only unifying influences are tradition and culture. And they are far weaker than the average Gentile may think.

In New York City there are two million Jews who may in moments of excitement think of themselves as all Jews together; but only in moments of excitement. In between times, the Spanish-Portuguese Jews who came (mostly from Holland) in the seventeenth century snoot the German and Alsatian Jews who came in the early nineteenth century; and they both snoot the Russian Jews who came in the later nineteenth century; and they all get together to snoot the Levantine Jews who arrived in the early years of the twentieth century—these last being, ironically enough, the distant cousins of the Spanish-Portuguese Jews of the top layer. It merely happened that one lot went east and the other north when Torquemada drove them out of Spain; but talk to a member of the Congregation Shearith Israel about his Levantine brethren down on Rivington Street, and you are likely to get

as frigid a look as if you talked to an Irish Catholic about his brethren the Polish Catholics—or to a French Catholic of the old stock about his brethren the Irish Catholics.

There is of course an immense cultural difference between the typical member of the Congregation Shearith Israel and the typical Levantine Jew of Rivington Street (though one of the most useful citizens I ever knew was a Levantine Jew from Rivington Street). What made that difference? They are both Jews, and Jews of the same tribe; they have enjoyed without interruption the same Jewish culture. The difference is that for four hundred years they were exposed to different Gentile cultures; in the one case the culture of Holland and America, in the other the culture of the decadent Turkish Empire.

Now the culture that is molding all middle-class Manhattan to-day is the local culture of an island metropolis, little understood and still less liked by the hinterland. Where a man came from, and which of the countless races represented in New York supplied his ancestry, is a matter of less importance to most of us than our common interests and our common habits of mind. This is true of almost all New Yorkers of Protestant background, of almost all Jews who have escaped from the ghetto tradition; of most of the Catholics who do not carry their Catholicism to the point of making a religion of it. The dominant influences that shape the Rosenblatts are the same that shape the Smiths and the O'Gradys; and it seems irrational that a summer colony which admits the Smiths and the O'Gradys should keep the Rosenblatts out.

And, finally, my summer neighbors cannot be accused of anti-Semitism in the ordinary sense of that word; they are as indignant as anybody at the behavior of the Hitlerites; they abhor the

idea of persecution of Jews, of discrimination against Jews in business, professions, public life. But they will not have Jewish neighbors, even if the Jews are in all perceptible respects like themselves.

The one imperceptible but decisive difference is that Jews are Jews, whatever that means, and we are Aryan Protestants, even though our Aryanism is theoretical and our Protestantism vestigial. Ask any of us, and we would admit that Aryan Protestants are the salt of the earth; though we should not say so without being asked. That would be vulgar boasting; also we feel that the fact is self-evident. So Irish Catholics feel in their bones the superiority of Irish Catholics, Russian Jews of Russian Jews, Turkish Moslems of Turkish Moslems. It is a healthy way to feel—so long as you are really convinced of your superiority and do not try to prove it by the offensive arrogance which is the symptom of the inferiority complex.

As arrogance goes, the exclusion of Jews, agreeable as well as disagreeable, from summer colonies is a not very offensive variety; but I am afraid it is an unmistakable symptom none the less.

### III

Being an Aryan Protestant, I am as firmly convinced of the high merit of Aryan Protestants as any Prussian Nazi; indeed rather more so. I am so sure of it that I feel no need to prove it by breaking the windows of Jewish stores, or to insist that I must not be exposed to the competition of Jews in my profession. And the reasons, aside from inherited prejudice? Well, the virtue of the Aryan (granted that he is only an ideal abstraction) is that he looks the universe in the eye and tries to do something about it, instead of bending submissively before the inevitable. And the virtue of the Prot-

estant (however individual Protestants or Protestant churches may have sinned against the Holy Ghost) is insistence on the right to think things out for himself, and acceptance of personal responsibility for the consequences.

The Catholic, the orthodox Jewish, the Moslem way of life, each has its special virtues, and no doubt the human race needs them all; but we should not be even as human as we are, we should not have much hope of ever getting anywhere in the future, without the contributions of Aryan Protestantism to world culture. That is why I hate Adolf Hitler and his followers as no Jew can ever hate them; they have made Aryan Protestantism ridiculous.

The Germans profess to be the most Aryan of Aryans, and their dominant group considers itself the most Protestant of Protestants (though Hitler himself is a Catholic, or a renegade Catholic). Queer things seem to be happening to their Protestantism, with Thor and Odin set alongside Luther; but their Aryanism was never more vocal. "Nordic blood represents that Mystery which has replaced and vanquished the ancient sacrifice," says a gentleman now high in the German government, named (somewhat surprisingly) Rosenberg. But since there are Gentile Cohans and Leavys in Ireland, there may well be Aryan Rosenbergs in Germany. You would suppose that sixty-odd million Aryans endowed with this invincible holiness would not need to be afraid of six hundred thousand Jews, but they are. When, before the Nazis had captured the government, their strong-arm men swept down the Kurfürstendamm in Berlin one Passover, beating up all Jews or suspected Jews, you would expect that each of these Aryan heroes, strong in his self-conscious superiority, would attack twenty Semites. Not so; twenty Aryans ganged on a single Jew.



Mr. Edgar Ansel Mowrer, from whose *Germany Puts the Clock Back* I draw these edifying instances, observes that Jews have been living in Germany—and the most civilized parts of Germany at that—certainly since the Dark Ages and probably since Roman days; by history, habit, and cultural environment they are more “German” than most of the Junkers east of the Elbe who consider themselves super-Germans. But this does not matter to the Aryans, who fall back on the unverifiable criterion of race, and prove their manly strength by beating the enemy into submission—a carefully selected enemy whom they outnumber a hundred to one. This is the inferiority complex at its very worst; nothing the Germans did during the War, even, can touch it.

But of course the Jews are a dangerous lot, a race of diabolical cleverness—if you believe the Germans. Well, if the average Jew is more clever and more intellectual than the average Christian, the Christians have only themselves to blame; they compelled the Jews to earn their living by their brains through several centuries in which Christians made their living by wielding (according to their respective social stations) the sword or the hoe. But it seems that the Jews have an even worse vice. They are eternal aliens, unassimilable—the tapeworm in the organism, as the well-remembered Count Reventlow delicately puts it. Their racial-religious culture has such vitality that no surrounding culture can dissolve or even dilute it.

If this is so, the Jews do not know it and never have known it. All Jewish history, down to the triumph of Christianity, resounds with complaints that Jews would not be Jews if they had a chance to be anything else. King Solomon married some goy wives, and immediately began to be what would nowadays be called an assimilationist.

So did King Ahab, a hundred and fifty years later. Those were early and simple days; but presently the prophets developed the concept of a peculiar and chosen people, the favorite of the one God of all the earth. It followed that this people's culture, rooted in true religion, was superior to all other cultures; and it was a source of bitter annoyance to the prophets that Jews exposed to any other culture usually wanted to try it.

Even after the Exile and the Return had confirmed the Chosen Remnant in its conviction that it was the salt of the earth, Jewish boys took to marrying goy girls from Ashdod, Ammon, Moab; and Jewish culture was apparently as much imperiled by these Gentile influences as German culture is alleged to be imperiled by Jewish influences. The pious Nehemiah had to use Nazi methods to get his people back on the right track. “I contended with them, and cursed them, and smote certain of them, and plucked off their hair. And one of the sons of Joiada, the son of Eliashib the high priest, was son-in-law to Sanballat the Horonite; therefore I chased him from me. Remember them, O my God, because they have defiled the priesthood. Remember me, O my God, for good.”

But the tendency seemed ineradicable. Jewish culture had managed to escape engulfment in Phœnician culture, Babylonian culture, Philistine culture; but it pretty nearly succumbed to Greek culture. A high priest of the Seleucid period “built a place of exercise, and brought the chief young men under his subjection, and made them wear a hat. Now such was the height of Greek fashions that the priests had no courage to serve any more at the altar; but despising the temple, and neglecting the sacrifices, hastened to be partakers of the unlawful allowance in the place of exercise, after the game of discus called

them forth." What is the self-conscious superiority of God's chosen people, compared to the Gentile joys of throwing the discus and wearing a hat? Luckily there was raised up Judas Maccabæus, the Hitler of his day, who rallied the hill-billies and saved the old-time religion.

It is one of the great achievements of Christianity that it managed to stamp out this inclination of the Jews not to be Jews if they could help it. For more than a thousand years before the Christians got control of the secular arm assimilation had repeatedly menaced the very existence of Judaism; but when Jews had no choice but to remain Jews or turn Christian they preferred to go on being Jews, even at the risk of expropriation, torture, and the stake. For fifteen hundred years they remained steadfast in their allegiance to their own culture; but when Christianity began to weaken, the old assimilationist tendencies revived. Many Jews even turned Christian when they were no longer in danger of being burned alive for not turning Christian. They were still God's chosen people, the salt of the earth; but when at last they could exercise freedom of choice without sacrificing their self-respect, many of them chose to discard their unique privileges and do what was being done by the best people around them. And this is what German philosophers call "the eternal Jew."

#### IV

If Jews no longer turn Christian, it is because the best people are no longer as a rule conspicuous for Christian devotion; but assimilation to a rationalist or indifferent Gentile culture is going on as fast as in the days just before Judas Maccabæus. New York has hundreds of thousands of Jews who are still living in ghetto conditions and are not yet rid of the ghetto psychology;

but it also has thousands of Jewish families who are virtually indistinguishable from their Gentile neighbors. In the arts, and the businesses ancillary to the arts, the assimilation is already practically complete.

This, in a city so largely Jewish, is a two-way assimilation; it means the evolution of a local culture containing elements of both Jewish and Gentile origin. To me, an Aryan Protestant, that seems a gratifying development; the people who froth at the mouth about it are not, as a rule, the self-conscious Gentiles, but the self-conscious Jews, the spiritual descendants of Nehemiah. Much has been written about the Jewish inferiority complex, but its social manifestations are merely the sort of thing you will always see when a lately submerged social class is winning its way to wealth and power. The really serious and sickening displays of the Jewish inferiority complex are offered by people of a much higher order. The fanatical Jewish super-patriot who goes round with a chip on his shoulder, insisting not only that Jews are superior to Gentiles but that Gentiles must acknowledge that superiority, who sets people down as anti-Semitic merely because they do not like him personally—where is the difference between him and the Nazi? It is greatly to the credit of the mass of intelligent Jews that they have perceived, sooner than the mass of intelligent people of other tribes, that no culture has a monopoly of merit; and that to claim a monopoly for your own is only to make yourself ridiculous.

It is an abrupt descent, perhaps, from the megalomaniac enthusiasms and noble rages of the German Nazis and their Jewish similars to the somewhat pallid preferences and antipathies of my summer neighbors. The difference in degree is enormous, because my neighbors are more kindly than Hitler or Nehemiah, and also, I fear, more in-



effectual; but it is only a difference in degree, not in kind. Its implications are most unflattering to Aryan Protestants and its practical consequences are most unfortunate for society.

For the natural reaction of a Jew who has practically stopped being a Jew, who feels no difference between himself and his Protestant neighbors, and then discovers that those neighbors are still conscious of an ineffaceable difference—his natural reaction is to go back to being a Jew, and a rather fanatical Jew at that. Many Jews, to their great credit, resist this impulse and wait for the slow attrition of time to bring the Protestants to their senses; but others decide that if the surrounding and predominantly Gentile culture in which they feel themselves merging spews them forth, if they are compelled to flock with people of their discarded ancestral faith rather than with people of their own kind, they had better make a virtue of necessity and argue that Jews are the only people fit to flock with, that any Jew is *ipso facto* superior to any Gentile. The argument is quite as rational as that any Gentile is *ipso facto* superior to any Jew; but few modernized Jews would ever make it if they were not driven to it.

This middle-class Protestant exclusiveness is hampering and delaying—though I do not believe it can permanently prevent—an assimilation which is important for the well being of American society, and vitally important for the well being of the metropolitan society of New York. But quite as unfortunate is the light it throws on the mentality of Aryan Protestants. If we were so sure of our superiority should we be afraid to expose it to comparison? The rich and great, in the main, have more self-assurance. Those of them who compose the residue of what used to be called Society may often prefer not to fellowship with

Hebrews; but those whose riches and greatness depend on what they have done themselves, not what their ancestors did, are more likely to impose no criterion but personal congeniality.

But my friends and summer neighbors are not the rich and great. They are good people—kindly, pleasant, useful; but it would be rather hard for them to claim any special superiority on visible and tangible evidence. If they must be superior, as apparently they must, they can be so only through setting up by implication—of course they would never put it so crudely—the doctrine that middle-class Aryan Protestants are automatically gentle-folk, and Jews of the same class are not. The definition of a gentleman is a debatable matter, which need not be gone into here; it need only be said that I know of no definition which would include all my Gentile friends and exclude all my Jewish friends unless you set up this unarguable delimitation by creed and race.

I think better of Aryan Protestantism than that; we have our peculiar virtues and we need not be afraid of comparisons. But the Protestant habit of mind has one disastrous weakness, as evident in ex-Protestant rationalists as in those who still keep the faith—the tendency to quarrel most bitterly with those who are most like us but not quite like us, instead of sinking our trivial differences and standing together against those who are not like us at all. (The early Church had the same failing, before Catholic doctrine was defined and solidified by the great Councils.) Middle-class reformed Jews or ex-Jews are almost exactly like us; if we really believe that we are the salt of the earth we ought to welcome them, assimilate them, instead of drawing a line on scientifically untenable grounds and driving them back into fellowship with people who are not like us at all.

But the Aryan Protestant is afraid—secretly, often unconsciously, afraid; afraid that his race and his faith are dying out. Bewildered and alarmed, he can think of no defensive measure but to keep to himself as far as possible, preserve himself from the contaminating presence of more devout and more prolific breeds. I believe his fears are exaggerated; evidence on birth rates seems to show that fecundity decreases, whether automatically or by voluntary action, as any class improves its economic status—and this despite the thunders of a religion which on this one point still has some aid from the secular arm. Also, the Protestant middle-class would have more children if it were part of a sanely organized society which guaranteed some security for people who were willing to work; and I am optimist enough to believe, even in such times as these, that there is a chance that our children may live in that sort of society.

As for the fading of our faith, Modernist Protestantism and Reformed Judaism are both half-way houses—wayside tourist camps for those who are on the way out from orthodoxy to complete freedom of thought, but do not feel strong enough to make the whole trip all at once. It would seem not only more intelligent but more fraternal, even more Christian, to make friends with our fellow-travelers; they may have come from a different starting point but their destination is the same as our own. The Modernist clergy do this, of course, but few of their parishioners seem willing to follow them. Yet Jewish orthodoxy is disappearing more rapidly than Christian orthodoxy; and the Jews we meet in the half-way house may some day be useful and needed allies, if the present tribulation continues and begins

to drive the weaker brethren back to the Everlasting Arms.

I do not suppose my summer neighbors perceive all these far-reaching implications of their insistence that the Rosenblatts must not be asked down for the week-end; but the implications are inescapable once you set any criterion but that of personal congeniality. When you do that you say that we are the people, the salt of the earth, not by reason of our achievements, our tastes, our reactions, but simply in virtue of an ancestral creed that most of us have discarded, and a racial inheritance that is largely mythical. Against the exclusion, from colonies that ought to be like-minded and harmonious, of offensive Jews (or offensive Gentiles) I have no objection. But when you say that people who are like us in tastes, ideas, and manners must not be allowed to pollute the holy place even for a week-end, then you are descending to the ghetto psychology without the ghetto's excuse.

But I am afraid this reasoning will have no effect on my Aryan friends. In the cities where they live in the winter they are not perceptibly superior persons; they live where they can and as they can, and they are likely to be outshone by their Jewish neighbors. (Unintentionally outshone, quite often; but that makes it all the worse.) But they must demonstrate their superiority in some way, and summer gives them their chance. They flock by themselves in aboriginal reservations, Aryan ghettos, to which any decently presentable Gentile who looks as if he could pay his rent can gain admission—provided he understands that he may have no Jewish guests.

Some of my Jewish friends are rather hurt by all this; which, after all, is more flattering than if they merely laughed.





# DOING BUSINESS WITHOUT MONEY

BARTER, EXCHANGE, AND PRODUCTION IN DAYTON

BY GEORGE R. LEIGHTON

**W**HAT happens when people try to do without money? Here and there, throughout the country, are communities and groups so hard hit by the depression that they are making the attempt to let both cash and credit go. Some are trying out ways to put life into moribund business, others are hoping to ease the tax burden of relief, groups of the unemployed are attempting to make their own jobs and lift themselves out of their doleful plight. In general these attempts have fallen into one or another of the following classes:

1. Outright barter. This is an extremely clumsy method of doing business: I may agree with you to exchange a bushel of potatoes for a second-hand overcoat or swap a typewriter for a lawn mower.

2. Commodity exchange. This is usually a retail store where goods of all sorts are swapped, but where some of the clumsiness is removed through the use of scrip money. Such scrip is theoretically backed by commodities which are in demand.

3. Manufacturers' exchange. This is an industrial trade association through which a chain of different industries attempts to supply their mutual wants by the exchange of equipment, raw material, or finished products, and do this without the use of money.

4. Production exchange. Such an organization attempts itself to produce the various commodities which its members need in daily living. Occasionally the barter idea appears when members ex-

change with outsiders the surplus of what they make or grow.

5. Scrip currency. Such currency has made its appearance in various towns and as a rule has actual money backing. It is not a medium used by a particular group or by the unemployed, but is in general circulation, accepted by merchants, banks, and everyone in the town which issues the scrip. Clear Lake and Hawarden, two towns in Iowa, have received wide notice for their use of scrip.

In general these ingenious attempts to do business or make a living without money have suffered from a most ill-advised species of publicity. A harassed and unhappy country has greedily swallowed news reports and magazine articles which gave the impression that it was possible overnight to discard our rickety system of profit and competition and set up, in the twinkling of an eye, a happier and more satisfying substitute in its place. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

The following trumpet blast from Stuart Chase gives an excellent example of how far this sort of thing may go: "Some millions of Americans in 1933 are going to re-educate themselves by embarking upon the largest programme of organized barter and 'wooden money' exchanges that America has ever seen. They do not propose to lie down and starve so long as some have commodities and others services to exchange among themselves. If legal money is not available . . . they will

make their own local money. Thousands are already doing it, and so learning that food, shelter, and clothing do not come out of banks but out of their own efforts."

Such a statement is the most arrant, cruel nonsense. In the first place it is not true and, in the second place, stuff of this sort persuades people who are already in bad shape to embark upon ventures that are sure—without money—to fail. None of the different self-help or barter projects has escaped our system, however rickety it is. In one way or another they are sustained by it. They are, in many instances, duplications of it, made to function through a vast expense of labor and pains. Money has got to come from somewhere, and numbers of these new economic organisms are already dying because their financial life-blood has been exhausted. The persons concerned have been re-educating themselves all right, but the results have been anything but happy. Unfortunate though it may be, food, shelter, and clothing still do come from banks, and the fact that this is so is partly responsible for the wretched condition in which America finds herself. The scrip circulated through the town of Clear Lake, Iowa, is not wooden at all. It is backed by hard cash subscribed by merchants in the town.

The fact that these projects depend upon money, have in one way or another duplicated our system, does not mean that the system is admirable. Our system is unbelievably complicated and has shown itself to be completely worn out in thousands of places. Proof of the fact may be seen at every hand. If it be proposed to change it so that the distribution of commodities will be arranged with the primary purpose of providing food, shelter, and security for all, the change will have to be thorough-going; there is no use whatever in making imitations of what has

already proved to be unworkable. Proposals to do this are plain evidence of a desire to eat your cake and have it too; and it seems pretty plain now that such cake-eating is not going to happen, no matter how bitter the disappointment of the social planners may be.

Up to now the most widely advertised of these "moneyless" organizations have been found in the West and Middle West, in the cities of Los Angeles, Seattle, Salt Lake City, Denver, Minneapolis, Waterloo, Iowa, and the two Ohio towns of Dayton and Yellow Springs. The present article is an attempt to describe the experiences of people in Dayton, Ohio, in their attempts to set up a going economy in the place of the one that has broken down. Other towns will be considered in a subsequent article.

## II

Should the traveler from New Zealand visit the city of Dayton he would find side by side two groups of monuments which mark the beginning and the end of an era of extraordinary prosperity. The first of these is a series of castles, town-banker and capitalist residences, which still stand, scattered through the center of the town. The dressed stone, the plate glass, the carriage houses represent every style of architecture going back, decade after decade, to the very beginning of the mansard era. In these mansions once dwelt the magnificents of the town. Near at hand is the other group of monuments, a number of hotels which rose during the boom and now wait piteously for a crowd of guests that never comes. Between the Civil War and the crash Dayton had a long and prosperous growth. There the Wright brothers made their first experiments with the airplane and there the cash register was born. Civic pride has flowered in parks and gardens and



museums. The citizens will tell you that the late John Patterson, the cash register king, regarded his town with an almost patriarchal affection and was unstinting in his benefactions. They will tell you that they have a graftless government and that Dayton was one of the first cities in the country to adopt a commission and city-manager administration.

But pride is cold comfort now, for the city is hungry and hard up. The disastrous failure of the Union Trust Company last year dealt a severe blow to the town's morale. Unemployment is mounting precipitately, and out of the town's 52,000 families (population 200,000) it is now estimated that 20,000 have no wage-earning members, and of these more than 10,000 families are completely destitute and receive relief from the city. Relief costs—not counting expenditures made by private agencies—rose from \$396,000 in 1931 to \$1,092,000 in 1932. Much more will be required this year; the State, the R.F.C., and the city supplying equal amounts. The city's share will amount to more than 30 per cent of the total operating costs of the municipal government.

It became obvious last year that no matter how efficiently the city administered its relief and no matter how able the assistance of the Community Chest might be, the condition of the unemployed was growing desperate, and that morale had sunk to a very low ebb. In the face of this growing despair there arose in Dayton last summer two entirely different schemes for combating it: one was the Dayton Association of Co-operative Production Units, the other was the Dayton Mutual Exchange. Though the two have been somewhat confused, there is actually no connection between them. Managed by sharply contrasting personalities, they are directed toward two entirely different ends.

The Production Units began in July, 1932, when two women from the Council of Social Agencies held a meeting in a mission church in a Negro quarter of the city. Only one man in this neighborhood had a job; most of the people had been on relief for two years or more. The women who held the meeting took with them a quantity of yard goods, some grease for soap making, a hand grist-mill, and some wheat for grinding. The scheme which they outlined to their Negro audience was this: that the colored people themselves should make clothing—shirts, overalls, dresses, and so on—with material furnished them. Then they were to turn back to the City Relief Store finished clothing equal in value to the cost of the material, keeping the surplus for themselves. They were told that they might make soap and grind flour and do various other things on the same basis—in other words, earn some of the things they needed in a town where only one of them had a job. After many questions and searchings of the gift horse's mouth, the neighborhood decided to organize itself and begin this new kind of production. It is still in existence and, in its fervor, has changed the neighborhood name from Tin Town to Home View. It secured a house rent free for its headquarters, acquired sewing machines and other equipment, and set up for business.

Within a very few days family groups in other neighborhoods were asking for help in organizing Production Units and to-day there are twelve Units in all, loosely bound together by a Council, having a total membership of 650 families. The members, for the most part, start with nothing but their hands. Their equipment has been acquired in a variety of ways:

1. Many of the Units have been lent buildings to house their activities and have been given or lent machinery, automobiles, raw materials, and services.

2. They have the City Relief Store as an outlet. They buy on credit and sell to the city for cash the products that they make. With the cash they pay their bills, the surplus products they keep for themselves.

3. They have been able to borrow cash from a small loan fund set up by the Community Chest. With this cash they may buy machinery or other capital equipment. These purchases have to be of a self-liquidating character, made so through sales to the City Relief Store or to outside customers, and the loans must be repaid in 90 days. So far they have been.

4. They have traded their commodity surplus or "profit" for equipment. They have bought equipment with money earned on odd jobs picked up throughout the city. They have worked on outside jobs, taking wages in goods or equipment.

5. In addition to these helps in starting business, the families have still had city relief to fall back on. They are not now self-sufficient and most families are still, to an extent, receiving relief from the city.

All this assistance and enthusiasm did not come out of thin air. The plans were made by the Council of Social Agencies and have the active interest and backing of the city government. The engine behind the whole project has been a young woman from the Council. Though the Units are independent and direct their own activities, the influence and tireless energy of this woman is felt throughout the whole enterprise.

The fundamental principle to which the Units all subscribe is that the commodities—food, clothing, fuel, everything—made or acquired by the Unit shall be distributed to the members on a basis of need rather than of earning power. Though every member, man and woman, must do his or her twenty-eight hours a week, no one is "paid" according to the number of hours put in. A family with five children receives more than a family with two; workers who are sick and cannot work receive their share as before. This attempt to obliterate the earning-hav-

ing-spending tradition of generations has met with success, though it is interesting to see that the sense of property is still present in a collective sense. The members of a Unit will share among themselves without complaint, but they are quick to show jealousy when another Unit acquires more goods or equipment than they.

The first by-law, passed by the general Unit Council, declared against any sort of color discrimination. Two of the twelve Units are colored and there is a sprinkling of Negroes elsewhere. How much real meaning is there to this declaration? The writer, attempting to unearth traces of jealousy and suspicion between Whites and the Negroes, questioned members picked at random from a number of Units and could detect none. If feeling exists, it is certainly not apparent on the surface. Again, there is no discrimination on the grounds of sex; women have quite as much influence as men in the government of the Units and they use it. Two of the twelve Unit managers are women, elected by the members, and hold their jobs because of exceptional ability.

The East Dayton Production Unit, largest of all, has a membership of one hundred families. An old factory building, used rent free, is its headquarters. In this building are a barber shop, a beauty parlor (beauty parlors have been discovered to be one of the most powerful incentives in securing the support and interest of women), a sewing room with five electric sewing machines, a large carpenter shop, a shoe-repairing department completely equipped with electrical machinery, a bookkeeping department, a unit store-room which issues goods to the members, a tool shed, and an assembly hall for meetings and dances. The barber shop and beauty parlor have no income save from a minute trickle of outside custom. These departments are sup-



ported by the other activities. The carpenter shop will repair truck bodies for city merchants, taking lumber, tools, metal, or other commodities in exchange; it will build filing cabinets, furniture, and other things on the same terms or for cash. Two or three good carpenters and cabinet makers among the members have taught others, and the Unit is able to turn out finished and excellent work.

The shoe-repairing department cobbles an average of sixty-five pairs of shoes a day, sent by the City Relief Store. These repairs the city pays for in cash and with the money the Unit buys leather, rubber, and other material. With its "profit"—a word despised among the members—they are able to do their own shoe repairs and purchase additional equipment. In the sewing department the Unit manufactures work shirts, cotton dresses, children's clothing, sweat shirts, mittens, and a number of other articles, all extremely simple and unambitious, which are sold to the City Relief Store. The cash received is used to pay for the material bought on credit. Excess material is used to make clothing for the Unit members. When the clothing is not in demand, the Unit may exchange it with another Unit for something needed. The Units have striven to diversify their labors as much as possible and so provide a variety of goods for such exchanges. The book-keeping department attends to accounts, keeps a record of the number of hours each member works during the week (scrip is not used), and in general, with the manager, transacts the Unit business.

East Dayton has also acquired the daytime use of a bakery where they bake an average of 1200 loaves of bread a day. Most of this bread is sold to the Relief Store; the surplus is kept for Unit use or for exchange with others. The Unit pays a rent of \$100 a month

for the bakery, paying in flour, sugar, and coal bought on credit. Water rent is paid by Unit members who work out the rent at the city water-works. The force to run this bakery was trained by the one man in the Unit who had been a baker himself.

In addition to these activities, the Units have a long list of services which they can supply to outsiders in return for cash or goods. They have cut and marketed wood on shares, harvested produce, made maple syrup, hung wall paper, laid brick, and in general done whatever work they could lay their hands on. One of the colored Units has an undertaker and an embalmer among its members and has secured a contract to do the city's undertaking. So, in the course of time, they have accumulated possessions. East Dayton, for example, has acquired equipment which includes a quantity of power machinery, two trucks and a touring car, and a supply of tools and raw and finished material. These assets were appraised on March 23d of this year by an insurance company at \$5000 according to present prices.

The Units have not overlooked the fact that a direct access to food supply is a vital need. Last fall they tried to swap labor with farmers for vegetables, but this was too clumsy and uncertain. They canned what they got and began to lay plans to grow their own. To this end the twelve Units have been lent the use of 589 acres of land on the edge of the city in tracts varying from 10 to 175 acres. These tracts they are planting with seed bought with money lent by the city. At the time of the writer's visit these projects were well advanced and had every prospect of success. Many of the Unit members have either been farmers or have had farming experience, and the projects show it. The planning for a succession of crops, the arrangements for

cultivation and canning show the ability of those bossing the job.

Have the Units been able to sustain themselves completely? They have not. Most of the members are still receiving relief from the city. The only Unit which has come within hailing distance of being self-sufficient is East Dayton. Last November, with a membership of sixty families, this Unit was in a position to take all its members off *direct city relief* and maintain itself through sales to the Relief Store and in other ways. Instead, it chose to have its members continue to receive relief while the Unit added forty more families to its membership. With the "profit" from this additional labor it is acquiring more mechanical equipment. None of the other Units has come anywhere near matching this record.

If the Units are regarded strictly as a form of relief, then they must be adjudged a success. It is an economical way to do the job and the effect on morale is startling when compared to the results of direct relief. But as independent ventures, on their way to a place where they will find themselves completely self-sustaining and independent, they cannot be rated so highly. The Production Units are now a protected enterprise, guarded by a paternal government with much solicitude. The Units are in business and they buy and sell. One of the Units makes brooms and sells them to a local wholesaler. "We are competing on a price basis with other broom makers," the Chairman of the Unit Council admits, "and the suggestion that our protected enterprise might be comparable to the manufacturer who contracts with a penitentiary and undercuts 'free labor' is perfectly fair. The Units are most anxious not to bring down wage standards, which does put them between the devil and the deep blue sea, because they have to undercut

or they can't get business. My only answer is that we are aware of the danger."

This matter of competition does not make the Units a gang of criminals; it only goes to show that they are for better or worse a part of the system of economy which we still use. The Units are trying to do with little capital and not much more skill what organized business has failed to do for them: give them a chance to make a living. The task of setting up and running what is essentially a duplicate of our economic machine is so gigantic that the Dayton people may be said fairly to have scored a triumph. When one considers the endless series of obstacles and discouragements that these people have met and overcome, one can only marvel at their energy, ingenuity, vitality, and good luck.

### III

The social side of the undertaking presents a curious picture. Though the membership cuts through almost all of the old social stratifications, the larger number consist of skilled and unskilled labor, small tradesmen and mechanics. A smaller number are white collars and professional people, architects, lawyers, engineers—holders of college degrees. Thus the membership duplicates in little the social structure of the outside world. But autonomous government has erased many of the old distinctions. Pure democracy has been a stormy experience and there have been rebellions. Wage earners accustomed all their lives to obey a boss without question are hard put to it when it becomes necessary for them to appoint and obey one of their own. Yet they have learned, even though with pain and sorrow, that there must be authority or the machinery will not run. Their officers, elected for six months, have



full executive power, but woe betide the manager caught malingering or soldiering on his job. No time was wasted when East Dayton discovered its manager stealing from the storeroom; a wrathful assembly put him on trial and expelled him.

In the beginning, when a Unit organized, the most plausible talkers were usually elected as officers. Then, as troubles came, the officials' incapacity would show itself; internal convulsions always followed and the officers would be either recalled or ejected from the Unit altogether. Out of the tumult and uproar some genuine leader has always appeared, found acceptance at the hands of the Unit, and thereafter the members have settled down to business. Now, when application for the formation of a new Unit is made the Unit Council requires that the first officers hold office for six weeks only. In that time leadership shows itself and permanent organization is effected more peaceably.

An outlander looks at once for traces of dissatisfaction and annoyance toward the initiators of the project. These people from the first have held positions of authority and are still in the saddle. One would expect gripings, for the whole project stemmed from a welfare organization—to be specific, a thing called the Character Building Division of the Council of Social Agencies. That is a hard cud to chew. The very name summons up pictures of organized charity, visiting case workers, uplift, the humiliated jobless, and so on. The project—which enlisted the efforts of a former Y. M. C. A. secretary and several women who had been instructors in religious education in the Dayton public schools—most certainly started with the welfare curse upon it. It bore the imprint of doing good, and nobody on earth wants anyone to do him good. The peculiar success of the Dayton

Units lies in the fact that the welfare people who started them have, for the most part, been able to keep their emotions under control and let the Unit members alone. There are some lapses still. One of the leaders asked in public the appalling question: "Is it possible that by combining family and group production and education, we may thus develop giants in thinking and expression of beauty, substituting loyalty and group thinking for getting ahead of the Joneses?" Any social experiment which can survive such a blow is a tough baby. The sky is not always serene and explosions are still frequent. The writer heard one of the members roaring through the central Unit office, swearing to God that no longer would he "take orders from punks and skirts." But there is less and less of this, for both sides have learned.

Private welfare has always been an avocation of society. People have given part of their income to welfare agencies with the expectation that these agencies will spend the money for the amelioration of social conditions and for the politically harmless improvement of the mental, spiritual, and physical lives of our citizens. Having eased their consciences or gratified their vanity or shown their public spirit, the donors of these funds return to their main interest in life, the making of money. Welfare administrators are their almoners. Now in Dayton a very curious thing has happened. A group of persons who presumably had selected their callings because they wanted a chance to mitigate the misfortunes of mankind, were suddenly given an opportunity to enter a field from which they had always been barred—the land of the dollar. The Dayton welfare people seized the opportunity. In their experiment they have had the extraordinary luck to be in partnership with a city government which has

exhibited the most amazing sanity and common sense. Refusing to be upset by shouts of "bolshhevik," "red menace," and so on, the municipality has assisted the Production Units in many ways and by its co-operation has enabled the Units to make some progress toward stability. Such a combination of circumstances could be duplicated in few cities in this country.

The charge has been made that most of the exchange or self-help organizations throughout the country, because of their dependence on some sort of financial backing, may be turned into instruments of oppression and political bondage. There is undeniably that risk involved, but it seems fair to say that so far no sign of it has appeared in Dayton—as far as the Production Units are concerned. Furthermore, the attempt at such oppression would have to contend with people growing daily in the determination to stand upon their own feet.

So far the Units have been lucky in having no interference from outside. Organizations in other towns have not been so fortunate. In Dayton the so-called respectable element, along with those who still pay taxes, have left the Units alone. One reason is that numbers of Dayton people do not yet know that the Units even exist, and it is hard to have an opinion about something you haven't heard of; others regard the sponsorship of the Council of Social Agencies as a sufficient guarantee of rectitude, while a few are somewhat uneasy lest the Units conceal in their vitals the seeds of some subversive enterprise. The Communists bitterly oppose the Units as a form of counter-revolution, but there are some Communists among Unit members.

With all the assistance they have received, the Dayton Production Units number only 650 families out of more than 10,000 families on relief. Communities planning to embark upon

similar experiments should ponder the fact. It is true that unemployed organizations in other towns have been larger—Minneapolis for example has claimed over 30,000 persons in its Organized Unemployed—but large membership may not necessarily be an evidence of strength. Minneapolis has had to have cash too, and more will be necessary if it is to continue. The Federal Department of Labor in discussing this phase of the Minneapolis project has stated that the subscription of more money would be of doubtful value; that it is "questionable whether this would be worth while in view of the policies followed which concealed from the unemployed men and women, on the ground of the maintenance of their morale, the fact that they were after all the recipients of charity." The Dayton Production Units conceal nothing; they are in business for themselves and quite conscious of their backing and resources. If they have been more successful than many organizations elsewhere, it is because of that backing and because of efficient management. It is true that they have over 9,000 more families to draw upon for membership. Should they attempt to enlist them all at once they would almost certainly wreck the entire enterprise. Their refusal to expand rapidly is not because of a desire to shut out families not so well off as themselves, but simply because they are not yet able to function smoothly enough to take in more than a few at a time. They are hard-headed enough to remember that they are a business, and they have before them in the business world grim examples of what may happen in too sudden expansion. Recently a number of families organized and applied to the Unit Council for admission. They were refused and now, much aroused, their leaders are calling for violence as a warning against such attempts to keep the workers down.



This puts the Units on an exceedingly hot spot, but they are powerless. They must choose between slow growth or collapse.

It is impossible in so short a space to list all the obstacles which the Units have had to face. Where in the beginning, the white collars were the last to abandon pride and buckle down, the skilled workmen realized almost at once what was ahead and quickly adapted themselves to the work in hand. But not always. The decision to set up a uniform system of book-keeping met with acquiescence from the professional members and vigorous protests from the others. Bookkeepers who could scarcely do simple sums were appointed by some of the Units, and the head bookkeeper had to abandon her own work to give these nominees an ABC training in their jobs. Frequently desire has outrun discretion. One Unit had successfully made coats and blankets from wornout woollen belting from a paper mill and found that the garments sold quicker if they were dyed. At once the Unit applied to the Chest for a loan of \$500 to purchase dyeing machinery. Investigation showed that the supply of belting was limited and that the Unit would presently find itself with useless equipment on its hands. The loan was refused. Many hopes of the Units have yet to be realized. It was planned that sewing women should abandon work shirts as speedily as possible and devote themselves to clothing of quality good enough to find ready sale through department stores. So far these hopes have gone a-glimmering and sewing is still in the work-shirt stage.

One final word should be said and that about the Homestead Project, the most ambitious scheme undertaken by the Unit Council. This is to be a controlled experiment where thirty-five picked families, representing forty

skills, will undertake to set up a self-sufficient community on a 160-acre farm not far from the city. At the time of the writer's visit this project had not gone far enough to justify comment or conclusions.

When the work of the Units is considered as a whole, certain things show themselves plainly:

1. As a form of relief the Production Units are a success both from the point of view of tax expenditure and from the standpoint of morale.

2. As economic organisms, the Units do not represent an escape from a profit-making, competitive system. They are duplicates of it, protected businesses.

3. Some tax payers approve the Units as a cheaper way of caring for paupers. Others regard the whole business as an outrageous pampering of dead beats. Neither of these two groups appears to realize that the pauper army is steadily increasing, getting its recruits from the taxpayer side. Whose turn is next?

4. Though they do save tax money, the Units definitely encourage radical thought. Self-determination has made great changes in many of these people, whatever their class; and it is hardly probable that they will surrender the ground they have won as meekly as they took dismissal from their jobs in the old days. Thus there is a basis for the charges of both the Tories and the Communists. In their truculence and determination, the Units are certainly "subversive." In their attitude toward common Unit property, they are as possessive as the Communists claim.

#### IV

The Dayton Mutual Exchange, organized at about the same time as the Production Units, has quite a different history. The Production Units were really started by outlanders, professional people engaged in welfare or government, whose work had brought them to Dayton. The Mutual Exchange, on the other hand, was organized by native Dayton people and

began with much trumpet blowing and social réclame. It incorporated itself, acquired trustees, an executive committee, and forty-seven charter members "who are backing the enterprise from a sense of public duty." The Secretary of the Exchange told the writer that among these backers are descendants of the Postmaster General of Vermont, of John Randolph of Roanoke, and of a medieval king of Hungary. The Exchange has had the blessing of Charles Kettering, the Vice President of General Motors, who paid the Secretary a monthly salary for his efforts in organizing and running the project.

"This is not just another business venture," said one of the early statements of the Exchange. "It has nothing to do with money-making or with money. It is an answer to the local problems of acute unemployment. It opens to the unemployed a way to exchange their idle labor-power for food, clothing, and shelter. It purposes to aid local business men to move their surplus wares. It purposes to give farmers an outlet for their surplus. . . . It offers a substitute for money as a local medium of exchange."

It is, in other words, a wholesale and retail business which undertakes to do the following things:

1. It will sell on consignment clothing, furniture, and other things made by people in the town and brought to the exchange for display.

2. It offers an outlet where farmers may dispose of their unsalable produce.

3. It does the same thing for merchants.

4. It undertakes to arrange swaps of goods or equipment in quantity between manufacturers and industrialists.

5. It has tried to run a manufacturing unit on the side, using unemployed labor.

6. It operates a sort of employment agency, filling odd jobs available throughout the town.

7. For the most part it attempts to do these various things, not with cash, but

with a scrip money called Goods Certificates.

Thus where the Association of Production Units is a closely knit organization intent chiefly on supplying the needs of its members, the Mutual Exchange is a business set up to run "without requiring that individualism as a basis for the general economic organization be abandoned." A man might make a chair and bring it to the Exchange for sale and, once the deal was made, never go near the place again. A farmer, on the other hand, might find it convenient to dispose of his surplus goods at the Exchange once a week. This makes for a loosely organized business with a good deal of transient trade.

Suppose a farmer who has a stand at the City Market once a week finds on Saturday afternoon that he has eight bushels of tomatoes left unsold. He may take them to the Exchange and as one of the staff told the writer, "though he sold his tomatoes for fifty cents a bushel in cash in the morning, he is glad to get thirty-five cents from us when the market is closed." This thirty-five-cent price is fixed by the Exchange and is paid from their cash register in Goods Certificates. The Exchange will then attempt to dispose of the tomatoes to someone else. The farmer, meanwhile, may buy groceries, clothing, or other goods in the Exchange store with the Certificates. The farmer's satisfaction in the deal depends on whether he can find in the Exchange store things which he needs at a fair Goods Certificate price or services which he can use on his farm and pay for in Certificates. The Exchange's success depends on whether the perishable tomatoes can be disposed of.

Suppose a local merchant has a stock of left-over clothing or shopworn goods or unsold raincoats. The Exchange has bought a lot of these, paying



for them in Goods Certificates. It has bought crackers, spices, and other packaged groceries from local producers and wholesalers, paying for them in the same way. The merchants who figure in these transactions have two outlets for the Goods Certificates which they have accepted. They may either buy from the Exchange goods of a different sort which it has in stock or else they may pay their employees partly in Goods Certificates, and their employees may in turn trade the Certificates in at the Exchange. The latter practice has not always proved successful. There is a limit to the variety and quality of the goods which the Exchange has been able to acquire and, though it tries to make its prices square with other stores in town, it hasn't always made the grade. The result is that occasionally people have come to the store to redeem wages given them in Goods Certificates and have not been able to find what they wanted or else have had to pay a higher price than was asked elsewhere. This has caused a certain amount of discontent.

A grim example will show more clearly what can happen. The Exchange bought paint from a local manufacturer, paying in Goods Certificates. The Secretary of the Exchange told the writer that the paint manufacturer was accustomed to pay his men's wages three-fourths in cash and one-fourth in Goods Certificates. Some of the men buying sugar at the Exchange with their Certificates found that they must pay \$1.25 for 25 pounds when it could be bought at a chain store for \$1.09, a difference all too real to people working for a small wage. Wrathful, the men went back to their employer and asked for cash in place of the certificates. The employer informed them that they would either have to accept part of their pay in certificates or have their wages cut in half. Faced with this unhappy pros-

pect, the men accepted the Certificates and are "now co-operating." In this instance the Exchange may have proved a satisfactory outlet to the manufacturer, and its much applauded individualism is certainly sustained; but it is a trifle difficult to see how the Exchange's "beneficent public purposes" are carried out.

Barter among manufacturers (listed above as item No. 4) has brought the Exchange up against the problem of finding needs that can be mutually satisfied. Suppose a furniture manufacturer needs belting or rubber roofing. He will gladly swap furniture for belting; but what if the Exchange can offer him only a choice of fertilizer, novelties, or cotton clothing? The furniture manufacturer must forget about barter and go buy his belting or roofing for cash—if he has any. The only feasible manufacturers' exchange is that which has a list of members sufficiently great and representing so varied a number of industries that swapping can be carried on to the satisfaction of all. The Dayton Mutual can persuade doctors and dentists to accept Goods Certificates in exchange for pulling a tooth or setting a broken leg, for the dentist or the doctor may be able to find articles he needs in the exchange store and trade his certificates for them, or he may hire help for odd jobs and pay off the help in certificates. A manufacturer, on the other hand, may not want Goods Certificates to pay his help and if he cannot find through the Exchange products or credits that he can use, then the transaction falls down. The Dayton Mutual has met this problem head on and its difficulties have proved enormous.

A paper manufacturer, for example, agreed to enter the Dayton Exchange and put up \$1000 worth of newsprint. A local newspaper agreed to give new or additional advertising space in return. (Amounts may not be exact,

for the Dayton Mutual's figures vary a good deal.) Whereupon the Dayton Mutual sent out unemployed salesmen to dispose of the advertising. A raincoat manufacturer bought \$100 worth and a local department store took \$160 worth. At this point the newspaper found the bookkeeping involved in the deal much too complicated and declined to continue. The Exchange, having to settle for \$260 worth of paper, induced the manufacturer to accept \$70 in credit at the department store and will work out the balance in a concrete job, some cabinet work from the Exchange shop, and a quantity of Goods Certificates which the manufacturer may use as best he can. The remainder of the original \$1000 worth of paper remains unsold. It is barely possible that the manufacturer is better off than he was with even \$260 worth of paper disposed of, but to contend that such a complicated procedure is an improvement on our present way of doing business is idiotic. The solution of our economic woes surely does not lie in making them any more clumsy and complicated than they already are. And it must be remembered that this entire transaction took into consideration the profit motive and commissions were allowed all along the line.

The workroom and manufacturing unit side of the Exchange (item No. 5 on our list) has been a relatively small part of the enterprise. Theoretically, any unemployed woman may come to the exchange and make work shirts and other clothing with materials furnished her. The clothing is then sold to the City Relief Store for cash. Work shirts, for example, are sold to the city for sixty cents cash, the sewing woman receiving twenty-five cents in Goods Certificates for her labor. In practice the Exchange has not gone far in this direction, and at the time of the writer's visit only four women were sewing

there. The employment agency (No. 6) has likewise been a small affair. From the first of January until the end of March the Exchange had filled about fifty-odd jobs with people from their list. These people were generally paid in cash for this work, and the commission of 10 per cent charged by the Exchange caused some complaint and a good deal of caustic comment. To maintain its overhead the Exchange has to charge a commission on every deal it puts through, no matter what the transaction is, and the employment service is maintained on the same basis. If you're in business for profit and are hard-boiled, you pay no attention to accusations of overcharging in the finding of jobs; if you are a beneficent public enterprise it is not so happy.

This commission of 10 per cent is supposed to be fixed and go not only toward overhead expense, including the pay of the staff, but also to accumulate a reserve. Actually, the rule has not been followed. In buying produce or anything else, the Exchange arbitrarily fixes the price it will pay (in Goods Certificates)—as in the case of the tomatoes at thirty-five cents a bushel—and fixes its selling price at the best figure it can get. The Exchange cannot do this in the case of staple groceries and some other goods without running into difficulties with prices elsewhere in the town, but outside of these commodities there is a wide latitude. One of the staff informed the writer that commissions might run anywhere up to 20 per cent or over, depending on whether the Exchange felt it could make a quick sale. For example, one day a man came into the Exchange with a bug made from the burr of the teasle weed. The Exchange, much intrigued by this odd toy, encouraged the man to make a quantity of them. He did so, and the toys, labelled Depression Bugs, were put on sale during the holidays. Two



thousand of these bugs costing 5 cents apiece were sold at 15 cents, allowing the Exchange a gross profit of 200 per cent. The actual cash involved in this transaction is hard to fix, for some bugs were sold for cash, some for Goods Certificates; but the deal shows that price-fixing and price-cutting present problems which the Exchange must meet just as the Association of Production Units has had to meet them.

A balance sheet made up shortly before the writer's visit showed liabilities as follows:

Accounts payable.....	\$680.59
Scrip outstanding:	
(A sort of bond noncallable before 1937, sold to various citizens for cash to provide working capital for the Exchange) .....	434.60
Goods Certificates.....	407.59
Surplus.....	69.29
	<hr/>
	\$1592.07

Against these liabilities the Exchange listed \$294.65 in cash, \$222.77 in accounts receivable, some smaller items, and an inventory of \$1029.46.

On the inventory, in a scrip business, the solvency of the undertaking largely depends, and here most often the severest jam comes. The constant demands for cash, the inescapable expenses for operation—telephone, light, postage, gas, and oil, and so on—steadily eat into cash capital. The strain must show somewhere, and most often it is the inventory that takes the punishment. Many barter exchanges have had to bolster inventory figures to the limit in order to show a balance. It makes no difference whether or not such hocus pocus is frequently seen in the regular channels of business. If you are engaged in an undertaking which is to take the place of broken-down business, why carry over practices used only by the sharper and the swindler? Barter exchanges are not deliberately swindling anybody, but in the attempt

to keep up a good front many of them are engaging in what is exactly that and nothing more. A sudden demand for liquidation would put some barter exchanges in a most unhappy position.

During the six months preceding the writer's visit the Dayton Mutual Exchange had done an average monthly business of \$686, certainly not a large volume in a city of 200,000 people. The sums involved show how restricted is the orbit in which the Exchange must move in carrying out its undertakings. When one balances the small volume of business—and not much could be expected at the start—against the enormously complicated procedure which the Exchange must go through to get anything done, it would seem that the Exchange is paying an enormous price for the Jeffersonian principles to which they claim such steadfast devotion. When those difficulties are increased by disagreements as to policy or by inefficiency—the Dayton Mutual allowed some fervent local girls to volunteer their services in taking inventory with the result that the job was beautifully snarled—the prospect is bleak indeed.

## V

And what have you for the labor and ache when all is done? According to a member of the staff, there are 12 stands in the city market which will accept Goods Certificates as well as a number of professional people. A few merchants will do likewise, and there are 10 wholesalers and manufacturers who will enter into exchanges if and when they can be arranged. Something over 50 odd jobs have been found and distributed to the unemployed. In addition, some twelve families (including staff members, sewing women, merchandise manager, but not the Secretary) have been sustained by the Exchange's efforts. These twelve

families, were it not for the Exchange's efforts, would be destitute and, ordinarily, city relief would be their only recourse.

Behind these twelve families have been the cash and goods put up by interested persons. Behind the 650 families of the Production Units has been the support of the city government. From a standpoint of relief, Production Unit members are better off, for the city cannot escape giving relief and private individuals can. Considered as private businesses, the Units are more secure because of the city backing. As far as the future is concerned, the Production Units have the best prospects for, from the start, their management has had a tolerably clear idea of what it was about and their responsible officers have been able to compound their differences of opinion. The Mutual Exchange, struggling with internal dissensions, has expended its slender energies in half a dozen different directions. Over its activities hovers a curious sentimentalism, a cross between that of the lord of the manor scattering largess to his faithful retainers and that of a group of fin-de-

siècle patronesses discussing plans for a charity ball. To put it bluntly, the Dayton Mutual Exchange, for all its veneer of fashionable economics, is engaged in playing store. Its members may be working hard at it, but they are playing store none the less.

Overeager and completely misinformed publicity throughout the country has plainly implied that the barter-exchange and self-help movements point to an easy road out of our difficulties. The reverse is the truth. The road is anything but easy and it does not necessarily indicate a way toward the solution of our troubles. Under our present economy, capital is absolutely necessary to keep these organizations in business; someone has to be the "fall guy." Anyone who supposes that—aside from relief—these projects in themselves represent a workable economy that may take the place of the profit-competitive one now in a state of exhaustion is plainly out of his head. If we've got to work under a new order of things, let's do it. It is futile for us to waste time supposing that we can get something for nothing.







# FRIENDS THROUGH THE NIGHT

A STORY

BY ARTHUR POUND

WHEN the banks closed Friday afternoon, Powell Carr wondered if they would open next morning. Depositors in long queues had been besieging the savings banks; to supply them the savings banks ran to the commercial banks, the commercial banks to the Federal Reserve bank. For days the New York gold reserve had been fading toward the legal limit; how it stood at the moment no one but God and George Harrison of the Federal Reserve knew, and Harrison would not tell.

By eleven o'clock that night Carr felt certain there would be a moratorium. The big bankers were in conference; the Governor down from Albany to do the needful if the President would not act during his last doleful day in office. As the reports rolled in from his leg-men, Carr did a dozen things which would show on the face of the *Express* within the next two days.

He called the chief to say that, in his opinion, Governor Lehman would have to act. He said the boys had the situation in hand, but someone should be doing a leader for Sunday at the latest. He suggested the line to be taken—the good old *Express* line—America solid at the core, and all that. He suggested Bemis should write it. The chief agreed to everything; he usually did.

Before Bemis arrived, Carr told Sims to dig up the last Treasury report

of currency in circulation. He reminded Burtin to dig out of the morgue details of how the Clearing House handled its 1907 script issue. "Get someone to review the whole 1907 panic." He vetoed a suggestion to feature interviews with New York bankers. Reason: all eyes would be on Washington for a while; the financial capital of the country was shifting from New York to Washington.

Bemis came in, excited. Carr always marveled how an excitable man like Bemis could write calm editorials. Bemis marveled how a calm man like Powell Carr could nurse such exciting ideas.

"The Old Republic's sunk," said Carr. "What you ought to write is a funeral oration for Uncle Sam. Note that these moratoriums are unconstitutional. Call attention to the 'redeemable in gold on demand' pledges printed on the face of Treasury certificates. As tribunes of the people we ought to rub this repudiation home. Instead we are to say, Brother Bemis, that the nation is safe and the banks are safe and for everyone please to suffer in silence for a time in hope of better things."

"The banks," declared Bemis, "are sound. At least the big ones are." Bemis really believed in America, in banks, in everything.

"Sure," snorted Carr. "Because they've taken it out of the little ones.

There's a taboo on banks in our American religion of success. Even when they're closed, you can't razz the banks. When it comes to banks, newspaper men are just a bunch of trained seals. Take all these State banking holidays that have finally broken New York's back. Not a decent newspaper in the country has mentioned that they have been in relief of bank directors and stockholders. Of course, the Governors all said they were closing the banks for the sake of the depositors; the catch is that while the depositors can't get their money out, the directors and stockholders don't have to put their double liability in, not just yet. There'll be some inflation and the market will turn before they have to do that."

"I'll whip out something for Sunday," said Bemis. "Want to see the copy?"

"God, no! I'm going to Boston on the midnight. Flying back to-morrow in plenty of time to meet trouble half-way. Wish I didn't have to go, but I promised the wife. Everything's in hand; no chance to spread on the late editions, because of the Inauguration flood from Washington. What a day!"

"Memorable!" said Bemis. "Historic!"

"Curtains for an era, my boy. But as I was saying, I promised the wife I'd run up to Boston to see Elsie. You know she's there at school. Her mother's worried about her; thinks she's too interested in some young squirt not good enough for her. I'm supposed to kill off the romance. Nice job. I'll try to edge out of it."

Carr called his house. "Darling, the heavens are falling. I'm not going to Boston. Too much going on here. Serious? You'll know it's serious when you order the groceries. How much money in the house? Twelve dollars! That's a fortune!"

Mrs. Carr's voice came back, clear,

aristocratic, authoritative. "You must go to Boston, Powell, even if you're there only an hour. Something will have to be done about this outrageous young Bolton. Lives at some filthy crossroads in Montana. You wouldn't want Elsie to live in Montana, would you?"

"No," replied Carr, "I shouldn't. But it's a dangerous thing to get in the way of love. Besides, I can't leave."

"She's expecting you," said Mrs. Carr. "And she's short of money too. I know she hasn't cashed her March check yet."

"I could send her a bill."

"But that wouldn't settle this ghastly Bolton affair," said Mrs. Carr plaintively. "She says he hasn't a cent—not a cent. Elsie will listen to you. She won't listen to me. Tell her she must finish her course. Get her to wait that long and it will blow over. Why, we don't know a thing about him. He might be anybody or nobody."

"Young whippersnapper," thought Carr, "thinks he can trap a girl like Elsie and drag her into the back country, to slave out her life over a cook-stove." Still, he didn't quite see how he could get to Boston. He temporized:

"I could write."

"Elsie never pays any attention to letters. You know that. If you don't go, I'll go." Mrs. Carr's voice could be fairly hard sometimes.

It occurred to Carr suddenly that he would rather go to Boston than go home. "All right," he said, "I'll go."

"That's a dear. And Powell—be sure to send me some more money before you start. Yes, by special delivery. You know I must pay the maids to-morrow."

"All right," he said, shortly. "Good-by."

More money, always more money! He pulled out his roll. Forty-five dollars. He shook his head. Money



would be hard to get for a while. Never mind; he'd worm along somehow. Go on his face. No one would turn down the *Express*. He slipped twenty-five dollars into an envelope and gave his office boy instructions for mailing.

"Taxi's waiting, Mr. Carr," said the lad. "You'll have to hurry." Bag in hand, he was on his way to the door when Burtin called to him.

"Washington's on the wire. Must talk to you."

The Washington Bureau wanted Carr to get the chief down there tomorrow. The new Secretary of the Treasury thought he might like to talk to a few big newspaper publishers right after the Inauguration.

"He'll be there," snapped Carr. "Good-by." Then he had to call the chief and arrange to have a plane ready for him.

He could never make the train now. "Any other way to get to Boston to-night?"

"Bus leaves Eighth Avenue and 51st Street at one o'clock," someone answered. "Only five blocks away. I'll phone 'em to hold it a few minutes for you. Tough trip though."

"Never mind," said Carr. "I'm an old campaigner."

As his taxicab swung around the corner of Eighth Avenue, Carr turned and looked out of the rear window upon the dancing lights of Times Square. As an *Express* man, he always resented the *Times's* calm assumption of the right to name the brightest corner of America.

Fancy all this bright promise fading, as America sank in a bog of debt!

"Well," he said to himself, "there's one consolation. If this is the end of the Republic, Times Square will go dark long before the candles stop burning on the counters of the country stores."

They made a fast run to the bus

station, to find a slim youth in uniform standing impatiently at the door of the humming leviathan of the highway.

"Some bus," said Carr, genially, aware that the way to a man's heart is through his mount.

The driver grinned. "Say, you got a nerve, holding us up like this. Hop on."

Carr settled himself into a seat on the aisle next to a woman in black who was looking out of the window, waving good-by to some friends. The driver shut off the lights in the car and swung the bus on its way.

"Hell," said Carr to himself, "nine hours and nothing to do except look at the scenery." Discovering that his legs were too long to fit the space allotted him, he decided he was in for a miserable night. Still why should he whimper? With the world blowing up all round, this wasn't so bad. At least he would have nine hours to himself.

Oh, getting out five or six editions a day wasn't so bad; it was this infernal business of trying to steer public opinion in a cockeyed world. That got on a man's nerves at last. What he should have been was a tramp. A tramp didn't have to worry about anything but himself. A tramp didn't have to sit round for three years watching a civilization die; a tramp would miss the torture of thinking that something could be done to save the institutions Powell Carr had been brought up to revere and which, under his breezy cynicism, he still revered. Well, if everything smashed, perhaps he could go tramping some day and never be missed.

As the bus swung around the corner into Fifth Avenue, he felt the woman beside him, yielding to the momentum, swing toward him. "Close quarters," he said, with a laugh. Their bodies were pressed together for a long moment, during which he decided that her profile, distinct against the bright

street lights, was altogether admirable. Then the bus straightened away and she swung back toward the window. He studied her profile; decided it was interesting but a little hard, like her arm. A good woman in hard training.

Presently he said, "It's going to be a long night. Let's get acquainted."

She laughed softly, without looking at him. "All right. You might tell me where we are."

"On Fifth Avenue going north," said Carr. "On the left is Central Park, where ten-cent men sleep under thousand-dollar trees. On the right are the homes of luxury and alimony where the rich don't live most of the time. But they have to have their churches just the same. That's the Church of the Heavenly Rest."

"A beautiful name," said his companion. "My aunt in Marshfield she loved to sing a hymn about the heavenly rest the other side of Jordan."

Carr was delighted with her voice, with her accent. Not one person in ten thousand could pronounce "aunt" correctly; he couldn't himself; none of his people could. But, then, that unnecessary "she." Could it be that such a beautiful voice and accent could be entirely natural, and exist apart from grammar? Presently he had more evidence that this could be true. In tones as sweet as an angel might have used in wheedling a weary soul toward heaven, his companion committed one grammatical sin after another. The effect at first was bizarre, disturbing, intoxicating. He leaned toward her to catch every word. This was something new. After the novelty wore off he forgot her lapses. There weren't so many of them, the singular verb with plural noun, an occasional "of" for "have." Here was another language, no less beautiful for being unstandardized. In due course, as he drew out her story with the skilled touch of a master inter-

viewer, he found the explanation of the mystery.

She was born in "down east" Massachusetts, one of thirteen children of an English father and a New England mother who had died of her last child. Yes, she might be a Mayflower descendant on her mother's side; that didn't matter. She never thought of such things at all. She was one of the younger girls and had gone to work in the cotton mills at Fall River at the age of fourteen.

Carr gasped. "At fourteen!"

"Well," she said, "I was big for my age. I wanted to go into nursing, but my father he wouldn't hear to it. That was just a mistake. Just before Mother died she told Father to keep us away from hospitals. I think she meant because she was there so many times and dreaded it. But Father said no to nursing because of that, and I went into the mills. Then at seventeen I married and had two children by the time I was nineteen. One of my boys is in the Navy and one in the Army. It's him I've been down here seeing off to Panama. I couldn't come except he sent me the money and asked to say good-by again. It seems like a waste in these times, but he wanted it so."

"Quite right," said Carr, feeling that he was on the edge of realities compared to which banks and newspapers were tinsel. "But why both boys in the services?"

"It's not what I'd want, of course. They aimed to go to college, if they could work their way through. We thought we might help them a little till the work went slack. And of course the college plan fell through, because they couldn't find a thing in Boston, or anywhere. They was just dawdling around, wasting their time, and they seen things would be harder for us if they was to stay home. No, I didn't try to stop them. The one in



the Navy he thinks he can learn radio; he's always been wild about it. Tell me"—she leaned toward him in the darkness—"is there going to be war with Japan? The neighbors say there's going to be war."

Carr said "No," half-heartedly.

She sighed, and until then Powell Carr had never comprehended how eloquent a sigh can be.

"I tell the neighbors," she went on, "that if war's coming no one can stop it, and they would be in it anyway, being just the right age. And in that case it's better for them to go in trained than untrained."

Carr studied her profile anew. Her words had given him the key to it. "Yes," he said to himself, "that's it; she's the Spartan mother."

Slowly, as they talked, Carr began to realize that he had never known any woman as well as he knew this woman. Perhaps it was the fact that they were, for all practical purposes, alone in a shadowy and uncertain world. The coach was in darkness, the world was in darkness except for the street lights of an occasional village, the driver was intent upon his task; their fellow-passengers were asleep. This man and this woman might as well have been on a raft in mid-ocean. There need be no pretenses between them. Though he asked her a thousand questions, he was certain all of them would be answered. For this night she belonged to him and he belonged to her. He knew this before he had ever seen her face out of shadow.

Soon the bus stopped in front of an eating house. All got out and drifted like ghosts in two directions—male ghosts one way, female ghosts another. A moment later, while he was having a cup of coffee and a cigarette, she re-entered, came directly to his side and sat down without a trace of self-consciousness. No mistake about it: she was a handsome woman; not even

her cheap black clothes, a little rusty from wear, could hide that. He had realized as much in their crowded seats.

What he studied now, while she placed her order, were her face and hands. A resolute face—broad brow, straight nose, high cheekbones, determined chin, a mouth that smiled naturally, serious brown eyes, with an occasional sparkle of innocent coquetry in them, as if she found life rather good fun. A face, he saw, that had not been cold-creamed every night or carried often to the beauty parlor. Her brown skin looked hard, dry, tough. He thought of her as one who meets life head on day after day.

Her hands fascinated him. Quick-moving, managing hands, given to delicate, decisive little gestures, both when she spoke and when she listened. Her hands made no mistakes of grammar. They were poetry in action. Not pretty little lyric poetry—epic poetry. Large hands, working hands, firm-fleshed, and rosier than her face—hands that seemed full of blood to the finger tips. He was careful to take her hand when he helped her back into the bus and held it a little longer than necessary. A firm yet tender touch, compassionate.

There was no vanity in this woman, he decided, but she had a just pride. She told him about their house—six rooms—larger than most in their neighborhood. She and her husband had saved their house painfully, putting by bit after bit for years. No, they had never owned an automobile, never had gone gadding around like so many. Except for a few short boat excursions each for a day only, she had taken but one trip in the twenty-three years of their married life. Once they had gone with some friends on a motor trip to Montreal and back. Three days. Spent thirty dollars. It seemed like a good deal of money, but they had been thrifty. Slept in a farm-

house. Still, it had been a wonderful trip. She would have liked to stay in a hotel; she had never been a guest in a good hotel in her whole life; until this trip to New York, when her soldier son took her round, she had never ridden in a taxi.

Yet the woman showed no trace of being sorry for herself. "My husband," she said, "he is only a poor workingman but he has always done the best for me that he could."

Carr told himself that he must remember that. He was the sort of man who is always being told by women that their husbands do not understand them. The next time one of them tried that approach to his interest he would tell her about this woman. What was her name?

"Bertha Loomis," she answered promptly, "but everyone calls me Bert. My boys call me Bert. I was so young when they came that I've been as much of a sister to them as a mother."

"My name's Powell Carr." He was afraid it might mean something to her. Better for them to be just man and woman to each other. He was relieved to find that his name did not register with her, though it was on the cover of several books. A man so well known seldom had a chance to talk to an intelligent woman who had no social "side" to maintain or who did not want something from him. There were plenty of things he wanted Bert to tell him.

One thing in particular. "Bert," he began, "you told me your husband has been out of work. I've wondered what that would mean in a home. It must get on a man's nerves, make him hard to live with, and all that."

"It does, terribly," said Bert. "I've had a time keeping Will's courage together. He's always been jolly before this, but now he's had almost no work for two years and he just don't joke no

more. It don't seem right to have him sitting around the house, puttering with this and that. We're better off than most, for we had the house clear and some money in the savings bank when the trouble began; but still it's been bitter hard for Will.

"The worst time I had with him was when my sister was there. We took her in when she lost her job. One morning she had a letter she wanted posted and was nervous about it. So she called downstairs, 'Isn't Will ever going to work?' thinking he could take it on the way to the shop. He heard her and brooded on it all day. That night I said, 'Will, dear, what's on your mind? You're not yourself.' Then he told me. 'Here I'm hungry for work,' he says. 'I've never shirked a day in my life. And now she asks if I'm ever going to work.' It was dreadful hard to rally him. It took me half the night to get him to sleep. No one has any idea what being out of work means until it strikes home that way."

The moratorium forced itself back into Carr's mind. "Suppose all the banks in the country should be closed to-morrow, Bert. Suppose you couldn't get at this little nest-egg you have in the bank. What then?"

"Our bank won't close," said Bert. "It's a good bank. Most banks are."

Carr smiled into the darkness and put his hand on her arm. "But if it should?"

"I don't know just what we'd do," replied Bert, "but we wouldn't quit living. We'd manage somehow."

"Yes," said Carr, "I suppose we should." It occurred to him, after all, that America might not be bowled over by this moratorium.

"All the same," said Bert, apparently not noticing his hand on her arm, "I'm glad I haven't a houseful of young ones to feed."

"I was wondering about that. I'm a man who tries to understand things.



I haven't met a woman like you for years, a woman who doesn't try to hide anything. Here we are, cast together three hours ago as strangers, yet we seem to have known each other from the beginning of time. Except for chance we would never have met. It's doubtful if we shall ever meet again."

Bert nodded. "Our lives are so different."

"What I mean is this, Bert. Between most men and most women there is a barrier—conventions, proprieties, this interest or that. Between us there is nothing except friendship. You ask nothing of me; I ask nothing of you. You may have your weaknesses. I'm not interested in them. But there are a good many things about women that I do not understand. You might be able to help me understand them."

She laid her hand on his as if he had been a child.

"I can't tell you about women," she said. "I can tell you only about myself. I will do it as far as I can. If I talk too long, put your head on my shoulder and go to sleep. You are overwrought. I'll talk to you, but don't strain to listen. Let yourself sleep if you can. I don't need no sleep."

"You wonder," she continued, in her voice of music, "why I've only two children when I have had time to have a dozen. My boys came one on the heels of the other, almost. The doctor said I mustn't have no more children until I was ready for them; said it was murder for a woman to have thirteen children as my mother done, and die in childbed with her last one. So I waited and waited; there was other things to do and never too much money."

"You remember what I said about wanting to be a nurse. Well, I've drifted into it, going to the neighbors to help them when sickness comes, mostly on confinement cases, helping

women who are too poor to have any-one else. I've never taken pay though, not a cent. Will he says it's silly, but I look on my nursing as a gift and give it freely in return. I've seen every sort of poverty, trouble, and death there is. That makes me look older than I am; I'm just forty. How old are you?"

"Forty-eight."

"You look older. I suppose it's the life you've led, worrying and all. But the years don't count, do they? It's the spirit that matters. I'm still twenty."

"And I'm eighty, at least I was when I stepped on this bus. Now maybe I'm only sixty. Please go on brushing the years away."

"Perhaps we're disturbing some of these sleepers." But none could have heard her melodious half-voice two feet away from its source. "Of course," she continued, "if a woman asked me things, I told her what the old doctor had told me. I've brought a good many babies into the world, but I've kept more out of it. One thing I can tell you about women; they're downright ignorant on what concerns them most. Now you've heard most everything I can say about that. If you're not sleepy yet, tell me about yourself."

Carr's had been such a full life that he wondered where he should begin. Full of incident at least, if not of satisfactions. He told her of his early years of struggle and how he had wasted years in dead-end jobs with no future in them. She was curious about what she called "big people," and he told her about them humorously. "Most of them are fairly dull," he said. "They get that way from riding the cushions through life. You are more interesting—you know what life is."

"No," she said, "no one does. I know what death and birth are, but I don't know what life is, except that it is a terrible muddle in which you just go along."

Carr poured out his soul to her. The country, he said, had gone cuckoo. An era was decaying and its manhood likewise. He said he had decayed, himself, and could no longer speak the truth. No man of his acquaintance, he said, seemed to have himself in hand spiritually. The leaders were in a fog and, with the best intentions in the world, were destroying their people. "Destroying your husband," he said bitterly, "and you." Then it occurred to him this was absurd. Nothing could destroy this woman named Bert.

She took up the thread of conversation.

"I'd like to tell you my thoughts, but perhaps I can't. I've never done it. I don't know that I can find the words. It is a fact, but I'm not bragging about it, that I have been true to my husband. Sometimes it has been a burden on me to say 'No' to other men, for it is my nature to give. Still, marriage is a contract, and I have kept my end of it. Sometimes I wonder what would of happened if I had married someone else—someone more fortunate."

"In that case," said Carr, "you would not be quite the superb woman you are now."

"Don't talk compliments. Can't you see I'm trying to tell you something I've never spoken aloud before? Yours is a broad life; mine's a narrow one. Oh, yes, it is. Yet here we are as cozy as two pigeons in a nest. Why? Isn't it because all good women and all good men were meant to love one another? I don't mean in the flesh but as comrades. Men get more chance that way than women; but I've had some of it through my nursing. See?"

"Dimly," said Carr.

"Anyway," said Bert, "here we are. You are a good man; I am a good woman. I'll likely never see you again but I'll not forget you. I'll forget what you looked like but I'll remember

things you say. When I need courage I'll remember you said I'd a strong soul. I love you as God, maybe, would love his children if he knew them better. I can't help it. It is part of me. I meet few men of my own age or near it, but when I do meet a new one I wonder could I be happy with him for a husband. And the answer is most always, 'Yes, I could be happy with him.' I think I could be happy anywhere, with anyone. You say everything's going to glory. Go to sleep and forget it. Even if everything does go to smash, it could be put together again."

"I'm not so sure about that," said Carr, drowsily, "but I do feel sleepy. Will you kiss me?"

She turned and kissed him lightly, tenderly, and caressed his forehead with her fingertips.

"Poor boy," she said. "So little faith."

When he woke it was broad daylight. The car stopped half an hour for breakfast. They had time to walk a few blocks of wind-blown street in Worcester. As the wind whipped her garments around her full, strong figure, he could think only of the Winged Victory.

The spell of the night had gone, and with its passing their talk turned outwards. He told her of his daughter, of his plans for her, of her talent and the disturbance created by young Bolton. She had no comment to make on that, but he felt she looked upon his concern as rather petty. He felt distinctly that way himself over her anxiety lest she would miss the connecting bus for her home city. He heard with a sinking heart that there would be only a fifteen-minute wait between their arrival and her departure. It was inconceivable to him that they could part this way, without at least one more moment entirely to themselves.

Instead of alighting at his hotel, he rode down to the terminal with her.



"See here," he said, as they stood in the crowded station, "I can't say good-by like this. Wait over until the next bus. Have breakfast with me and—"

She looked up at him smiling. "You needn't say no more. I know what would happen. Maybe I'd like to do it. I might if I thought you really needed me—that way. But right now I must go along home and get my husband's dinner. He needs me more than you need me. If we ever meet again—perhaps. Till then—"

"Give me your telephone number."

"There's no 'phone," she said, "and never has been. And I'm not going to give you my address. You might write or telegraph, and that would bother Will. Of course I'd pay no attention to it. This is good-by, isn't it? But remember what I said about not forgetting, never."

Two hours later, Elsie joined her father at the hotel.

"It must have been a hard trip," said Elsie, "but you're looking top."

"Yes, my dear. It was an experience. I wouldn't have missed it for worlds. Now, about this young Bolton. Do you think it's the real thing?"

Elsie nodded, as if something in her throat kept her from speaking. Then she swallowed hard and said, "But it all looks sort of hopeless. He hasn't any money. He's working his way through college. It might be years before we could get married."

"Nonsense," replied her father tartly. "If you love him enough to bear with any misfortunes that come along; if you're dead sure you love him that way, I'll look him over. If he's solid, go ahead and get married the day after his school closes, and you can hitch-hike back to Montana with him for all I care. I'll take your word for it that he's white, honest, and not too ugly."

"Bob's beautiful," said Elsie, "inside and out."

Carr laughed. "Good girl. Then get him over here as soon as you can so I can size him up my own way. Ask him to run over for an early lunch."

While his daughter was telephoning he went downstairs to cash a check. "Sorry, Mr. Carr. Orders are to cash no checks. We'll mail your bill to you. Lend you money if you need it. But no checks."

"What's the idea? Sounds crazy."

"The idea is we'd rather trust you than the banks."

"All right. Give me twenty. Now I know you're crazy. My bank is ten thousand times more solvent than I am. Thanks, so long."

Young Bolton came over on the run. Plenty of bone and muscle; but how was his grit? Was he the kind that would see things through? Carr concluded he was, from the way he carried his head. Steady eyes, straight back; nothing flashy. Was he a man who could come to the point? To see if Bolton could come to the point, Carr sent Elsie to telephone the airport. Yes, Bolton could come to the point:

"I'd like to marry Elsie, Mr. Carr. I'll tell you all I can about myself and my prospects and people, and where you can write to check me up."

Mr. Carr brushed all that aside. "Of course. Quite proper. Send me a letter. I'll inquire; a father should. But I think you'll do. The point is: no matter what comes, do the best you can for your wife, whoever she is. That's what counts."

"Yes, sir," said young Bolton, soberly, "that's what counts."

When Elsie returned she thought they both looked a little uncomfortable; so she sent Bob for some cigarettes.

"Now, Dad?" she demanded with a catch in her voice.

"I'm going home to report to your

mother that Bolton is accepted on probation, pending reports. Formalities. Just between ourselves, I think you're a lucky young woman."

Elsie kissed her father, tearfully, joyfully.

"I might not have been so pliable yesterday," continued Carr. "You don't realize it, but you have a new father, born last night. I can see it must be a terrible thing to be out of love. And if you don't make him a good wife, if you run him into debt or trouble, I'll fly to Montana and give you the spanking of your life. Here's some money."

Elsie shook the tears out of her eyes and laughed. "I'll show you I can stick too. But how about this

bank thing, Dad? Is it as bad as it sounds?"

"Not half as bad. There are reserves the bankers couldn't get hold of—and I don't mean reserves of money."

Elsie nodded. Then her brow clouded. "Mother will be terribly disappointed. She wanted so to have me make a big match. Please try to make her see how wonderful Bob is."

"I'll try. How shall I put it—that guts are more than coronets?"

Back on the job, Carr read Bemis's editorial and called its author. "That's good stuff. Give 'em another like it to-morrow. Do you know what I think? I think it's true. The country *is* sound."

## ON THE FLYLEAF OF A VOLUME OF SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

BY FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

**O**H LOVELIER far than yesterday thou wert;  
*But yet less lovely than to-morrow thou*  
*Wilt be; thy beauty bounded by but Now,*  
*Thy love but by infinity begirt.*  
*How long, how long I deemed it an excess*  
*To read the words that burst the sayer's soul!*  
*How brief the day since I have been made whole*  
*With health to know all words are niggardliness!*  
*I am made whole that knew not I was ill;*  
*I have been hale whatever ill may come;*  
*Articulate that knew not I was dumb;*  
*I have been warm that knew not I was chill.*  
*Oh dearer thou than none can know but me,*  
*My fettered words, my unshackled heart to thee!*





# THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND SHACKS

THE ARRIVAL OF A NEW AMERICAN INDUSTRY

BY JOHN J. MCCARTHY AND ROBERT LITTELL

SOMEWHERE west of the Mississippi Mr. Edward B. Jones, a business man retired by the depression, is sitting behind his steering wheel, watching the endless ribbon of concrete feed itself into the front of his car. Farms, gas stations, billboards fly by him, with a slightly depressing effect; for Mr. Jones knows that the farms produce too much, that the billboards advertise things that people have already bought more of than they should, and that of all the gas-filling stations in the United States one third have no economic justification for their existence. What, Mr. Jones asks himself, has become of the land of opportunity? Where may a man who has saved a few thousand dollars from the wreck find a new industry, and invest in it?

Is there such a thing in America as a new industry? Not on this landscape. The monotonous farms and gas stations flash by, and out of the tail of his eye Mr. Jones reads a red-and-black roadside sign that says, cryptically, "One Hundred Cottages." . . . Everything has been done and overdone, there is no new industry anywhere. . . . Another red and black sign flashes by: "One Hundred Showers." . . . Nothing but a change in American habits will breed a really new industry. . . . Mr. Jones yawns. The sun is low. He has driven five hundred miles since morning. The

red-and-black signs are evenly spaced along the road. The next one says, "El Pomar—One Mile." . . . Perhaps the depression will change American habits, and with enforced simplicity of tastes a new industry will be born.

Suddenly Mr. Jones and his car whizz by what seems like a village, strangely neat and white in the sunset. His mind records the words over a large central building—"El Pomar Tourist Court." Seventy miles to the next town and the nearest hotel. Got to sleep somewhere. Reluctantly Mr. Jones's lower centers, drugged by mileage, obey his intellect and apply the brakes. . . . Might as well try one of these tourist dumps. . . . Mr. Jones backs up.

But it isn't a dump. Clean gravel, framed in whitewashed stones. Nine gas pumps colored like the spectrum. Two attendants in blue dusters, with "El Pomar" blazoned in red across their chests, seize Mr. Jones with their smiles and drag him and his suitcase into a spick and span office. "Just for to-night? All our cabins have showers . . . two dollars . . . cabin with garage attached, three dollars—or you can leave your car outdoors. It sure won't rain to-night."

Mr. Jones signs a guest book, follows the attendant past an unbelievably long row of glistening shingled cottages. A door is opened; Mr. Jones fumbles in his pocket. "We don't

take tips here, sir. . . . Do you wish your car serviced? Oil and gas? No charge for the service." The Yale lock clicks. Mr. Jones blinks. The cabin's only room is tiny, but the curtains are chintz. On the floor, a soft rug. In the corner, a small gas range and an icebox. Through a narrow door, noiseless modern plumbing and a gleaming shower bath, where Mr. Jones washes off miles of transcontinental highway. The towels are stamped El Pomar. So is the soap. Above the bed a printed sign: "This is your home while you are here. . . . Please keep all pets on a leash."

In the twilight Mr. Jones walks toward the main building, past what seem to him a thousand identical cabins lined up like lumps of sugar on a green tablecloth. A cafeteria. Nick-eled coffee urns. The El Pomar Blue Plate Special. Feeling better, but in a blur of pleasant weariness, Mr. Jones wanders into the Community House, a room with bare rafters and a mounted deer above a great stone fireplace. A man who looks like a pensioned Pullman conductor is writing post cards at a desk in the corner. Four women in khaki shirts and knickerbockers are playing bridge. In the middle of the polished floor three couples are dancing to the chained rhythm of radio jazz. A pleasant voice greets Mr. Jones: "Find everything to your satisfaction?" It is the proprietor of the El Pomar Tourist Court. Talk of conditions, of solutions. "Two years ago I was busted. Next season I plan to build twenty cottages more."

Very late, toward ten o'clock, Mr. Jones goes back to his cabin, past what seem to him millions of other cabins whose windows are squares of friendly yellow light. His bed has been turned down. A pitcher of ice water stands on a table. He opens a door. Glistening in the dark, not two feet from

the bed, is his own car. Both under the same roof. Through the window come the splendor of silent moonlight and wild sweet prairie smells. Mr. Jones stretches out upon what his experienced bulk knows to be the best of beds.

In the sharp light of morning Mr. Jones surveys the El Pomar Tourist Court. At eighty-five he gives up counting the cabins. On the left, a swimming pool. On the right, a children's playground, with swings and sandpile. And, out in the prairie, what looks very much like the tee of a first hole. Free orange juice for breakfast. . . . As he presses in the clutch, an attendant wishes him goodbye and hands him a copy of the *Baxter City Herald*, El Pomar edition.

At the end of the next day's run, Mr. Jones, who is thinking hard (and no longer quite so mournfully) about that new American industry he was looking for, keeps his eye peeled for a twin to El Pomar. He passes plenty of Tourist Camps, Overnight Stops, Auto Courts and Ramblers' Rests, but they have only a few cottages and after El Pomar they all look a little seedy. Again the sun sinks. And again it is miles to the nearest town. So with aching limbs and swimming eyes Mr. Jones pulls up at the U Likum Kamp Kabins, and is told by a bloated woman with octagonal eyeglasses that he can have a cabin for one dollar or camping privileges for fifty cents.

After locking his car and leaving it in the open, Mr. Jones appraises the U Likum assets—ten cabins, the oblong architecture of which inevitably brings Chic Sale to his mind. In his own cabin are a bowl and pitcher, an iron bedstead, a cracked mirror, and the comb of a previous guest. Saddened, Mr. Jones goes back to the dingy farmhouse which serves as office and headquarters. While he is trying to swallow a peanut-butter sandwich,



a young man and a thin girl with purple lips drive up in a dusty Ford. They want a cabin. "Married?" asks the proprietress and winks at Mr. Jones when the girl giggles. When they have gone to their cabin she becomes confidential. "Saturday night, during Fair Week, I rented one of the cabins six times over. It's a free country, so what the hell!" Mr. Jones, troubled by illicit ghosts and several more tangible visitors, sleeps very badly in his U Likum Kabin.

## II

If Mr. Jones were to motor back and forth, up and down over the United States with his eyes and mind open, he would soon realize that the El Pomar and the U Likum and the immense collection of tourist camps, cottages, and cabins between these two extremes represent not only a new industry, but an important change in American ways of living, and are, furthermore, one of the few features of the American landscape which the depression is causing to grow by leaps and bounds.

Almost nothing has been written about this industry, and little is accurately known, for it is scattered and, as yet, highly individualistic. Some good guesses have been made as to facts and figures, and if we rely upon them it is because they are not only good guesses but the only ones. There are more than thirty thousand of these tourist cottage establishments in the United States. Since raw digits are not easily digested by the imagination, let us translate this figure into a picture (rather a horrible picture perhaps) by saying that if all these cottage camps were lined up on a single transcontinental highway, there would be one of them every two hundred yards from Maine to California. The total investment in them is probably something like a quarter of a billion

dollars. They give shelter to about 30,000,000 travellers every year, who can rest their heads upon any one of 450,000 pillows in 300,000 little shacks, cabins or cottages. Over 12,000 of these establishments have ten cottages or more. The bottom price for a night's rest is seldom below one dollar; the average is very likely nearer two dollars. Whether as a whole they earn a fair return on their investment is unknown, often even to the owners themselves who, like amateur business men everywhere, erase the original investment from their books and count all cash in the till as clear profit. Until recently as solitary as hot dog stands (from which many of them were born), they have begun to organize here and there into co-operatives, to form associations, and to subscribe to a brisk little monthly, *Tourist Trade*, which is devoted exclusively to their interests.

These figures, when one thinks of the naked, often sordid appearance of the average roadside tourist cottages, are surprising. Even more remarkable is the fact that the boom in this kind of accommodation has occurred largely since the depression. Ever since the War Americans in increasing numbers have been climbing into their cars and wandering over the countryside out of sheer restlessness, for the pleasure of seeing a new row of telegraph poles and watching the wheels go round. Years ago most of the automobile travelers, when they were too poor to stop at hotels, took tents and duffel bags with them and camped by the side of the road. Gradually farmers learned to offer them space under the trees and drinking water for a quarter. The tide of the wanderers increased, and Chambers of Commerce, mayors, and alert private citizens began to clear waste land a mile or two out of town and offer something (though still quite primitive) a little better than space under the trees.

Those were the days of the tourist camp. By day dusty sedans, piled high with pots and pans and tired children and khaki bedding rolls, moved over the roads; at nightfall, for a dollar or less, they tented on trampled grass, where naked municipal spigots rose from the ground and yesterday's newspapers rustled in the wind, where the travelers themselves, sitting on running boards, swapped road lore and boasted of their mileage. There were a thousand such camps in 1922, twice as many four years later.

By then their character had begun to change. The owners of farmhouses along the highway spruced up guest rooms, even put in a bath, and by the time the Department of Agriculture had sent out a bulletin telling them how to make some extra cash out of guest cabins, the foresighted among them had already built cheerless little shacks, about the size of corn cribs, and no more beautiful. Spontaneously all over the country these shacks multiplied, took on coats of white and green paint, blossomed with curtains, mail-order furniture, plumbing, and electric lights, planted signs along the roadway, grew kitchens, club-houses, golf-courses, and fairly yelled at the passing motorist to stop and sample the No-Knock gas, the chicken dinners, the cheap, wholesome privacy of Rambler's Rest, Kamp Kozy, Hatch's Huts, Para Dice, Pop Inn, Kabina Lodge, Slumberland, or Dr. Smith's Sanitary Tourist Camp.

And now there are thirty thousand of them. And more every minute. Why, in these hard times when everything else is shrinking, foreclosing, passing dividends? The reasons for this special boom in a general frost are very simple. Let us take the producer's side of it. Suppose you own a hundred-acre farm, and U. S. Highway No. 50 runs straight through it. If you are an average farmer it may have

taken you some years, and a big drop in the price of crops, to show you that the narrow highway is worth more to you than all your acres. When wheat went below a dollar you succumbed and put in a gas-filling station—pin money, perhaps; but to a farmer hard cash means a great deal. Then, when it became more expensive to raise crops than not to raise them at all, you added, to the gas pumps, to the jellied apples and home-made pie stand, a couple of overnight cabins, and furnished them for a hundred dollars apiece—plus your own hard work with saw and hammer. They paid for themselves in two months. During the winter you built five more. The story was repeated. The following year you blew in all your earnings, your savings, and some borrowed money; you built bigger and better cabins, modernized them, turned the farmhouse kitchen into a sort of cafeteria, and let your acres run to weeds. The money trickles steadily in and rolls in during the summer. Your overhead is low. Your wife does the cooking, your daughter makes the beds, your son tends the gas pumps. The food, for yourself and your guests, all comes off the farm. And there is a world of difference between selling corn by the bushel and selling it to hungry motorists on the cob. You have invested in your own property, in something within the range of your own vision, instead of those fool stocks and bonds that keep on going down. There's gold in them shacks—so long as the cars keep rolling by.

And they are still rolling by. The depression hasn't stopped them at all. On the contrary. People who used to travel by train can no longer afford three or four cents a mile. Graduates of our thousand colleges, unable to get jobs, sponge on the family, club together to buy an old Ford, and point its radiator toward the great open



spaces. Salaried men who have lost their jobs but saved something (or often almost nothing) say good-by to the landlord and take their families off to see the world before it blows up. Farmers who have failed or been dispossessed crank up the last thing which a good American surrenders—his car—and push off into a possibly happier nowhere. And then the great army of incurable wanderers, prosperous or poverty-stricken, who are always yielding to the restless, pioneer, gypsy streak that lies at the bottom of most Americans, roll back and forth, to the Lakes in summer, to California or Florida in the winter, with less reason than ever for settling in one place. And all of them must find some place to eat and sleep.

They no longer carry their tents and pans, and camp out, as much as they used to. Those cars padded with khaki bundles are no longer nearly as common as they were. We are not a knapsack, open-air people. We like nature, but we must have our roads straight and smooth, and we want to view the scenery through the windows (usually closed) of a two-door sedan. (Witness the decline of the touring car.) And the decade just behind us was one in which millions became accustomed to certain elementary luxuries; hence the rush to those tourist cottages prosperous enough to provide comfortable mattresses, electric refrigerators, and modern plumbing for guests who often did not have these things at home.

This army, a large proportion of which is permanently homeless by ill luck or choice, would never patronize the hotels even if there were no tourist cottages. The big hotels are expensive, and in the cities; these travelers prefer to stop wherever they may be at the end of a day's drive, and most of them cannot afford the hotels anyhow. The smaller, older genera-

tion of American hotels, the Commercial Houses, the Railroad Hotels down by the switching yards, where lonely drummers chew cigars in fetid lobbies, are so infinitely more dreary than even the second-rate tourist cabins that no motorist who has learned the simplicity and cheapness of Camp Joy or U Wanna Kum Back will ever go near such hotels as these again. In fact, the tourist cottages are rapidly filling a gap in the American scene long noted by those who have found comfort, economy, and charm in the little *Gasthäuser* and *auberges* of Europe.

While the tourist cottages are to be found along every main road in the country, no one who lives and motors east of the Mississippi has seen them at their best. On the Pacific Coast they are an accepted feature of life; they flourish too in the mountain and some of the Mid-Western States. The South, always a little slow to catch on to anything new, has few of them. And in the East, in spite of their numbers, they are for the most part comparatively small, primitive, ugly, and unambitious. One may get a fair idea of their distribution by States from the official directory of tourist courts and camps of the American Automobile Association, which lists only the better specimens of this mushroom race. Eighty of them in Maine, fewer than that in New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, or any of the Seaboard States until one reaches Florida. They increase in numbers, and in individual size, from Ohio westward to Colorado, and seem to breed like rabbits in Texas, Washington, Oregon, and California—which is easily tourist-court State number one, with a total of 726—several times more than the A. A. A. finds to recommend in all the Southern States put together.

It is natural that California should be the most luxurious State for motorists. The sun shines, the roads are

smooth and wide, and there are enough cars in California—so one of her proud sons has calculated—to carry all of its inhabitants across the State line before sundown. Therefore California has developed the auto court, the motorist's hotel (or as it is sometimes called—alas—the “mo-tel”) to such a high point of size and comfort that at Long Beach may be found the boss tourist court of them all—the “Venetian Square,” with kitchen, dishes, baths, bedding, linen, and 334 separate cottages, at from one to four dollars a night.

### III

The rest of the country is slowly but persistently approaching the all-American record set by Venetian Square. And each section is getting there in its own way. The variety of these cottage camps is infinite, and no two are alike. They may be divided, however, into three rough classifications. First, the crude one-family outfit—the small home-carpentered crop of shacks built by a thrifty or desperate farmer where his acres meet the highway. Such are for transients, who spend one night, pay one dollar, and speed on in the early morning. Second, the more pretentious cottage villages, representing investments of often thirty or forty thousand dollars, which are run as a business rather than for pocket-money, and catch the motorist with promises of privacy and shower baths on the outskirts of a town. Third, the resort cottage camps, for sight-seers only, which have sprung up on the edge of our National Parks, along the lakes in deepest Minnesota, wherever mountains, glaciers, Indians, or wild animals have power to pry, for a week or two, the American motorist from the upholstered seat (F.O.B. Detroit) he loves so well. Among these must be included the camps and cabins built and run by the Gov-

ernment—excellent examples, along with the National Parks themselves, of how much more efficient Uncle Sam is outdoors than he is in.

And here is one corner of our life where one cannot raise again the dismal cry of standardization. The tourist cottages are anything but standardized. The travelers who use them may roll up in the same cars, all exactly alike; their minds may be filled with boiler-plate ideas, they may all listen to Amos an' Andy at seven fifteen and brush their teeth by national advertising, but the places where they sleep by the side of the road are the products of individual taste and effort. To farmer Smith or amateur “realtor” Brown no one came along and sold the idea of putting up those cabins—they were born in his mind, laid out according to his own taste, nailed together often with his own hand; they are advertised and managed according to his own standards. They may some day be bought up and marshaled into chains and corporations, but at present they are almost the only prospering manifestation, in appearance, initiative, and economics, of that sadly chastened eagle, rugged American individualism.

Untouched as yet by the all-leveling steam roller of commerce, the tourist cabins are equally free from the influence of art. Such traces of it as creep into the design of the cottages are purely local and personal, with astonishing and often diverting results. Before it is too late, someone with a camera and a passion for Americana should motor about the country collecting material for a monograph on the architecture of the tourist camps, courts, cottages of the early 1930's. Much that he saw would, of course, be drearily sordid and utilitarian—rows of glorified outhouses painted a blinding white, clapboarded shanties in hollow squares, litters of bathing cab-



ins, telephone booths, rabbit hutches lined up like soldiers on parade. But he would also find innumerable treatments of the log cabin, both florid and severe; ingenious solutions of the problem, how to put a man and an automobile under the same roof; gorgeous combinations of lattice, vines, and gasoline pump; prize specimens of car-barn Moorish; amazing marriages of Dutch and Mission, of tea shoppe and Pueblo; the valiant responses to local scenery and history of those who, in the words of one of the camp-court owners, "try to cash in on their geographical assets."

The average tourist court, huddled close to the roadside, with few or no trees, is not as lovely as its owners like to think. Even were they anxious to embellish the landscape, to melt the cabins into the scenery, and hide their rectangular regiments with groves of trees, beauty must effect a compromise with ballyhoo; for the main object of a tourist camp's exterior is to shout at the motorist and make him apply his brakes before he has gone past. Once past—such is the power of the American car to take the bit in its teeth—the customer is lost to that camp forever. And so, to the chronic disfigurements of our roadsides by billboard advertising, are added, not only the harsh outlines of the multiplying tourist cottages, but the signs which their owners sprinkle along the road many miles to left and right. *Tourist Trade* tells the cottage owners that their signs should have a surface area of at least sixteen feet; that the sign should "dominate the field of vision," that the best location is at the turn of a road, that approaches to narrow bridges—and other places where the driver's eye and mind are thinking of something else—should be avoided; and that "never more than one thought," or selling point, should be put on each sign.

The selling points of the average tourist cottage camp are few and simple—a clean, cheap place to rest one's head, plus the possibilities of food. Most of them have progressed beyond the roof-and-pillow stage, however, and offer modern plumbing, showers, the use of kitchens and dishes. A few—the aristocracy—are as luxurious and complete as the better-class hotels. The All States Tourist Camp, at Columbia, Missouri, provides, beside essentials, outdoor ovens and a community laundry. The All States at St. Petersburg, Florida is a "complete community": drug store, barber shop, grocery, and meat market. The Angeles Courts, three miles from San Antonio, Texas, gives its patrons maid and porter service, telephone, telegraph, and clothes pressing for not more than two dollars a day.

Cottage camps as luxurious as these are still only a handful among the 30,000, and set a standard of comfort which the small proprietor will spend some years, and some thousands of dollars, in emulating. But such tangible accessories as baths, kitchens, and maids are not always necessary. The tourist, always ready to trade a little comfort for a lot of service or entertainment, can be lured by other attractions. One California camp offers the tourist polo and wild-boar hunting. Another has a playground, where a paid hostess organizes games and keeps the children from going too high on the swings. Most of the cottage camps have gone in for picture post cards of themselves—which keep travelers busy in the long evenings. And if you wander far enough, you may vary the ever-present radio and slot machines with fishing in the tourist court's private pond (stocked with fish that are not too difficult to catch); with a round of golf on its free course, with archery (which the cottage owners say is becoming vastly popular), with

horseshoe pitching (now more politely known as quoits), with dancing on the tennis court at night, with playing bridge, chess, checkers, or assembling thousand-piece jig-saw puzzles in the camp community clubhouse. And some of the camps will even rent you moving picture cameras. And if you should tire of such sports, the more imaginative auto courts, such as Sid's Red and White Cottages, at Mackinaw City, Michigan, offer you a small-sized museum, containing Sid's "famous collection of bottles," a bear trap, an ox yoke, a pewter stein one hundred years old, a muzzle-loading shotgun, and the authenticated, own, personal boxing gloves of Stanley Ketchel himself.

At one of these cottage camps turned up a year ago a very pleasant but unemployed old gentleman who, it appeared, had been, at some time in a long, wandering life, in every corner of the United States. The camp now employs him to talk to homesick travelers about their own home towns. He too has usually been there.

If they are clever, and can afford to put in modern fixtures, and have the wits to collect famous boxing gloves or hire some talkative Odysseus, the cottage owners make money. But even if they don't make a fortune they have a pleasant and stimulating life. All America, in course of time, rolls up their little concrete drive and goes to bed in their cabins. Something of the old fellowship of the road is being reborn in these places. The travelers, as well as the owners, enjoy the casual friendships, the brief contacts, the sudden intimacies that dissolve forever at dawn. One may run into anybody at these cottages—anybody, and all kinds of people.

In the three-dollar two-room bungalow and bath is a prosperous New York lawyer, who can afford anything, but likes the freedom and convenience

of these new roofs for gypsies. In a cheaper cabin are two salesmen of rayon hosiery, cheerful at finding something within the range of reduced expense accounts. Across the way is a family, all in blue overalls, who have sold their little house in Minneapolis and are seeing America first. At dinnertime they rub elbows with husky truck drivers, who sleep in the seventy-five cent cabins. Camping under the trees, at fifty cents per car, are some young high school students who have no particular reason to stay at home. And if one gets up very early in the morning one can see, coming out of a barn at the edge of the cabin settlement, a half-dozen bronzed, ragged figures who have paid a dime (or nothing) for their flop and will set out once more on the great road, bumming rides, panhandling, and looking, in a fashion by now fatalistic, for that job—any job—that they can never find.

With such a motley of travelers, and with so many of the cottage camps struggling for a living and, therefore, asking no questions, unfortunate things happen once in a while. In the West honesty still prevails, and when one stays at a tourist court one does not bother to lock things up. Farther east the owners have to be a little more on guard against their guests, and the guests against one another. Cottage linen disappears regularly, even if heavily stenciled with the name of U Pop Inn or Gibson's Homey Homes. Once in a while travelers chop up the furniture for firewood. Now and then the sheriff drops in, and finds his man.

And up and down the land, especially outside of the cities, women who are still too respectable to sign a fake name on a hotel register drive out with temporary mates and enjoy a lawless privacy far superior to anything provided by night boats or the back seat of



a sedan. The lowlier cottage camps ask no questions and take in a huge love-nest income; the better camps are increasingly more careful and require their guests to sign in the guest book, giving the license number of their car. Ordinances and laws are slowly catching up. So far they have not gone far beyond sanitary regulations, which in some States are, for the tourist cottages, extremely strict.

Camp owners complain that the hotel men, smelling a new competition, are behind this legislation, but the wiser hotel men realize that the better class of hotels in the big cities are not threatened, and that the wiser course is not to throttle competition, but to meet it. And so there are many hotels which have learned that the tourist camp's superiority to the average hotel in cheapness, privacy, convenience, fresh air, and informality must be fought on its own terms, and are building tourist cottages of their own to meet this change in the habits of motorists.

#### IV

This is right, for the tourist cottages have come to stay. The depression has bred millions of wanderers; when jobs call them back again they will remember the pleasures of simplicity

and the open road at a dollar or two a night. We predict that the boom in building these cottages has only begun.

Little by little these thousands of cottage owners will organize themselves (or be organized by others); their possibilities as a market will become apparent; and there will be repeated the old story of our discoveries, booms, and expansions. Unable to make a decent living at something else, thousands of farmers and small business men will clear a space by the roadside and put up rectangular boxes, and make a little money, and add to them; and of these thousands half, operating in a new field where enthusiasm seems to be more desirable than experience, will overreach themselves and make mistakes and fail, and in the smoke of their failure other thousands will see fire and follow them, and also fail and once in a while succeed. But the hopeless hopes and the gallant failures will build up something on our landscape beside which to-day's thirty thousand cottages, mo-tels, courts, La Belle Tourist Parks, and Snappy Tourist Camps will seem only occasional punctuation marks.

A new industry is under way—laugh at it a little, pray for it a little more, and watch it.



## TO THE RACES—IN PARIS

BY HAROLD E. STEARNS

LET me take you with me to a quiet afternoon meeting early in May, before the more famous and spectacular events are staged, at a race course which is thoroughly and delightfully Parisian—a race course which sees relatively infrequent American and English tourists or even casual “sportsmen”—Le Tremblay.

Since Le Tremblay is easy to get to from Montparnasse, where I live, and as it is also convenient for my friend and poet-philosopher, Bouboule, who is a taxi-driver by profession, to pick us up near there, I shall invite you to lunch at Les Trianons, opposite the Gare Montparnasse, which is one of the fine restaurants of Paris. We might have a cocktail at Le Select, since it boasts—as do far too many cafés—of having a *Bar Américain*, and lay a preliminary bet at one of the Pari-Mutuel-En-Ville branches in the tobacco shop next to Les Trianons—just in case we should arrive too late for that race at the track itself.

Lunch is so good at Les Trianons—but why go into that? I recommend the sparkling Vouvray there if you have a fish dish; I recommend it anyway. The moment when are served the vicious black coffee and the liqueurs which bring every good French meal to an end arrives almost too soon. I don't have to consult my watch; Bouboule's ridiculous looking tiny open-face *torpédo de sport*, as he fondly calls it, has drawn up in front of the little sidewalk *terrasse*. Even if I were

blind, I should know it was there by the frantic and familiar barking of Bouboule's small and indefatigable fox terrier, who always accompanies him in the front seat. Small as the *torpédo* is, Bouboule knows how to get the maximum speed out of it, which is high. Much too high, you are inclined to think at first, as you dodge between a beer truck and a trolley car on the wrong side of the street, turn a corner on two wheels, missing a baby carriage by inches, and cross in front of traffic going furiously, as you think, in the other direction, just in time to realize that Bouboule has gone around a “safety island,” joined the opposing traffic, and slipped up an unnoticed side street.

We go along the Boulevard Montparnasse, past “This Quarter,” waving to friends sitting outside the Dôme, La Coupole, or Le Select; past, on the left, the Nègre de Toulouse and the Closerie des Lilas, with the view down over the Gardens to and across the river even up to a shadowy sort of Sacré Cœur in Montmartre, and, on the right, the Café de l'Observatoire, the Hospital, where I was always puzzled by the sign that *accouchements* were taken care of on Tuesdays and Thursdays only (between 2 and 4 o'clock, so please be exact), past all these until, with a dizzy side turn, we go up the street Jeanne Darc, Prolongée (meaning the street, of course), and then, biff, over the river, and past wholesale wine shops that seem like all the vol-



umes of Rabelais come to life. We reach a gate of the city, but do not emerge; instead, we turn at a left right-angle and follow the *fortifications* to the next gate—and along here we go by the “zone” for a bit, where, even to-day, I should not care to walk after dark.

Now we do emerge from the city to follow the Bois de Vincennes, along, on our left, one of its loveliest and most emeraldlike sides, with a fine view of rolling country—for we are high up here—on the right. By the Vincennes track (on our left again), set back somewhat from the road, and then down into Joinville-le-Pont. Over the Marne, where we are joined by a stream of traffic, including huge, lightninglike autobuses, coming from Paris by the other roads from the center of town, and then, after a mile or so of rather dreary suburbia (small villas with cast-iron dogs on the roofs), Le Tremblay itself—rich, green, gay, colorful, lovely enough to take your breath away. Flowers everywhere; fine greensward everywhere; a pretty little paddock set in trees; the grandstand that seems more a huge clubhouse, as it certainly is in two respects—it serves good drinks and good food.

We go in—but do not worry about Bouboule. He will have his lunch now at a little restaurant near the entrance to the *pelouse*, and then saunter into that popular *endroit*, for he has a hot tip on some horse in the fourth, the principal, race; in fact, many a day he has done better than I have, financially speaking, with his curious outsiders (from what mysterious source he gets them I don't know). He will be waiting for us at the gate when all is over. Traditionally, the last race is a handicap at French tracks; but here, as in so many other things, Bouboule is an iconoclast—he has no love for handicaps, and he never stays for them. He thinks, and

rightly so, that the top-weight horses carry too heavy a load, and the bottom-weight ones, too light, though the French handicappers themselves are inordinately proud of their allocation of weights.

Inside the gate the first formality is to say *Bon jour* to the aged servitors who sell programs, and with true French caution I buy only one for you, since a free one is given me in the room reserved for *La Presse*. Each costs a franc, and rather miraculously, except for a brief formal announcement of the principal events of the forthcoming meets at this same track, contains no advertising whatever. The card has sufficiently wide margins to enable you to write your own brief hieroglyphics of wins, losses, and notes. I might add that, like everybody else, these aged servitors, once you are known to them, will give you a tip on what they euphemistically call a *certitude*. Tips on the races are plentiful—and free. With a little diligence, and by consulting all the official and unofficial racing papers, you can get a tip on almost every horse running in every race. If any animal is neglected by these different sources of enlightenment (though this happens only now and then), by all means have a flyer on him—his chances are good for constituting the, if I may so phrase it, almost inevitable “surpreez,” without which no afternoon of French racing would be complete.

We walk up by some gay flowerbeds to the grandstand. It is a large, very pretty, very comfortable grandstand, with a restaurant and its amazingly long bar and, as the day is fair, tables are placed not only in the main hall with the bar, but also outside in the open, cut off from the grass and the flowers by a low boxed hedge. From your table you can plainly see one of the big announcement boards on the building across and down a lawn (an

attractive building, too, harmonized with the rest of the architecture) where the Pari-Mutuel is reckoned, and where the results, the betting, and the final prices, and the entries, numbers, and jockeys are posted up. For the names of the horses, together with those of the owners to whom they belong, and for the weights, apprentice allowances, and most other technical points, the card gives full information.

## II

As usual, the first race is a selling-plate affair with a huge entry list—many will have been scratched at the last moment, so it is just as well to watch closely the *affichage*, or announcement board, as we sit at a table and order a black coffee and brandy from the waiter, who will likewise give us a tip when he serves us—and one from the racing heart, too, for he expects no extra *pourboire*, if, miraculously, his *tocard*—outsider—comes through. Already he has bet his ten francs; he shows us his ticket proudly, and will be so delighted if his 25 or 30 to 1 “long shot” does the impossible that his emotions will make it difficult to obtain the correct drink—sometimes, any drink at all—for the rest of the afternoon. I should rather have him win the last race, the puzzling handicap (also with long enough prices to satisfy anybody). That will send him home happy and excited—and meanwhile we shall get some service. But I wish him luck with enthusiasm just the same.

We get up and go to one of the many “Mutuel” windows. There are several in the grandstand itself, in the paddock, opposite the weighing-in enclosure back of the clubhouse; everywhere in fact, and they range from the modest 10-franc booths, through different 50- and 100-franc booths up to the two booths where each ticket costs

500 francs (roughly, \$20). We leave our chairs tipped and our copies of *La Veine* and *Paris-Midi*, which we have been studying so earnestly, on the table, to indicate we are coming back. We do, in fact, keep the same table all afternoon; it is a convenient gathering place for all of us, and permits each to wander off as fancy decrees, and allows me to pay a professional visit or two to *La Presse* room; also we can have cake and tea there a bit later and, if we win, a bottle of champagne to celebrate or, if we lose, a bottle anyway, to drown our regrets. For luck, and since one horse is as bad as another in this selling curtain-raiser, we make a little bet of 20 francs each on our waiter's *certitude*—10 francs “à cheval,” that is, 10 francs to win and 10 to “place,” or to arrive 1st, 2nd, or 3rd, for there is no “show” in France as with us for the third horse; when 8 or more run, the first three are “*placé*”; when less than 8, the first two only are “*placé*.”

There is no use our climbing the stairs of the grandstand for this unimportant affair, and we do not even go into the paddock, for the horses are already on the track and galloping—some of them in very impressive *foulées*, as the racing papers say—or trotting up to the barrier. Nowadays this consists of ropes arranged like bars, in a movable frame, ropes which spring up automatically when the official starter gives the signal that all the horses are lined up properly and ready to go, and release, also automatically and at the same time, the long, jerky-jumping split-second hand of the big clock over the judges' stand at the finish line.

“*Parti*,” exclaim our French neighbors, straining to see the start, many of them with field glasses, and the bell rings. The clatter of the Pari-Mutuel machines, stamping out last-minute bets, suddenly ceases; the wire-netting



screen before each betting booth shoots up with a heart-breaking clatter; there is a half-minute or so, during which the race is "designed," as our neighbors put it: then, "*Allez, Semblat*"; "*Dans une fauteuil, mon coco*"; and, as they near the line, you hear an exasperated feminine voice, "*M'sieur, je vous assure, c'est le numero treize qui gagne!*" (As a matter of fact the unlucky animal carrying number 13 on his silks is next to last; she has mixed up the colors with those of number 8, the winner.)

There is a flash of real excitement, but nothing hysterical—indeed, if you have just come from one of many race meetings in America, it will strike you right away, and with force, that the so-called emotional French are singularly calm about a horse race, compared with a crowd at stylish Belmont or "blue-grass" Lexington, Kentucky, to say nothing of our English cousins, who may pride themselves on their emotional stability but who, after a close finish at Ascot, or Epsom Downs, make a French racing crowd appear positively as restrained as the people at one of their own afternoon teas.

In the excitement of the finish we neglected to notice that "our" horse, termed "*Crème de Riz*," and proudly bearing the number 17 among the lightweights has come in third by the proverbial eyelash.

We have neglected to notice it, but our waiter hasn't. He is dancing with nervousness, for fear there will be a *réclamation*—i.e., a complaint for bumping, for not keeping one's "line," or position with reference to the rail and other horses; for interference with another horse in any way, such as the cheerful practice of hitting the head of a horse near you with the butt end of your whip, of course as if accidentally, or, in France, for what is called "brutalizing" a mount, that is, whip-

ping him excessively during the race or at the finish. Although the French are not a sentimental people, they are fond of animals and respect their rights, and jockeys, in addition to being "warned," are often heavily fined for doing just that. Almost tearfully, the waiter asks us if we noticed anything peculiar at the finish; we assure him we did not.

Fortunately for our nerves, and our waiter's, who is close to hysteria by this time, the "all clear" bell rings very cheerfully in our ears. How much sweeter a sound that bell has when we have tickets to cash! The race, with its announced results, is legal now, and not even the President of the French Republic himself can prevent the winners being paid off. For as the "all clear" bell rang, a thin red oblong went up in place above the winning numbers—the true origin of the expression, "*Le rouge est mis*." In about ten minutes the little formality of collecting cash will begin at the paying booths, and a line of happy speculators forms at these paying windows immediately after the "all clear" bell rings—each one with a satisfied smile of superior wisdom on his face; and you will be considered very churlish if you do not exchange a joke with your neighbor in the queue, whether male or female, old or young, poorly dressed or stylishly, and explain on what horse, and just why, you will bet in every race for the rest of the day. But this afternoon we shall send our waiter to the booth for us; it is a congenial task to him anyway, since it permits him to indulge, along with his neighbors in the queue, in that most persistent of French passions, conversation, and especially congenial is his task when, as now, he has a ticket of his own upon which to collect.

Before he goes to join the happy line at the pay-out window he hurriedly serves us with a bottle of

champagne—a good brand, too; are we not winners?—while we chat in that slightly superior fashion peculiar only to successful plungers, looking up every now and then at the *affichage*, across the lawn, for the prices. There is a clatter of signs and a chorus of “*Tiens! Tiens!*” as under *Gagnant* first appears the price to be paid for each ten-franc ticket on number 8, the winner—41 francs (“Three to one, about,” we say to ourselves, “made favorite in the betting”)—and then, under *Placé*: for 8, 24 francs; for 12 (second by  $\frac{3}{4}$  *de longueur*), 32 francs; and for our dear little number 17 (close and modest third), 84 francs! We beam with delight: 3 to 1 to win on the winner, but almost  $7\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 on our horse just to place third, in the money! And, I hasten to add, in wild selling or *débutant* races, even far greater differences in prices paid are not exceptional; at *Maisons-Lafitte*, sometimes, they are preposterous—I have myself collected 216 francs for a 10-franc bet on a horse to place that came in second in a race, when the winner, a hot favorite, paid only 21 francs for 10—or just over even money—to win.

Our waiter brings back our winnings, together with his own, and since this is aristocratic France rather than democratic America, we pour him out also a glass of champagne, which he downs as we exchange best wishes for good luck and good health.

The waiter informs us that the winner, *Crème de Riz*, was *retiré* (withdrawn) *faute d'enchères* (because of lack of bidding) and remains the property of his owner, as listed on the card, and that the owner is just as well pleased at this outcome, since, now that his horse has won, he does not want to part with *Crème de Riz* after all. How success swells pride of ownership! And *had* there been any bidding, admitting he wished to keep

his horse, he would have had to outbid the prospective purchaser. (“Paying himself,” you say; “how absurd!” But the State does not think so at all, for the owner has to pay in this case a tax on the un-met sales price he has bid himself—a tax which he takes naturally out of the prize money for winning. Of course the State does not care where this “transfer” money comes from so long as it gets it—inexorable, as always.) We turn to our program, which, to make clear, I shall reproduce in a short English version:

1st Race: Selling Race, for both sexes, over 4 years old, who have not won 50,000 francs; only the winner to be sold at auction. (This is the race we have just witnessed.)

2nd Race: Debut For Fillies.

3rd Race: Reserved For “Gentlemen Riders, Jockeys, and Cavaliers.” (I reproduce the exact words of the program. At least it is not a race for apprentice jockeys, which sometimes are miracles of bad riding.)

4th Race: Principal Event, Over 3,000 Meters—about 2 miles—For Three And Four-year Olds Of Both Sexes. Prize: 40,000 francs, plus the entry money, which makes it almost double that, or 76,000 francs, or a bit over \$3,000—worth winning in any country.

5th Race: Début For Colts.

6th Race: Handicap.

### III

Our first bottle of champagne is finished; I suggest we make a trip to the paddock to see the “baby” fillies entered in the next race, some of them daughters of famous sires. Some are awkward and nervous, some sleek and serene; almost all are handsome. Their names will intrigue you first: Flower of Love, Miss Vixen (this name in English, as are several of the others that boast English origin), The Last Leaf, Intellectual, Dark Tempest (there is almost sure to be some product of the prolific Dark Legend, like Dark Way—



a real horse, a colt, and a fine one, too, he was—by Dark Legend out of Shining Way), Chocolate Cream (Crèmes are very popular; Dreams are popular, too; Rêve d'Amour is as common a name as Mary with girls), Queens of This, That, or The Other, Capricieuse, of course (though she looks sober and far from flighty), and, finally, just fantastic names, such as—and I am giving real names—False Alarm, Baby Rose, To The Death, Laughing With Tears, All My Hopes, Without A Cent, Devoted, Faithless (curious name, for a hoped-for winner), Charm, Mademoiselle Gaugin, Surprise. Sometimes the names attempt to suggest, by some combination (as so beautifully in Dark Way), both the sire and dam, but not too often. Sheer fantasy seems the general rule.

We reach the paddock, as August is crying out "Cote Jaune-Deuxième; Deuxième-Cote Jaune," and handing around yellow slips, with *estimated* odds on every contestant in the race at that moment, to his customers. There is a rival, Cote Rose, written on pink slips, of course, and supposedly good on certain kinds of outsiders, as I have sometimes known it really to be. But I never used it, and seldom even looked at it, unless I was with a French friend who took it as a matter of habit. I stuck to August. Ten francs a day for three such slips before each race is the price you owe him. He hands out his first slips as soon as the numbers of the horses running in the race are posted up and before a sou has been bet at the track itself (this first advance slip is, of course, guesswork on what the odds will be—that is, on how the money will really "go" on different horses—but remarkably shrewd and accurate, all things considered, for August and his pals—whom he hires to work for him—know the values of horses and the follies of gambling from years of

experience); the next slip from ten to twelve minutes later, after a little actual betting at the booths has given some indication of where the money is going, and, finally, the third, *La Dernière*, just as the horses go on the track. If a big bet *then* goes on some outsider, literally at the last second, August or his pals note the fact, and often during the first few seconds of a race, barely as the horses are away from the post, you will see August marching up and down in front of the stand, announcing loudly and hoarsely, "*Le numéro sept-moitié moins*," meaning that, whatever the price on your slip for 7 (say 6 to 1) may be, a last-minute rush of money has brought it down to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to 1. How often has August rudely shattered dreams of great wealth just as a race got under way, and you wonder with bitterness, "Why? why at the very last second does everybody suddenly go mad and back my horse?"

This time again we do not climb the stairs to see the race, for it is only a short, straightaway dash of 800 meters, and much—too much, in fact, for the nerves of several people around us—depends on the start, always so important for young horses. On this occasion we have indulged in a little flip on number 6, Fleur d'Avril, who was so glossily black, so spirited, and so eager-looking in the paddock; and as the bell rings, the "Mutuel" screens clatter up, and the crowd murmurs "*Parti*," we notice she got off to a clean, fast start, second to the rail. A flash of color—bright cerise is her jockey's coat—and she skims past the judges' stand an undisputed winner, two good lengths ahead of the nearest of her sporty sisters.

There is a thrill—we *picked* that horse; for obviously there were no records to go on since there were no records at all. We are as proud as the owner himself; in fact, we talk as if the horse belonged to us, as indeed,

spiritually and for the moment so to speak, she does.

We rest on our laurels for the next race—the “gentlemen riders” race, though some low and disgruntled Englishman at the table beside ours complains rather too loudly that “they” are neither gentlemen nor riders—and cast up the possibilities for the big event of the day, the 4th race, over 3,000 yards, and with some mighty fine animals scheduled to perform. Baron Rothschild’s pair, coupled in the betting to win (if you bet on one, and the other horse wins, you win just the same; but if you bet to “place,” then the specific horse of the two you select must be there first, second, or third), naturally constitutes the favorite with the newspapers, the public, the betting, as is soon evident, and with that mysterious thing called “form”—all agreeing that the “Ecurie” (*i.e.*, the Rothschild “Stable,” or as we say, “Entry”) ought to win. It—or one of “them,” if you persist in thinking of the horses themselves—is the “logic” (what the French term *étude raisonnée*) of the situation. Like so many others, however, we are interested neither in logic nor favorites; we are looking for a miracle.

And presently we find one—or, more accurately—we hope we have. It is a horse which I have myself given in the paper as my outsider for this event (in Paris, newspaper prognosticators for the races give, ordinarily, two selections for each of the six races of the day—that is, a first choice to win and a second to place—and, in addition, a possible outsider for each event; finally, they give the day’s “best” one or two bets). We select this animal for a number of reasons: my first choice to win was withdrawn over night, in view of a race the following week at Saint-Cloud, a race which his owner somewhat tardily decided suits this particular thoroughbred’s peculiar style

better than to-day’s contest; then for my second choice, who *is* going to compete, although I stick to my guns in one sense and still think he is going to be “up there,” somewhere among the first three or four when all is over, I frankly prefer my “outsider”—like him better *now*, I mean, after our trip to the paddock, where he looked fit. Besides these two reasons for changing my mind, I like my outsider’s owner: I mean of course in a racing sense, that is, I like the fashion in which this owner (a Belgian, incidentally) has his horses “conditioned” and trained. And I like too the jockey, who is intelligent and vigorous, and has, so to speak, a reputation for honesty. At all events, we hope with fervor, for we send our waiter, trembling at our audacity, to the booth to buy each of us a 100-franc ticket to win on Insolent (for that, I forgot to tell you, is our outsider’s name, despite which he comes from very respectable racing blood on both sides of his family).

As we trudge up the stairs of the grandstand to get, this time of all times, a good view of the race, I regale you with racing stories, all tending to show that we are not so foolish as we might otherwise appear to be. Is it not a solemn and awful fact that, in spite of every kind of contrary and supposedly reasonable tip, a horse belonging to James Hennessy, and bearing the inviting title of Take My Tip, actually paid over 66 to 1 to win the Grand Prix De Paris—and with no less a jockey on his back than smiling “Parson” Jack Jennings (called Parson because he preached at the little Anglican Church of Maisons-Laffitte on a Sunday before a race meeting in that very town—a meeting when he was riding too). Remember Les Ramaux (palms), and how he won with that name on Good Friday to pay a record price in our generation. Don’t forget Reine Lumière. Don’t forget



so many others that have knocked all the experts for a dizzy loop of chagrined surprise.

Cheer up! Insolent has a chance, no matter how enthusiastically he is now neglected by the public. You say he is a "wild outsider." Just so—and what of it? What constitutes an outsider anyway? It is *not* the horse; it is an insensitiveness, a hate fixation, a wilful blindness on the part of the public, at least that part of the public which backs what it is pleased to call its opinion with what, we devoutly hope, is its own money.

So we climb the stairs and get a spot on the balcony where we can see the entire field and even the start, which is now taking place just beyond the last betting booth in the *pelouse*. The tapes of the starting-gate shoot up and the bell rings—they are off, well bunched, and with no stragglers left hopelessly behind. For the first one thousand meters they are too far away to be distinguished one from another, even if there is always near you some excited bettor proclaiming in a loud, aggressive tone that "his" horse is well ahead and is going to win, as the French express it, in an "armchair." But as they swing into the second thousand of their three thousand-meter contest, some horses begin to "bunch up" in front, and one or two of the others, now starting to fall back, are already hopelessly beaten. With delight we observe that Insolent is not one of these; he is still in the race, very much in it, in fact. For now the horses are turning into the "run-in" of the straight, past the stand, directly in front of us, to the finish.

Who is that "on the rail"? Sure enough, it is the wretched favorite. But there is Insolent, running on the side nearer to us—called the "outside," of course, as strictly it is, with reference to the rail—and running as fast as a commuter trying to catch the

8.15. His jockey is bent over, urging him on as he "strokes" him with the whip but careful, even in the excitement of this finish, not really to hit him directly at all. He is gaining every gallop; it is between him and the favorite alone now—the others are beaten, all of them, and for these last heart-breaking 25 yards it is a two-horse race. The crowd is on its toes in an uproar, and even I, too, have forgotten all my professional dignity and shamelessly shout, "Step on it, baby! step on it!" They shoot past the judges' stand, and as the hubbub continues I turn to you, and simultaneously we ask each other the same question, "Did he make it?" There is a sudden sharp lull in the racket; up goes the number 4—big as life and twice as natural, as one of my confrères on the paper always puts it. Insolent has won! We have won!

#### IV

Curious, that queer and unreasonable, yet compulsive elation of winning—the feeling that your judgment, your luck, and your nerve have all combined properly, and that all is well with the world. And we hum snatches of a popular tune, like "*Avec Le Sourire*," as we climb down the stairs. For me there are a few nervous moments (I don't communicate to you my fears about a *réclamation*, or complaint; this time, fortunately, they are false fears), as we sit basking in our wisdom at our table, and our waiter, with almost reverential gesture, pours out some champagne. But these moments are happily short. The "all clear" bell rings: everything is "regular"; everything is all right. The nervous tension one feels at all French race courses during these three or four minutes before *le rouge est mis* vanishes; we chatter like magpies. And now, of course, I can do it—tell you about

some real *réclamations*, i.e., when the complaints were found to be justified by the commissioners, or when they interfered of their own volition to alter the result. I tell you how famous winners were put out of the money—*distancé*, the French politely term it—by the authorities, and how, when this happened once at Auteuil, I heard a large, fat man, with a tortured expression on his face, groan like a wounded cow; how, when another time it happened right here at Le Tremblay, I heard the much more ominous crack of a pistol back of one of the lines of betting-booths, and all within earshot rushed back to find an unfortunate and inanimate sportsman who had made his final wager with eternity. These grim anecdotes naturally give the proper contrast to our own good fortune. We drink deep, almost as if we were at a wake. I conclude, however, on a more cheerful note, pointing out that, regrettable as these incidents were, generally speaking, race-track followers in France are a sanguine lot—especially sanguine compared with plungers at the gambling casinos. Backers of horses usually, at least, get “a run for their money” in a literal rather than metaphorical sense—and, besides, although a horse may lose one race, he is not irrevocably a lost hope by any manner of means. He may run again, when the race, or something else, suits him better; and the fact that he was nowhere to-day will only make his price to win next week all the higher. For if there is one spot on earth where hope always springs eternal, it is the French race course. And one spot where—every now and then—that hope is justified.

After ten minutes of this cheerful atmosphere the clatter of signs tells us that the price is going up; we stare in a numbed sort of way. Yes, it's true—246 francs 50 centimes for every 10 francs bet to win on Insolent. Our

tickets become slips of precious gold, for, at the current rate of exchange, every franc we have bet has magically turned into a dollar, and our 100-franc bets mean a \$100-return to each of us. Let our waiter bring us another bottle! What do we care for money now? We can take a flyer on the next race—and on the handicap too, even though Bouboule's darling “Old Pip” is not competing in it—and it won't cost us anything anyway. (In racing, every “win” means always extra money; every “lose” means simply a temporarily bad investment, which is bound to be redeemed later on.) How charming Le Tremblay looks all of a sudden in the afternoon sunset glow!

This mood is not at all disturbed by the fact that we pick a colt for the next race—the debut for the male youngsters—that comes in almost last. After all, we just bet on him “for the fun of it,” and, with true caution, I have seen to it that we have gone light. Further than that we stay on merely to watch the final race, and see a bottom weight put the handicappers to shame by coming in yards and yards ahead of his nearest competitor. However, the winner has been heavily backed by the public and pays only 4 to 1—somebody was “wise” at the last moment. Our waiter even murmurs a few suspicious remarks about a *combine* as we pay the check and go into the bar for a *chapeau de nuit* with August.

Bouboule is ready for us at the gate; he has, he announces at once, done just a bit better than “break even” on the day, and he is frankly pleased to learn that we have had, as bettors always phrase it, a “good” afternoon. He will drive us back with more of a regard for the speed limits, which ordinarily mean so little to him. There will even be time for us all to stop at Chez Harry's for a drink before I have to go to the office to write my piece



on what has happened—and on what, I believe, is going to happen at Enghien to-morrow. Fortunately, to-morrow's meeting is not especially important; I can finish my work quickly, and we can all have dinner at the "Old Man's," as I call it, a restaurant so dear to my heart that I am not even going to tell you where it is—and I remember now, I saw the "Old Man" himself for a moment in the paddock at the races this afternoon, and I wonder vaguely how he made out on the day. We'll find out at dinner, of course; and he'll tell us all he knows about the morrow's Enghien meeting and perhaps, if he is in good humor, he'll sing us one of those Auvergne songs he remembers from his lusty youth.

You talk a bit about our luck and this, that, or the other, but for me reaction has set in, and I am, of a sudden, terribly sleepy and I doze away. I come to myself with an apologetic grin and look to see where we are—back in Paris, going along the Quai of the Ile Saint-Louis, and Bouboule will now follow the left—after crossing in front of Notre Dame on the Ile de la Cité—bank to the bridge just beyond the Gare d'Orsay, before he goes over to the crowded part of town and Chez Harry's. I feel a bit embarrassed at falling asleep.

"And will you," I inquire politely, "when you get back home, remember your afternoon at the races in Paris?"





## GENTLEMEN, THE CORN BELT!

BY REMLEY J. GLASS

**P**ERHAPS more than any other class, the country lawyers of the Corn Belt realize the present and the potential danger of the existing economic crisis as it affects the citizens of the farming areas of the Middle West and the country itself.

A city banker sees it as a question of liquidity of assets, security of deposits, or desirable loans; a professional economist views it as a maze of curves, most of them pointing downward, and a tempting opportunity to expound and perchance test his favorite theories; but the country lawyer gazes into troubled faces across his littered desk and listens to the concrete facts of foreclosed farms and lost homes, of bankruptcies and distraints for rent.

The banker and economist deal with figures and theories of recovery, but the country lawyer has to do with people suffering loss not only of surplus and profits, but of homes and lifetime savings which they have held as security against sickness, old age, and death. It has ceased to be a question of sending the children to college or the purchase of an automobile and has become a struggle to pay taxes on the home and interest on the mortgage; to avoid tax sales and foreclosures; to keep a roof over the family, and to have the necessities of life.

Sixty-odd years ago, after graduating from the State University and being admitted to the bar, my father came with his young wife to the little county seat where I was born. Here he contin-

ued in the practice of law until his death; and I now sit in the office where he sat for almost fifty years, gazing now and then, as he did, through the branches of the trees across the town square to the courthouse tower.

We have never been corporation lawyers; our clientele has come in the main from the sturdy agricultural citizenry of this formerly prosperous community. The fathers and grandfathers of present-day clients came to my father to have him prepare the deeds, examine the titles, and procure the loans when they settled here. The sons and grandsons of those pioneers now come to me and lay their troubles and worries and cares on my desk every day, and while I work over their problems, worries of the same sort regarding my own affairs are in the back of my mind.

My people were pioneer stock who settled in Iowa in 1855. My parents and grandparents were college bred and have contributed their share to the political and social life of the State. For eighty years the family has owned and operated farms in Iowa and, in the main, has gained its competency from the deep black soil of the Corn Belt. Therefore, my point of view is that of a professional man who, by inheritance, education, and experience is familiar with agricultural problems, and because of the investment of what is left of his own estate in farm lands, has a truly vital interest in this present crisis.



My home county may well be considered a fair example of Iowa and the Corn Belt. It is one of the ninety-nine counties of Iowa and similar to those throughout the Middle West. Its condition and problems are typical of the entire Corn Belt. Organized before the Civil War, its early citizenry was purely American pioneer stock which successfully withstood the attacks of Indians and the vicissitudes of border existence. To this nucleus have been added a considerable group of Irish immigrants who are centered in two or three southern townships, and a larger proportion of Scandinavians who constitute the majority in five or six northern townships. The manufacturing industries in our county seat have brought groups of laborers from the south of Europe, while Mexico likewise has furnished its full quota. Two railroads first came through this county in the late sixties, and other lines were built to tap its agricultural and manufacturing resources as late as the beginning of the present century.

The wheat and corn of pioneer farming gave place in part to hogs, beef cattle, and dairy herds, and the development of sugar beets added to its prosperity. The county seat, with the establishment of large manufacturing industries, assumed an almost metropolitan air with comfortable homes and a contented people. Railroads radiating from the town made it the trading and jobbing center of a considerable area. A conservative prosperity was ours.

In the early days of the century Iowa, along with the rest of the Middle West, enjoyed a gradual, conservative increase in the values of farm products and farm real estate. Men who had homesteaded their farms from the government, paying \$2.50 or \$3.00 per acre, saw the price of land gradually increase to around \$100 per acre, and thereby built up comfortable fortunes.

Early investors at \$7 to \$15 per acre profited by that same increase. Even though sales of farm lands were rare in those days, the new values seemed definitely established.

This increase in values, though Henry George would have condemned it as "unearned increment," did not come like the Biblical manna in the Wilderness; it was the result of pioneer effort in the upbuilding and improvement of those farms and of the States in which the efforts were put forth.

The boom period of the last years of the World War and the extreme inflationary period of 1919 and 1920 were like the Mississippi Bubble and the Tulip Craze in Holland in their effect upon the general public. Farm prices shot sky high almost over night. The town barber and the small-town merchant bought and sold options until every town square was a real estate exchange. Bankers and lawyers, doctors and ministers left their offices and clients and drove pell mell over the country to procure options and contracts upon this farm and that, paying a few hundred dollars down and expecting to sell the rights before the following March brought settlement day. Not to be in the game marked one as an old fogey, while paper profits were pyramided and Cadillac cars and pleasure trips to the cities took the place of Fords and Sunday afternoon picnics. Everyone then maintained that there was only a little land as fertile as the fields of Iowa, Illinois, and Minnesota, and everyone sought to get his part before it was all gone. Like gold, it was limited in extent and of great potential value. Prices skyrocketed from \$100 to \$250 and \$400 per acre without regard to the producing power of land.

During this period insurance companies were bidding against one another for the privilege of making loans

on Iowa farms at \$90 or \$100 or \$150 per acre. Prices of products were soaring. Everyone was on the high-road, not only to comfort, but to wealth and luxury. Second, third, and fourth mortgages were considered just as good as government bonds. Money was easy, and every bank was ready and anxious to loan money to any Tom, Dick, or Harry on the possibility that he would make enough in these trades to repay the loans almost before the day was over. Every country bank and every county-seat town was a replica in miniature of a brisk day on the board of trade.

Settlements were made on March 1, 1920, but, alas, from then on the painful awakening from this financial carousal brought long continuing headaches to the investors, the holders of second mortgages, and the bankers who had financed these endeavors.

## II

The next decade was marked by a gradual decrease in the price of farm commodities, a shrinkage in farm values, and increasing attempts by the holders to collect second and third mortgages given during boom times. However, the foreclosure of a first or primary mortgage on Iowa real estate was as rare during this period as it had been in prior years. The basic value of Corn Belt land was still beyond question, and what few first-mortgage foreclosure actions were brought disturbed this confidence but little. During this same decade large drainage projects were inaugurated in the Corn Belt in order to bring large areas of "border" land under cultivation. Consolidated schools were erected to bring the highest type of educational facilities to the rural children. The proverbial little red schoolhouse became a modern brick building with enlarged faculties and increased facilities for

education. Paved roads were built.

All these features had been demanded and are desirable; but the ability to pay for them has not continued. The general tax demands of school district, county, and State have equaled the interest on a thirty-dollar-per-acre mortgage over the entire State of Iowa; while special highway, drainage, and consolidated school assessments have increased the tax burden in areas affected by those improvements beyond bearing. For some years past, conservative mortgage lenders have hesitated to place loans on farms affected by these special levies, and in nearly every county the first of the flood of foreclosures was in such heavily taxed areas.

The drastic deflation of Iowa loans under orders from the Federal Reserve Board, upon which Smith Wildman Brookhart, depression Senator from Iowa, poured forth his venom, definitely marked the downward turn in the mythical prosperity of boom days. Despite our hopes for the better, conditions have grown steadily worse.

During the year after the great debacle of 1929 the flood of foreclosure actions did not reach any great peak, but in the years 1931 and 1932 the tidal wave was upon us. Insurance companies and large investors had not as yet realized (and in some instances do not yet realize) that, with the low price of farm commodities and the gradual exhaustion of savings and reserves, the formerly safe and sane investments in farm mortgages could not be worked out, taxes and interest could not be paid, and liquidation could not be made. With an utter disregard of the possibilities of payment or refinancing, the large loan companies plunged ahead to make the Iowa farmer pay his loans in full or turn over the real estate to the mortgage holder. Deficiency judgments and the resultant receiverships were the clubs they used



to make the honest but indigent farm owners yield immediate possession of the farms.

Men who had sunk every dollar they possessed in the purchase, upkeep, and improvement of their home places were turned out with small amounts of personal property as their only assets. Landowners who had regarded farm land as the ultimate in safety, after using their outside resources in vain attempts to hold their lands, saw these assets go under the sheriff's hammer on the courthouse steps.

During the two-year period of 1931-32, in this formerly prosperous Iowa county, twelve and a half per cent of the farms went under the hammer, and almost twenty-five per cent of the mortgaged farm real estate was foreclosed. And the conditions in my home county have been substantially duplicated in every one of the ninety-nine counties of Iowa and in those of the surrounding States.

We lawyers of the Corn Belt have had to develop a new type of practice, for in pre-war days foreclosure litigation amounted to but a small part of the general practice. In these years of the depression almost one-third of the cases filed have to do with this situation. Our courts are clogged with such matters.

To one who for years has been a standpatter, both financially and politically, the gradual change to near-radicalism, both in himself and in those formerly conservative property owners for whom his firm has done business down the years, is almost incomprehensible, but none the less alarming. Friends and clients of years' standing have lost inherited competencies which had been increased by their own conservative management. Not only their profits, but their principal has been wiped out. The conservative investments in real estate which we Middle Westerners have for years

considered the best possible have become not only not an asset, but a liability, with the possibility of deficiency judgments, that bane of mortgage debtors, staring us in the face. Not only have the luxuries and comforts of life been taken from us, but the necessities are not secure.

Men and women who have lived industrious, comfortable, and contented lives have faced bravely the loss of luxuries and comforts, but there is a decided change in their attitude toward the financial and economic powers that be when conditions take away their homes and imperil the continued existence of their families.

The interests of insurance companies and outside corporations in Iowa real estate have resulted in a form of absentee ownership never before dreamed of. Large numbers of farms held by these outside interests are administered by men who do not have sympathetic appreciation of local conditions, and of the friendly relations which have been traditional between Corn Belt landlord and tenant.

The sympathetic, friendly inspection of the crops, the fences, and the livestock, which formed the Sunday afternoon diversion of the small landlord, has ceased. Now some young lad, clad like an English squire in riding boots and breeches, with a brief case and a Ford, drives up, hastily checks the acreage in corn and oats, inquires why the first payment of the cash rent has not been paid, tells the tenant that all checks for produce sold must be made out in the name of the company, and drives away. The personal element is gone.

Gone, too, is that pride of ownership which made possible the development of stock and dairy farms with their herds of fat cattle and hogs, their Jersey cows, their well-kept groves and buildings which beautified and developed the countryside. The former owners

were willing to use a large part of receipts from a farm's income to increase its value and appearance, but the present absentee owner regards it only as a source of possible dividends.

It used to be that a quarter section of farm land and a few shares of stock in the community bank marked a successful man; now it is too apt to have placed him in the bankruptcy court, after an harassing experience of foreclosures and suits brought by the receiver of the little country bank to collect the double assessment on his stock.

It is thought by many people that these sweeping changes affect only the land speculator but have no bearing on the individual farm owner who lived on and operated his farm. When conditions were favorable, when taxes were not too high and when there was no mortgage to meet, those men in the main have been able to meet the crisis by applying on the taxes and assessments the bulk of the earnings of the farm above their meager living. But this has been accomplished only by a sacrifice of upkeep of farm buildings and by loss of fertility in the farm itself. What we out in the Middle West term "hay wire" repairs have taken the place of necessary renewals of farm machinery. Live stock has been sold at ruinous prices. The future has been sacrificed to the exigent moment.

### III

From a lawyer's point of view, one of the most serious effects of the economic crisis lies in the rapid and permanent disintegration of established estates throughout the Corn Belt. Families of moderate means as well as those of considerable fortunes who have been clients of my particular office for three or four generations in many instances have lost their savings, their investments, and their homes; while their business, which for many years has

been a continuous source of income, has become merely an additional responsibility as we strive to protect them from foreclosures, judicial receivership, deficiency judgments, and probably bankruptcy.

Thank heaven, most country lawyers feel this responsibility to their old clients, and strive just as diligently to protect their clients' rights under present conditions as they did in the golden days before the depression. Every time, however, when I am called to defend a foreclosure action filed against some client or friend, it is forced on my mind that an estate accumulated through years of effort has not merely changed hands but has vanished into thin air.

As I sit here my mind turns to one after another of the prominent land-owning families of this county who have lost their fortunes, not as a result of extravagance or carelessness, but because of conditions beyond their control, and which were not envisaged by the most farsighted.

Just after the Civil War one Johnson Burke came to our Iowa county from New York State, bringing with him what in those days was considered a comfortable fortune. His white hair, long beard, and patriarchal appearance resulted in his being termed Grandfather Burke; and as the years passed and Johnson the Second assumed that same patriarchal appearance, the founder of the family became Great Grandfather Johnson Burke to all of us. His York State shrewdness enabled him to buy tax titles and purchase farms at advantageous prices until he and his family were the leading land owners in the county. As the years passed he left his square-built frame-house on the bank of the creek and spent his time in Long Beach, that second Capital of Iowa, in California.

The second generation did not get along so amicably, and extensive and



expensive litigation was brought to determine the rights of the active head of the second generation and his brothers and sisters. As a young lawyer, I sat in the courtroom and listened intently to the long list of farms owned by Great Grandfather Burke and the estimates of their value which even in those pre-inflation days went into seven figures. Finally a settlement was made whereby Johnson the Second took over most of the Iowa real estate, paying off the other heirs in cash, mortgages being placed on the lands in order to make the settlements. In the long noonings we lawyers chatting in the courthouse commended the wisdom of young Johnson in the advantageous values at which he took in the farms.

Years passed and Johnson the Second grew feeble with oncoming age and the worries of rent collection and interest payments, and the third generation furnished the head of the family. Values of mortgaged land kept going down. Interest, general taxes, and special assessments for drainage projects whereby more land might be brought under cultivation to produce a greater surplus took a larger and larger share of the once ample income from this estate. Tax sales and foreclosures, judgments, and receiverships have followed in rapid succession until now most of the fertile acres which this family once owned are handled by a trustee who is waging a losing battle to save something from the wreckage. Mind you, the last generation did nothing which had not been considered good business by the preceding generations. Their management was sound, their loans were conservative. And yet their all is gone. This is but one of dozens of instances of more or less prominence in my home community.

The old maxim of three generations between shirt sleeves and shirt sleeves is finding a new meaning out here in the Corn Belt, when the return to very

limited means in a formerly prosperous population is the result not of high living and spending, but of high taxes, high dollars, and radically reduced income from the sale of basic products.

Take, if you please, what seems to me to have been a typical case of the tenant farmer, one Johannes Schmidt, a client of mine. Johannes was descended from farming stock in Germany, came to this country as a boy, became a citizen, went over seas in the 88th Division, and on his return married the daughter of a retired farmer. He rented one hundred and twenty acres from his father-in-law and one hundred and sixty acres from the town banker. His live stock and equipment, purchased in the early twenties, were well bought, for his judgment was good, and the next eight years marked a gradual increase in his live stock and reductions in his bank indebtedness. During these years two youngsters came to the young couple and all seemed rosy.

In the year 1931 a drought in this part of the Corn Belt practically eliminated his crops, while what little he did raise was insufficient to pay his rent, and he went into 1932 with increased indebtedness for feed, back taxes, and back rent. While the crops in 1932 were wonderful and justified the statement that the Middle West is the market basket of the world, prices were so low as not to pay the cost of seed and labor in production without regard to taxes and rent.

Times were hard and the reverberations of October, 1929, had definitely reached the Corn Belt. The county-seat bank which held Johannes' paper was in hard shape. Much of its reserve had been invested in bonds recommended by Eastern bankers upon which default of interest and principal had occurred. When the bottom dropped out of the bond market the banking departments and examiners

insisted upon immediate collection of slow farm loans, as liquidity was the watchword of bank examiners in the years 1929 to 1932. When Johannes sought to renew his bank loan, payment or else security on all his personal property was demanded without regard to the needs of wife and family. Prices of farm products had fallen to almost nothing, oats were ten cents a bushel, corn twelve cents per bushel, while hogs, the chief cash crop in the Corn Belt, were selling at less than two and one half cents a pound. In the fall of 1932 a wagon load of oats would not pay for a pair of shoes; a truck load of hogs, which in other days would have paid all a tenant's cash rent, did not then pay the interest on a thousand dollars.

This man Schmidt had struggled and contrived as long as possible under the prodding of landlord and banker, and as a last resort came to see me about bankruptcy. We talked it over and with regret reached the conclusion it was the only road for him to take. He did not have even enough cash on hand to pay the thirty-dollar filing fee which I had to send to the Federal Court but finally borrowed it from his brother-in-law. The time of hearing came, and he and his wife and children sat before the Referee in Bankruptcy, while the banker and the landlord struggled over priorities of liens and rights to crops and cattle. When the day was over this family went out from the office the owner of an old team of horses, a wagon, a couple of cows and five hogs, together with their few sticks of furniture and no place to go.

George Warner, aged seventy-four, who had for years operated one hundred and sixty acres in the northeast corner of the county and in the early boom days had purchased an additional quarter section, is typical of hundreds in the Corn Belt. He had retired and with his wife was living comfortably in

his square white house in town a few blocks from my home. Sober, industrious, pillars of the church and active in good works, he and his wife may well be considered typical retired farmers. Their three boys wanted to get started in business after they were graduated from high school, and George, to finance their endeavors, put a mortgage, reasonable in amount, on his two places. Last fall a son out of a job brought his family and came home to live with the old people. The tenants on the farms could not pay their rent, and George could not pay his interest and taxes. George's land was sold at tax sale and a foreclosure action was brought against the farms by the insurance company which held the mortgage. I did the best I could for him in the settlement, but to escape a deficiency judgment he surrendered the places beginning on March 1st of this year, and a few days ago I saw a mortgage recorded on his home in town. As he told me of it, the next day, tears came to his eyes and his lips trembled, and he and I both thought of the years he had spent in building up that estate and making those acres bear fruit abundantly. Like another Job, he murmured "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away"; but I wondered if it was proper to place the responsibility for the breakdown of a faulty human economic system on the shoulders of the Lord.

When my friend George passes over Jordan and I have to turn over to his wife the little that is left in accordance with the terms of his will drawn in more prosperous days, I presume I shall send his widow a receipted bill for services rendered during many years, and gaze again on the wreckage of a ruined estate.

I have represented bankrupt farmers and holders of claims for rent, notes, and mortgages against such farmers in dozens of bankruptcy hearings and



court actions, and the most discouraging, disheartening experiences of my legal life have occurred when men of middle age, with families, go out of the bankruptcy court with furniture, team of horses and a wagon, and a little stock as all that is left from twenty-five years of work, to try once more—not to build up an estate—for that is usually impossible—but to provide clothing and food and shelter for the wife and children. And the powers that be seem to demand that these not only accept this situation but shall like it.

#### IV

There is a growing feeling of bitterness in the Corn Belt. Many of us realize that economic pressure is forcing those who are forcing us but, nevertheless, a desire for retaliation has sprung into being in the past few years. Many men under economic pressure have come to feel that if nations and organizations of capital can disregard their obligations and their pledged word, the small farmer and business man should be granted similar privileges and similar immunities.

The substantial citizens, in the language of the prize ring, at first "took it on the chin" and came back fighting; but repeated knock-downs have made them sullen, discouraged, and ready for any and every remedy suggested.

The friendly contacts between town and country and even between individual farmers have lessened to a surprising degree. Where old clients when in town always came in to visit with me, now they seem loath to do so unless they have definite business and even then transact it as expeditiously as possible. They only ask if the depression is going to end soon and whether the price of hogs is likely to climb a bit.

In these communities there was a temporary feeling of encouragement

when their local banks resumed activity after the general bank holiday, but despite the slight increase in the prices of agricultural products, that optimism definitely waned in the next few weeks. The fact that no form of farm activity, feeding hogs and cattle, grain farming or dairying, has proved profitable for the past five years makes the farmers loath to undertake anything. Now it is a question of what will result in the smallest loss. This feeling of depression has particularly affected the younger farmers, who because of low prices of farm equipment and live stock, had thought they saw an opportunity for their own advancement. They had little or no money and expected to get credit to start themselves in farming, relying in the main on "character loans" which for so long have been the great aid of the oncoming generations in the Corn Belt. The uncertainty as to chattel values in the minds of our bankers and the very attitude of the farmers themselves on the question of repayment of loans and taxes have reduced to the minimum the chance of the young man, raised and trained on the farm, to get a start. Discouragement and disgust with conditions is the inevitable result. And the country lawyer, along with the small-town merchant, suffers not only in the elimination of present business, but because valuable future clients are not able to gain a competency and build up new estates and businesses.

After talking with dozens of the county officers, representatives of farm groups, and hundreds of farmers themselves from this section of Iowa, it seems to me to be the consensus of opinion that from ten to twenty-five per cent of the farm population are definitely radical, while as many more need only the urge of effective leadership and the power of mass psychology to be swung into the radical alignment.

In the past few years the conservative leadership of the Farm Bureau as to farm problems in the Corn Belt has not satisfied a portion of its membership and its policies have been definitely opposed by non-member farmers. When it sought to speak for agricultural interests its voice was drowned in a wail of protest. New and more radical farm groups were organized. The Farm Union and its militant unofficial branch, the National Farm Holiday Association, speak for the newer radical group, as do the United Farmers of America.

These three new farm groups in Iowa and the Corn Belt are vociferous in their demands and only too ready to become exponents of direct action instead of working through political and economic channels. While their theories of relief are varied, they unite in opposition to the plans of political leaders and the ideas of the semi-governmental Farm Bureau.

The membership of the Farm Bureau is shrinking while the other groups are increasing rapidly in numbers and influence.

The closing of hundreds of banks, with the resultant impoverishment of many families and the forced collection of many capital loans to farmers, has resulted in a feeling of hostility toward the financial interests. Men who in normal times regarded their contractual obligations as sacred have not hesitated to repudiate their obligations when possible. When constituted authority, such as the courts and the officers of the law, were invoked to enforce the orders of the court, resistance and violence resulted.

In many sections of this and other States "penny sales" have been held at which a man's neighbors, by threats and force, have often reduced normal farm sale proceeds by almost one hundred per cent; milk and produce wars have been declared, during which all

highways into a city have been guarded by rebellious farmers seeking to prevent other farmers from delivering these vital commodities until prices satisfactory to them were assured; and organized and successful attempts to force settlements by mortgage holders have resulted in a complete and definite abrogation of the power of the courts and constitutional authorities.

An instance in Boone County occurred where live stock and machinery worth over three thousand dollars brought less than thirty at one of the first of the "penny sales." The debtor's neighbors and friends first warned and then with blows drove off prospective bidders at this sale, bid in horses at twenty-five cents apiece, milk cows at a dime, and fat hogs at a nickel, and the next morning turned back their purchases to the former owner. Groups of farmers in many instances have intervened between mortgagor and mortgagee and between landlord and tenant to effect a settlement; and if such settlement was not made, crowds of hundreds at the judicial sales have exercised the power of public opinion and the power of their fists to carry out what they deemed fair. These unfortunately are not isolated instances but seem to be a definite part of the program of some of the farm organizations.

A year and a half ago mob resistance to a judicial sale first appeared in Iowa. The receiver of a small closed bank in Wright County sought to sell the mortgaged machinery and live stock of one of the bank's debtors. Indignant neighbors and friends stopped the sale and with violence drove the receiver and the sheriff from the farm.

Attorneys, judges, and county officers have been visited by groups of hundreds of enraged citizens from the cities, towns, and farms of Iowa, declaring that foreclosure actions and tax sales must not be held and that salaries



of officials, expenses, and taxes must be drastically curtailed. Mortgage foreclosure sales have been stopped, attorneys, officers, and representatives of the loan companies assaulted, and even the court itself coerced. In Plymouth County, in April, an organized group of hundreds of farmers defended one of their neighbors from rightful eviction in accordance with orders of court. Their resistance continued for a number of days. The sheriff and officers of the State Department of Justice were driven off the place; and the attorney, a college friend of mine who represented the owner of the property, was threatened with serious violence if he and his clients did not refrain from their lawful attempt to take possession of their own property.

When a lawyer friend of mine told me that an angry group of rural citizens from a nearby county had visited his office to demand the dismissal of a foreclosure action then pending, I suggested that he had better mail his instructions to the county sheriff and remain away from the scene lest in the morning paper there might appear a picture of the courthouse steps with an "X" marking the scene of the fatality. He went over to attend the sale in person and came back unharmed; but none of us knows when these threats may change to action.

The dead lion has his glories but the live dog has his comforts. I sincerely believe that, like my Scotch forefathers in Covenanter days, I could meet death for principle, but I am free to confess that when a few days ago a client of mine asked me to collect rent from a recalcitrant tenant I was mighty glad to effect a reasonably fair settlement for that client without having to face a milling mob of the angry neighbors and friends of that tenant.

Judges of our trial courts have been threatened and at last in an outburst of

violence unprecedented in the Middle West a courtroom has been invaded by an organized mob and, because he refused to prostitute his office and violate his oath, a judge in one of the formerly prosperous counties of Iowa has been dragged from the bench, abducted, beaten, subjected to the gravest personal indignities, and hanged by the neck until he fainted from exhaustion. As I write, martial law has been declared in two Iowa counties by the Governor of Iowa, troops of the State have been sent to meet this heretofore unheard of condition, and military courts have been substituted for civil tribunals.

These things have happened in Iowa and the States of the Middle West, not in Latin America. Class-consciousness coupled with mob madness has definitely appeared in the Corn Belt.

In the main, as yet, when the particular situation has been carefully and truthfully explained to them and conscientious efforts have been made to right existing wrongs, these farmers have ceased to be class-conscious radicals and have assumed their true character as friendly Iowans, aroused for the time being over political and economic conditions which neither they nor the mightiest minds of the leaders of mankind seem to understand. It is possible that with a decided rise in agricultural commodity prices and a return to more normal conditions in our agricultural regions, so that a man's farm will produce enough, not only to pay the taxes and upkeep but to return a fair profit on the investment, the embattled farmers of Iowa and the Corn Belt may listen to present-day political soothsayers and economic propagandists for yet a little while. The farmer, thinking over his troubles as he follows his team down the long rows of corn, does not know what things are necessary to bring about a revival of farm-earning

power. But unless definite and constructive plans are made by the powers that be, political, financial, and economic, and the necessary steps are taken to carry those plans to a solution which will assure the Corn Belt farmer of returns adequate to cover the needs of existence, God help the country in the next five years.

## V

I have been told by a friend, whose sources of information are beyond question, that the military problems which were studied last year by the officers and men of the 34th Division, composed of National Guard units from Iowa, Minnesota, and the two Dakotas, involved riot duty to a large degree. In the fall of 1932 another friend, a veteran of service overseas and a reserve officer, told me that he, with a large number of other reserve officers, had been transferred from various specialized branches in the reserve to duty with the active National Guard Units of the 34th Division.

What this portends I do not pretend to know; but when a small group of intimate friends discussed this situation with the recently transferred officer, and he jestingly suggested that next summer he and his machine gun outfit might be patrolling the roads of Iowa or Minnesota or some other Corn Belt

State, we wondered on which side the rest of us would stand.

I thought of young Burke, three generations removed from his pioneer great-grandfather, heir expectant to a fortune, bred in Midwestern purple, educated in one of our great State Universities, and now turned adrift with little but tattered remnants of that fortune; of Johannes Schmidt, the adopted citizen of this land, who had fought for it against his own race and kindred, and had left my office sullen and heartbroken, after his painfully acquired competency had been torn from his grasp; of the younger son of George Warner who had returned to his old father's house to find his father's toil-won acres lost and the shadow of heavy debt on his father's home; and I multiplied these instances by the thousands and thousands of similar ones which exist in the ninety-nine counties of Iowa and all the counties of Minnesota, Illinois, and the rest of the States of the Mississippi Valley which we proudly call the Corn Belt. And when I thought of these potential or actual radicals opposing the gay young lieutenant and his machine gunners, I did not dare to picture what might happen on some strip of rural pavement with the tasselling corn rustling in the breeze and the hot July sun beating down.

Gentlemen, this is the Corn Belt!





# THE CAT AND THE COBRA

A STORY

BY A. W. SMITH

A FIVE-FOOT cobra is a big one. A six-footer may exist. A seven-footer is unheard of. This, of course, applies to the common cobra. The hamadryad, or King Cobra, is known to exceed twelve feet in length. He is really dangerous because he will attack at sight. The common cobra will not. If he can he slips quietly away unless he thinks he is cornered. Then you will hear what is to nearly all human beings one of the most frightening sounds on earth—the hiss of an angry snake.

The inhuman “aah,” low and throaty, of an angry mob, the drawn “wheow” of an approaching shell—these sounds are bad enough. But for real blood-freezing paralysis go into a dark bathroom and hear the sudden explosive hiss from the wet cement floor.

Perhaps it came from behind the tin bathtub . . . or from the corner under the window . . .

Stand still—stand very still.

You thought you heard the dry whisper of coils across the floor? The great earthenware chatti in the corner sweating cold water from its porous sides does not sweat as coldly as you. It could not stand more still.

The chink from the door ajar throws a shaft of friendly yellow light on the wet shining floor. Faiz Ullah moving discreetly laying out shirt (click go studs into shirtfront)—wonders what it is that keeps master. . . .

Acutely conscious of bare ankles. Hair lifting on scalp, prickling the skin. Move softly—very softly. Take the big bath towel—oh very gently. Hold it loosely, making a curtain in front of your shins, so—

Back out . . . gently, I said. No king deserves more reverence. . . . And don't cry out. As you value your life, don't cry out.

Wheew—

Once again in the warm yellow light of your room with bathroom door slammed shut, feel brave again. Send Faiz Ullah flying for something long and strong, light and whippy. A cut down polo stick, for instance—that is the best—

*Ai, Faiz Ullah—polo lakri lao—Nag gussul khana men hai.*

Shout and shout—send them running.

*Ai, Maharaj, nag gussul khana men hai.*

Slip feet into riding boots. Powder them first if feet are bare. You'll be late for dinner taking them off if you don't.

*Ai, durwan! Hurricane lamp lao—Nag gussul khana men hai.*

Wrapped discreetly in a heavy blanket, approach with caution—electric torch and stick of whippy cane in hand.

Butler, sweeper, durwan, bhisti and the bhisti's son, hamal, mali, and syces two hang whispering at the verandah door.

*Hold the dog, Faiz Ullah—Kuttha puckerao.*

Fling wide the door, strike hard, cut just below the spectacles on the swaying swollen sac of the hood.

*Shabash—Shabash, huzoor.*

They will throw him out to the kites and crows, but not before the sweeper has removed the head in order to collect the Government reward.

"Sorry I'm late. I killed a cobra in my bathroom—eight feet at least." You may be nonchalant now over gin and bitters.

"More gin?"—"Thanks"—"No ice came up on the mail train—Sorry."

India is not all cobras, as some people think, but they are common enough—even in Calcutta. As a business we used to occupy one of those gloomy fortresses of finance off Clive Street. It was an ancient semiclassical affair of Corinthian columns and deep verandahs. The outside was stucco which grew a green mossy beard every rains. The inside was dark and cool with high ceilings and creaking floors. It was so unpretentious and old-fashioned that only a firm of our respectability and reputation could have risked its credit by occupying it.

Not one of us would ever think of changing. We took a great pride in our building—it had been ours for a hundred years—and we professed to look down on those who occupied the newly risen steel and concrete buildings which are so popular and cost so much.

The building was Jones' domain. As head accountant he was responsible, among other things, for its organization and upkeep, for the hiring and firing of the subordinate staff and for generally making the way smooth for those of us who were solely concerned with making profits. Jones, of course, had no more high office than to see that our actions were properly recorded in

terms of rupees and annas and pice. His role was more or less automatic, in so far as anything can be said to be automatic in India.

He was doubtless a good accountant, but he lacked above all things that sweet nature and supreme tact which is necessary for the easy handling of an Indian staff. He bewildered them. He tried to alter age-old customs. In doing so he was always stubbing his toe. He might just as well have tried to change the multiplication table.

Instead of accepting the order of things painstakingly built up on a web of belief and precedent, he tried to treat everyone as a rational human being. From the head clerk down to the humblest sweeper, he thought they could be persuaded by the validity of argument. With dogmatic thoroughness he tried to explain that so and so was a better, a shorter, a quicker, and a less laborious way of doing things—in short, that it was more efficient.

He was met with charming indulgent smiles and ready acquiescence—and nothing was done about it.

Moreover, he lacked understanding. He couldn't see why Rajah Singh, the sepoy, must never be asked to touch a glass of water, or why the waterman must never be told to carry a pair of shoes to be mended, or quite why Shauqat Ali, one of the piece-goods bazaar clerks, wouldn't move a plate of ham sandwiches. (Jones often had meals in the office—disgusting habit, but Efficiency was his watchword.)

All these things merely caused Jones to lose his temper, which didn't do a bit of good. By degrees he learned better, although it was a slow process. There was always something to send Jones into a fit of inarticulate rage. For instance, one day he took it into his head to go over the pay sheet. He checked it with a blue pencil, name by name, all the way



from Ahmed Ali, Chittagonian driver of the office car, past the Bannerjis and Mukerjis, down to Xavier and Zachariah, the Indian Christian wharf clerks. At the very bottom of the pay roll Jones discovered—Cats two—one rupee each.

He hammered his bell. The cashier was quite undisturbed.

"And why not—?" he asked in effect. Ever since Wilson Sahib's time there had always been two cats on the pay roll. First there had been only one and then two.

Now Wilson Sahib had retired somewhere back in the early nineties. Jones had met him in London—an elderly man in the middle eighties.

"But why—?" Jones almost frothed at the mouth.

"For forty years two rupees a month—nearly a thousand rupees on cats."

"It was the Sahib's order," purred the cashier.

Jones instituted an inquiry into the status of the office cats.

"I will make immediate inquisition," said the cashier.

"Not emolument for cats two, your honor," said the cashier later, "but subsistence allowance at rupees one per mensem per capita. How can cat get the salary, notwithstanding?"

He smiled gently at the whimsy. Jones found his smile particularly infuriating.

"I don't believe there are any cats," he said resentfully. "It's just another ramp. It simply means that the sweeper or someone gets two rupees a month extra because once someone was fool enough—"

"Wilson Sahib's order, your honor," said the cashier reprovingly, "but I will bring—"

In due course he brought—two meager gray cats who struggled in the arms of the head sweeper and his assistant and swore volubly when

Jones was rash enough to put out a hand.

The head sweeper said something which Jones could not understand. Jones had never bothered to learn any language but his own.

"That is senior cat—ten years' service, your honor," translated the cashier. "Sweeper say please he must have more subsistence. The old age draws on and it cat must get milk, the bowls one per diem."

"Oh, shut up," said Jones. "I'm going to sack both. We can't have cats, of all things, on the pay roll—what with economy and jute prices and everything."

"But Wilson Sahib's order," protested the cashier, who could not connect jute with cats.

"Blow Wilson Sahib," said Jones.

With a lordly sweep of his blue pencil he struck the cats, two, senior and junior, from the pay roll.

Our building was old. It dated back to the eighteen twenties, to the palmy days of indigo and opium, when a fortune might be turned on a cargo. Into it poured rats like a plague of Egypt. They scuttered along the partition tops and swizzled their noses at us from the dusk of corners. There were great gray scarred veterans who seemed to prefer a simple diet of paper and electric-light cords to the fat living of the docks and sewers. There were little brown tiddlers who nested in the cotton and jute samples.

We complained one at a time and all together, but on the subject of cats Jones was adamant.

"Ridiculous," he said. "Two rupees a month for cats—I ask you—"

He spent untold gold on traps and poison. He bought parched corn for bait by the sack load—enough to feed not only the whole corps of sweepers but the waterman also and the waterman's son, the godown staff, the driver

of the office car and the man who sold betel nut and pan leaves at the bottom of the stairs. There were queer smells in dark cupboards—rotten cheesy fish smells.

"Jones Sahib," explained the sepoy with a knowing leer.

But to all the wiles of Jones the rats seemed to prefer the great calfskin ledgers which it took two strong men to lift.

It was too much. Every plague of overpopulation is followed by its natural antidote.

A sepoy was sent down the rickety stairs to the jute sample room. He was a portly and dignified figure in his smart blue uniform and scarlet pugri. He did not hurry, nor yet did he dawdle. He descended with measured stride, head up, well-brushed beard fluffed up to his ears.

He came up the stairs again in headlong flight. He had seen a fine cobra, he gibbered, playing with its tail at the bottom of the stairs. He positively refused to go down again.

"Nag—" the word spread round the office like wildfire. The little clerks at their desks looked suspiciously at the floor. They hitched their bare toes more securely round the legs of their stools.

"Oh, yes—a cobra—" said the head sweeper cheerfully. "He guards the stairs—ever since the cats went. We sweeper folk don't use the stairs any more. I've seen it many times. It's so long—"

He indicated a strip of floor about fifteen or twenty feet to the wall.

"Nonsense," said Jones who was busy investigating the claims of a new kind of poison. "A cobra in the middle of Calcutta? Nonsense."

It did look odd with the tramcars clanging in the street and a row of taxis on the opposite corner.

"Nonsense," said Jones firmly.

But where there are rats there will

be cobras, fulfilling the law of supply and demand. The office staff definitely refused to go up and down those stairs. They were perfectly good-natured about it and no amount of bullying by Jones made the least difference. To get at the samples we had to send a man all the way round by the street and in at the back door. It was a tedious process, but we accepted it, as one does in India, until the senior partner . . . He sent for Jones.

"What's all this," he said, "about the office being full of cobras?"

"Oh, nothing," said Jones a little uneasily. "Just a yarn."

"Well, everybody's complaining. You'd better do something about them—catch them or get the men to work properly—I don't care which. That's what you're here for."

Jones sent for the cashier.

"Kill it?" said the cashier in horror. "But your honor—" he lowered his voice to a whisper—"the snake is holy—Our Lord Krishna, your honor."

"Well, get rid of it," said Jones testily.

"As your honor wills," said the cashier. "I have the friend in Kuccha Bazaar who is very holy man. A snake catcher. For two rupees the cash money he will catch—"

"Fetch him," rapped Jones.

Jones found most of the office staff gathered at the foot of the stairs. There was hardly one among them who did not believe that when a man died without an heir his soul returned in the form of a cobra. Didn't everyone know the supreme importance of getting himself a son? Aren't cobras holy? Well then—

There was an air of tension. Everyone felt that something exciting was going to happen. No one knew quite what. In the hot dusty dark among the packing cases and the



pillars supporting the building it was pleasantly mysterious.

"Haven't any of these people got any work to do?" snapped Jones. "Go away—Jao—"

There was a shifting of feet, a shuffling of faces, a pretense of obeying the order. No one actually went. Jones decided to ignore his audience.

There was a ripple in the crowd and a little sigh went up.

"Are you the snake catcher?" asked Jones.

The newcomer walked past Jones as if he hadn't seen him. He settled himself comfortably on his heels and lighted a green *bidi*. He sucked in the evil-smelling smoke through cupped hands and coughed.

It wasn't the snake catcher—only someone from outside who had heard that there was free entertainment to be had.

The crowd squatted on its heels, chatting. The show was free. Who knew but that it mightn't be surprising.

Jones grew impatient.

"He comes, your honor," murmured the cashier soothingly. "He sees if the hour is auspicious."

Upstairs all work seemed to be over for the day.

"He comes," said someone. A hush fell. The silence was broken by the sudden outcry of the small son of a friend of the head sweeper. Dressed up in a round embroidered cap and a heartshaped silver amulet, he had been brought to see the show. He bellowed, rubbing his small fists in his eyes.

"*Atee—bawa sahib—durro mut—durro mut*—Hush thee, princeling, don't fear—" said the father, looking round proudly, hoping that everyone had seen his son and heir. "See the fat sahib perched on the railing. Soon he will blow fire from his lips and smoke and serpents will come forth."

"*Chup tum*. Shut up you," said

the cashier rudely from a safe and lordly eminence on top of a packing case.

"*Ai, babuji*," said the head sweeper. "Oh, come, sir clerk—the fat sahib lacks understanding, and it is but speech to a child."

Jones found the big black eyes of the infant fastened on him. Their earnestness embarrassed him. He stamped the floor impatiently.

Again quiet. The snake catcher with due regard for the effect of his entrance, came slowly down the stairs, step by step.

He made a deep salaam. Jones replied with an indeterminate kind of salute, rather an awkward gesture which was supposed to be one of condescension.

"Salaam, huzoor," said the snake catcher.

"Good morning," said Jones. "It's a fine day, isn't it?"

When this remark had been translated by the cashier the snake catcher had no hesitation in agreeing. The fact was sufficiently evident.

"Why does the fat sahib say that the sun shines?" piped the small son of the head sweeper's friend.

"It is the way of sahibs," said the head sweeper heavily. "As we say 'Ram Ram'—so they say 'the day has well dawned.' They find it auspicious no matter whether it is hot or wet or cold."

"Let's get on with it—" commanded Jones briskly.

"First, your honor," said the cashier, "first he do the puja. He very holy man. He must have money."

The crowd craned its necks as a silver rupee was handed over. This looked like big business. Money was being spent like water for their entertainment. Their whispering ceased as the snake catcher, seated crosslegged on the stone floor, erected copper coins and some pan leaves in a little pile be-

fore him. He drew diagrams, triangles and circles in the dust with a bit of iron. The point grated on the stone.

"That stick," whispered the cashier, "that iron stick very holy."

To Jones it looked like a simple piece of jute baling but he hesitated to say so. The cashier wriggled his bare toes apprehensively.

With a quick movement the holy man rose to his feet pointing dramatically with his rusty iron at a crevice in a dim corner under the stairs. Certain of his audience, he walked across the floor. He began to probe between the blocks of stone. The crowd sighed a deep "Aah—". Even Jones was a little impressed.

The holy stick was doing its work. Immediately there issued from the crevice a loud and angry hiss. It sent the watching crowd pressing back into the dusky recesses of the basement. Jones felt the hair rise on the back of his neck. He shared in common with the rest a general distrust of snakes. He wondered whether it would be dignified to retire a step or two up the stairs.

He hardly had time to think. Quick as light a fine five-foot cobra launched itself like a whiplash across the smooth stone floor. Quick as light—but quicker still the holy snake catcher made a leap for the staircase. And the crowd found points of security on packing cases and bales of cotton.

To Jones was left the sole possession of the floor.

Somewhat bewildered the cobra coiled. It raised a hooded head, barring Jones' exit to safety up the stairs.

"Stand still, your honor, stand still," admonished the cashier.

Jones needed no warning. Horror-struck he watched the swaying head—a blunt thimbleshaped object standing out from the distended hood. He did

not dare move. He squinted down his nose in a painful effort to see.

"*Lathi lao*," cried the cashier. "Bring a stick."

"*Lathi lao—maro maro*," "Bring a stick and strike, strike," echoed the crowd.

The holiness of the cobra was forgotten.

"What is the fat sahib doing?" asked the infant son of the sweeper's friend.

"See the cobra," said his father.

"Did he spit that?" asked the childish voice.

Jones stood. He was fiercely conscious of ankles and lower legs. He wondered whether, as he had heard, a pair of trousers was enough to stop the poison. And would it hurt?

Through long tense seconds they eyed each other—when, from somewhere in the dark, crept the senior cat. He was light gray, thin and motheaten. Ears flattened to his head, body flattened to the floor, he slid, experienced warrior that he was, with stealthy stride.

The Indian cat is not like any other cat. The hand of man is more than usually turned against him. He is about as strokeable as a porcupine, and the snake is a traditional enemy.

The senior cat crept crouching past Jones' legs. The tip of his mangy tail flicked convulsively. It was this which caught the cobra's eye. His weaving head changed its direction. It increased in speed.

Jones, white as a sheet, squinted down his nose at the senior cat.

The cobra struck. In that split second a lot of things happened. The cat leaped lightly to land over the cobra's back. And Jones—Jones displayed an agility of which those who knew him best could hardly believe him capable. In one standing jump he landed about five steps up the stairs.

The son of the sweeper's friend



crowed in delight, but the crowd was too intent on the senior cat's battle to notice Jones. Each time the cobra struck the senior cat jumped. To one side, to the other side—or merely straight up in the air so that the snake shot beneath him. Each time he jumped he dealt a vicious blow with clawed forepaw.

After each attack the cobra whirled round to sit up on his coiled body, head swaying, hood extended, forked tongue flicking, and the senior cat crouched low to the floor, still but for the convulsive flicking of his tail. His growls were horrible.

Again the cobra struck with no loss of force. This time the senior cat leaped high, only to whirl around in midair. He dropped with all four feet extended, biting just where the head joined the spectacled hood. For a moment snake and cat lashed about the floor. The cat jumped clear. He left his enemy writhing.

For the cobra that was the end. The senior cat paraded stealthily round his victim. He waited only for a chance to close.

Jones mopped his brow. Fascinated, he watched the senior cat.

It was time now for the junior cat. With skill she sprang from behind a pillar. It was the turn, too, of Rajah Singh Sepoy, burly Rajputani from the fighting races of Lucknow. Black beard brushed up fiercely to his ears,

waving a heavy bamboo lathi, he leaped into the arena.

"*Hut jao, billi*—Out of the way, cat—" he cried.

"*Shabash, maro, maro*—" "Well done, lay on, lay on—" chanted the crowd.

Rajah Singh laid on. The iron shoe of his staff struck sparks from the floor. The dust flew. The cobra was dead.

The senior and the junior cat faded like lean gray shadows.

Of course, you may say it was a put-up job. If the cats were there all the time . . . you see what I mean.

Possibly.

This doubtless occurred to Jones who was always suspicious of human nature. He debated the question for a whole afternoon before signing a voucher for reinstatement of the cats and incidental expenses. (To cash—holy man for finding one cobra serpent . . . *et cetera*.)

Jones also sacked the head sweeper.

You see, one of his visitors during the afternoon was a dirty dishevelled gentleman who forced himself into Jones' office. He claimed to be the head sweeper's caste brother. He claimed also that he had not been paid. He demanded to be paid. He presented, in fact, a dirty bill, for one fine cobra from which the poison fangs had been removed.



## CAMPUS AGAINST CLASSROOM

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

CAMPUS life as we know it is an American product, an outgrowth of our own "higher education." What is it? Why is it? Where is it going?

Let the harassed college professor speak. It was his fantastic hope that young people had come to college to give their time to study and intellectual exercise. But the Campus prevents. It is a thief of time. It has become a confusion of noise and motion. Activities which began as spontaneous outlets for youthful energy have jelled into conventional forms. Athletic teams engaging in intercollegiate games and far travel; glee clubs; choruses; orchestras; dramatic troupes; debating teams; magazines; newspapers; year-books; fraternities; sororities; honorary societies; clubs, clubs, and yet more clubs; campus politics; class organizations; dance committees: all of these must find room on the calendar.

The average number of weeks in an academic year is only thirty-two. Because we "educate" our youngsters wholesale, the machinery for enrolling and examining them is cumbersome at best. A week and a half are spent getting ready at the beginning of the year; another two weeks are lost in the middle, getting ready for "mid-year" examinations and getting over them; and another week and a half at the end—five weeks, or nearly one sixth, taken from the Classroom for the business of organization and tests.

Then come the demands of the

Campus. The freshman who is going to join a fraternity must surrender precious hours to the clap-trap of initiation. "Hell week" is a well-named period of nerve strain that for eight or ten days makes the freshman "pledge" unfit for class work, and demands almost as much from the older students who initiate him. The athletic program offers outstanding games which upset all class-programs, with a day or two of preparation and a day to recover. "Proms" with attendant "house parties" do not mean an evening dance after the day's work is over. They mean at least one day gone clean out of the schedule for a surprising number of students, and many days of preparation for everyone who takes any part in arranging the affair. In many colleges "senior week" or "junior week" is a fixture with festivities supplanting study for five or six consecutive days.

These fixed hours which the Campus steals from the Classroom are easy to count. The theft is so well grounded on tradition that the Classroom meekly surrenders them as a matter of course. It even allows, in most colleges, a fixed number of "cuts" or unexplained and excused absences to provide for emergency. These the average student uses up at once as a matter of conscience, thus throwing away the equivalent of another week. But there is more than theft of time. The Campus is openly at war with scholarship. First, there is the strain



caused by all of these activities, all the time, upon the minds and nerves of all who take part in them. Every teacher who becomes intimately acquainted with his students is familiar with the emotional outburst of the senior who says, "If only I could begin it again, I should leave out nine-tenths of the activities. I have just begun to get interested in this or that course, and I haven't the time to do it justice." Or the young woman who says, "I should like to do something worth while in the really important business of college, but every moment outside the Classroom is absorbed by committee work or claimed by my sorority. I must go there, if only to shed sweetness and light on the freshmen, who also are being kept away from work in order to develop a spirit of comradeship in the sisterhood. I am working my way through college. Every time the sorority has a dance and I am taxed a few dollars it means not only that I must give time to help get the house ready and then go to the party, but I must work a dozen hours outside, washing someone's dishes, or tending someone's baby to earn the tax which I am paying." Multiply this several times over throughout the academic year to gain an idea of its importance.

In this war of the Campus against the Classroom, the shock troops have been athletics and fraternities. When one estimates the number of weeks of actual classroom work in the academic year, and what the student pays for them, one realizes the grotesqueness of prolonged trips by athletic teams, glee clubs, and dramatic organizations in term time. It is true that the last few years have seen these curtailed in some universities and colleges; but there are scores of institutions to-day bearing honored names which encourage such trips as "advertising" and justify them by arrangements for tutoring or "make-up work." Moreover, the

player who is essential to the team if it is to win games must not be allowed to get below grade and become ineligible. There is more pressure upon the teacher than even he is generally willing to admit to keep him from giving low marks to the star athlete and to lead him to ignore absences due to extra training and games away from home.

The attack of the fraternity is not so well-defined. It takes the form of a conflicting allegiance. Even a young man cannot serve two masters. Reports read at the national meeting of the Interfraternity Council state specifically that the low scholarship record of fraternity men is due to their prevailing habit of staying away from classes for no reason at all other than to "sit around" in the house. The lack of leisure on an American campus is its greatest curse, but fraternity membership encourages not leisure but idleness.

During the past fifty years of fraternity existence these clubs have spurred their young members on to seek preëminence, it is true, but on the Campus rather than in the Classroom. So great did their power at one time become that they have selected trustees and set up and dethroned college presidents. During the past few years the Classroom has been gaining in courage to fight back, and has forced the publication of relative scholastic standing among the fraternities. They accepted the innovation grudgingly at first, but now generally face it as inevitable. Yet it does not wholly change the picture. Just as the athlete has demanded marks to keep him eligible, so the fraternity member demands marks to keep his own brotherhood from the bottom of the list. American college faculties find themselves worrying about the tendency of their students to seek marks rather than an education, and they struggle to find devices for overcoming

this evil. Yet all the forces which bring it about continue to exert their pressure.

The fraternities and sororities have not only been at war with the Classroom, but they have fought among themselves in a competitive seeking after campus honors. This has led to an imitation of some of the worst features of outside political trickery; and the substitution of skill in vote-getting for actual worth in the awarding of campus distinctions has harmed the morale of Campus and Classroom alike.

The Campus deals its final blow at the Classroom when it diverts the attention of teaching experts from the tasks for which they are best fitted and drafts them for service on athletic committees, dance committees, publication boards, and disciplinary courts to deal with drunkenness, secret marriage, or over-cutting of classes. In forcing college teachers to spend some of their time as nurses it has forced the college student back toward the nursery. The Old World university matured its students. The American campus has invited immaturity and prolonged it.

## II

That there is much being done in many quarters to combat these worst manifestations of campus life no one can doubt. Administrators are well aware of the problem, and some have gone down fighting it. Among those who are most thoroughly aware of it to-day are groups of students here and there who are beginning to make their influence felt; though some of them, preaching in advance of their time, have suffered a mild sort of martyrdom. But whether or not my harassed professor draws too gloomy a picture, why the American campus at all?

Old World universities began as nothing more than groups of teachers

who selected their own abiding places; around them gathered students from near and far who cared to listen and question. When a student thought he had got all he could, he went away and sat at the feet of someone else. Students lived as and where they chose, though, with the clannishness of youth, they often flocked toward some one quarter of the town.

Then came the New World. The Church saw its duty to educate all of its youth and offer a "higher" education for those planning to preach. College authorities were made responsible for the behavior of students who had been taken from the care of parents and pastors and must be protected from the snares of the world while preparing for the Christian ministry. Thus it happened that an organized social life became a tradition of the American college.

The new American college was "bicameral"; its founders intended that its two chambers, Campus and Classroom, should work together, one supplementing the other. The new curriculum trained for the ministry, and all teaching must be orthodox. President Thomas Clap of Yale wrote in 1754, "Colleges are Societies of Ministers for Training up Persons for the Work of the Ministry." This model, set by Harvard, Yale, William and Mary, and others in the van, influenced all later colleges in this new world. Amherst was founded in 1821 for "the education of indigent young men with the ministry in view." As recently as 1907 five hundred and nine colleges out of the seven hundred in this country were found to be still under denominational control, though their own administrators generally admitted this was of small advantage, either educationally or morally! The pattern had been followed as the frontier moved westward, and sects followed the frontier, and colleges were



seeded by the sects. Mission colleges were planted by one denomination within a stone's throw of those planted by another, for devoted leaders often unconsciously worked as hard for the glory of their sects as for the glory of God.

Men who graduated from our colleges at first were trained by both Campus and Classroom while the two had unity of purpose. The Campus successfully kept them loyal to the church. Its prayer-meetings, revival services, debating societies, and compulsory chapel harmonized with a classroom which sought first of all to sustain the old theology, and adapt science to religion. Only twenty years ago, and even more recently, it was possible to find such phrases as these in college catalogues: "The biology taught at X University has no sympathy with that evolutionary theory that makes man the offspring of the animal"; "The History of Education is traced from its origin in the Garden of Eden"; and "Science is esteemed because science was to Daniel the handmaid of his religion."

But very early in the life of our colleges a rift appeared here and there. The true teacher, brought to a faculty because of devotion to his subject, began to seek scholarship first and the good of the church second. Then as the colleges grew, students came from outside the sectarian fold and managed to graduate in a state of sin. To take care of increasing numbers, the college welcomed outside support. The denomination was no longer the dictator. Teachers gained new freedom to urge scholarship for its own sake, and influential graduates and friends, wise and unwise, began to express their views as to what the curriculum should contain and how it should be taught.

These things affected the Classroom. But at the same time even more radical changes were occurring within the Campus. Students, required to live

together so that they might be more easily controlled, were developing a campus life of their own which was like nothing else on earth. "Activities" began to emerge—games played outside; glee clubs and debaters that traveled; worldly-minded newspapers and magazines. Clubs were formed and, following the Masonic model, were bound together by secret oaths and rituals. Worldly dances forced their way in, despite the frowns of trustees. All these things grew up spontaneously, independent of the classroom and indifferent to it, though not at first antagonistic.

Next came the most interesting phenomenon in all our educational picture. Alumni were going forth from the colleges who were trained by the Campus and not by the Classroom; and often well trained, at that. Four years of enforced association with companions of their own age developed at best a skill in leadership, and at the least a knowledge of how to get along with other men. Corners were rubbed off and practical skills developed which would make for business success. Of course the Classroom strove to place its imprint upon these undergraduates, but Youth developed a fine technic of evasion. For the Classroom was governed by gentle scholars devoted to their own subjects and ready to assume an equal devotion on the part of neophytes. Of course, there were always students who were being trained solely by the Classroom, but they were set apart from the others as "greasy grinds"; it was the Campus-graduate who began to determine America's popular definition of what "college" meant. If after graduation he became the patron of the college it is no wonder that his first impulse was to build a stadium and make his dollars and his influence felt more in support of the Campus than of the Classroom of the future.

The old unifying objective had gone. The Classroom found itself preparing young men and women for every sort of worldly activity, and groping professors tried to provide by "electives" a curriculum that would suit them all, and outwit the shrewd young evader by perplexing systems of "credits" and "cuts" and other machinery. The Campus too had lost its aim, and began to seek another within itself. The two chambers were growing rapidly away from each other, and without singleness of purpose and mutual support each was ripe for exploitation.

### III

The bringing together and regimenting of large groups of young people could not be overlooked for long by eager exploiters. Efforts to pervert the Classroom came from many directions. The scholarly professor wishes to show his students *how* to think. The exploiter wishes them told *what* to think. Political parties naturally wanted to control teachers who had so great an opportunity to influence young voters. Not many years ago in the South and West there were instances of an entire faculty being dismissed and replaced by one of different political complexion. High protectionists, prohibitionists, antivivisectionists, feminists, anti-vaccinationists, proponents of birth control or a soviet form of government each in their turn sought to win the allegiance of teachers and direct their teaching. Meanwhile the parent denominations felt they had an inherent right to exercise control.

Perhaps the most confused and confusing disturbance has been the effort of graduates to prevent the continuance of "false teaching." One group might insist that professors could not teach the truth because they were muzzled by a capitalistic board of

trustees; another, that all college faculties are hotbeds of dangerous radicalism. Some were incensed because the theological convictions of an earlier generation were not forced upon the undergraduate in the classroom; others protested that an outworn theology was handicapping educational progress. A New England college president remarked a few years ago that if he could build a college just as he wanted it, with complete freedom to aid youth in its search for truth, he would first of all have it a college of orphans; and second, he would try to give it some of the characteristics of a penal institution, because he understood that the graduates of Sing Sing never wanted to go back!

But the steadiest pressure came from those graduates of the Campus who, having succeeded in the world, wanted the Classroom to become less scholarly and more practical-minded, applying itself directly to the current technics of commerce.

As these various efforts increased, the Classroom developed greater resistance, because it never lacked either dignity or self-respect. Eventually it took measures to protect itself, and a nation-wide association of professors came into being to establish the right of teachers to seek truth without fear or favor. But while the groping work of this association and a clearer understanding of the problem by administrators have done much to protect the Classroom, it is still difficult to resist the pressure of any alumni group, in an endowed college which recognizes their loyalty and seeks their financial support; or of sectarian leaders where the college is still controlled by a sect, or of politicians where it is controlled by a legislature.

All of these outside forces which have attempted to exploit the Classroom have turned more hungrily



toward the throngs of young people when they were outside the Classroom doors, and easier to manipulate.

First, the propagandist! It is of small importance to him that his efforts might confuse or obstruct teaching. Militarists, protesting that pacifism held the faculty in its clammy grip, send their own organizers to arouse student emotions and secure their allegiance. Pacifists, equally certain that militarism, uniformed as a Reserve Officers Training Corps, is working its will with the college, do their own sapping and mining. Parsons and agnostics, radicals and rotarians have seen their duty clear. The worst legacy left the colleges by the recent war-time years is the habit of intensive drives for student funds. It does not take great organizing skill to arouse the mass emotion of a throng of students; nor is it so hard to persuade many of them to pledge money which their fathers provide. Every sort of organization since those years has fought for its "tag day," and resistance on the part of worried administrators may lead to an unfair accusation of lack of sympathy with the Cause.

Efforts to exploit the Campus by emotional groups of its own graduates form a greater problem. The "hippodroming" of student games for the entertainment of graduates and of the public need not be discussed here in detail; much has already been written about it. Colleges and universities here and there have been cleaning house, and some have tried to make a thorough job of it. But many houses thus cleaned have been soiled again by alumni who insist upon winning teams. Universities announce officially, for instance, that free board is no longer provided members of the team in return for their playing. And immediately certain alumni come forward who quietly pay out of their own pockets the board bills of players. Such grad-

uates secretly pay the expenses of promising athletes even in high school, until these youngsters brazenly offer themselves to the highest bidder. That university is oddly fortunate whose Campus-graduates are all still young and making a start in the world so that their poverty keeps them pure!

Not as much has been written about the exploitation of undergraduate clubs by Campus-graduates. The national fraternities demand allegiance from local chapters, which they themselves may have planted on a campus already well enough supplied. Interfraternity rivalry and a local desire to "Keep up with Lizzie" have scattered elaborate fraternity houses from Maine to California whose maintenance costs are too high for the undergraduate to bear. So he cries to the graduate for help. Most national organizations maintain headquarters at considerable rental, with one or more salaried officials and a traveling secretary, and publish a magazine. Nine-tenths of the cost of this graduate superstructure is borne by the undergraduate. He must make his remittance to national headquarters even though the taxes upon his local clubhouse are overdue, bills for furnishings are unpaid, and the members of the club are largely engaged in hard labor outside of classroom hours in order to pay their bills. Yet if he becomes restive under that burden he must face the discipline of graduates whose friendliness is now a vital necessity. What the undergraduates get from national headquarters in return for their money is of course debatable and varies with the group. But questions addressed to widely scattered students have brought the reply, "Little or nothing! A semi-occasional visit from some representative whose salary and traveling expenses we pay, who attempts in a day's visit to acquaint himself with our problems and help us solve them. His advice is never

as sound or his competence as great as any one of a dozen friendly faculty members or neighboring business men, willing and able to serve us in the same way, and he generally comes after we are in trouble and not before."

There are approximately two hundred and sixty-three magazines, usually quarterlies, published by the national fraternities, sororities, and campus societies in this country. Their cost aggregates more than a million dollars and, generally speaking, they are not read. Now and then a fraternity publication raises its head higher than the generality, by the accident of having a competent editor willing to sell his time in that way, but it drops back again.

Fraternity houses on American campuses, which in 1930 had an estimated value of ninety million dollars, are presenting their own problem with redoubled force in this time of depression. The building of many of them (so says the National Interfraternity Council) was encouraged by architects and contractors at a time when costs were lower, and when the undergraduate's spending money was not diverted by motor cars and off-campus movies; and they now ride upon his back like an old man of the sea. But it is in connection with exploitation of the undergraduates by the alumni that I mention them now, although many a graduate would ruefully insist that they have brought about an exploitation of the alumni by the undergraduates.

The young graduate returning to the Campus, looking forward to a renewal of college experiences without accompanying responsibilities, makes the "house" his headquarters. Because of his dignity as a graduate and his actual proprietary right, the undergraduate hesitates to enforce house rules against him. He can go drunk to the dances, take his own women

friends, "stage a party" in an upstairs room, or set up a bar in the basement; and it is difficult for student house committees to expel him, even if they are not induced to join in. From the old New England college to the Pacific Coast university comes the same testimony from men who are concerned: "The boys are doing their best to solve these fraternity questions, but they cannot handle the young graduate."

The final exploiter of the Campus has been a certain type of business man. Every undergraduate activity is a potential purchaser of goods or services, and it is surprising how much money can be raised from even poverty-stricken students.

"Honorary" societies, which choose their membership from leaders of the Campus rather than the Classroom, spend money on pins and programs, food and orchestras. Imitating the older social and scholarship fraternities, they link up with their kind in other colleges, and a single campus may have dozens, a fair proportion of them started from without. It is even possible for a second honorary society to be formed in a field already occupied, so that students not honored by election to one may be chosen by their friends in another. One case may serve to illustrate how they may be grist for the exploiter. University students engaged in the editing of a certain type of campus publication lately received from a distant college town the suggestion that they form a local chapter of a new honorary society for senior editors and business managers. A printed constitution and by-laws and ritual for initiation were all provided. Dues were specified. Each member would be privileged to wear the pin of the national organization and receive free a copy of the society's magazine devoted to bigger and better publications of this sort. The initiation fees were \$10.00 per



student, \$8.00 of which was to go to the national headquarters. If only five students were secured, that would mean \$40.00 to be sent to a gentleman in the Middle West. If he could establish one hundred chapters among the six or seven hundred colleges in the land whose students bring out such publications, that would be \$4000 annually for letter paper and traveling expenses at the national headquarters, and something over. Inquiries sent to citizens of the town where these "national headquarters" were located revealed that the new honorary society was the private enterprise of a young business man who had graduated a year or two before from a neighboring university.

Many campuses have enough honorary societies to provide a gold badge for every senior student wanting such an honor without overcrowding any single society. Naturally the makers of fraternity pins are interested. Why not? If it is worth while for greeting-card manufacturers to invent a Father's Day and endeavor to legislate in favor of more kindly feelings toward father throughout the land, it is certainly worth while for jewelers and engravers to stimulate honorary societies in several hundred colleges, not to mention several thousand high schools.

The profiteer finds other and more fruitful campus contacts. Student social affairs undertaken on a large scale, because each new group of students wishes to surpass its predecessors or some sister university, often have surprisingly large sums at their disposal. A "junior prom" committee, for instance, may be able to spend a thousand dollars for an orchestra and other thousands for decorations, refreshments, programs, and favors. If the committee has been selected, not because of outstanding good taste and business judgment, but through cam-

pus politics, it falls an easier prey to the outside exploiter. Engravers are prepared to offer the student in charge of programs a substantial fee for his own private pocket in exchange for the contract. Decorators, orchestras, caterers have all been made familiar with this way of doing business with undergraduate committees. Such conditions have continued in certain universities visited year after year by the same traveling salesmen for these wares. Yet student personnel has changed each year. This leads to the inference that the vicious custom is kept alive largely by the outside business man rather than the student. Testimony from advisers of students in different universities reports the same technic. Generally there is a dual billing for the goods received. One bill for services or commodities is sent to the student manager for him to pay, and another for him to file with the "faculty adviser" or auditing committee. Or else the student manager, in return for awarding the contract, is offered agency work in his spare time among other colleges or neighboring high schools; and he is promised some advance on account of future commissions.

The publishing of college annuals is a \$2,500,000 business throughout American colleges, with as much again spent by high school seniors throughout the country. One Western State university spent \$25,000 annually on its book; another \$35,000. An inexperienced boy may find himself, as manager of the annual, handling a budget of \$10,000 or \$12,000 and trying to fight off the propositions made to him by photographers, engravers, printers, or binders; or made to him by men who do none of these things, but set themselves up as "builders of college annuals," secure the contract, and then farm out the different processes wherever they like. So im-

portant has this business become that the American Typothetæ, or national organization of employing printers, has set up a distinct informational division in its Washington offices known as the Printers of College Annuals.

Some other campus publications offer as much food for thought. The sudden increase after the War in the number of campus "comics" was due not so much to the spontaneous desire of students suddenly to burst into humorous prose and verse, but to the energy of one national magazine which subsidized each college paper after creating it, making it a subscription solicitor, and retaining for itself exclusive right to reprint.

The development of all sorts of campus publications into a large business in the aggregate has led to the organization of advertising agencies or "counselors" who handle the college accounts of national advertisers, and parcel the contracts out, retaining 35 per cent for themselves and a second agent.

Have I painted too gloomy a picture? Yes, so far as some institutions are concerned. College executives when asked to-day about campus conditions answer that such abuses belong to the past. But do they always know? One writes that bad financial management of undergraduate organizations was ended long ago by the setting up of "compulsory auditing." Yet on that campus a student manager recently sold the right of succession to a student in the following class for three hundred dollars. An Assistant to the President writes from another university that the student magazine has had a worthy and unbroken record for many years, "wholly under student control"; and a dean of the same institution testifies that it had become insolvent three years before, had been granted financial aid, and might not be allowed to continue another year because of bad management. An execu-

tive of another institution, asked to make some sort of apology for libelous matter appearing in a publication bearing the university name wrote that it is wholly under student control, and that he supposed "no one ever took notice of matter appearing in student publications." In the effort to avoid loose assertions I have made many inquiries of concerns dealing with undergraduates. One that I most recently addressed boasts a nation-wide service to college customers. The reply expressed regret that such methods of doing business were so general and complained, incidentally, of their great expense. It urged that more attention be paid by some authority in the colleges to these student affairs; and the letter ended by offering a ten per cent commission to the college official who would get them a student contract!

#### IV

What is the Campus? Nobody knows! Flattered, misled, and spanked in turn, it has become at times assertive and at times resentful. Administrators, perplexed by its vagaries, have sometimes turned their backs upon it, and sometimes have resorted to increased policing, with compulsory audits, graduate managers, and a confusion of rules.

An educator from Mars visiting an American college would be surprised to discover that in one part of the institution classes were conducted in accounting; while in another part inexperienced students were handling large amounts of money with resultant mistakes, humiliations, and petty peculations, due to lack of advisers, badly kept books, or no books at all. He would find classrooms devoted to lectures upon the history of the press, discussions of its ethical code, and practice in journalistic forms of writ-



ing; and outside the classroom, publications edited and written by students who not only lacked such classroom training but earnestly avoided it. He would find an active Campus experimentation in many fields which might be helped by the Classroom and help it in turn, yet utterly indifferent to its existence. He would find sentimental administrators trying to justify the existence of the Campus as an educational factor by talking about "student self-government," and setting up in its name a system under which students are encouraged to make last year's mistakes all over again—mistakes which are ignored if they harm only the students, and punished if they affect the welfare of the corporate institution. He would find students who violated social rules given academic penalties, and students who failed to meet academic requirements given social punishment.

He might hear, as I did in a women's college, a student protesting, "I came here as the result of financial sacrifice, to spend four years under the direction of experts. A great deal of my time is wasted because a few inexperienced and excited girls want to try experiments in governing me. So far as I am concerned, the experts can be as arbitrary as they like, if I know they are expert!"

## V

Where is the American Campus going? First, of course, wherever the Classroom goes. For good or ill, they are bound together. Unless they have a common objective they are sure to trip each other up. If they are brought into harmony it may be necessary to reshape the Classroom more than the Campus. For in the activities of the Campus, students at least know just why they are doing whatever they do, at the very moment of doing it; whereas there is a good deal

of Classroom procedure which is unexplained or has no immediate value and offers only a vague future reward. And the Classroom itself does not now know whether it is aiming toward scholarship as an end, or toward citizenship, or toward fitness for a specific job, or merely toward "marks."

Campus and Classroom are, however, slowly acquiring a certain co-ordination, and it is generally small groups of alumni who are last to read the writing on the wall. Within the particular campus, for instance, where this is being written student dramatic organizations, which at one time bumbled along under student mismanagement, have practically merged into the dramatic department, so that one can hardly tell where student-conducted activities end and curricular work begins. Glee clubs, orchestras, university chorus, and student band find friendly directors among the instructors in the Fine Arts College, and are, in fact, laboratories for the working out of many a Classroom proposition. Debating carries its teams farther afield and interests a larger group of students than ever before; yet I suspect that the majority of teachers or students would be unable to say where student initiative ended and faculty initiative began, nor would they care. Athletics, and by that term is not meant the growing "intramural" structure, but all the energies focusing in intercollegiate games, have been transferred from the control of a semi-independent athletic committee dominated by alumni to the central executive authority of the University, and all coaches are now not only members of the faculty but most of them render teaching service, in addition to the task of grooming university teams. Publications are moving more slowly toward the natural relationship which should exist between them and all "writing courses." Most slowly of

all move the fraternities, and trailing them the string of so-called honorary societies with their heavy and useless superstructure. At other colleges and universities the movement has begun and has carried farther in one department or another. More than one university has taken over ownership of fraternity houses, and leased them to their student occupants. At a neighboring university students themselves wiped out a large number of worthless "societies," leaving one or two to afford their chosen members an actual distinction. Present economic conditions have not been wholly harmful. Considerable chaff is being blown from our campuses by the bitter winds of depression, and in a shorter time than some tired executives ever dreamed was possible. No strictures in this article upon fraternities are half so severe as those which may be heard uttered by thoughtful men assembled at interfraternity councils; no comment upon the abuses of intercollegiate athletics so bitter, or upon honorary societies so cynical, as editorials which appear from day to day in the undergraduate press throughout the country.

There is only one place for the Campus to go, and that is into a merger: combining with the Classroom to form an undergraduate college

whose every nerve and bone and sinew are co-ordinated for the training of cultured leaders in a democracy; where courses of study, whether relating to the wisdom of the past or the new knowledge of to-day, are all so organized as to apply to a responsive and responsible life now; and where all activities upon the campus are, in effect, laboratories for citizenship.

The teaching in such a college is not to be confused with that in a post-graduate school. Each instructor shares responsibility for far more than the transmitting of knowledge in his special field. He is constantly aware of Campus problems and his classroom shares in their solution. In expression of opinion he is free to follow where truth seems to lead, without opposition from any source, inside or outside the institution, so long as he evidently recognizes his share in maintaining the spiritual, mental, and physical well-being of his students. This is a harder task than post-graduate teaching, with more hours in its day, and a greater variety of tests to determine a man's fitness for it. But only such teachers can bring Campus and Classroom closer together; and our undergraduate colleges at their best can only muddle along until Campus and Classroom agree upon a desired result and then labor as one to attain it.





## THE WIDOW'S PLIGHT

ANONYMOUS

**S**HE is the sort of woman who can run her household with one hand and run up her bridge score with the other—as it were. Efficient—and knows exactly what to do with the leisure which her efficiency earns. Always carries off at least one prize at our annual Garden Show; and no matter how late she arrives at the station, she never fails to find a good parking place for the 5.17 with her husband on board. Even the house painters mix her colors correctly, while the rest of us weep over their mistakes.

But for once her optimism burned low.

"Have you heard about Jack? His firm is sending him to South America for three months. I'll be alone all winter."

"You'll have the children."

"Yes, but they're in bed by eight. What shall I do with my evenings?"

"You have so many friends."

"Friends!" with just the suggestion of sarcasm. "How long will they stand by with Jack away? Haven't I heard them grouch about the trouble they have getting men to fill in with spinsters and widows? This is the day of twosomes and foursomes. My word, three months of it! I'll simply die of loneliness."

"Oh, no, you won't. Some of us have survived twenty or thirty years of it."

She turned sharply, regarding me as if she had never really seen me before.

"My dear, I never thought— Why, it must be hell to be a widow!"

"No; call it an endurance contest."

I spoke as an authority. For nearly half of my life I have been a widow, and of late years most of my close friends have belonged in the same class. And as there are nearly five million widows in the United States, I feel that the light which flows from actual experience should be turned upon their social status, on the contribution which they make to American home life and the community and, most particularly, on their own psychology and reactions to the estate in which they live and pay income taxes. This being translated into the language of the widow herself, what does she get out of the personal liberty and economic independence which are hers to-day?

In an age when commissions and surveys amount to a national passion—or pastime—any group numbering five million deserves an analysis. In this particular instance, curiosity and the urge to investigate are stimulated by comparison with a corresponding group of the opposite sex.

According to the 1930 census, there are more than twice as many widows as widowers in this country. To be specific, 4,732,207 widows against 2,024,936 widowers! If vital statistics and figures secured from life insurance companies are reliable, the ratio of widows has risen during the depression. Under economic stress men are more prone to commit suicide than women, and the marriage rate drops.

To a trained observer of family life,

this wide divergence in re-marriage rates is easily understood. Except in rare cases, the death of his wife leaves the father of young children almost helpless. Unless a capable relative steps into the mother's place, the man must marry to hold his family together. And if there are no children, the widower who has been the sole object of his wife's devotion and ministrations is equally desperate when he finds himself again on the loose. Rooms, rugs, and dishes, all inanimate things acquired through years of careful budgeting, appall him, yet hold him with invisible bonds. The canary which he and his late wife raised from a nestling, or the Pekinese which requires more attention than the airing he used to give it on Sundays and holidays, pleads eloquently for sanctuary. Such a man, suddenly threatened with the cold and colorless existence offered by hotel or boarding house, turns to second marriage as the one possible solution for his problem. He marries as soon as the traditions and the conventions of his particular community or social circle permit, meeting criticism with some stock remark such as: "I know dear Mary would approve. She would not want me to be lonely and unhappy." Or, "I could pay dear Mary no greater compliment than by marrying a second time. Only those men who were unhappy in their first marriage are afraid to remarry."

Other explanations for the preponderance of widows are equally obvious. In spite of woman's social and economic progress, men still do most of the proposing. And it is still easier for a man to find a wife who will take on the rearing of another woman's children than for a woman to run down a husband who will assume the support of another man's offspring. Occasionally widow and widower solve their common problem by merging their

two families, but these are courageous or desperate souls. Whatever the reason, the figures stand—more than twice as many widows as widowers in the United States to-day are struggling with such problems as budgets, depression, and child training

## II

Having disposed of the statistics without which no article is considered complete by the modern reader, we are free to consider widows in their human and individual aspect.

Is the widow of to-day more contented than was her widowed ancestress of 1870 or 1880? What are her prospects of achieving matrimony a second time? And does she really want to remarry or would she prefer to remain single in absolute control of her income, her actions, and her emotions?

When I was seventeen widows were rated by other women as the deadliest of their species, human spiders spinning webs for eligible men who by all rights should have fallen to spinsters. Widows embodied woman's physical attraction, all the mysterious allurements of their day. As I approach my seventieth birthday, I find that they are regarded by other groups of their own sex with admiration and affection, not untinged with envy. They have enjoyed the irresponsible gaieties of youth and the deeper satisfactions of marriage. They are now free to work out a future of their own with the means and experience which have been given unto them. They symbolize that complete and absolute independence of men which is commonly supposed to be the modern woman's great ambition. This reversal of opinion has not been violent or sudden. It has come gradually with the general change in woman's economic and social position. And neither estimate of widows and widowhood is correct.



To understand to-day's widow, it is necessary to know something of her predecessors. Early in my teens I decided that widows were dangerous and artful creatures who wore both their mourning and their air of gentle, wistful helplessness for the sole purpose of snaring impressionable men. They had a way with men which no spinster could hope to attain. Doubtless if I ever fell in love, the object of my affection would be snatched from me by some designing widow, and I should die of unrequited passion.

For, you see, I was reared in a mid-Victorian family among six aunts who had been educated, trained, and groomed for the one profession then open to women of means and social position—marriage. To each of these plump and pleasing young ladies, with their bangs and their bustles, their impeccable drawing-room manners and their sex-inhibitions, a proposal of marriage was as important economically as an appointment to a university professorship or a corporation secretaryship is to the college graduate to-day. Glorified by romance, perhaps, but still the only job which life offered her was marriage. In the period immediately following the Civil War, which had depleted the husband market sadly, competition rose to a new and unprecedented level. So when an attractive widow laid aside crêpe for what was then known as "second mourning," with its ravishing frocks of silvery gray, violet, and lavender, she virtually served notice on unattached and desirable men that she was open to proposals of marriage.

To this day I can recall the terms in which her methods of stalking matrimonial prey were attacked behind closed doors and curtained windows; terms strangely at variance with the innocence and sweetness attributed to maidens of that day. "Coquette." "Flirt." "Minx." "Hussy." The

words flew about damask-hung drawing-rooms like the feathered shuttlecocks which were the forerunners of tennis balls in polite feminine circles.

Elinor Glynn had not yet coined the word that made her famous—"It." There were no psychologists to popularize the term "sex-appeal"; and if the subject was discussed at gatherings of nerve-specialists, it was banned in the parlors of the inhibited; but the wiles of widows were entirely clear to those post-war spinsters, and the flames of their animosity were fed by current literature. The *Spectator*, still read by the socially elect, contained many a gentle jibe penned by Sir Roger de Coverley while smarting under the humiliation of having been jilted by a gay and trifling widow. Charles Dickens had included in *Pickwick Papers* the solemn warning of Mr. Weller to his inimitable son: "Sammy, beware of widders." And in the popular paper-bound novels of the day authors almost invariably cast a widow for the role of vampire or villainess. In fact, no less a personage than Queen Victoria, mourning neurotically for her beloved Prince Consort, expressed her disapproval of widows who dared to remarry, by making her court circle extremely uncomfortable for them.

Looking back at these misjudged ladies, I can see that their charms were greatly overestimated. In their attraction for men lay neither magic nor mystery, but what we term to-day a sound psychology. Marriage had taught them that the helpless, clinging-vine type of woman appealed strongly to the nineteenth-century male; and they assumed an attitude of utter dependence upon the opposite sex which they did not always feel. They knew too that men could be held by blandishments, compliments, and deference to their opinions. In her ignorance of the man's reactions to her half-veiled amatory advances, a single

girl often tried to impress a suitor with her charms, her desirability, and possibilities as wife and mistress of a home, while a clever widow effaced herself in order to make her lover feel that he possessed all the physical attraction and the mental brilliance.

Often a woman's second marriage was more successful than her first because she did not have to undergo the adjustments of the initial venture. Disillusionment, if any, had come with her first marriage. She knew just what to expect of a husband and she did not demand the impossible of her second matrimonial partner. To have achieved two excellent marriages usually established a woman firmly not only in the eyes of her friends but in her own self-respect. She enjoyed an enviable sense of security and superiority. Small wonder that she roused aversion in the souls of her less fortunate sisters.

But by the time my husband died, great changes had overtaken society. Women had become people. Many had received business training. A few had been successful in their chosen occupations and professions. Thousands had determined to have careers before assuming the responsibilities of marriage. The glamorous, be-ruffled widow of my girlhood had been replaced by a tailored figure, more apt to develop into a business competitor than a rival in romance. We had begun to stress the new freedom for women. So it is not remarkable that the middle-aged wife who had never felt the urge or had the opportunity to become self-supporting should feel that she had missed a thrilling experience and should regard the doubly emancipated widow with a twinge of envy, not unlike the sudden yearning for freedom which seizes the harassed husband and father when he observes the antics of a carefree bachelor.

Only a widow can understand her

reactions to the somewhat dubious congratulations which she receives. For example, a sheltered and zealously husbanded woman will remark to a widowed friend, "So you're sailing Thursday. I have always longed to see Paris in the spring, but Henry can never get away until July. I don't suppose I shall ever see the horse-chestnut trees in bloom."

Perhaps not, but neither will she have to wangle the correct change from a French taxicab chauffeur who pretends he does not understand English, nor suddenly feel conspicuous and uncomfortable when sharing a table in a Paris night club with five or six other women tourists and a bored or sardonic-faced guide. A husband has his place and uses, especially abroad, in or out of season! No one knows this better than the European gigolo who thrives mightily on the loneliness of widows.

Again, "Oh, are you motoring through the Shenandoah Valley? I'm crazy to make that trip, but Rodney can't get his mind off Maine in summer. It must be simply marvelous to go just where you please."

Perhaps it is, but the very beauty of a Shenandoah Valley at its best has a way of mocking a lonely woman. No salaried companion, however tactful and deferential, no guest, however congenial and appreciative, can take the place of a husband who sees things as his wife sees them, who takes snapshots of scenes they both wish to recall, who keeps a diary, or who, months later, may glance up from his paper or magazine to exclaim, "Molly, do you remember that notch near Conway? Well, here is a good picture of it."

For most widows the best-planned world tour turns flat before it is half over, and though she may boast of its success on her return, perhaps lecture glibly on her fascinating experiences before the local woman's club, in a



remote corner of her soul lies the truth. She is just a heart-hungry woman, making a noble gesture of contentment with the financial independence, the personal liberty, the vaunted freedom with which the modern woman may replace a flesh-and-blood, companionable husband.

A thousand widows may rise to protest this statement. Many of them may take pen in hand to inform the editor that they are happy though widowed or that a man, a husband, is not essential to the modern woman. Let them rave. I know whereof I speak, not only from personal experience but by observing widows who have supplied practically the only companionship I have had for the past fifteen or twenty years. We are a lonely lot, and our plight has grown out of the very qualifications which the feared and detested widows of the 80's did not possess, efficiency, independence of thought and action, a keen sense of responsibility, and a knowledge of handling money gained by sharing the hopes, ambitions, and plans of our husbands.

The widows of my girlhood fainted and were revived with smelling salts; faltered and were supported by pitying relatives; wept and wrung helpless hands, and were comforted by male members of their family who took over their business affairs, made plans for their future, and later contributed considerably to their chances of making a second marriage. But in the long run these women suffered no more than the widow of to-day who walks calmly from her husband's deathbed to the privacy of her own room, who gathers her children round her to explain their financial situation and their father's wishes in such matters as their education and social contacts, and who holds conferences with her lawyer and her banker or broker without the aid or consent of father, brother, or uncle.

And in this calm acceptance of widowhood, in this unhesitating assumption of the responsibilities bequeathed to her by her husband along with his worldly goods, lies danger. Her very efficiency militates against her chances of a second marriage in which she may find companionship and happiness.

### III

If I could relive my life I should remarry within a few years of my first husband's death. I should live a normal life which would include above all else a partner in my joys and sorrows. I should not put the happiness of others, especially the happiness of my children, ahead of my own. For now as I near seventy, I realize that no human being can supply happiness or assure it to others, especially those who belong to a second or third generation.

The average widow of independent means passes through three phases or mental states—realization, resignation, desperation. According to tradition, resignation should come third and last; but the rule does not hold for widowhood. A woman does not become desperate until she sees with agonizing clearness that when she denied herself the companionship, the personal satisfactions and contentment which come only with marriage she made an entirely unnecessary and unavailing sacrifice. The right to remarry was hers beyond all social and moral question, and by renouncing that right she gained nothing for herself or for her children.

Before my marriage I taught briefly in a fashionable school where I could observe the price which children pay for the irregularities or infidelities of their parents. Perhaps this knowledge made too deep an impression on a sensitive mind, for with marriage I developed an abnormal sense of family responsibility. My husband, a most congenial man, shared this feeling of

obligation. He adored, and was adored by, his children. So when he passed away, I felt that nothing could matter thereafter but carrying on where he left off. Funds must be invested carefully to provide the education which he had planned for the children. I must maintain them in the social position which he had selected for them. I allowed myself to become completely absorbed in their interests and activities, their school life, their recreations. Shopping for them, selecting desirable companions for them, investigating summer resorts and camps, consulting their young friends, consulting authorities on child training, reading books recommended for them—everything else in life seemed unimportant.

Wise and kindly friends tried to make me see the error of my ways, but I resented what I considered their interference with my duty to the children and their late father. Naturally, these friends and others drifted back to their own interests and diversions, and left me to work out my own life-pattern. And that pattern did not include a second husband. My children were healthy, normal, and adaptable youngsters. During their formative years my remarriage would not have offended them, and they would soon have adjusted themselves to a new family routine, with a stepfather as their mother's companion. But in my ignorance and my lofty conception of my duty as the widow of their father, I refused to consider a marriage which might impair their happiness or weaken their loyalty and their faith in me.

God knows what I expected of my children in return for this undivided affection and devotion! They all turned out well, but in due time, being normal, wholesome young people, they became absorbed in their own affairs, their careers, their loves, the founding of their own families. Then and not

until then did I wake to the realization that I had been living an unnatural existence. I had dreamed that my children would always satisfy my need for human companionship. Now that they no longer needed me or depended upon me, I had no other human relations on which to lean. I was hideously lonely. I had tossed aside the friendships and social contacts most important to middle age. I needed and wanted a husband with whom to face the drab years ahead, and I had flouted every opportunity to acquire a husband of my own age and interests. Nothing is more humiliating, more devastating to one's self-respect than such an awakening to one's mistakes and follies, and when the last of my children had married and I sat alone in my empty house, I realized that my mistakes had been many.

Those early years of widowhood should have been the golden years of my whole life. I had retained my slender, almost girlish figure. I was in full bloom. My skin was still youthful, my hair glossy, my eyes clear and bright. Companionship with a big and generous nature had developed my understanding of men, and nothing attracts men more quickly than the sense that they are understood and appreciated. Various eligible men had manifested that interest in me which, if properly encouraged, leads to a proposal of marriage.

Several of them did propose but I refused them nobly. Perhaps when the children were older, I said. You may set a husband aside in a niche until you have fulfilled your maternal obligations, but that plan does not work with a suitor. The men who proposed before I was forty either found consolation elsewhere or had completely forgotten me at fifty. In this day few men of sixty or more feel any sentimental interest in women of their own age. They are not looking



for congeniality or companionship but for youth that will amuse them or stimulate their waning powers. That is why some of them marry their secretaries, their manicurists, or the girl with the platinum hair who flings her casual smile from the chorus of a night-club revue.

I recall several nice men who had faded out of my life because they felt I was weighing the opinions of my children against their eligibility. A man, for example, who loved books and who would be a companionable husband now that the library seems the most attractive room in my house. My children thought him too quiet—most uninteresting. Probably he would be impractical too and advise me unwisely on investments.

Very jolly was another man who came a-wooing. He loved young people and enjoyed their recreations. Coming into the living room unexpectedly, he would slap the boys on the back or bury them under sofa pillows or wind the phonograph and swing one of the girls off in a two-step. He could give a delightful imitation of a vaudeville comedian. The children liked him well enough and considered him most amusing; but didn't he lack the dignity of their dear father? I have not seen him in many years but I am sure he is a play-boy at seventy. And how he would bring life into my quiet orderly house to-night!

Most congenial of all was the man who was just starting his own business and who called often to discuss his new problems with me. I was flattered by this deference to my own business experience and opinions, but the children—and several meddlesome relatives—dropped dark hints about ulterior motives. No doubt he would find my income most useful in promoting his projects. In reality he did not need my financial help. He proved to

be an able business man and accumulated a large fortune. What he wanted was not my money but my understanding sympathy during the most critical years of his career. In return I should have had his help in rearing my children and his comradeship when they went their various ways.

To-day I realize that if I had ignored the callow criticisms of my children I could have had the co-operation of any one of these three men in meeting my obligations to my family; but I was completely and entirely obsessed by maternal egotism.

#### IV

This reluctance of modern widows to remarry springs from many different roots. The motivation in my case is not typical. Few people yield so completely to the mother-complex. More often the deterrent to remarriage may be traced to one of the modern conceptions of social relations. The desire to escape from all bonds, to be individualistic in all her actions, to express herself in some definite activity, and to dominate some scene of her own choosing lies behind the average widow's indifference to marriage.

For thirty years or more all educational tendencies in universities, colleges, normal and vocational training schools have been toward sex-independence, intellectual and economic freedom for women. Those young women who yielded to the more primitive urge and took unto themselves a mate see in widowhood, not so much an opportunity to remarry as to indulge some desire for personal achievement in professional, artistic, or public affairs which marriage has repressed.

Many of the national organizations for women or for men and women are headed by wealthy widows who not only support the projects financially but direct them personally. Behind

foundations, educational projects, even museums and orchestras you will find the open purse and the guiding hand of a widow. Usually the activity represents a taste, an interest which the woman could not indulge while her husband lived.

Hundreds of women plunge into local welfare and civic work as an outlet for emotions held in leash by marriage and childbearing. After years of being led or dominated, they long to lead and dominate. Other women are born crusaders, filled with zeal to right wrongs. Widowhood frees them to indulge these impulses. One group of well-to-do widows supported the Prohibition movement. Another group of wealthier widows are financing the current fight on the 18th Amendment.

In my own wide circle of acquaintances women give a great variety of reasons for not marrying again:

"As a girl I had wanted to paint; so after my husband died, I went in for art, enrolled in an art school, visited art galleries at home and abroad. It is something to have done the thing you hungered to do for years."

"My husband was a promoter. In another era he would have been a gambler. I only wanted to invest his life insurance so that I should have a real sense of security. I think I was afraid to marry again."

"I was dead tired of pleasing my family. I had loved my husband and children devotedly, but at fifty I felt a strange urge to do as I liked during the remaining years of my life and, to be honest, I have enjoyed my freedom from daily obligations to others."

This woman is not lazy. She is always ready to respond to calls from her children and she is active in many worthwhile causes. She is the aloof type and shuns relations which are too intimate or personal. Her nature demands privacy.

But I believe that thousands of women do not remarry simply because they are lazy, physically and mentally. Left with sufficient means to live without exerting themselves, and knowing that the price of a successful marriage is continuous compromise if not self-sacrifice, they prefer the privilege of a single life, and have no regrets.

And I am equally sure that thousands of women could not define clearly their reasons for not marrying a second time. They are under the spell of a superficial feminism which, paradoxically, is spreading under the surface of family life, and which is making almost the entire sex restless and dissatisfied—a doctrine which causes many women who are utterly unfitted to achieve economic or sex independence to feel that they will have missed the finest things of life if they spend their adult years in the bondage of marriage.

No matter what influences the widow to remain single during her late thirties or early forties, she will pass through certain inevitable experiences.

When I realized how complete was my isolation, like a politician I went out to mend my social fences. This was no simple or heartening task. Old friends were pleasant but not exactly cordial. I had met them casually at church and at large functions, and I had contributed to the drives which they were forever organizing. Of course I belonged to the woman's club, and to an afternoon bridge club, but I had not participated in those affairs which, after all, make up one's real social life, the intimate little dinners given for those who play bridge together, week after week, or meet at lectures and symphony concerts for which they have a mutual enthusiasm. I gave a series of small dinners which were returned; but I knew that in their hospitality was the restraint which accompanies an awkward situation. The other guests were married couples.



My hostess had had to track down a stray bachelor or a man whose wife was out of town if her party were to be properly balanced or bridge was to follow dinner. I was amazed at the number of small, closed social cliques which had been formed to break up the large circle in which my husband and I had moved. Each group had its specific interests, cultural or recreational, and on those interests all conversation centered. I felt forlorn even when a tactful hostess tried to draw me into the conversation or switched it to topics of more general character.

It is useless to deny that there is very little impersonal conversation in the social life of a typical American suburb. Golf and bridge scores and the performance of a new automobile, the eccentricities of your bootlegger, the headlines in the evening paper, perhaps the latest scandal in Hollywood, all leavened with jokes understandable to this particular intimate circle only; even new books, politics, and the depression, are discussed from the personal point of view of the hostess and her guests.

One needs rare personality, exceptional tact, or exceptional persistency to break into one of these intimate groups. I gave one year to such an intensive campaign. No doting mother ever organized a more careful schedule for a debutante daughter than I did to bring about my social rehabilitation among my old circle; but at the end of the year I was still a spare tire carried by my kindly friends. The social life in my home town was indeed built on twosomes and foursomes. And so I resigned myself to the niche which the Twentieth Century has carved out for widows.

I belong to the woman's club, only to be bored by its smattering of culture, its round of semi-social affairs for women only, its petty politics. I serve on church committees. I head

welfare and charity drives. I try to be a useful citizen. I daresay that many women envy me the prominence which my services and contributions assure me. I know that I am regarded as a civic asset and a good woman. In reality I am a sinner, for every day of my life I break the tenth commandment, coveting every woman her husband.

No—I am not a case for a psychoanalyst. Sex does not enter into the situation. But I know from both personal experience and contact with other women that no normal woman's life is complete unless there is a man in it.

I hold no brief for men. Like women, they are just averagely livable. I have met selfish men; but for each one of these I know a tyrannical, nagging woman. I have met men who are churlish, taciturn, discourteous in their own homes; but each of these has been balanced by a talkative, tiresome woman. It may be maddening to live with a man who sings in the bath, but he is no more irritating than a woman who makes up her face while she sits at a restaurant table, scattering powder right and left. I know men who boast of their daily triumphs at office or store, of what they said to one man and how they put another in his place; but they are no more boring to fellow-guests than the woman who delivers a monologue on the inefficiency of servants, plumbers, or deliverymen or on the petty ailments of her children.

After all, this is a world of average folks. Heroes live only in the talkies and Temple Bailey novels.

Whether a man be successful or unsuccessful, good or ill-looking, if he is companionable and reasonably considerate he can be important in some woman's life. And that is true whether the woman is sixteen or sixty. At sixteen he represents anticipation or

romance itself. At sixty he is a habit, someone on the other side of the dining-room table or the fireside.

I sometimes join that wandering group of middle-aged and elderly women who line the lobbies of hotels in health resorts, at Atlantic City, Hot Springs, Santa Barbara. Women from fifty to sixty waiting for the dining-room to open, waiting for the sleek Italian musicians to give their afternoon concert, waiting for the mail whose arrival will afford an excuse to exchange futile remarks with a long-suffering hotel clerk, waiting for someone to make a fourth hand at bridge, waiting for summer to carry them on to another hotel farther north, or winter to give them an excuse to move on to Florida. Widows, widows, as uninteresting to themselves as to the children who have outgrown the need of them. Colorless barnacles attached to the social bark.

And how different they would be if they had not lost their husbands—or if they had remarried while their chances were good! They would not have that sickening sensation of uselessness and detachment from life. They would be absorbed in planning a diet for the man who is dependent upon them for good health; in telephoning the office to see if he had arrived safely; in repeating his wise sayings to less fortunate women, widowed or single; in belonging to someone definitely, closely, intimately, until death do them part. And how long these contented if occasionally argumentative couples live! How much less this type of married woman misses the children who have not exactly deserted her but who have gone about their own affairs as God Almighty designed they should!

Every Sunday I sit behind artistic gauze curtains, 1933 model of modernism, and watch elderly couples passing my house. I know just what they are talking about: the new shade of green

in Mr. Scott's shutters, and the brown spots that have appeared in the Slattery lawn. They may be wondering whether the house from which the real estate company has removed its sign has been sold or rented. Perhaps they are going to the flower show at the club house or to inquire about the condition of old Mrs. Allen, who had a second stroke last week. Their conversation may not be a credit to the average intelligence of these United States and their errand is probably bromidic if not futile, but they are two people with a mutual interest and, as such, ask little more of society. And they are not a source of anxiety to their children as is a widow.

Young people thrilling to passion, to each new and fresh adventure of living, have wasted a great deal of pity on the old couples they pass. In reality, despite their bickerings and their wild arguments over the preparation of a meal or the planting of a vegetable garden, they are really quite happy and quite sufficient unto themselves.

I belong to that noble army of widows and spinsters who during the inflation period fared forth to see the world via luxury tours. Some of us saw a great deal more than temples, cathedrals, museums, art galleries, and strange little brown people. We glimpsed the verities of life, the simple contentments of old age. And we saw this through eyes that were wells of loneliness.

I remember particularly an incident of a return trip from Finland. Several hundred of us had done a long tour together, and we had fallen into small groups for regular relaxation. One couple in particular had diverted us with their bridge-game post mortems. Such charges and counter charges, recriminations and explanations of unwise leads. Then suddenly the wife was taken ill. The dismay and devo-



tion of that irascible old man amazed and thrilled us. He lost all interest in anyone else on board. He lost his appetite. He lost color. Not even the reassurances of the ship's doctor and nurse comforted him. Pneumonia on land was serious enough. What chance could a patient have on a rocking ship?

Those of us who knew his wife best took turns walking the deck with him, plying him with delicacies which might tempt his appetite, discussing his wife's newest symptoms. And we marveled at his love for her. What mattered bridge post mortems now? No youthful, ardent lover could have voiced such anxiety and sympathy as did this white haired, ascetic-looking husband of sixty-eight. And no vision of young love could have made the widows among us feel so desolate as the pathetic anxiety of this old gentleman who had quarreled with his wife for nearly fifty years, openly flouting her, secretly adoring her, and utterly dependent upon her for companionship and happiness.

As I watched him I recalled with bitter regret my critical attitude toward the really nice men who had tried to replace my husband in my life. How utterly unimportant their pe-

culiarities of looks, carriage, and speech would be to-day in comparison with their unwavering affection. And as he paced the corridor outside the cabin de luxe in which his wife was fighting for her life, how often did I say to myself, "Fool. Fool. You sold your birth-right to companionship in old age for a mess of pottage."

No, I repeat—I am not a neurotic. I am a well-balanced woman who has lived vigorously and observantly among other women of widely divergent incomes, interests, and social position. I know widows best of all, and I have cast aside the evasions with which the widow ordinarily protects herself from curiosity and pity, to warn the self-sufficient women of to-day, both spinsters and widows who think they can fill their lives completely with material things, professional and business success, investments, athletic records, smart town apartments, and the latest model in sedan or roadster. Your vaunted liberty will eventually dissolve like a desert mirage. And you will stand with empty hands and dull eyes, staring into a vacuum. There is no such thing as independence for human beings. The child needs its parents. A man needs a wife. And a widow needs a second husband.



## MORE DELUSIONS ABOUT CRIME

BY JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN AND VEE TERRYS PERLMAN

**H**OW often are we told that every criminal has a better side to his nature and that if only that side can be reached he can be cured of his anti-social tendencies! If this belief concerned only physically and mentally normal criminals it might be partly or even wholly true. Certainly we have every hope that the sciences of human behavior will one day show this to be a fact, even in the face of staggering *prima facie* evidence against it. What these sciences, incomplete and inexact as they are, have demonstrated rather conclusively so far is that large numbers of criminals are feeble-minded, idiotic, or insane and that many of them have apparently irresistible criminal impulses.

It is obvious that one cannot appeal to the better side of an idiot when nature has failed to give him a better side, or strengthen his resistance to temptation when he does not even grasp the meaning of control. Perhaps the appeal ought to be made, not to the better side of the criminal but to that of society. When society is so organized that the mentally deficient are treated as the misfits which they are and the incentives to crime are removed or reduced to a minimum, then crime itself will be reduced to a minimum. As it is now, the deliberate, strong, aggressive criminal usually quits only when he is dead or too old or too weak to make crime pay. In other words, he quits only when forced by conditions over which he has no control.

### II

Why is it that most people believe that life prisoners are the most desperate and, therefore, the most difficult to handle? Examination of the records shows that life prisoners are the best behaved and the least dangerous group in prison.

At the American Prison Congress held in Indianapolis in October, 1932, Warden P. E. Thomas of the Ohio State Penitentiary, Columbus, said: "Life prisoners present no problems. They are by far the easiest to manage and the most amenable to discipline." Warden Henry C. Hill of the Illinois State Penitentiary, Joliet, said: "Murderers are in my opinion the easiest prisoners to handle." Warden W. W. Waide of the Texas State Penitentiary, Huntsville: "Life prisoners present no problems in their handling. They are by far the easiest to manage." Warden James P. Corgan of the Michigan State House of Correction, Marquette: "Life prisoners are in general the easiest to handle." Warden C. S. Reed of the Connecticut State Prison, Wethersfield: "Life prisoners in my opinion are the easiest to manage."

This opinion is practically universal among wardens. In visiting almost every long-term institution in the country during the past twenty-three years, we have heard it expressed by hundreds of wardens. In many instances they exclaimed: "If I only had 'lifers' this job would be easy!" And num-



bers of others said: "I would rather have two thousand 'lifers' than one thousand with assorted sentences."

During Mr. Fishman's long supervision of the federal penitentiaries as United States Inspector of Prisons he found the federal lifers to be the best behaved and most tractable of the inmates. Seldom did they cause any trouble. On one occasion in examining the conduct records of 1400 prisoners in order to carry out a plan for segregating the chronic disturbers and disorganizers, he found but two or three lifers out of about 125 among these disturbers. The percentage of other inmates was seven or eight times as great.

However, new wardens, either because they are political appointees who do not know prison life, or because some bright reporter prompts them in order to get colorful copy, often cite the fact that they have an unusual number of life prisoners, the implication being of course that this circumstance makes the administration of their institution particularly difficult.

Lifers are the easiest prisoners to handle because most men who are "doin' it all" have been convicted of murder, and most murders are not deliberate crimes. They are committed in a moment when passion is allowed to dominate reason. Many persons guilty of murder, therefore, are not criminals at all in the sense that they lead criminal lives, nor are they ordinarily vicious people, but simply those who under temporary emotional stress or when drunk do something which they would give the world to undo five minutes later. By the time they arrive in prison they are penitent and have made up their minds to obey the rules cheerfully and do whatever else they can to win a pardon and thus salvage something from the wreck they have made of their lives.

There are exceptions of course to the good conduct rule, particularly among

the small margin of other lifers—gunmen, prisoners convicted of rape, habitual criminals—who prefer to take the long-shot chance at escape or risk mixing in some trouble; but these are extraordinary cases; most life prisoners prefer the sure road to freedom. Good behavior is the only way for many to win time off. In some States in which a life sentence means ninety-nine years such a reduction amounts to a third. Elsewhere wardens have been known to give two days for one in consideration of especially meritorious behavior and work, making the gain two-thirds.

In fact so profoundly is this situation appreciated by all inmates that they invariably make every effort to keep the conduct records of the lifers among them clear. Prisoners' etiquette everywhere requires that if a definite-term man and a lifer get into trouble, the definite-term man will assume the blame. Should any prisoner be so crude as not to observe these canons of good form, pressure from his fellows will soon mend his manners.

### III

Public opinion believes that prison riots are usually caused by ill-treatment of prisoners. This ill-treatment, according to the prevalent theory, may take the form of overcrowding, antiquated housing conditions, poor food, too much work, idleness, or the imposition of life sentences on habitual criminals.

For instance, after the riot which occurred at Auburn, New York, a few years ago and which was the beginning of a series of disturbances throughout the country, the multitude of "experts" who expressed opinions as to the reason for the riot emphasized four of these points: overcrowding, antiquated housing conditions, poor food, and life sentences. How could you expect men to do other than riot, they asked, when

they were crowded together in buildings designed to accommodate half their number and were living in cells three feet, six inches wide?

Yet they overlooked the fact that men had been living under these same conditions in Auburn for years and years and had not rioted, also, that men were living right across the State in Sing Sing under precisely the same conditions and have never yet rioted; and that the same could be said for those in the almost century-old penitentiary on Welfare Island, which has cells of similar width without any plumbing at all, necessitating the use of night-buckets. The population of these three prisons, drawn largely from New York City, possessed generally the same background and environment. The food in the three prisons was about the same. Sing Sing has lifers, and Welfare Island has many inmates with warrants against them for crimes carrying the life penalty, whose only hope of avoiding this sentence lies in escape; but anyhow, as we have shown before, "lifers" are the best behaved group in prison. In fact, there are many penal institutions throughout the United States where similar, if not precisely the same, conditions exist and no riots occur.

Again, when a riot took place in the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas, the experts "proved" easily that it was entirely due to overcrowding, since the prison had been built to accommodate about 1,800 men, and its population was approximately 3,300 at the time of the trouble. But they did not explain how it was that in the many, many previous years during which the prison had been greatly overcrowded there had been no outbreak, and that at another federal penitentiary at Atlanta, Georgia, where the overcrowding was much worse (it had been intended for 1,200 but was confining 3,200) there has never been an outbreak or any other disturbance.

In these two prisons also the men approximated one another in kind. The past two years have seen overcrowding increase in many places in the United States, yet they have not witnessed riots.

Of course, we are speaking of riots in their real sense—that is, when prisoners rebel against authority and refuse to obey orders. In other words, mutiny. Every institution has occasional periods of excitement when the prisoners get out of control for a few minutes. We witnessed one of these affairs at one time in a prison in the Middle West. Two prisoners in the mess hall quarreled over food. One of them suddenly arose and struck the other in the jaw. In an instant twelve hundred men, who a moment before had been calmly munching their corned beef and cabbage, were on their feet yelling encouragement to the fighters, screaming, cursing, and laughing hysterically. They paid absolutely no attention to the guards who were trying to quiet them. Then the officer in charge of the dining room walked down the aisle, took the two combatants by the arm, and led them out. A minute later eleven hundred and ninety-eight prisoners were again calmly at work on the corned beef and cabbage.

Things like this occur in every prison. The real riots are much less frequent. And they invariably are engineered by a small clique of the bolder spirits for one purpose only—and that is escape. For no matter how good or bad this condition or that may be behind the bars, the real punishment given in prison is deprivation of liberty. *Any inadequate condition, such as poor food, crowding and so on, is simply made use of by conspirators planning escape to excite their impressionable fellows into starting a rebellion so that under cover of its excitement they may make their getaway.* For in prison, as on the outside, there are only a few men who



are forceful, ingenious, and determined enough to organize anything on a big scale. Any shortcoming in the prison equipment or administration serves to mask their real plans from the rest of their fellows, through one of whom it might reach the eyes or ears of the prison officials. Thus it is that many prisoners are able after a riot to assign an actual reason for it; they themselves do not know that they have been used. Being largely ignorant and mentally and emotionally unstable, they are particularly susceptible to mob movements, which makes them excellent material for the few really daring spirits among them. Usually they take part readily in an uprising because any excitement is a relief from the monotony of prison routine, or because they are afraid not to. And should the way be cleared and they too escape, this to the ringleader is so much the better.

Should you doubt that deprivation of liberty constitutes the real punishment of a prison, imagine yourself a guest at the Waldorf Astoria, the only condition being that you do not leave the building. You would tire of it in a week. Then imagine yourself restrained there for from five to twenty years, and you can perhaps get some idea of how monotonous and irksome confinement becomes even under the best of conditions.

But you are just one person. Assume now that there are about two thousand others in the same hotel under exactly the same conditions, and that you see these same people and no others day in and day out, month after month, and year after year. Then try to imagine that instead of being in a hotel you are all in a prison where, in addition to your discontent concerning your deprivation of liberty, each of you is nursing some grievance concerning an injustice in your sentence, real or fancied; a bitterness against someone you suspect of squealing on you; a feeling that the foreman in your shop is

riding you because he doesn't like you; or a hatred against the prisoner who works next to you, because you suspect him of stealing overalls which you have sewn—try to imagine that this state of mind exists in each one of you and that, during the four or five hours you are locked in your cell each evening before lights are out, you have plenty of time to brood over your troubles; then, we think you will agree that you will be ready for almost anything that promises, however remotely, a release from this situation.

There is no falsier statement than "a contented prisoner does not riot" because there is no such thing as a contented prisoner. No person deprived of his liberty is contented. With one or two almost miraculous exceptions, every inmate of a penal institution wants to get out. Although the better the administration the less combustible will be the potential ingredients, so long as there are prisons there will be riots.

#### IV

One of the commonest American delusions is the picturesque notion that prison officers walk about their institution heavily armed and carrying a bunch of keys. The number of keys—as shown in motion-picture presentations of prison scenes—is usually enormous and they depend from a large and photographically decorative ring. The movies of course have made much of this notion. But so usual is it also on the stage and in books that people can hardly believe the reverse is true. Even "The Last Mile," realistic and up-to-date as it strove to be, began by killing any reality it might have had for those who know prison life by equipping the keeper in the death house with keys and gun. The wardens of the New York City prison system who were sent to see the play laughed as it opened.

The fact is that a cardinal rule of good prison administration requires that no officer who comes near the prisoners carry a gun. Only those, as mentioned before, who are stationed in wall towers or patrol the prison grounds, are thus equipped. This may seem to place the other keepers, already vastly outnumbered, at a disadvantage. But actually it would be a disadvantage for them to have firearms, for then it would be an easy matter for inmates to overpower a keeper, take his gun away from him, and turn the prison more or less upside down. With keys it is much the same. Keepers guarding prisoners on the inside of the institution, say in the cellhouses or shops, never have keys which would open the various intervening gates and so on out to the very front one itself. During the day, when there is coming and going, a certain keeper placed near a certain inner gate will have the key which unlocks only that one gate; or he may have additional keys if he has special duties to perform, but not keys that would unlock gates in a row leading to the front. At night the keeper on duty is not allowed a key, but is locked in with his charges and has to be let out in the morning. The key to the front door is kept by a man in a "cage" placed in the entrance. There is a door in the front of the cage and a door in the back, and sometimes he has only one, and another keeper stationed near by has the other. But he never has more. And in either case, one door is never unlocked until the other has been locked, and those entering or departing have been approved. And never do those who are entrusted with a key or two carry them about visibly attached to a ring.

## V

Every collection of mystic beliefs seems to require a Lucifer on whom to blame the evil aspect of things. New

times, new devils. The fallen angel of contemporary crime lore is the underworld movie. No one seems ever to question the belief that the films are responsible for hold-ups, robberies, and shootings, particularly those perpetrated by the young. One would expect to find cloven hoof-prints on the movie fans who arrive at the various reformatories.

On close study, however, underworld films seem actually to be the most useful to the community, from the moral standpoint, that Hollywood has produced. In story outline and characterization they are essentially true. It is they which have revealed graphically to the entire populace the pestilential presence of gangsters and their activities. It is they which bring home to us, so vividly that we almost seem to participate, the sinister way in which gangs and business and politics intertwine. To these films belongs entirely the credit for the public understanding of, and revulsion against, gang rule to-day, resulting in an enlightened resentment against the evils of prohibition, and support for whatever steps are taken to end gang rule.

Movies should be given entire credit for the *widespread* comprehension of underworld enterprise to-day because newspaper accounts of such activities are disjointed, sporadic, and lacking in any continuity or significant interpretation. They attempt no presentation of the complete picture so that a person may grasp the relationship one part of the design bears to another. For instance, separate items regarding a disarmament conference may appear in profusion in the press, but in order to understand what goal is desirable or possible and why, and what forces operate to promote or frustrate achievement and why, with their resulting significance to the nations involved, one must read some especially prepared article which collates and interprets



the whole. A few good books and articles on gangsters were doing this before the underworld films made the subject overwhelmingly popular for writers, but they enlightened a comparatively small number of people. The universal movie has served and is serving to synthesize and visualize the entire situation in such a way that everybody, even in the smallest hamlet, knows, in an almost personal sense, its meaning. There can be no suspicion on the part of the less sophisticated that bookish individuals merely have some high faluting notions about the functioning of gangsters among us. For the underworld film has made the fact a part of our common consciousness.

Citizens would indeed be fortunate if other shortcomings of our present civilization were as well and effectively presented to them. Why do people condemn underworld movies? They cannot deny the existence of the evils portrayed. Do they then simply want to keep their fellows in ignorance of these evils while the evils continue undisturbed? Or do they want to keep up the fatal hypocrisy of suppressing the mere images of conditions while leaving the conditions themselves alone?

Surely adults are entitled to see faithful representations of life in their own times, else there would be no point in becoming adult with its attendant deliberate, many-sided development and obligations to function intelligently in the political, economic, and personal spheres of life.

But perhaps the many objections to underworld films as incentives to crime are not intended for adults. "They are so bad for the young people," one constantly hears. Are they? And what is the alternative? For the contention is frequently made that youth is not mature enough to stand the strong meat of reality; yet no one ar-

gues nor can one show that depriving young people of reality strengthens them to meet the shock of sudden revelation. Obviously there can be little sense or kindness in preparing adolescents under twenty-one, say, for the art and business of living by deceiving them about the realities of life. In such a situation who would rid them of the discrepancy between the deception and the reality, and who would temper them to thought and action in the unknown world once they were over the deadline and plunged into it? For centuries we have mouthed "The truth shall make you free." It shall, if we do something about it. And what we must do is to seek to change the truth reflected on the screen rather than try to hide it from the coming generation.

What are the facts about the movies influencing the young to crime? A year's study of the inmate population of the Boys' Reformatory at New Hampton, New York, by Dr. Nathan Peyser, a prominent educator and psychologist of Brooklyn, has just been completed. In the course of this study Doctor Peyser and his assistants—psychologists, psychiatrists, neurologists, and field workers—went thoroughly into the life histories of seven hundred and fourteen boys. "I did not find a single one," says Doctor Peyser, "whose delinquency could be traced in any manner whatsoever to the influence of the movies. We went carefully into this matter in each case, but the result, so far as showing any evil influence of the movie was concerned, was completely negative."

In a remarkable experience with boys, continuous during the past thirty-three years, Frederick C. Helbing, Superintendent of the House of Refuge for Boys at Randall's Island, New York, has not found a single instance in which a boy's delinquency was traceable directly or indirectly to the movies.

Superintendent J. F. Fulton of the State Training School for Boys at Red Wing, Minnesota, a large institution, also states: "Movies to my mind play no role as a factor in crime."

On the other hand, Dr. Frederic M. Thrasher declares in his romantic book, *The Gang*, that in two or three instances boy delinquents confessed that their offenses had been inspired by the movies. He does not say whether the *confessions* might have been inspired, nor what ratio these cases bear to the entire number heard in Chicago, even over a given period. Granting, however, that in an occasional extremely rare case gangster films do prompt an immature person to the commission of a criminal act, we must not make the mistake of ignoring the other side of the shield. For thousands and thousands of young people each year see underworld pictures, and every underworld film without any exception portrays the failure and downfall of the criminal. "You can't win" is an iron-clad rule for crooks in movie studios. Even assuming that evil is more potent than good, is it possible that this repeated and unvarying educational effort has no effect? That those final scenes of disastrous futility, the ones which supposedly stick in the mind, are merely cast into a void? If the power of suggestion offered by underworld films is so great, surely it stands to reason that at least hundreds who have some leaning in the direction of crime are stopped short by the horrible end criminals always come to on the screen. If there is any value in propaganda at all, this must be so; and what propaganda could be more impressive than that which is thrillingly and tragically presented? It is a grave error in reasoning to draw a general conclusion from an outstanding exception, yet as a nation we are prone to do this, even to the point of basing much legislation upon the conspicuous excep-

tions, largely for the reason that these instances are sensational and much exploited by the press, thus completely eclipsing the sober side of the shield. Some day perhaps we shall have some way of gathering statistics on the constructive side. Then the numbers of forgotten youths who are healthily influenced by underworld films will submerge completely the few rare instances of those contrarily impelled to crime. Otherwise how account for the fact that out of the millions of juveniles who attend the movies each year the proportion who commit crimes as a result is practically nil?

Also—and this is a very important point—we must not forget that institutions for juvenile delinquents were occupied long before an underworld film was even thought of. Had it never been thought of, the facts of the situation as given us by such authorities as Mr. Helbing and Doctor Peyser demonstrate incontrovertibly that our reformatories, houses of refuge, protectories, and industrial schools would house exactly the same populations that they do to-day. Aside from the practical sources of information mentioned, numerous social workers and others dealing with the young report the same thing. "Close every motion picture theater in the country to-morrow, and the number of inmates in all penal institutions will not diminish by ten" is the common conclusion of experience. The only relation of the movies to crime appears to lie in the fact that they furnish a convenient demon to whom unthinking speech-makers may attribute the blame for antisocial acts and thus comfortably dismiss the subject.

## VI

The general public and most of our authorities as well firmly believe that the policemen's risks are greater than



those of the prison guard. This unreasonable conviction is reflected in legislation everywhere in the United States; for it is the invariable practice from coast to coast to pay prison guards a lower scale of wages, and in some instances, a very much lower scale, than police, in the belief that somehow the danger to which guards are subjected is much less.

Yet, if the wage-making authorities could ever be persuaded to abandon fancy for fact, they would immediately be confronted by the impressive records of many insurance companies, which either charge higher rates of insurance on the life expectancy of prison guards, or else refuse entirely to issue certain kinds of policies—accident insurance for example—which they do not refuse the police.

And on what do the insurance companies base their classification of the prison guard as a much poorer risk than the cop? On the easily ascertainable facts that often a greater proportion of guards than police are killed in any given period, and that all the time, a far greater proportion of guards than police are assaulted and seriously injured.

As mentioned previously, it is a cardinal rule of good prison administration not to allow any guard whose work brings him in contact with prisoners to carry a gun or keys to outside gates. Against a prisoner, therefore, who has managed to smuggle in a gun a guard is practically defenseless. But, of course, he would be in greater danger with a gun, since there would then be a constant incentive for prisoners to assault him for the purpose of obtaining the weapon.

Even with these incentives largely removed, savage attacks are constantly being made upon keepers, either because a prisoner thinks he can reach freedom by forcing from the keeper the one inside key which he may

have in his pocket, or because the prisoner has some grudge against the keeper, or because the prisoner has a grudge against society and decides to take it out on society's nearest representative, or because he is partly crazy, or because he is impelled by vanity to obtain the acclaim of his fellows which follows an attack on authority. Sudden attacks on guards are frequently made by prisoners who feel no personal malice against them. The Deputy Warden at the Minnesota State Prison at Stillwater was making the rounds of one of the shops when a prisoner asked to speak to him. The noise of the machinery made it necessary for the deputy to bend close to the inmate. Without a word the prisoner suddenly brought a steel roller down on his head, inflicting terrible injuries. There had never been the slightest trouble between this prisoner and the deputy. In a Canadian prison a short time ago a guard was killed in a similar surprise attack. This officer, who was fixing some fences, had his back turned to the gang with which he was working. Suddenly a prisoner stepped away from the rest and struck the guard with a crowbar, killing him instantly.

In the Federal Prison at Leavenworth an inmate suddenly leaped out of a barber chair in which he was being shaved and made a murderous attack on the shop guard, severing two of his arteries. Had it not been for the intervention of another prisoner, the guard would certainly have been killed. In the United States Penitentiary at Atlanta the prisoners were marching into the mess hall. As they passed the Deputy Warden one of them turned, pulled an iron bar from his blouse, and fractured the deputy's skull so badly that he died within a few hours. At still another institution an inmate walked up to a guard in the yard as if to ask him a question. When the guard bent closer to hear him, the con-

vict stabbed him to death with a chisel which he was carrying. Principal Keeper Durning at the New York State Prison at Auburn was killed while watching the men go into the mess hall. The murderer, Kilinsky, suddenly leaped out of the line and made two lightning passes at the deputy with a file which he had sharpened into a knife. Mr. Durning died in the hospital a few hours afterwards. In the Georgia State Prison at Milledgeville a guard was instantly killed by being struck over the head with an axe wielded by a negro prisoner. In the Indiana Reformatory at Pendleton an inmate suddenly attacked a guard without the slightest warning, striking him across the head and eyes with an iron table leg and knocking him unconscious. Undoubtedly he would have killed him had not another guard come to his assistance.

One would think that guards in reformatories where youths and young men are confined would lead safer lives than those in penitentiaries which receive the presumably more hardened offenders. The opposite, if anything, is true. Generally speaking, it is considerably more difficult to maintain discipline in the average reformatory than in the average penitentiary which houses an equal number of inmates. The young men are much more vain, and consequently more anxious to be looked upon as hard-boiled by their fellows. Again, they have not yet learned how to control their tempers and are more impatient of restraint and authority than old-time jail birds, who have learned by experience that, as they express it, "the quickest way out is through the front door"—meaning that good behavior and a consequent cut in their sentences by parole, pardon, or "good time" is more likely to lead to freedom than opposition and rebellion. This accounts for the fact that the most vicious and depraved men in the

penitentiary and those with the worst criminal records are often the best behaved men while in confinement. Incidentally, it also shows how generally worthless a man's good record in prison is when used as a basis for pardon or parole.

But to get back to the reformatories: the lengths to which some of the young desperadoes confined in them will go in order to appear as big shots among their fellows almost passes belief. Here is a list of the more serious assaults made by inmates of a reformatory in one of the Eastern states during the course of a few years:

Officer disfigured and cheek bone and nose fractured by an iron weight thrown by dangerous prisoner.

Same officer subsequently injured by being struck a vicious blow on the head with a blackjack.

Officer struck on head with wooden paddle weighing about ten pounds. Skull fractured.

Officer in charge of shop attacked with knife by infuriated prisoner and slashed in throat. Disfigured for life.

Officer slashed across the abdomen with knife because he insisted that prisoner do his work properly.

Officer attacked with knife and throat cut from ear to ear by sharpened piece of steel which missed the jugular vein by a hair line.

In the House of Reformation for Colored Boys at Cheltenham, Maryland, three or four guards have been murderously attacked with deadly weapons. "And," adds the Warden, "numerous other cases of quite a dangerous character might be cited."

A similar statement could be made by practically every prison warden in the United States. From a questionnaire sent to various penal institutions in the United States, it was discovered that in fifty-three of them, during a five-year period, thirty-three guards were killed by prisoners and eighty-nine injured so badly that they had to spend considerable time in the hospital. But



this tells but a small part of the story. For every attack which resulted in death or serious injury, there were at least a dozen which failed to have such unfortunate results; not, one may be sure, because of a lack of desire on the part of the prisoner, but merely because the guard was too vigilant, or because of poor aim, or through the intervention of another guard or prisoner, or possibly because of some lucky accident.

The incidents given above comprise only a few of the more spectacular assaults made upon guards. Actually, attacks occur almost as matters of routine. Every guard knows that it is possible every minute of the day for a group of inmates to set upon him at a given signal and overwhelm him by mere force of numbers. He knows that such plots are continually being made, because numbers of them are rendered abortive each year by tips to the officers. Naturally, the knowledge of the narrow escapes they have does not make the guards feel any more secure, shut up for eight hours at a time with their charges, and tends to intensify the atmosphere of furtive suspicion and imminent danger. This atmosphere is thus as much a part of every large penal institution as bars and bolts. No visitor or outsider ever senses this. One must breathe the prison air for some continuous stretch to feel it.

The average policeman is in no such danger, nor even in such atmosphere of danger. He is surrounded to a very large extent by law-abiding citizens in sympathy, if not with him, at least with the authority which he represents. He may, under the law, call upon citizens to assist him in emergencies; and many policemen owe their escape from death or serious injury to such assistance. But even when emergencies do arise, they are not usually of such spontaneous nature as to make it impossible for him to prepare to meet them. The average policeman probably does not

have more than one or two emergencies during the course of his entire career in which he does not have time to draw his gun. And do not lose sight of the fact that he has a gun to draw.

Nor must policemen endure the endless wear and tear on the nerves caused by the constant presence of danger. This strain consists largely in not knowing where the lightning will strike. In prison danger comes from the most unexpected quarters and with such suddenness that it is practically over before the officer realizes what has happened. Experience has taught the officials, of course, that certain things must be watched with particular care. Many of the prisoners have twenty-four hours a day in which to do nothing but "spring a new one," and these new ones vary according to the topography of the prison, repairs or new construction, changing personnel of the officers, or a thousand and one variations from normal, any one of which a prisoner may turn to his own advantage.

Experience, for instance, has taught prison guards that care must be taken to see that certain of the inmates known to be desperate, who were pals on the outside or have become such on the inside, do not get together on sick call or at other times for the purpose of making some kind of a rush. This is exactly what happened in the murderous Tombs affair in 1926, when three desperate criminals, pretending to be sick, had themselves brought down to the ground floor where the doctor's office is located just a few feet from the front gate. With smuggled guns carefully concealed in their blouses, the three "sick" men came slowly down the stairs. As they reached the center of the hall the prisoners whipped out their guns and ran toward the front gate, commanding the guard there to open it or forfeit a refusal with his life. There is some conflict of testimony concerning exactly what this guard did,

but one thing he did not do, and that was to open the gate. He evidently ran back into one of the offices opening into the main corridor. Disconcerted and infuriated at this unexpected refusal, the three turned back and raced into the yard, not, however, until they had fired two shots at Warden Mallon, who had come running out of his office to see what the trouble was. The Warden died the following day. A guard named Murphy was shot and killed in the yard. The three prisoners, when they realized escape was impossible, shot and killed themselves. Out of a clear sky in a few moments the end had come to five men—a typical illustration of how the prison keeper walks constantly with death.

And this holds good no matter how experienced and vigilant and cautious the officer may be. He is not working among normal men. He is working among men bearing bitter grudges against society in general and anxious to "pay off" these grudges on any members of that society. He is working among crazy and half crazy men and murderous lunatics. He is locked in with or placed in charge of those whose minds go off on queer tangents and who, by a warped process of thinking, feel that a murderous attack on any representative of law and order wipes out a real or fancied grievance.

Since none but the most serious attacks upon guards are likely to get into the newspapers and thus publicize the dangers attendant upon being a keeper, it is understandable that the general public should cling to its dogma that the policeman's job is the more hazardous one, and the more hazard the more pay. But there is no excuse for the wage-fixing fathers, to whom the facts are easily accessible and to whom they have more than once been presented.

The unjustified beliefs discussed here are not merely matters of human interest but possess grave practical importance for every community.

For instance, acting on a sentimental faith, we hope that the better side of the criminal's nature will assert itself. Relying on this hope, we arrest, bring to trial, and jail recidivists time and time again, only to release them to prey upon the public once more, even though some of these habitual criminals may be hopelessly irresponsible idiots. Much money would be saved and countless crimes prevented by placing the definitely mental and emotional unfit not in the usual prison but in an institution where they would be given suitable care or until means, now unknown, were found to cure them. Thus under the influence of current delusions about crime we waste much effort and vast treasure.





## STRANGE HOLINESS

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

**T***HERE is strange holiness around  
Our common days on common ground.  
I have heard it in the birds  
Whose voices reach above all words,  
Going upward, bars on bars,  
Until they sound as high as stars.  
I have seen it in the snake,  
A flowing jewel in the brake.  
It has sparkled in my eyes  
In luminous breath of fireflies.  
I have come upon its track  
Where trilliums curled their petals back.  
I have seen it flash in under  
The towers of the midnight thunder.  
Once, I met it face to face  
In a fox pressed by the chase.  
He came down the road on feet,  
Quiet and fragile, light as heat.  
He had a fish still wet and bright  
In his slender jaws held tight.  
His ears were conscious, whetted darts,  
His eyes had small flames in their hearts.  
The preciousness of life and breath  
Glowed through him as he outran death.  
Strangeness and secrecy and pride  
Ran rippling down his golden hide.  
His beauty was not meant for me,  
With my dull eyes, so close to see.  
Unconscious of me, rapt, alone,  
He came, and then stopped still as stone.  
His eyes went out as in a gust,  
His beauty crumbled into dust.  
There was but a ruin there,  
A hunted creature, stripped, and bare.  
Then he faded at one stroke  
Like a dingy, melting smoke.  
But there his fish lay like a key  
To the bright, lost mystery.*



## The Lion's Mouth



### THE MAN WHO WAS RIGHT

BY PARKE CUMMINGS

HOLLIS took his M.A. and became an instructor in English. He had realized long ago that he wasn't cut out to go into business or finance. You have to be, he had decided, aggressive and somewhat optimistic. Hollis, being sensitive, wasn't the least bit aggressive. He was too detached, too theoretical, to be optimistic about much of anything. Hollis lived on theories. That was why, although he majored in English, he had enjoyed Trumble's course in Economics.

Most men in business and finance, it seemed to Hollis, thought and talked almost exclusively in terms of money. Trumble, in the first lecture of his course, had pointed out that money was a medium of exchange, not an economic commodity. He said that to understand economics you had to get to the bottom of things, had to think in terms of labor and natural wealth. That was fine for Hollis. He always liked to get to the bottom of things.

A good many of Hollis's college friends had come to New York and gone into Wall Street. Occasionally, on random visits, when he came to the metropolis and put up at his

university club, he ran into a few of them. Fellows like Trask and Martin, for instance—Trask who was doing well enough in real estate, Martin a promising young broker. Both of them had made a good deal of money in stocks.

One evening in 1928 Hollis had dinner with them at the club. He listened in silence while the two of them talked stocks. The conversation meant next to nothing to him. He had heard of but few of the stocks and he cared even less. Finally Hollis cleared his throat.

"I wonder how long all this will keep up," he said timidly.

Trask looked at him curiously. "How long will all *what* keep up?" he asked.

"This—well—prosperity we hear so much about."

"Why shouldn't it keep up?" demanded Martin.

"Well," faltered Hollis, "according to Professor Trumble—"

Trask smiled indulgently. "Do you mean to say that you still take everything you learned in Ec 1 seriously?"

"Oh, not necessarily," rejoined Hollis quickly, "but what he said about over-inflation and business cycles—"

"You think we're over-inflated?" asked Martin coldly.

Hollis paused. He was, he felt, about to be squelched. "Well," he faltered, "I think—" And then Hollis suddenly thought to himself, "I might as well be shot for a sheep as a goat." Before he realized it he heard himself saying, in a wild burst of recklessness, "Yes, I do! And I not only think



that, but I think that before so very long this country is going to have the worst depression it ever had!" In point of fact Hollis *had* been thinking that very thing for the past four months. This was the first time he had ventured to admit it. It was also to be his last.

Trask and Martin stared at him for a moment and then, simultaneously, smiled. "And just when," inquired Trask, "do you expect this to happen?"

Hollis hastily recalled what Professor Trumble had said about the average intervals between past slumps. "Of course I don't claim to know exactly," he answered, "but I'd say within a year or two."

"Thanks," said Trask. "Thanks for tipping us off. And when the catastrophe arrives we hope you and Trumble and the rest of the professors will come down and straighten us out."

Hollis blushed to the roots of his hair and said no more.

Four years passed before Hollis and Trask and Martin chanced to dine together again. Hollis, recalling the former occasion, observed that they were beginning the meal with the same kind of soup as before. He was not

certain whether Trask and Martin noticed it too. He also observed that they, as before, were talking exclusively to themselves, bandying quotations and names which never had and never would, as long as he lived, mean anything to him. But Hollis still liked to get to the bottom of things and he was able to discern an undercurrent in Trask's and Martin's conversation. Even to him it was evident that they thought the country was, to put it mildly, in a bad way.

And then, as on that other occasion, Hollis timidly cleared his throat. "Of course I don't like to boast," he began.

"What?" said Trask a trifle impatiently.

"I said," he repeated, "that I don't like to boast. Nobody likes to have people say 'I told you so,' but I really thought four years ago that something like this was going to happen."

Trask looked at him and then laughed coldly. "Who didn't?" he said, and turned again to Martin to resume his conversation.

Hollis blushed to the roots of his hair, and said no more. Trask and Martin, he decided, would not remember about the soup.



## MONEY

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

WHEN Mr. Rockefeller talked to the Sunday School class about his early life he told how he had observed that dollars worked for whoever had them, and how he admired that quality in them and began early in life to save as many as he could so that he could have the dollars work for him instead of doing the work himself. He was strongly imbued with the sense of the importance of that attitude towards dollars and, as is so well known, he acted upon it. He saw that a dollar commands labor or can buy the fruits of labor. He did not mention, so far as recalled, that this is the main, if not the only value a dollar possesses—that if it is worth anything, it is because somebody will work for it. People seem to think of dollars as tokens that will accomplish something by their own power. Well, they will, but their power is to induce somebody to work or to buy something that labor or talent has produced. A grain of radium will work on a desert island, but a dollar won't. Even if it is a gold dollar its power is not spontaneous.

Mr. Montagu Norman, the governor of the Bank of England, has lately been quoted as saying that he "did not yet understand money." One of the reasons for the troubles of these times is that money is so imperfectly understood. Most of us consider that

the more we have the merrier, a suggestion which subsequent facts do not always bear out.

What happens when the dollar passes from one person to another? Nothing happens to the dollar except that it passes. In the hands that receive it it is still a dollar unimpaired. What passes is power, the power which the dollar represents, the power of that much past productive labor; so if you have a million dollars, it is that much canned power to carry out your will in whatever direction you choose. If you spend it for that purpose, when you have finished you haven't got that money, and the power over human affairs that it represents has passed on into other hands; but as far as its office as money goes it is as good as ever.

All that money comes to is power over human affairs—power to buy, to give, to eat, to drink, to travel, to fly; certainly it enriches life while you have it. It is much respected and on ample basis and, curious as it is, it is a great convenience to possess power over human affairs in a form that you can carry about with you and exercise when you want to to a greater or less degree. That is one of the most remarkable inventions of man.

And, of course, the great office of money is to circulate. Its power depends upon circulation. It does



nothing unless you pass it along; you do that even if you keep it in the bank, because then the bank circulates it.

If you want something done or want to possess something, you pay for it if you have the cash. If not, maybe you get it on credit or perhaps you go without it. If you are a reasonably scrupulous person you do not take it by stealth nor yet by force. So, after all, money is at least a substitute for force in the popular business of acquisition. If you can get hold of the money, lawfully if possible, you can acquire a good deal of what you want without breaking anybody's head. So money seems to be one of the first steps toward civilization.

To have a lot of money and live on the interest seems attractive, and that is what Mr. Rockefeller looked forward to and achieved; but it is conditioned by the fact that though your dollars come in easy and you may not have to work for them, someone else does have to. No work, no dollars! Dividends come in for a while, coupons are paid on bonds for a while, even when employment is slack. Even in bad times much work is done, but dividends, as we have ample evidence just now, will not continue indefinitely in the face of widespread unemployment.

**W**HAT about this state where one person does the work and another person gets part of the money? Is that all bad? Perhaps Communists think it is; but as one looks about, one can hardly avoid the reflection that unless there were accumulation in this world, and the labor of people in the mass provided people in the particular with funds which they could spare and spend, a good many desirable things we see would not be there. Some people think that it would be nice if the government gathered up the surplus money and used it for purposes that benefited the whole

community. The governments that we have, all of them, do that more or less—they levy taxes, make parks, put up fine buildings, supply water; some of the more enterprising supply gas and electricity. The government carries our letters and a good many of our parcels; borrows freely, issues bonds freely against our property if we have any. Also, under our present system individuals turn in large funds for benefactions of one kind or another—to medicine, to education, to religion, to entertainment; and many of us think that on the whole they do a better job in that line than governments do. In both cases the money comes from productive workers. But now comes another matter—all these foundations and benevolences of public parks and water systems, electrical systems, schools, hospitals, museums, colleges, and churches, once they are established have to be maintained, and the money to maintain them comes out of the productive worker aforesaid, and it is possible to overload him and make the cost of living too much for his abilities.

This is a consideration that in these times comes in for much thought. Our present arrangement about money is known as the capitalist system, by which individuals are able to command a large share of the accumulated surplus of labor combined with management, invention, and talent. Labor, which means the efforts of the mass of men, undoubtedly requires management and direction. Unless first-rate minds concern themselves with production it does not prosper. One problem is to determine what share direction and management shall have and what share shall be devoted to the maintenance and improvement of the standard of living. The Communists in theory would devote pretty much all of it to that purpose and minimize the differences which are to

reward special ability. The capitalists tend to increase that difference. The solution of this problem seems to be one of the more important matters that now engage the thought of persons who confer about the prospects of our world and the future of civilization. What we know about Russia does not commend the Communist system to us in these States; but then our condition of life is very different from what prevailed in Russia when the Communists took hold. We have got a lot of things that they are trying to obtain. Our job is to keep up our plant and benefit by its capacities; their job is mostly to get a plant that will work for them.

THE great trouble with our world is that we are not good enough neighbors to one another—nations to nations, individuals to individuals. We all play too much for our own hands and not with enough intelligence and consecration for the general good. Labor unions reach out to bully one another and some of them at times are terrific obstacles to production. Capitalistic corporations have intense rivalries and make trouble by efforts to cut one another's throats. Nationalism produces conflicts of purposes and of measures and threatens wars. We are all at school about all these matters. Every day we read about money, about the gold standard, about what may happen if we do this and what may happen if we do that. Beneath and behind all our thought and study and anxiety in this country is the great fact that, largely because of our enormous natural resources and the immensely increased power and use of machinery, there is hardly any limit to production; so that it is possible, if we have the will and the brains to find a way, to provide all the necessities and very many of the luxuries of life for everybody. We can create

and probably sustain a higher standard of living for all our people than the world has ever known on a large scale before. The hands are ready enough and clamor to be employed. The machines are ready and more coming if needed. We have the lands, the timber, the oil, the coal, the metals. How are we going to manage so that they will be distributed in a manner that will promote the general good? How shall we regulate the great corporations and powerful individuals from hogging an undue share of what labor produces? More important perhaps than even that is how to protect individuality so that human beings, men, women, and children, who are the main concern of all our contrivances, shall have a fair chance to devote what is in them to living their own lives.

Certainly all these are great matters. At this writing conferees who will discuss the state of the world and the remedies that it seems to need are landing on our shores and taking trains to Washington. They arrive somewhat confused by the news that the United States has changed its attitude about the gold standard and does not intend to protect it more than its own needs and conveniences require.

One detail of the anxiety about the gold standard is the fear that if it is abandoned or adulterated money will lose its power. So it will if it is issued by printing presses without some substantial evidence of value behind it. We have seen that done in Germany and have not been edified by the results. On the other hand, Great Britain, much to its consternation, was jolted off of the gold standard but has still retained a sufficiently substantial underpinning for its money to preserve about three-quarters of its value. The impression prevails that gold and the gold standard have been juggled too much, that it is too subject to fis-



cal operations by national treasuries, banks, or speculators in foreign exchange. Its value has been that it seemed to be a stable standard, but of late it has not been stable but subject to artificial fluctuations caused by anxieties on the part of many persons and acquisitive operations on the part of others.

MANY people believe, and it is probably true, that the main purpose of our presence on this earth is development—development of character, of ability, of goodness—such development as will enable us to go on to advantage on the next plane of life when we are switched to it. Now the command of money going down in families makes well in some cases for development and in other cases does not. It is not an advantage in development to get things too easily. To get one's living by sweat and thought is wholesome, provided the conditions are healthy and not of crushing difficulty. If we were really wise and got rid of our traditional and educational prejudices we might easily reject an excessive fortune as involving heavier responsibilities than we wish to undertake and a diversion from lines of effort that we liked to others for which we had no taste. More people than one would think do that very thing—don't care at all to be very rich, want enough money to live in a way they like, enough money to give them freedom of choice, not enough to impede it. Andrew Carnegie used to profess to be in favor of transferring to popular uses most of the great fortunes that gifted accumulators had got together. His idea was that getting a fortune together was developing to the person who did it, that he was useful in so doing, but there was no particular point to handing it on to persons who had not had the development that came by winning it and who would be

hindered rather than helped by having a lot of money poured into their laps.

William K. Vanderbilt, a very able man, used to be quoted as regretting that his father and his grandfather had succeeded so well in railroading as not to have left him any inviting outlet for his own business energy. To say of someone, as is so often said just now, that he has "lost his money" is felt to be a very distressing report; but, of course, it may not be a misfortune, because the impoverished person may pick himself up and develop better in making a new living than he might have developed in getting one ready-made.

The gist then of these reflections and considerations is that money means power and that the great question about it is how it shall be distributed. The rivals of the money power as represented by the bankers, corporations, land owners, railroad men, miners, and all the managers of pursuits directly and openly gainful are the cultivators and operators of political power. We are largely governed by business men of one kind or another who operate directly the means of producing wealth, by lawyers, doctors, ministers, and teachers whose province is to keep the world healthy, orderly, and spiritual and to keep us literate, and by the politicians who have power when they get into office over all our possessions and most of our hopes of prosperity. All this money question then concerns the distribution of power, and mighty complicated it is. At the moment our trust in the business men, the bankers, and the corporations is impaired, and what confidence we have ever had in politicians has gone so far to grass that we have been glad to shift enormous power over our dearest concerns to the President and his advisers. In so doing we seem to have done the best and most practical thing.







MR. BROWN'S HOUSE

By Sanford Ross

*Courtesy of the Weyhe Galleries*



# Harpers *Magazine*

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## THE CRISIS IN CHARACTER

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

**H**ERE in America we have talked about "the depression" until most of us are heartily sick of the topic. In spite of all the talk, however, I have not heard much discussion of the third of the three crises through which we are passing simultaneously—the economic and political crises and the crisis in character.

The economic crisis is the easiest to understand and probably the easiest from which to emerge normally. There has, indeed, been nothing abnormal about it. By anyone who did not give himself up to mere wishful thinking but who relied upon economic laws and the many precedents in the past, the crash of 1929 could have been foreseen and guarded against. This was done by not a few, whose warnings, nevertheless, went unheeded by the speculation-mad public. Business cycles and primary and secondary post-war depressions are nothing new. It was the unwarranted assumption that the *era* was "new" that

lost so many people not merely their jobs but their accumulated savings.

Coincident with this normal business depression, there has occurred what I call the political crisis, that is, a deepening of the economic crisis brought about by political and not economic factors. Among these may be mentioned the disastrous interference with the business life of a large part of Europe by the redrawing of the map of that part of the world on the basis of nationalism, racialism, and hatreds instead of economics and established methods and channels of trade; the depressing effect on business of revolutions and political uncertainty, including the constant threats of war; the tariffs, debts, reparations, currency controls, and other hindrances to international commerce. This crisis is more difficult of cure than the normal economic one because it has its seat in the unreasoning emotions and passions of the great modern democracies.



It is, however, the third crisis—that in character—with which I wish to deal in this article, a crisis which has received less attention than the other two but which has complicated our unhappy situation, and which may continue to have far-reaching effects after we have surmounted the other crises and regained a certain degree of material prosperity.

There is nothing new about the demoralizing effects of both wars and boom times. Every war is succeeded by a shoddy decade, and under the strain of speculative orgies there are always weaklings who go under morally. The conditions among our people in the last few years, however, have been somewhat different and more sinister. Symptoms of this may be found in the absence of trusted leaders, in the lack of courage on the part of the people at large, and in the more universal corruption of all classes in either coarse or subtle form.

Until Mr. Roosevelt entered the White House and made a profound impression not only upon us at home but upon the world, the absence of leadership throughout the entire crisis since 1929 had been remarkable. As a young man I was in business in the short but very severe panic of 1907, and well recall the way in which the elder J. P. Morgan and, more quietly, the late George F. Baker took hold of the situation, the saving of which was successfully directed from Mr. Morgan's library. On the other hand, in these last three years and more of financial chaos there has not been a banker whose entire weight has been equal to that of the late Mr. Morgan's little finger. The old man unquestionably had his faults, but there was a driving power about him, a granitelike character, a knowledge and strength, a willingness to assume supreme responsibility, which not only inspired but compelled confidence. Not one of the

bankers who might have been expected to lead in the past three years has succeeded in doing so.

One reason, but only one, for this was suggested in the hearings in Washington on the Harriman Bank case. Explaining why the government had not taken action against the bank and its officers, Mr. John W. Pole, Comptroller of the Currency under Hoover, informed the investigating committee under oath that "defalcations are very common in the Comptroller's office. It is a routine matter." "Do you mean to say," exclaimed Senator Robinson of Indiana [I am quoting from the record], "that defalcations by bank presidents are common?" "Yes," Pole replied. "Well," Robinson said, "if defalcations by bank presidents are common in the Comptroller's office it is no wonder, is it, that the people have no confidence in banks?" The former Comptroller merely replied, "No."

But it is not simply that some bank presidents have thus betrayed their trust; that the president of so vast an institution as the National City Bank of New York is being tried for evasion of the income tax when his annual income was a capital fortune beyond the wildest dreams of most depositors; that the greatest power in the financing of our public utilities is now a fugitive from justice in Greece; that a house of the superb reputation of Lee, Higginson & Company should, by their apparent carelessness, to say the least, have half ruined a whole section of the country. We have always had prominent figures who could not stand the pressure of easy money, and the long list of defalcations and misdemeanors following the panic of 1837, almost a century ago, is perhaps no shorter in comparison than the disgraceful list of to-day. Certainly there has been nothing worse than the doings of the Goulds, Drews, Vanderbilts, and others in the post-Civil War period. Individual corrup-

tion is, I repeat, nothing new. What is new is that not a single banker has had the ability or strength of character to become a national leader in our present crisis, and that all too many of them have acted like frightened children or boys caught in some dirty act behind a fence.

But it is not alone in finance that the lack of character shows among those who should be leaders. The supineness of a large number of members of both houses of Congress had become notorious before either ex-Senator Smoot or Senator Owen made his recent remarks about the lack of courage displayed by the legislature in doing its duty by the people. This applies to the State legislatures as well; but the worst blow of all was struck at American character on May 29th, when the House of Representatives by an overwhelming vote did not hesitate to repudiate the plighted word of the nation, given over and over, to pay its debts in gold or its equivalent. In vain did Representative Luce of Massachusetts, one of the oldest, sanest, and most honest members of the House, point to the wording, among other Acts, of the Act of 1869, in which the nation through its representatives announced to those from whom it should borrow that "the faith of the United States is solemnly pledged" to such form of repayment. To his questions "what emergency can justify breaking the solemn pledge of a nation? Do 'solemn' and 'pledge' mean nothing?" the House voted for repudiation by 283 to 57.

When the great Federal Government itself breaks its plighted word and announces that a contract and a pledge mean nothing, is it any wonder that its citizens follow suit, and that we read, for example, that a group of stockholders of the banks in Detroit which failed are undertaking a legal fight to avoid paying the assessments on their stocks which are part of the legal assets

of the 800,000 depositors who trusted their money in the institutions? Their attorney is quoted in the *New York Times* as saying, "We cannot guarantee to anyone that we are going to win this case, but even if we did nothing but delay collection for a year or two that would be of some help to the stockholders." Quite so, but how about the depositors? What becomes of American character when both the government and leading citizens hasten to repudiate legal obligations and solemn pledges for the sake of gain, and contracts are considered mere scraps of paper binding only when convenient? As we still insist on the war debts being paid, apparently we do foreigners the honor of believing that they must live up to a moral standard which we have abandoned ourselves because it became too burdensome.

## II

If we turn to the press we find the same flabbiness of fiber, when nothing worse. Although in a democracy opinion must be based on news, we have come to expect that a large part of the daily press will deliberately distort that news; but we used, not so long ago, to believe that certain journals would be above such debauchery. Yet recently one of the most distinguished in the country did not hesitate to publish false statements about certain happenings in a foreign capital, statements which had no appeal except sensationalism, and in doing so the paper disregarded the protests of its correspondent on the spot who, like all others who were there, knew the statements to be wholly false. Not long ago the editor of one of the holier-than-thou weeklies, not dependent even on advertising, published a deliberate misrepresentation for which a cub reporter would have lost his job on a reputable paper some years ago.

But if leadership is essential in a democracy, the rank and file cannot



complacently denounce the lack of it unless their own hands are reasonably clean and they will consent to follow a leader of the right sort if he appears. In the past dozen years John Doe and Richard Roe have had no right to throw stones at those higher up. The politics of the country village have been mostly those of Tammany Hall writ small. Our national system, like a tree, sends its minute roots deep into the soil, and anyone familiar with the workings and ideals of politics in rural town and county as well as in cities need look no farther for the sources of our national political infection. The terrific stench of the Harding regime, involving the proved criminality of some of the highest officers of the national government, including even a member of the President's Cabinet, made no impression whatever upon our smug complacency.

Moral issues appear to have ceased to make the slightest appeal to the ordinary citizen. Although I have grown somewhat accustomed to this indifference, I was frankly shocked last year, when Judge Seabury was making his fight against the Mayor of New York and for decent government, to hear a group of club men, far above the average in position and intelligence, sympathize with Walker as against Seabury on the ground that the latter was all right but "too much like George Washington," whereas Jimmy Walker was always amusing and good company. The conversation was not ironical and the vote clearly went for an amusing "wise crack" as contrasted with honesty and character. In both of our greatest cities, New York and Chicago, we have apparently abdicated completely to the forces of evil. We have given up hope of turning Tammany out. We only ask it politely to be not quite so grasping. A recent editorial in one of the leading papers of New York on "City Finances" ends

thus: "Without credit there can be no bond issues, without bonds no public improvements, without public improvements no contracts—and without contracts no jobs, and none of those marginal emoluments on which the politician thrives." To such a level of appeal has the greatest city in America fallen. As for Chicago, what leadership has been developed in the literally damnable situation which has now existed there for year after year? An earlier generation could rise from the ashes of an all-consuming fire and build a nobler city, but the present one appears utterly unable to emerge from the political filth in which it wallows; and when the unpaid school teachers appeal to its best known citizen they are met, if the papers report correctly, not with help but with curses.

There is to-day a strong resentment against those leaders in finance who betrayed their trust or are considered as having done so, but I doubt if there would be any such feeling in the average man did he not think that he personally had lost money by the actions of the others. Except for this he would not feel resentment because character has ceased to count, and he himself has the same philosophy of life as those he now blames, namely that it is permissible to squeeze as much money out of any given situation as is possible regardless of the ethical aspects of the case. Commenting on the repudiation of the promise to pay in gold, one of the leading New York newspapers, a journal once noted for its independence and high standards, stated in its financial column that "after all is said and done, few investors ever expected to collect their interest and principal in gold when they bought government or other types of bonds, having regarded the clause calling for payment in the yellow metal as just so much promotion." Of course the writer wholly overlooked the fact

that conservative investors bought "gold bonds" not necessarily with the idea of receiving gold but of receiving, if the contract came to a default, the assets of the company instead of having them go, in case of heavy currency depreciation, to the common stockholders. The interesting point of the above financial comment in one of the chief papers of our greatest financial center is that the paper assumes that when the Federal Government or corporations gave solemn pledges to do a certain thing which it is admitted had an apparent value for investors, such investors took it for granted that the pledges were not to "be taken seriously" but were mere "promotion" dodges to deceive such trustful or naïve persons as widows or orphans or trustees, the said solemn pledges being understood at their worthless, lying value by any real business man.

The huge bonuses in addition to salaries, such as the several millions it has been stated that Mitchell received from the City Bank or Mr. Grace received from the Bethlehem Steel, said to have been \$6,000,000 in six years, or those received from the American Tobacco by executives, over \$2,500,000 in one year in one case according to the *Times*, have created a great stir, and justly so. It would seem as though in a country in which business men prate about "service," a business president could be found to run a company for less than \$2,500,000 a year when the President of the United States gets \$75,000. Nevertheless, this immorality, now so roundly denounced in the great, of trying to get everything possible as quickly as possible out of a given situation, goes straight down throughout the whole nation, not only in the big and lesser corporations but down to the "small man" who skimps on his labor for a day's pay or gives short weight or charges for a full load when he hauls a half of one.

Perhaps nothing illustrates better the new morality or immorality than the steady growth in the last few years of pension scandals and the bonus grabs. Almost entirely those interested in them have been men at the opposite end of the economic scale from the Mitchells and Graces and Insulls; but their insistence on getting something for themselves at the expense of others is precisely the same. It is clear that if a citizen has certain rights, nevertheless, no government can exist unless he also performs certain duties, one of the chief and most onerous of which is defense of his country when called upon. The method of selection in the last war was the fairest which could be devised, that of drawing by lot regardless of the wealth or social position of those so drawn. No soldiers have ever received the pay and other benefits, such as low-cost insurance, vocational training, etc., which ours did. Only a little over three per cent of our men were killed and but a small percentage wounded. About half never left America and many served for only a few months or less. Nobody in the country would object to a liberal pension system for those who were incapacitated for civil life or for the dependents of those killed; but it would seem to be pretty close to highway robbery when tens of thousands of sound and husky men demand payment after payment from the government on the mere score of having done their duty when called upon. Of course jobs had to be abandoned and careers interrupted, but in the years of prosperity which followed the War there could have been few sound men who could not have got work. Nor were these men the only ones who suffered from the War. Let us take one village as a sample. All the men there who went to the War were young. Only one was harmed. The rest came out of the experience healthier and bet-



ter equipped than they entered it. In that same village there were not a few old women, living on tiny incomes, whose lives were disrupted permanently by the inroads made on those little incomes from the rise in the cost of living. In that village *they* were the ones who really suffered from the War, but such as they have no organization to bring pressure to bear on Congress. Yet last year, and again this, thousands of young men marched on Washington in the "Bonus Expeditionary Force" to demand money from the government solely for themselves, the very name of their organization signifying that they would be willing to use "force" to get money out of the people's treasury for their private benefit.

We may turn to other aspects of the situation. Take advertising. It is not necessary to point to society people who lend their names to the exploiting of goods, which they may or may not ever use themselves, for the sake of a cheap notoriety or a handsome check. Advertising is directed at the mass of men, and the motives on which the advertiser plays will be those which exert the greatest influence. Some time ago a group of advertising men listed such motives in their order of appeal. They all agreed that the trait in American mentality which should be aimed at to get the largest sales results was snobishness. Other highly classed traits or motives all showed an equal lack of character in the "prospect," such as vanity, the wish to have some article because others had it, fear of what neighbors might think if the household were without it, the desire to make a show without real basis, and so on. In fact the character of the American citizen as envisaged by the advertiser is a sorry spectacle of spiritual shoddiness; and there is perhaps no other group of business men who know their business so well as do the advertisers.

We like to think of the American as a

rugged individual who will meet and conquer every obstacle, try one career after another, rise after every fall, and so on; but I could continue to give examples of the way in which something seems to have happened to the American character in the past few years, whether it is a passing phase or a permanent change. One is the amount of talk, sometimes by the youngsters and sometimes by their elders, about those who have come out of college or have otherwise reached the time for work since the depression began as a "lost generation." I have the deepest sympathy with the boy or girl who has had the will to work and who has found the job missing in these past three years, but I have none with those who talk about the lost generation. The boy or girl—there were not so many of the latter then—who had reached the "job age" in 1837 had very hard sledding until there began to be some jobs again in 1841, and those who came along in 1873 had to wait nearly six years, not to speak of shorter depressions in other generations; but none of these was "lost." It is true that in earlier periods we had the frontier and free land; but it must be remembered that those to whom that sort of life appealed or who were capable of enduring its hardships were but a small proportion of the total who wanted jobs. I have, as I say, very great sympathy for those who wish to get started on a job or a career, and to whom the door seems closed at present; but there must be in this country, I should guess, many tens of thousands of boys who want a paying job and cannot find one and who yet are not destitute, that is, who are living at home. If I were one of them I should try to do precisely what I did when I started many years ago. I should take a job at no pay if I could not get one that would cover lunch and carfare, in order to keep my mind at work, to learn some business, to make

acquaintances, to be in the very front line when jobs come around again, to have a reference. In these days of expense paring and curtailed staffs it would not be very hard to find such a job, and the boy who did so would be a long step ahead of his fellows. The paying job which I eventually got as a result of my non-paying one was with a man who would never have thought or known of me had he not seen me at work. I am not afraid that a sufficient number would do this to undermine the security of those who are receiving wages or salaries; but there is no "lost generation" for those who have the stuff in them.

### III

Without adding more examples of the breakdown, if there is such at the moment, in American character, we may pass on to consider some of the possible reasons for it. For one thing, we may return to the point at which we began, the question of leadership. Some time ago the similar question was being discussed, in connection with the mass arts of the movies and broadcast music: as to where we should eventually look for highly trained and competent artists when, instead of the innumerable theatrical companies and orchestras all over the country which are now to be found, there would remain only a few stars at Hollywood and in broadcasting companies. Nature is wasteful perhaps but certainly prodigal. It is her way. She scatters countless seeds, only a few of which develop. Occasionally in the arts we have a genius born, but for the most part the competent artists rise by a slow process of selection from a vast number of obscure ones. In the past our leaders have arisen in the same way. The qualities of leadership, however, cannot be developed without the exercise of responsibility and free scope for initiative. The field has been much nar-

rowed by the transformation of individual enterprises into corporate business, extending, I believe, in the case of manufacturing to ninety per cent of the whole, and, I presume, even farther in the case of banking. A man in business for himself, however small the enterprise may be, has to make all his own decisions. He gets used to making them and to taking the responsibility for them. A man who works up through all the stages of corporation executive work has such an experience only to a minor degree. At each stage there is always somebody higher up to fall back upon and who gives orders. A man at any stage may be an autocrat to those below him, but he tends to become a "yes man" to those higher up, on whose good will and approval his position depends. As his salary increases, and his social position, his real independence tends to become even less rather than greater, however pompously he may face the public, because his fall may be greater if he offends the powers that be in his particular world. With the vast extension of corporate ownership or control by a comparatively small group this has come to apply to the heads of corporations as well as to those lower in the executive scale. Even the presidents of great banks in New York are in many cases dependent on the will of those invisible powers that control the bank. The office boy is far more independent, for if he offends his boss he can get another job as office boy, but a bank president who offends *his* bosses may find it impossible to get another presidency.

It is said that in ninety per cent of the cases the passing through the academic grind to get a Ph.D. degree ruins the scholarship and intellectual initiative of the victim. The corporation grind is equally likely to ruin the qualities of genuine leadership. It is notable that of the two great financial



leaders of the crisis of 1907, one, J. P. Morgan, was a private banker at the head of his firm, and the other, Baker, owned his bank and was his own "boss." In this connection it may well be questioned whether the great change which in the last generation has come over our business life with the almost universal adoption of the corporate form has not exercised, and may continue to do so, a pernicious influence. It is the same problem which faces a socialistic or communistic society in which initiative and qualities of leadership are lost by the individuals who are regimented into merely obeying orders from above and do only what they are told to do. Such a society may carry along for a while under leaders produced by the preceding individualistic society, but after a few generations of deadened initiative where are the new leaders to be bred?

To account for the change in the ordinary American, the herd of followers rather than leaders, we must seek to some extent for other causes. One of these may be the equally vast change which has occurred in our private lives owing to the progress of invention. So far as we have gone, this has been bad for character in two ways. As I have discussed the first of these elsewhere, I need touch upon it only briefly here. Until practically the opening of this century, the range of purchasable goods for the ordinary man was narrow, both for the rich and poor. A man might own a house, clothes, books, pictures, other furnishings, perhaps a horse and carriage, and so on. As he prospered he might increase the size, quality, or costliness of all these, but his range as to *kind* of things was limited. Rising above the poverty line, he was not called upon to make more money to buy different but only better things, if he chose. With the sudden flood of new inventions, however, the demands upon his purse became practi-

cally unlimited and impossible of prediction. Every year brought new "goods" of which he and his wife had never thought before. In the pressure to sell these goods not only every appetite but every emotion, good and bad, social and personal, was played upon in the average man; and he found that if he were not even to rise, but merely to remain in the same position relative to his neighbors and friends, he had to provide a larger and larger income. The need for more and ever more money became irresistible to him. It became necessary, or so it seemed to him, to make money at any cost of effort or principle. The effect on character was all too obvious.

But many of the things he bought had their own effect on character, and the old Greek saying that "good things are hard" became transformed for him into "easy things are good." Let us take a simple example or two. To-day if one lives in an apartment in the city the heat comes on in the radiators with no effort on our part, or in a country house one can have a thermostat which will tend the furnace while we sleep, with like result. Twenty years ago thermostats were not in use. I lived in the country, and my father, then an old man, lived with me. On cold mornings I had to get out of my warm bed to go down to the cellar to stoke the furnace, so that the house might be warm when he got up. Now, it is much pleasanter to lie in bed while the thermostat works than it is to stoke the furnace early on a cold day; but forcing one's self to do the latter has an effect on character which waiting for the thermostat has not. In the first place, I had to use my will to get up, which strengthened will. In the second place I was doing something for someone else at the expense of my own comfort, which also had its effect.

Again, take the contrast of the horse and the car. One has nothing to do

with a car but to go out to the garage and step on the self-starter. If one does not want to use it, the car will wait patiently until one does. In the days of the horse one had the responsibility for a living creature. One had to go out and feed it and attend otherwise to it whether one felt like it or not. Like the furnace, it made for daily training of the will and subordinated one's own casual wishes to the needs of another. If we multiply these two simple instances by countless more in our press-the-button age, it seems to me that in the aggregate there has been a very considerable lessening in the number of things in daily life which build up character. We have comfort (at the expense of the incessant money-urge), but we slacken instead of strengthen the muscles of the will and the fibers of character.

What strikes me most, perhaps, as I return home year after year from a stay abroad is the almost inevitable materialization of every *idea* started here. There are exceptions, of course, but on the whole, and to an appalling extent, "conspicuous expenditure" seems to overtake us like fate in everything, in our hotels, clubs, universities, even in informal entertaining among friends. The stories of two organizations with which I happen to be familiar illustrate in part what I mean. One was a group of men who many years ago agreed to meet at intervals for the interchange of thought. It was decided, to keep the thing on a simple and easy scale, that the only refreshments should consist of cheese and beer. The object aimed at was good-fellowship and the exchange of ideas. When the members met at the house of one and another the meeting was not to be a burden on anyone. Little by little, almost imperceptibly, one host and another added something special, until now in the middle of the evening the members adjourn to the

dining room for an elaborate and often costly meal. The same almost inevitable fate overtook another organization devoted to science. It has a large membership but meets at private houses in a city. Like the smaller club just mentioned, it too started out with things of the mind and not of the table; but little by little each hostess tried to serve just a bit better and more elaborate supper until it now costs three or four hundred dollars to entertain the members, and it has become difficult to arrange a meeting because even wealthy hostesses fear the expense. Probably many of my readers can match such cases. That is what we seem to do with everything. In other words, we tend to live for show, for the material things, however nobly we start out on an enterprise, and end by living on the surface of life instead of in its depths.

#### IV

It might be expected that if we had any sane ideals, and particularly those of education, that the schools and colleges at least might try to inculcate the doctrine that life may be very good even if simple; but they do not. The students at our oldest and most important universities are being taught, by the luxury of the common rooms, which resemble frequently the ostentatious lobbies of expensive hotels, that the proper ideal in life is that of costly display, and that for intellectual conversation and ease one must sit in tapestried period chairs. The false taste for such things is likely to be the chief effect on the minds of many in the four years which they spend at the institutions which are supposed to form their ideals and "educate" them. If one were led in blindfold and then released it would often be difficult to say whether one were in a college faculty "lounge," a banker's private office, a hotel de luxe, a university



graduates' club, or a particularly luxurious house of ill fame. That appears to be the ideal of materialization which our leading institutions of learning are bent on instilling into a generation which never even knew the simplicities of a pre-thermostat age. Nowhere is there evident that individuality which is one of the marked signs of character; everywhere the idea seems to be submerged by the uniformity of the caterer and the interior decorator, symbols, if you will, but sinister ones of what is happening to American character.

That character is opposed, as I have said, by several forces now operating, including a few I have mentioned, such as the corporate form of business, the flood of new inventions forced upon us by high-powered salesmanship, and the resources of mass production bent on making us conform to their ideal (as shown on their balance sheets, which must be kept out of the red whatever happens to the mind and soul of the consumer). From whatever angle we view it, whether that of the hostess who tries to out-do her friend by just a little, the pressure of the advertising man, the opinion of a neighborhood as to what kind of car is "right," the question as to how we shall spend our money in our household regardless of how our friend or customer thinks we ought to spend it, the problem always comes back to the rebuilding of what we used to call our "rugged individualism," not in the sense of seeking an individual profit at the expense perhaps of society, but of saving our own souls and characters from the deadening pressure of conformity and false ideals. In spite of nearly four years of enforced economies and, one would suppose, sufficient leisure from spending to be able to think out a better philosophy, I see little result as yet from the depression. I recently expressed this point of view in an article elsewhere, and my stack

of mail from all parts of the country about it endorsed my view in every letter, without a dissident voice. It may be said that the very unanimity of the views and the interest shown in the article are in themselves encouraging signs. Possibly they are, but rather feeble ones. The entire absence of violence, as yet, throughout this depression as contrasted with all previous ones, may also be considered as encouraging, though there are not a few who construe this phenomenon from precisely the opposite point of view. The President's firm stand on the bonus grab was highly encouraging as going far beyond what any preceding President had dared; but he had the country, if not the veterans, behind him in that, and the effect has been somewhat modified by his later demand for repudiation of the national faith.

Unless we can gird up our loins, in spite of all, and each individual assert again his individuality, and unless that individuality is motivated by the willingness, if necessary, to live simply in order that one should live nobly and well, there would seem to be little reason to anticipate an early renaissance of American character. In the present situation there is danger for the State as well as for the citizen. We began after the Civil War with a considerable number of new rich. The rapid development of the country created more, until they had swamped what was called "society," a situation not to be too much lamented. But since the late war the entire nation, poor as well as wealthy, came to have the complex and the ideals of new rich. Looking to the future, we may expect a still greater flood of new inventions, a still greater luxury possible of attainment, an increased "push-the-button" mentality, as we may expect also a greater extension of the corporate form of business.

Is there any prospect in all this of any strengthening of our characters, and if not, what will the result be? Without character in its citizenry, a democracy must inevitably fail. Demands upon the public credit cannot be unlimited if that credit is to survive. The struggle to attain wealth on the part of each against all cannot become steadily fiercer if private morality is not to perish. For a society to exist, however, particularly with the increasing complexity of a modern industrial one, there must be order maintained by someone. A nation composed solely of go-getters bent on individual gain regardless of how obtained, of people trying to get as much for as little as possible, of citizens insisting solely on their rights and refusing to perform duties unless heavily paid, can come to but one end. It is bound to finish in a reign of force instead of consent, whether that force be applied by a dictatorship of one, of an oligarchy, or of a proletariat. The form which our life is taking in some of its aspects does not conduce, it would appear, to the formation of character. The problem would seem to be how the effects of some of these new influences could be neutralized. This is a problem, however, which appears to be shelved by everyone, even by those who make such a pother about having the future in charge through the education of the young and yet who align themselves with the forces undermining instead of building up that character which is as essential for the safety of the nation as it is for a sane and satisfying life for the individual.

Is the problem insoluble and is the future necessarily as dark as the present situation would indicate? I refuse to believe so. A man cannot lose faith in his country any more than in his

wife and children without serious spiritual damage to his whole life. Those are things one holds fast to until the last gasp. I have spoken in this article of many groups of all sorts and of the national character, but the national character is only the sum total of the characters of all the individuals in those and other groups. One really knows little of what makes the character of different generations or periods vary.

One of the most striking changes which I know of in history is the change in English political life from the time of the Georges to that of Victoria. In the first, England had one of the most venal public services in the world; in a generation or two she had a civil service which has never been surpassed for honesty, patriotism, and efficiency. What wrought the change? There is no explanation in any history and no Englishman has supplied me with even a plausible reason. The change just came, so far as we know, as a similar change has begun with us in spite of all the depressing factors in our life. There are still the spoils of office, but our national service has vastly improved in this respect within a generation. It is the most promising sign in our life, and possibly the spirit of the best of our public servants in scientific and other departments in Washington may come to animate other classes of citizens. One thing is certain. If there is to be a regeneration of the national character it can come about only by the regeneration of each of us as individuals.\* It is not a matter of committees and machinery and organization. It can come only from some subtle change in the heart of the individual American man and woman, a change which one cannot predict but of which one need not despair.





## FOX HUNT AT CLONRUE

BY LORD DUNSANY

AS A THREAD of the warp in the weaving of cloth runs through all the threads of the woof, helping to bind them together, so runs the fox in Ireland through all our lives; so that any man who is utterly unconcerned with the fox lives a little apart from the rest of us. Who such a man could be I do not know; for, to begin with, no one owning poultry or turkeys can be quite immune from the fear of the footfall of that red visitor, inaudible on the stillest nights however closely you listen for it. And that is, I suppose, the original sin on account of which we hunt him, and it must have been to deal with those prowlings, too subtle for his own wits, that man first sought the help of his friend the dog in this matter. And, having sought it, this organization in defense of his poultry spread ramifications round the very heart of man. There are towns to be found in which the name of a fox stirs no more quickening of pulses than does the mention of guinea pigs; but not in Ireland. For in the little Irish towns no man is so far into the dry waste of streets that the sounds of the hunt, from, say, in the south, cannot reach him, and that some other pack on the northern side, passing the town's edge, will bring him running out to see the red coats go by, and to feed his memory with the things that the pavement can never give. And so we give you the toast from our Irish shores: The Fox (death to him!), may he live forever.

And nearly two hundred of us concerned in this matter were jogging now in the direction of Clonrue, with the hills at first on our left as we rode along at the feet of them, and then almost behind us when we had turned to our right. And who was not concerned in it? First of all, we had the whole of "the gentry" for twelve miles round, and as many of their daughters as a horse could be found for; then we had from a rather smaller area as many of the farmers as had a horse that could carry them; soldiers, squireens, a few strangers, grooms, second horsemen, and men with young horses of which they had hopes that they had not named to anyone, but who, as a young girl sometimes looks to Heaven, far and yet not unattainable, looked to the Grand National.

There were no priests at the meet, because they are forbidden to hunt, though not forbidden to ride; and of course if they meet with hounds while they are riding, it is no sin to go the same way with them. All the priests in that part of the county were out riding that morning along the road under the hills from Gurraghoo to Clonrue.

It was a long jog to Clonrue, over five miles: that is the beauty of Irish coverts, there are usually so few that when a fox leaves one he has a very long way to go to the next one; and there was a wood of wild osiers beyond Clonrue near the bog, an almost certain draw. All the way as we went that fervor leaped up among all who

saw us pass, a fervor for the quest not limited to those that were taking part in it; men, women, children, and dogs were all awakened from other pursuits to let their thoughts soar up from their own fields and then to sail with us over the gray-green plain, now shining in sunlight far away from those hills. And if any say that our quest was not worthy of this awakening, I can only say in argument that perhaps whatever awakens us to any vivid intensities needs no other test of its worth; but in evidence I can say this on oath, that I have seen the emptiness of many things, like a white damp wall of mist closing roads to the spirit utterly, but never yet have I noticed it in a fox hunt. Certainly on that day the hope of seeing a fox killed in the open, even the less presumptuous hope of being there before the tumultuous gathering at that furious feast was over, was as bright a splendor to me as could be the hope of any statesman to see the ruin of his enemy's land with all its fortresses fallen.

And so we moved to Clonrue till the hills were gray behind us, and the voices of dogs warning Gurraghoo that something strange was afoot were faint cries adding a weirdness to the solitude of those fields. And the dogs that guarded the houses of Clonrue took up the cry. And, among those that waited to watch our coming by, the first that I saw was Marlin. He was standing dark against one of the white walls, with a look in his eyes such as inspiration might have, as he gazed at the young girls riding there and at young well-mounted men and the young horses. And I saw then, once for all, that quiet age and calm and repentance, and at last Heaven, were none of these things for Marlin, but that, turning away from all of them, he would only look for such glories as youth can give, and would always yearn for that land whose history was

the dreams of the young and that knew nought of salvation.

And farther down the street we saw Mrs. Marlin, leaning upon a stick that was, rather, a crooked pole, with wisps of her dark hair hanging about the sides of her face; her eyes watched us intensely, and more than the watchful dogs she seemed to be guarding Clonrue. Or perhaps Clonrue was but her outpost, and she watched for the sake of the bog, or for the sake of that land that lay under the frown of the bog, where her cottage stood and through which the river ran, where the gnarled willows leaned, a stretch of earth that always seemed to me strangely enchanted. What desecration she feared for this land I do not know, but she eyed us intently and showed no sign of enmity.

"Shall we find in the sallies, Mrs. Marlin?" I shouted as I passed her.

"He's waiting for you," she said.

"Will he give us a good run?" I asked.

"To Clonnabrann," said she.

I have often thought of those words and, looking back on them after all these years, and with the experience that years must bring, it seems to me now that, as every cottager thereabouts knew, a strong dog-fox lived in those sallies; a southwest wind was blowing and, running down-wind as they do, Clonnabrann would be right ahead of him if he could get so far. To say, therefore, that he would get as far as Clonnabrann was no more than an estimate of his strength by one of those on whose chickens he nightly dined.

There was a silence as the hounds went into the wood, a silence that hung heavily for what seemed a long time; then one hound whimpered; silence again, and then the whole pack gave tongue. We were all lined up on the bog side of the willows, to prevent the fox breaking on that side; for if he went over the bog none but the hounds



could follow him. And there we waited for a sign from the master that we could let our impatient horses out. A mild man, as I have seen him in a drawing-room, the master, almost shy at a tea-table; but on a horse the owner of a fiery tongue that held his field in awe, as his whip-lash held his hounds. Only for a few seconds he held us back; I remember the waving line of horses' heads; I remember a patch of gorse at the edge of the wood, whose buds had already burst into two small blossoms; then we were off.

We used to have big fields out in those days, and for a hundred yards or so it was like a race; and then each rider began to settle down to deal with his own difficulties, to cross each fence in accordance with the capacity of his horse, and to take a line in accordance with his estimate of many things, constantly varying, or to follow different men for different reasons, of which these are three: because he is a masterly rider, because he is close to his own home, or because he is going in the opposite direction to what appears the right one. Before following the third kind one should know something of the man; but if he is reasonably intelligent he must have some strong motive for turning away from the rest. I remember the first few fences to this day: the first of all a narrow bank five feet high, built of earth as thin and steep as earth will stand, and green with sods: it seemed impossible that it would not trip up a horse galloping at it, as it would have tripped up me if I had tried to clear it on foot. But I was forgetting the four hooves. Other horses cleared it, mine was hard to hold, and I let him go at it. He rose at it, touched the top, or near it, for a moment paused, and was on again. So my first obstacle was left behind me. The next was a narrow stream, with sides steep as those of a ditch, clear water that had cut its way through the

soft black earth. As I rode at it a man that I did not know called out, "Not there, Master Charles." And I followed him, trotting along the bank. "Boggy landing," he said.

Soon we came to a place at which the far bank sloped, and there he plunged in. It was deep water, and the bank on the far side seemed nearly liquid, but the horse struggled up, and I followed. We came next to a double, a great bank thrown up from two ditches, and twelve feet high, with small trees growing along the top of it. It looked an impossible obstacle, but others had been before me through the stream and were now crossing the double in several places, cantering slowly at it and jumping as high as the horse could reach and doing the rest with a scramble, then pausing a moment and disappearing from sight. So I checked my horse and jumped where another had jumped before me, and he easily found a foothold in the soft turf for his hind legs, while his forelegs reached the top. With a heave we were there. Looked down on, the far ditch seemed wider than the near, wider indeed than could be jumped from a standstill, but you can't go back from the top of a double, so I left it all to my horse. He approached it as cats approach a garden from the top of the garden wall; he went down and down the steep bank till I thought he would slip to the bottom, and just as this seemed certain he sprang, and we easily reached the field on the far side. For a moment from the top I had seen the hounds, going over a field together, and somehow reminding me of the shadows of clouds drifting over the flashing grass on a windy day. The next fence we came to was an easy one, and the last we saw of its kind, for we were leaving the country of white loose stones from which they built it, a stone wall. We went fast at it and my horse hit it hard, but it made no difference,

for the stones flew with a rattle, and we were in the same field with the hounds.

From patches of bracken and gorse, and pale gray stones sometimes as large as sheep, we looked to a wide plain stretching for miles in the sunlight, with large green fields and having a tended air. It was as though that loose stone wall that I had crossed were a boundary between the last of the things of the wild, lying behind us, and Earth subdued by man, lying before. Bog and the rough lands were behind us now, and the turf good for going; the pace increased. Shall I breathe air again that is like that air that I breathed as I galloped down to the bright vale gathering sunlight? What vintage in what golden and jewelled cup will ever equal it? It came in gusts as we galloped, so that we breathed it like giants quaffing wine; and whenever one lifted one's eyes from the fields and the fences, the rim of the plain far off shone gold as a godlike cup. Shall I ever breathe it again? And the priest in this foreign town tells me not to think of these things any longer; the time being come for thinking more of my soul. But he is not an Irishman, and has only ridden a mule.

The time came for holding back my horse a bit. Hitherto I had left the pace, and most things, to him, as knowing more about the business than I did; but as I saw that wide valley opening to the horizon, and not a wood in sight, and hounds pouring away down the valley, it came to me that we were in for a long hunt. The horse was pulling still, but I held him back now, and there was the place for doing it; for, riding down a long slope with that wonderful vista before one, there was such a clear view of hounds, or at any rate of the hunt, that by riding straight where they turned a little one easily made up the ground that one lost while resting one's horse. And I did then

too what I have done ever since: if there was a gap or an open gate I rode for it, rather than tire my horse by the display of jumping a fence. There were plenty of fences ahead of us and, if I could get over all the fences I had to jump, I should have jumping enough. I think I had learned already, from noticing the effect on my horse's festive spirits, that jumping one fence tires a horse more than galloping across two fields.

It is strange that during this hunt I thought of the Marlins, but the green and tidy country to which we were coming was so unlike the wild willows about their cottage, and then the bog and those watery levels shining on its horizon, and beyond that the wonderful country whither wandered the dreams of Marlin, that the very contrast made me think of them. The thought came to me that they would look fantastic among these tidier fields, and then it occurred to me that I was leaving the country I knew and riding among landmarks that I had never seen before. And still the fox ran straight with the southwest wind behind him. Sometimes we had news of him. A countryman shouted, "A fine big dog fox."

"How long is he gone?" called out the Master, galloping by.

"A fine great dog fox, glory be to God," replied the countryman.

"How long is he gone?" shouted the Master again.

But an excited man cannot easily hear what is shouted among galloping horses.

"Big as a lion," shouted the countryman.

And the hunt swept on.

And then we came to wilder country again where brown lands, marshy and rushy, intruded amongst the green. For a while we saw no houses or roads, or even hedges, and our only obstacles were wide bog-drains. A small neat



cottage appeared, thatched and white-walled, with a tiny garden beside it. We went by within a few yards of it, and a man and a woman came out and an astonished dog. Perhaps they would have seen three or four men or women pass that way in a week, and suddenly there were two hundred galloping by. For a while that lonely spot was populous, then it would be silent again. What did they make of us? Only the thoughts of their dog could one be sure of. And his sole thought was defense, his duty to that white cottage.

Then the green fields again, of the grazing country; hedges and trees once more. I had no idea where I was. We saw a river shining, large enough to have a name that one must have known. But what it was I knew not. I was now a long way from home. My horse was going well but dropping back toward the tail of the hunt, for I would not push him. Sweat was white on the horses wherever straps touched them. And then came our first check. It was very welcome to me. I came up to the field in which hounds were nosing thoughtfully, and dismounted at once. Almost immediately we were on again, but my horse was probably fresher for those moments of quiet breathing, and I had all that distance in hand from the head to the tail of the hunt, toward which I could drop back slowly as my horse tired. For I realized now, if I had not done so before, that only by taking the utmost care of my horse should I see the end of this hunt which had come so far already and which gave rise to wonderful hopes that it might be one of those events that, though seldom told of in books, are topics of conversation in counties for years, and rare gold in old memories.

There were no longer clusters in gateways, with steam welling up from the horses into one column; we went through singly now. One met with

riders turning away from the hunt on horses that could do no more, horses with no more foam on their necks, but looking as if they had just been bathed all over in mud and water, which several of them had. One had to be careful whom one followed now, for fear he was turning home. These must have been riders heavier than I was, which is likely enough at my age; it can hardly have been that they had not recognized as soon as I had, with all my inexperience, that this was going to be a long hunt, unless the words that I had with the witch could really have taught me anything. The short evening was beginning to wear away. There was no more rest for my horse in the gaps in high hedges, where one had earlier to take one's turn among twenty or thirty; one crossed alone now or followed one other. But one was closer to hounds without these delays and able to go easier. And still my horse pounded on, treading good turf in which the hoof-marks of those in front of me were cut clear and dry. The late light hovering at the close of day seemed to overarch a calm through which we galloped, as dreams might glide through the still of a summer's night; and I remembered a heathen religion of northern lands that told of endlessly riding through everlasting twilight. From this thought I turned away, but it came back more than once.

What the time was I did not know, but it must have been after four, and that meant we must have been galloping over two hours. The meet had been at eleven, but we had not moved off till after the half-hour; then we had spent some time going up to the gorse-covert and drawing it blank, and it was nearly a quarter to one by the time we returned to the village. From Gurraghoo to the covert beyond Clonrue had taken us over an hour, and the fox had left about two o'clock. The

fences at first had seemed things to watch and pick carefully, when horses were fit and fresh; yet now, when the time must be coming near when one's horse would fall at one of them and lie still, breathing heavily, now they seemed no more than those strange old furrows lying wide and green, the relic of ancient plowing, that one sometimes meets in a field. And as every fence was passed that same joy rose like a flame, the same exultation at an obstacle passed and the chance of being up at the end of the hunt brought nearer. Still the hounds ran with the southwest wind behind them. A little more and the fading light would add so much to our difficulties that any fence would beat us.

And suddenly above the bare green fields, and clear of hedges and trees, I saw a small town shining on a hill, in light that was flung up there from the last of the sunset. A row of houses below, then two streets running up the sides of the hill; all the town white; and, set among those two streets and the houses below, like an emerald the hill's summit. I did not know that except in old pictures of Italy towns were built like this upon hills. Certainly I never thought of seeing one, but believed that they belonged to poetry or romance, or to times long past or countries far away. Hounds were going straight for the hill; if I went round it, in the fading light I should lose them, but a hill at the end of that eighteen or twenty miles was more than my horse could do. Heaven and earth seemed against us, light fading and the land sloping. It was time to pull out and turn home; and I should not see the end of that wonderful hunt. And suddenly in my dejection a strange thought struck me, so that I reined back to a slow canter and soon lost sight of hounds, but I watched instead the white walls of the houses that were gleaming along the hill. I took two

more fences, open ditches, and just got across. And suddenly as I gazed at the little town I saw the fox himself going up the slope to the houses. Then the hounds. He seemed making straight for the streets: what shelter he looked for there I could not imagine. And then the hounds got him.

The master and two whips were there when I came up, and eight or nine others. The dead fox had already been taken from the hounds by the master, and his head and brush removed, but I was in time to see the rest of him thrown back to them, and to hear their voices change to that deep roar to the tune of which a fox is torn in pieces and eaten. Then one by one a hound with a bit of a leg or a rib walked away from the rest to eat his morsel alone; and the whips with their ruddy faces looked on with a deep contentment, faces that nearly matched the skirts of their coats, which the sweat of horses and the water of ditches were gradually turning to the color of fuchsias. Now window after window up on the hill shone a deep gold. It was the hour of the steaming kettle, of warmth and the gathering of families; but doors opened and children came running out down the hill, and soon they were gazing at all these strangers, by now twenty or thirty of us, who had come from they knew not where, tired and triumphant, and had brought a new way of life to their very doors.

I have had, like other men, my ups and downs; Fate has given me much and taken much away; but that day Fate gave me the brush. From the hand of the master I had it, the brush of the finest fox that was known in all that country for many a year. I have it still, what is left of it, in the very room in which I write, and many an argument I have with Monsieur Alphonse, who says that to keep this tail of a fox, now in such poor repair, shows that I am no serious politician. Nor



am I, but I argue with him for the sake of my memories, and because I have never known him really serious himself, and because I would burn every political paper of both of us if in the smoke of that burning I could see by any necromancy some vision of the hunt that we rode that day across twenty miles of some of the finest pasture of the old Ireland I knew.

There it hangs on the wall, and I turn from it once again to the scene that still shines in my memory: the whips collecting the hounds together again, men climbing up again onto tired horses, the children gazing silently, the town above us now glowing with lights, and I turning round and asking its name as we rode slow down the hill. "Clonnambrann," sang the children.

## SOLDIER

BY C. T. LANHAM

*THE stars swing down the western steep,  
And soon the east will burn with day,  
And we shall struggle up from sleep  
And sling our packs and march away.*

*In this brief hour before the dawn  
Has struck our bivouac with flame  
I think of men whose brows have borne  
The iron wreath of deadly fame.*

*I see the fatal phalanx creep,  
Like death, across the world and back,  
With eyes that only strive to keep  
Bucephalus' immortal track.*

*I see the legion wheel through Gaul,  
The sword and flame on hearth and home,  
And all the men who had to fall  
That Cæsar might be first in Rome.*

*I see the horde of Genghis Khan  
Spread outward like the dawn of day  
To trample golden Khorassan  
And thunder over fair Cathay.*

*I see the grizzled grenadier,  
The dark dragoon, the gay hussar,  
Whose shoulders bore for many a year  
Their little emperor's blazing star.*

*I see these things, still am I slave  
When banners flaunt and bugles blow,  
Content to fill a soldier's grave  
For reasons I shall never know.*



# THE GERMAN REVOLT AGAINST CIVILIZATION

BY LUDWIG LEWISOHN

**M**Y FRIEND, a blond and blue-eyed specimen of the Nordic race, had come back from a three-weeks visit to his native Hamburg. He walked up and down clasp- ing his head. "The frontier of Europe and of civilization," he said in a voice hoarse with horror and grief, "has been shifted from the Vistula to the Rhine. My people is possessed by a demon." He did not know how aptly, using a common phrase, he had chosen his symbol. For a good many years now vast numbers of Germans have been possessed by a demon. We shall come to the psychological, to the more or less scientific background by and by. What justly horrifies the world to-day is that demon, whose character is ill understood; it is what Thomas Mann, in a great warning addressed to his people three years ago, called the "St. Vitus dance of fanaticism," which since he spoke has raged and ravaged— as such spiritual infections have done before in history—like a forest fire or a pestilence.

The demon by which the German people is possessed is no night fear of the Middle Ages. To say, as has been done, that National-Socialism is a throw-back to medievalism is to mis- understand the movement. The demon is the old pagan demon which the Christian Middle Ages sought to exor- cise and to drive out forever. German nationalism to-day is a revolt against Christianity in its broadest as well as

in its deepest sense; it is a pagan revolt against the whole of Christian civi- lization; it dreams, spinning like a dervish, of Nordic armies overrunning the earth, of berserker rage in battle, of the ecstasy of death and blood. To think of the Nazis merely as hoodlums and fools stung into action by hunger and demagogues is gravely to under- estimate both the force and the menace of the movement, which has its mad but highly articulate prophets, which has at the core of its inner circle as its ultimate leader (*Führer*), of whom the Hitlers and Goebbels are only vulgar echoes, that extraordinarily gifted poet, Stefan George. Many years ago George prayed for Sicilian Vespers; in 1922 he called to his disciples that it was too late, according to the decree of heaven, for "patience or potion." No,

Ten thousand must the holy madness seize,  
Ten thousand must the sacred pestilence  
slay  
And tens of thousands more the holy war.

Well, we are witnessing the "holy madness" and the "sacred pestilence," are we not? Let us beware of the "holy war."

I am not one of those who blankly assert that there was no Jewish prob- lem in Germany. Both Jews and Gentiles had made mistakes. But there was no problem that decent and intelligent co-operation could not have gradually solved. The "holy mad-



ness," however, the demon of pagan revolt, had to wreak itself upon an immediate and accessible object. And that object had to be, however unconsciously, a symbol of all that was to be destroyed; it had to be the symbol of peace and forgiveness; it had to be the symbol of the free personality alone with its God; it had to be the symbol of the critical intelligence, which the "holy madness" holds in especial abhorrence; it had to be non-pagan, anti-pagan, non-Germanic. It had to be the Jews. It had to be Jesus, the Jew. They could not crucify Jesus. They crucified the Jews. And that is the reason why Jews are not permitted freely to leave the hell that is made for them. If the Jews were not there to be tortured, upon what symbolical object could the "holy madness" wreak its self-justificatory pagan rage? Let no one say that I am being fantastic. The Catholic Church is profoundly aware of the pagan character of the German revolution and of its symbolical re-crucifixion of Christ. It was not for nothing that the Prince Bishop of Cologne pleaded for the Jews up to the last possible moment; it was not for nothing that the Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris commended the persecuted Jews of Germany to the prayers of the faithful of his diocese. These prelates were motivated by no shallow humanitarianism. They protested in the name of the human catholicity of the Church against the pagan-racist particularism of the Nazis; they protested against the symbolical pagan attack upon the very roots of the Judæo-Christian ethical and humane tradition.

Now let us examine the specific content of the "holy madness" of this pagan revolt. The chief article of its creed is the fanatical belief in the superiority of the Aryan-Germanic racial strain. All the ills of Germany are due to the biological and spiritual

contamination of this race by alien, specifically Mediterranean races, and their slavishness of soul. According to certain extremists of the neo-Nationalist movement, such as Hielscher, author of *Das Reich*, the Mediterranean Judæo-Christian contamination and corruption of this Germany of to-day have gone so far and are so hopeless that it were best to plunge the land into war after war, to make it the battleground of the world, so that in "nine times one hundred thousand years" the pure German "substance," preserved in a few specimens, may come into its ultimate triumph and apotheosis. (Please understand: I am not caricaturing, but soberly reporting and translating.) The most serious philosopher of the movement, the late Professor Friedrich Wolters, who taught at the universities of Marburg, Frankfurt, and Kiel, who was the personally appointed chief disciple of George and who wrote two enormously influential books, *Herrschaft und Dienst* and *Vier Reden über das Vaterland*, stopped short of Hielscher's epileptic contortions. He was the more dangerous in that he proposed definite aims: "We are and shall be forced again to engage in a combat for life or death, survival or annihilation, with those barbarian Gauls, whom Cæsar described and overthrew, that people which for some centuries has eaten away the Roman and Germanic racial substances, has wasted it in its revolutions and now seeks to hurl itself upon its flourishing neighbor with all the vengefulness of subject and inferior races, with all the bloodthirstiness of re-barbarized Celts." This insane racial arrogance, it will be observed, is directed not only against the Semitic or the colored peoples, but against Latin and Celt as well.

Now the first step toward these wars and tumults and conquests must be the re-purification of the German race from foreign blood and foreign faith,

specifically, from the Jews and from Christianity. The churches, keeping the superficial traditional nomenclature, are reorganizing from this point of view as Aryan, as Germanic churches. This is inevitable, since the Nazis openly repudiate the ethics of Jesus in favor of the virtues of their pagan ancestors. Thus the speech that Franz von Papen made at Münster the other day, and which rather horrified readers of newspapers everywhere, was nothing but a frank popularization of current Nazi doctrine: "Pacifist literature . . . does not understand the ancient Germanic horror of death in bed. . . . The representatives of the national revolution are men and soldiers who are physically and morally warriors." In so far as perhaps they are not yet all "morally" warriors, it will be seen to it that they become so by racial purification, by re-paganization, by conditioning their reflexes through blind obedience into the militarization of a whole people until the Germanic ecstasy of death in battle is the highest ideal of every German.

Again readers may think that I exaggerate. Luckily for our knowledge and for our being warned, Germany has professors. And one of these, Professor Alfred Bäumler, who holds the newly created chair of Political Pedagogics (!) at Berlin, has left no doubt concerning the aims of the Third Reich. "To the type of the educated man, which philosophy has hitherto sought to create, is to be opposed the type of the soldier. The soldier used to be considered as unintellectual (*ungeistig*), and it was not recognized that the army was an integral part of the education of our people. It was no idealistic and humanistic philosophy that won the battles of the World War; it was the inarticulate philosophy of the army. The aim of our new philosophy is to be the transcendence of the false antithesis: Spirit—Force." The treach-

erous misuse of philosophical terms can go no farther. The plain meaning of "the transcendence of the false antithesis: Spirit—Force" is the worship of naked brutality, when exercised by pure Nordic Germans, the repudiation of every moral scruple, of compassion, of shame, of humility. The universal goose-step of a slavishly obedient soldiery, psychically and physically taught to regard murder and rapine as the highest good, is the frankly avowed ideal of the Third Reich.

How very deep this pagan revolt with its worship of brutality goes is illustrated by the fact that the universities of Germany, once the strongholds of research and intellectual freedom, have been swept by a new theory of knowledge which justifies all the outrages of the Nazi student organizations and automatically eliminates all that has hitherto been known as either thought or science. According to this theory, there are no objective criteria of truth. Truth is arrived at by feeling, specifically by the feeling of uncontaminated Germans. Reason is to be "strictly in the service" of these Germanic intuitions. Woe to him who sets up his reason against the Germanic intuition of his "leaders." And, indeed, it is a fundamental principle of the redoubtable Wolters and his disciples that the new Germanic relation of absolute obedience to absolute command excludes independence of thinking. "The utter self-subjection of him who serves to the hero"—such was Wolters' definition of the spirit of the new Germany. That spirit, be it observed, is now leaving the studies of Nazi professors and is being embodied in every institution, in every organization in the Reich. The entire structure of German society is being recast with an astonishing rapidity. Everywhere parliamentary forms and technics of self-government have been abandoned. The nation has consti-



tuted itself into a mass of robots who roar and foam at the mouth and reel with berserker rage as the leaders, the *Führer*, the "heroes," press the emotional Germanic button. All non-Germans as well as all German political opponents are simply to be excluded, save as objects of just destruction, from the field of the true German consciousness. It is the duty of the German from now on, according to Hitler, the great popularizer himself, "not to seek out objective truth in so far as it may be favorable to others, but uninterruptedly to serve one's own truth."

Among the various consequences of this return of an entire society to a pagan, pre-Christian level, let me select one of very profound significance—the re-subjection of women. The principle of the slavish obedience of all males to their leaders evidently eliminates woman as a spiritual and intellectual factor in society. That she is to be so eliminated is the practical tendency of the Third Reich. This, like all the other fundamental traits and principles, was also announced long ago by the poet Stefan George:

Woman

Bears but the beast: man creates man and woman,  
She being cursed or kind but as his rib.  
Leave her the mystery of inner order  
Who on the marketplace is lawless outrage.  
As in the book of books speaks the anointed  
At every crisis of the world: "I am come  
Utterly to destroy the woman's work."

"Woman bears but the beast—*Das Weib gebiert das Tier*"—that announces not only the lower merely physically generative function of woman; it announces equally the repudiation of Christian romantic love with its mutual respect and faithfulness. In actual practice many, many thousands of the younger National-Socialists are in fact substituting love and loyalty toward male-comrades

and toward their leaders for the love of woman, who is limited to breeding and caring for the very young. As in Greece (note again the return to paganism) and as among certain very primitive peoples with their "men's houses," this society of heroes and henchmen, of leaders and blindly obedient warriors is to be an exclusively male society. After that it is scarcely necessary to add the notorious fact that the entire neo-nationalist movement has been from the start both deeply and broadly tainted by sexual perversity and its accompanying sadism.

That completes the picture of the results of the "holy madness" by which Germany is to be delivered and the world to be redeemed. Germans are, in quite the sense of the old-fashioned British colonizer, the only really "white men"; Germany is the land, according to George again,

Where the all-blossoming Mother first  
revealed

To the white race (corrupt since and grown  
wild)

Her genuine countenance.

Well, the Christian-Mediterranean corruption is to be "cleaned out." The Germans, the "white men," the conquerors, welded together into an indistinguishable mass of heroes with but one impulse and but one will, glorying in the death of battle, ruthless to others by the divine right of their Germanic purity, will set out sooner or later to conquer and to save the world.

## II

How, the reader may ask in our pleasant American phrase—how did they get that way? How did it come to pass that a good half of one of the very great and spiritually productive contemporary peoples could fall into a group-madness so brutal, so stupid, and so menacing to the rest of the

world? No answer and no explanation can be complete. For we are back to the old conundrum: which came first, the egg or the hen? So we ask and have no answer: Does a people's character shape its history or does its history shape its character? Was it untoward circumstance or that character which *is* fate that kept the German people from uniting as the French and the English did and entering two centuries earlier the competition for world-trade and colonial expansion? The fact remains that, especially since the founding of the Empire in 1870, the German people have had the sense of having been unjustly and to their detriment left out of the great game of the conquering powers and of having been somehow wronged and disinherited. But always they had the suspicion, whether conscious or not, that the facts they deplored were rooted in some weakness of the national character, some failure in the ability to unite, to show a common front to the world, to concentrate their energies. The Nazi government of to-day emphasizes and condemns these old inner divisions and their consequences; it proposes, as I have shown, to weld all Germans into an indistinguishable mass; from the same point of view it is hectically eliminating all traces of Federalism from the structure of the German state, and has reduced even Bavaria to the status of a Prussian Province.

But let us go back to that inner doubt which the Germans harbored, to their deep suspicion that it was something in their own character that had caused them to fall short when compared with the French, with the English. They have been for a long time a nation unsure of itself, infirm in self-esteem, harboring within the core of consciousness a profound self-distrust. But even as the individual will not admit a conviction of inferiority either

to himself or to his fellows, but seeks to make up for it, to compensate and to over-compensate for it, and answers every doubt of his own worth by declaring that he is much better than the next man, so did the Germans from 1870 on seek—and in a thousand ways worthily and brilliantly—to compensate by achievement, by power, even by waving plumes and glittering arms for that rankling suspicion of inadequacy in their own breasts. But, again like a neurotic individual, they had no fortitude, which is the fruit of a calm self-esteem. Whenever things went a little wrong, whenever the compensatory mechanism did not work perfectly, they lost their heads. Thus when the so-called *Gründerjahre* after the Franco-Prussian War—the fat years, in a word—were followed by lean ones and depression succeeded boom, there arose an Antisemitic agitation which sought to fasten on the Jews (who lost—as I happen to know from the history of my immediate ancestors—their fortunes as quickly and thoroughly as anyone) the responsibility both for the crash on the exchanges and for the growth of Socialism among the masses. This agitation increased in fire and fury for a number of years, years which also included Bismarck's notorious proscription of the Socialist Party in 1878. Returning prosperity brought a calmer and more reasonable state of mind. But the whole situation, a miniature counterpart of to-day's, made it clear enough that these modern Germans were afflicted with a neurosis that made it impossible for them to shoulder the responsibility for their own errors and misfortunes. They had to have a goat, a scapegoat, someone to whom to impute guilt and an evil eye. The Jews were handy and convenient, then as to-day.

Now it is a matter of common observation as well as of scientific fact that individuals who harbor a deep and



wounded suspicion of their own inferiority cannot bear to assume responsibility for their own errors or sins, and hence are incapable of either humility or expiation. Desperately afraid that they will whine and creep, they clamor and strut; in their agonized practice of over-compensation they will be madly arrogant. But since they must hide the nature of this process from themselves, they must assign apparently rational causes and motives. Hence they must believe themselves to have been outrageously maltreated, especially in view of their extraordinary superiority to their fellows. The real superiority, which they often possess, does not suffice them. They must invent unheard-of virtues and merits for themselves; they must at the same time invent a mystic and malevolent author of their ills to serve them as enemy and scapegoat. Unable to bear the hard world of reality within which they are, like everyone else, a mixture of virtues and vices, of strength and feebleness, of good sense and folly, and in which it would behoove them to accept with a measure of serenity and good sportsmanship the consequences of their errors and their sins, they withdrew into a fictive world in which *they* alone are well-born and virtuous and handsome and clever but in which the conspiracies of evil and inferior forces corrupt their wills and render vain their virtues. Into this neurotic world of their escape they will often incorporate details from reality, a fact which makes it especially difficult to clarify them concerning their delusions. It is the structural and moral *pattern* of this fictive world of theirs which so hopelessly falsifies and caricatures the fact and patterns of reality. Who has not met such individuals—so-called arrogant Jews, very often, into whose soul has crept the universal disesteem of their race, sensitive women unable to recover from some early slight or moral

mishap that has disturbed their psychological equilibrium?

The reader who has followed me so far already sees, of course, the analogy and the lesson. What happens to individuals can evidently happen to groups of individuals. And it is well understood by psychologists from Gustave Le Bon on that in groups all psychological mechanisms or technics are intolerably intensified and coarsened at the same time. Many, many years ago, leaning upon the absurd theories of the Frenchman Gobineau, the Germans invented the defensive myth of their racial superiority which dark and corrupt races were seeking to destroy. They invented this myth as a safeguard for the future. Nor is it without the greatest significance that precisely toward the year 1914, as though out of a deep inner distrust and presage of its necessity for them, large numbers of Germans embraced this myth with a new intensity. The War came, and the confidence in victory was, at least in the upper strata of consciousness, sincere and universal, and William II declared that he knew neither races nor parties nor religious groups—only Germans. The Jews rose as one man to that apparently generous declaration; thousands volunteered before being called to the colors; before the War was over twelve thousand of them had laid down their lives in Poland and in Flanders. But 1916 came, and it was evident now that no easy victory was to be achieved. In anticipation of defeat and guilt the scapegoat was selected. An Antisemitic member of the Reichstag named Werner demanded that the Jews be counted, to find out where these "slackers" were. The humiliating and discriminatory census was carried out. Its results were, from a militaristic point of view, supremely honorable to the Jews. Half of the more than sixty thousand Jewish soldiers were in front-line trenches.

That made no difference. It was from now on at least subconsciously determined who was to bear the burden of Germany's defeat and shame, who was to be scapegoat and crucified one; to whom, in our good popular phrases, the buck was to be passed in order that the Germans might let themselves out. The thing clicks like a typical case-history out of the records of a psychiatrist.

The rest of the story unrolls itself easily. Defeat approached. A Jew, the late Albert Ballin, implored the Emperor to make peace on reasonable terms and committed suicide when his council was harshly rejected. Hunger came on account of the blockade and the cries that the Jews be crucified rose higher and higher. And the humiliating peace came with its nefarious war-guilt clause and its stupid and inhuman reparation clauses and its inexcusable tearing asunder of the eastern provinces of the Reich. Now the Germans had, as all the world was ready to acknowledge in recent years, genuine grievances. But alas the neurotic, individual or group, responds to real grievances not otherwise than to fancied ones. He will not deal with them directly and honorably. This is what the leaders of the German Republic from Ebert and Rathenau to Stresemann and even Brüning sought to do. And for that they were hated more and more bitterly by the increasingly soul-sick masses of the National-Socialist movement, who in ever-intensified frenzies finally persuaded themselves that Germany had been in actual fact not defeated at all, that neither the hunger blockade nor America's troops had had anything to do with the case, but that the gleaming unsullied warriors of the North had been betrayed and "stabbed in the back" in their homeland by these Republicans and Jews who alone were responsible for the otherwise impossible defeat of the Empire.

Incredible as it may appear to sane people elsewhere in the world, this myth is *believed*. On April 1st the Association of Nationalist-Socialist Women issued an announcement to its membership: "It is your duty to enlighten German women concerning the fact that Jewish propaganda was responsible for the outcome of the World War, for the two millions of our dead, for the old people, the women and the children who died of hunger, for Versailles and Dawes and Young." Not German mismanagement of the War nor a world in arms against them, but Jewish propaganda and the republican-socialist "stab in the back" were responsible. This myth is believed because it is fanatically believed that the superior Aryan German *could* not have been defeated except by treachery, and that even this treachery served to undo him only because he had consorted with Latins and with Jews and had permitted his lordly virtues to be tarnished by the slavish morals of Christianity (a vile Jewish invention) and by the republican and libertarian fallacies of the West, introduced into Germany by international Jewry and unworthy of the noble descendants of the Nibelungen. The whole thing would be more like a ghastly farce if it did not constitute so grave a danger for human civilization, if it were not corrupting the souls and hopelessly addling the brains of a whole generation of the German people. For it is clear to-day that they will act according to their myths. They have begun. The scapegoat is being slain; the Jew is crucified.

### III

The repercussion of Germany's pagan revolt against civilization in the sphere of practical politics and world-peace is already very clear. Those who were most profoundly convinced of the utter stupidity and wickedness of the pro-



visions of Versailles are now afraid to propose or support revision. Who would dare to place one additional Pole or Jew under the Nazi heel? Who would dare to favor equality of armaments for a nation fanatically convinced that it would be helping to save the world for the savior race of the Germans to "gas in" (*einzugasen*) foreign provinces and exterminate life where inferior races live and then replace them? German politicians, even Hitler, will not use such language. They will repudiate with a certain superficial sincerity the extremes to which their own mad myths lead them. They will even play the game of international political decency when it suits their purposes. But it will be a game. Nor will the cool heads of the party—and there must be such—be able to restrain the terrible forces of fanaticism which they have first fed and next unleashed. It is possible, of course, that the whole regime will crash through economic catastrophes. Meanwhile we are dealing with a people which has indeed (this was *not* true in 1914) made both a philosophical doctrine and a religious duty of ruthlessness.

It is this fact that constitutes the revolt against civilization. Take quite dispassionately the economic aspect of the Jewish question. Five hundred thousand German citizens are being gradually but mercilessly forced out of the economic life and structure of the country. Nakedness and hunger are already very close to thousands of them. The question was raised: "But what, even on your own ground, do you expect these people to do?" The *Völkischer Beobachter* of Munich, the official organ of the Nazis, replied blankly that it was nobody's business, and that these accursed "Nomads" would manage, as they always did. But what is actually happening is this, that Paris and Amsterdam and Zürich

are flooded with penniless fugitives, men, women, and children, and that Jews in all these countries, as well as in England and America—Jews who are integrated with the economic systems in which they live—are forced in this poverty-stricken time to give and give again and give more than they can afford to help their stricken brethren both within Germany and without. In brief, the Nazis are forcing the other economic systems of the world to pay for their jamboree. For since help is brought by civilized people to earthquake sufferers in Japan and famine-stricken coolies in China, it is clear that we cannot let a group so highly civilized, so close to us in habit, speech, sensitiveness, taste, and culture as the German Jews simply die of hunger.

But it is precisely this order of sentiment, it is precisely this great classical tradition of the Christian world that the neo-nationalists of Germany are theoretically and practically repudiating. In a hundred manifestoes one hears again and again the summons to be "hard"! "We must once more learn to punish!" is the slogan of the new ministry of justice. So one can well imagine the fate of those thousands of republicans and liberals and socialists who are crowded in the concentration camps. To be hard on principle in the name of one's own madly and neurotically conceived superiority, to take delight in punishment, to be unashamed of insane pride and the cruelty that it engenders—is that not a pagan revolt against the whole inner meaning of Western civilization, however imperfectly, however haltingly that meaning has been wrought out by us in practice? Is it not an unbearable repudiation of all that constitutes the one faint hope of humanity? For that hope may be said to have arisen when the unknown scribe recorded in Leviticus the words: "Thou shalt bear love unto thy neighbor (I translate the dative of

the Hebrew text) as to thyself." And this became the groundwork of the prophets from Amos of Tekoa to Jesus of Nazareth. And all the sages of the Talmud and all the doctors of the Catholic Church and all leaders of Protestant revolts and all republicans and liberals and humanitarians and whosoever in all our Western civilization had any vision of goodness and the good life, any hope of better things for

mankind—all, all, whatever differences divided them, united on this fundamental principle of the duty of love, of mercy, of forgiveness between man and his brother. It is this foundation that the German neo-nationalists repudiate and seek to destroy. They must meet an unbroken front of moral resistance in which all civilized men, irrespective of nation, race, or creed, wholeheartedly unite.

## BEQUEST

BY LYSBETH BOYD BORIE

**T***HIS that was my room  
I leave it to you;  
Do not keep it ordered,  
Polished and new.*

*Let my shining silver  
Tarnish and rust.  
What use is silver  
To the fragile dust?*

*Scatter on my neat desk  
Every bill and letter.  
Who would have a fragment  
Of sweet earth for debtor?*

*Throw open my window  
To the slant of rain.  
Curtains may be ruffled,  
Winding sheets are plain.*

*Throw open my latched door,  
Let in your lover.  
The door cannot be opened  
That the grass grows over.*





## THE BETROTHED

A STORY

BY ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

THE fine things that were put away were brought out to be aired, and Rhody's mother told her that the Rose of Sharon quilt would be hers when she married. Spread out in the sunlight, the quilt showed beautiful fine stitchery and patterns of stiff, formal flowers and leaves. Julie, the mother, had made it during the first year of her married life, and Homer, the father, had cut the patterns for her. Rhody could not imagine her father cutting patterns of flowers in bright calicoes but she did not speak of her surprise at this. She had often seen the quilt. It was the most beautiful piece of handiwork the house contained. One could scarcely see the minute stitches that quilted it, that bound it together into a finely crinkled crepe. It had always been prized, too good for common use, and brought out only for elegant company.

Rhody was slightly abashed at the gift of the quilt. She wondered, without speaking, what her mother had of equal value to give Ruby or to Lilly, her small sisters.

The gift stood in some relation to herself and Kirk Brown. In the gift her mother confirmed her liking and gave dignity to her playfulness. Her mother had thus confirmed something more, had assured her of it.

"We might make another," Julie said, looking at Ruby and Lilly. They

answered her, speaking together, or now one and then the other:

"There'll be plenty of time. For me a plenty." They were ten and eleven years old and they seemed of but one age, as if they shared equally even the years they had. Their arms were entwined and they pulled and twisted each other about as one creature. "We haven't even got steady company."

Rhody did not at any moment forget Kirk Brown. Her mother's present had honored her feeling for him, but it had stated some further requirement, as if something further were demanded of her. She was embarrassed at this consideration, but the dowering of the quilt set her apart, and for this she was proud, for it was the supreme gift her mother had to offer. She turned it about with Lilly and Ruby to look at it, being slightly drunk with pride and pleasure.

The leaves of the decorations stitched onto the quilt were made of pale-green cloth sewed flat. The full-blown roses were open like poppies and the buds were hard and formal—a phantasy in flower. The Rose of Sharon was the name of the pattern, and such a quilt had been in the family for five generations, for Julie had copied it from one inherited. In one corner there lay a design which was not repeated elsewhere—three iron-brown stains like three small brown berries.

"What are these?" Rhody asked.

"I recollect," her mother said; "That's where I plucked my finger with my needle while I sewed to bind the border. I recall the day very well. I plucked my finger with the needle and three big drops of blood fell before I could get out of my seat. I tried hard to sponge it off the quilt afterward, but I couldn't take it out without I faded the color."

"It's like three grapes in a little bunch," Rhody said. Ruby and Lilly each tried to say what it was like.

"Like apples, crab-apples."

"It's like three little dog tracks, the little dog in a hurry."

"It's like three drops of blood on the Rose of Sharon quilt," Lilly said at last. "It's three drops of a woman's blood on the Rose of Sharon, the best quilt in the family."

"Hush," Julie said, "hush the nonsense." The quilt was admired again and searched for its beauties. It was spread out to adorn Rhody's bed now because it was hers.

Rhody had been to spend a night with a neighbor girl. Coming from the house of her friend, walking down the driveway through the front pasture, she was met by Kirk Brown who had so planned his going along the road that it fell with her passing homeward. Walking with her along the way, Kirk led his horse behind him. The feet of the horse stepped near to her feet as she walked on the hard roadway, and Kirk held her hand in his large fist. Life seemed very simple to her when Kirk was near, as if only those things of which he took account had reason or being. Now value was thus focused at the point where his hand closed upon her own, and as he walked he looked at her continually. He smiled or he knotted his forehead now and then to check or to set bounds upon his expressed pleasure, his puckered brow a sign of his inner delight. He was

speaking, using the speech of the country, exaggerating his accustomed speech with the speech of the fields.

"I'm a-go-en to rent a piece of the Cooksey land next year." He had told her this as a plan, telling her now of the accomplished fact. "Rhody, you and me, we'll live in the little red house on the branch. We'll have a whole mess of chickens and a pa'sel of hogs and some cows. And I'll raise corn and backer till I fair split my sides. I'll do hit. And next year or year after I'll fair buy a piece of land, and you and me, we'll be fixed for life."

She looked at him quickly and away, making thus her reply. He was a romantic lover. He liked to hum or to sing a line from a song. In summer he was ruddy from the sun, but in winter he was only browned by the winds. Sometimes he would kiss her fingers when she gave him a cup of water. She was dark, looking up at him slyly, her brown hair blowing dark in the wind. A slim girl, but she was deep and broad in the shoulders. Her slim hips were buttoned into a close sweater of dark wine-red wool, and her strong thin legs and small feet went unevenly along the road, out of step with his stride. He told again of his plan for their keep.

"February we'll go there," he said. The small red house was in their thought. "I've already signed a paper with Mr. Cooksey. He says corn on the bottom field this time and backer on the little field beside the barn, and that suits me first-rate. That's how it ought to be, Rhody. And a còw in his big pasture, milk for you and me. Milk and honey blessed." Knowing that he looked foolish saying this, he flung up his voice in a brief song. "And that's all there is to do, Rhody," he said. "And it's easy to do, easy to go. . . ."

The step of the horse walked unpleasantly near and the thud of the



hoof beats pressed unevenly on her sense of herself as much prized and much desired. "A little while we'll keep it to ourselves," she said, and he agreed to all she asked.

"After we tell there'll be a big noise all around and everybody will try to get into it. People like to get as close as they can to a wedden."

"As close as they can without climben right inside it."

"They like to stay close up to it and to touch it and handle it. They think they can have their own over again by touchen yours."

The horse came forward, its nose close to their heels, and she felt as if she were being followed, as if she were being driven or crowded forward. Kirk's large frank face was everywhere present, in the strength of his hand, in his happy oath as he blessed himself, saying gaily, "God knows!" or "God-almighty!"

"What do you say?" asking but never waiting for a reply. He bent forward to look at her again. He had always been about her, a large boy, of the age of her brother Nat. Growing up, he had been rough, and she had run away from him, but after he was grown he had become gentle. He would come to fish in the creek and he would dig the bait. He would be baiting their hooks and setting the little girls safely across the creek or carrying them over the pools.

All that he said now gathered about one plan. He was going away to stay three weeks with his brother far down in the southwest of the State. He was going to help his brother build a barn. Christmas would come. He would be making a Christmas visit in his brother's house. He would have a look, he said, at married life close at hand before he entered into it. His brother had been married ten years. A house full of little children, he said, and he named four, holding up a finger for

each child. He was a big, simple man then, direct and kind, a lover of women and of little children. She remembered him playing a game of hockey with Ruby and Lilly and remembered the three clubs hidden away behind the tool house. She did not want him to go to visit his brother. She held his hand lightly and smiled with him while he told of what their life would be in the little house near the stream.

Through all that he told she remembered continually the horse as pushing her forward, as walking so near that she could feel the warmth of his great body and the uneven probing of his great nose. His large shoulder was raised above her head and his bulk seemed to be thrusting upon her to push her along the road. She could see at the edge of her dress as she looked downward, his thrusting knee that bent and straightened and bent again as he walked almost upon her. Kirk held the bridle drawn over his arm and he seemed unaware of the horse. She came down the road thus crowded forward and led lightly along. "We'll do thus," he said, contriving their life together. What lay between herself and Kirk seemed necessary and simple.

He would be gone two weeks or three, he said, the time depending on what time was required to build the barn. When he came back they would be openly engaged for a short time and then they would be married. She would glance up at him as he walked steadily beside her and drew the horse along. He seemed beautiful in his liking for her and in his gentle planning—the small house by the creek, the crops in the field. They would go there, he said. First he would help his brother build a barn. This would give him some ready cash. Then he would come back. It would be easy to do, he said. His smile came easily and he walked with a light swinging

step. Pressed forward, unpleasantly and not unpleasantly, by the horse, and drawn lightly by the faintly prancing step beside her, she came to the lane that went between her father's fields.

When she left him she went quickly up the short stony lane between two hedges of chance growth which was now a tangle of dark winter color. Through a wide gate then to the doorway, and she entered the house. The noon dinner was set on the table in the dining room and the family was assembled there. When her father had murmured a grace she set herself absently to serve herself with food. Abstracted by the walk homeward, she knew presently that Ruby and Lilly were whispering over what she did. They habitually acted together as one creature, each being secret and careful until she had consulted the other. Rhody waked from her musing to know again that the small girls were watching her closely.

Her mother was warm from her work in the kitchen where she had helped the black maid prepare the food. When Homer had finished the food on his plate she began to cut a large hot cherry pie and to serve it to the small plates at her elbow. The grandmother sat at her daughter's right hand. She ate mincingly of the foods, a large woman who fed on but little.

"What are you a-doen to-day, Nat?" the father asked.

Rhody knew that Nat's reply would be sufficient, whatever it might be, for he was full of industry and he was her father's partner in the farm. She gave no attention to the reply nor to the suggestions that followed it. When she attended again Nat was speaking:

"And what are you a-doen to-day, Grannie?" The question was meant for pleasantry, as if her task were lightly held, were thought of as something worth a delicate ridicule.

"I'm a-piecen a quilt, that's what," the reply. "Handy enough it'll be when you marry."

She was a plump old lady with many crumpled wrinkles on her face. A hairy mole on her chin made an emphasis in her talk, for it quivered with her speech, being gay when her speech was gay or standing stiffly out when she pursed her lips in protest or anger. "It'll come in handy enough when you marry, sir," she said. She was Grannie Cummings to all in the house and to half the county. The little girls laid their heads together and whispered over this reply, and Nat was speaking further. All the women over the whole country were piecing together quilts, were making coverlets against some time of bearing. A slack-bearing time, the birth-rate lowered, and they pieced quilts for a generation. The grandmother interrupted him, crying out:

"You don't think so much of it now, young man, but when you marry you'll be right glad to have a quilt to cover you. I say you'll be right glad to have a quilt to cover your nakedness."

"Let Rhody have it," Nat said. "She'll need the marryen quilt long before I will. Give it to Rhody."

"Is Rhody a-goen to marry right off? Nobody told me." She looked from Julie to Rhody, asking again and again. The little girls made their secret comment and Nat said his grandmother would hear something in a few days. "Nobody told me," the grandmother kept repeating.

Rhody looked toward her mother, wanting assistance. Julie seemed comfortable as she sat back in her place, having served all with the pie which was now well eaten. It seemed a simple thing for her to be married and to be the mother of five children. Herself and the office she held seemed to be one, and Rhody wondered if she would ever be like her mother and if she would ever want to be thus, if she would



ever want to be large and placid, coarse and comfortable and hearty. Remembering Kirk as he had ridden away down the road at their parting, it was difficult to see herself as wanting to be any other or as being willing to be as her mother now was. One glance toward her grandmother was met by one brief thought of herself as being like the elder one, and she shrank from this image, rejecting it entirely. Forever is now, she concluded, and never is eternal; she would not, ever, be in any way like her grandmother, dull and cunning and prying, shut out of knowing, crying out now, "Nobody told me!"

"Nobody told me," a complaint, and Nat looked at Rhody, a direct gaze that ran down a fixed way, as would say to her, "I know what you know." "Nobody told me," the old one said again. Rhody turned from both of them. Her mother stood between her and the grandmother, and she had not yet consented to be as her mother. She went from the table feeling slightly bereft when Nat withdrew his secret interest from her.

Since Nat had made his surmise and Ruby and Lilly seemed to know something over which they whispered, Rhody told her mother of her plan. It was late afternoon, and they were caring for the milk in the dooryard behind the kitchen. Julie had poured a bit of milk into a pan for the cats, and Rhody, remembering the slow beating of the horse's feet, timed her story to the swift lapping of a cat's tongue as it took the milk, speaking quickly to have done quickly:

"Kirk is a-go-en to rent a piece of the Cooksey land next year." Her story was well begun, half done, when she had disclosed this interest in what he did. "And we're a-go-en to live in the little red house on the branch." She went forward quickly. The owner of

the farm would repair the house and he might, Kirk thought, build another room. "February, and we aim to go there. . . ."

She had finished speaking, having asked thus for consent and approval. Each of them carried three crocks of the milk to the cellar before Julie spoke, and then she said:

"Tell Nat to carry out now the sour milk. It's ready for the pigs now in the big jar." The milk and the swine were little to her, therefore she spoke of them freely. She would speak more carefully of the disclosure after a little.

The negro maid had gone to her cabin far back in the farm. Rhody set the table for supper, walking back and forth from the kitchen. Nat was coming from the stables with the dogs at his heels and Grannie Cummings was thumping about in the dark of the inner room. The little girls were coming from their play in the yard and her father was smoking a pipe by the dining room fire. They were gathering nearer and no comment had yet been made on the secret she had disclosed; they were gathering near to it to make it solid, to dissect it, to tear it apart, to hold it fast, to shape it or to hate it or to make it into something not yet dreamed of, to take the fact from her and make it thereafter somehow their own. While she waited suspended thus, her mother came near to her, bringing a platter to the table, and she said:

"You can take the suit of furniture in your room, Rhody, and I'll get you up another feather bed. And you'll have the Rose of Sharon quilt, as I always said. I didn't give it to Vic because she ran off to marry. We'd better get some extra meat put by—hams and bacon for you. Iffen times were not so hard I'd manage to give you a hundred dollars to buy with, but it's no use to think . . ."

Her voice trailed away into a whisper and she hurried away to bring more

food. Rhody's disclosure had passed rapidly about. All had now come near to it. They were speaking of it while they took their supper.

"He'll make a good, honest, law-abiden man," Homer said. "It's more 'n you can say of Joe, Vic's choice."

"They love each other queer ways," Ruby said, asking Julie's consent to speak further, but this was somehow denied. Nat spoke, taking forward the matter.

"Whenever I hear them in a rage together fit to knock down and drag out, fit to gouge and kill, I always hear soon after there'll be another young one."

"Hush, Nat."

"It's God's truth."

"When I married," Julie began. She told of how little she had to begin housekeeping. "It wasn't until after Nat came I had a cradle to rock 'em in. I laid Vic at first in a clothes basket."

"I knew what I'd need when I came and I brought the cradle along," Nat began. The little girls were confused at these reports, were embarrassed at these accounts of infants and furniture. Their mother had got the cherry table when Rhody came. They could not make a joke of these matters. They shrank together, withdrawn from the comment. Rhody stood at the point of division, on one side of her the small girls, on the other Nat who made a further joke of his mother's furnishings.

Kirk's absence continued. The frost came on slowly day by day until at the middle of December the winter cold had come, the season for butchering the swine. There was a day of preparation. The great scalding kettle was set up in the barnlot and the knives were made sharp.

On the following morning the cries of the swine blew up in the still frosty air. Each beast was shot in the fore-

head. The cries of the living mingled with the blasts from the gun and made a fearful turmoil which was, nevertheless, soon over. Eight beasts were killed. Then the men were busy scalding the great bodies and cutting open the carcasses. The work went on all day. A part of the meat was being prepared as Rhody's dower, as food for her in her married life. The work must be finished while the cold lasted and all must be put away to cure before the warmer rains should begin.

When Ruby and Lilly were not at school they would look at the work from beyond the fence, for they were not allowed to come near to it. They would look daintily through the bars of the fence. Or running up from the mailbox at the mouth of the lane, they brought Rhody a letter from Kirk.

It was a labored note which told of the work on his brother's building which had been delayed. He wrote freely of the delays and he feared that he would be gone six weeks because of them. In the end a few lines of romantic endearments and hearty understandings, labored but unembarrassed, and the letter came to an end with a line from a song. Out of these last reports Rhody drew subtle excitements, and she held fast to the words of the song and built into the letter the whole song structure with all its melody and all its lines, and she took thereafter a delighted comfort from the first part of the note when, rereading it, the suggestion of the song lapped back from the end to the beginning. She wrote two letters\* in reply, each as restrained as Kirk's had been and each as full of daily labors and delays, of pleasant accounts of what her family did, of deep inner springs of passion and affection.

But the work of preparing the food went forward, hurried now, for the cold might at any day give way to a warm rain. Rhody and the grand-



mother were asked to perform together a light part of the labor. They were to search out the dainty bits, sweetbreads and other glands. Two large tubs holding the entrails of the hogs stood outside, near the kitchen door. They worked apart from the others, sitting together beside the tubs. The grandmother would bring the small dainties out of the mass and hold them up so that Rhody might cut them free.

The grandmother was pleased at the task. She made at the beginning a frolic of it and settled later to a quiet enjoyment, thrusting her hands deeply into the wet mass to bring up another morsel. She tore the inner portions about in the tub and passed kinds to Rhody who took away the dainty with her sharp knife. She seemed to be hovering on the brink of some revelation. She would look at Rhody quickly and look away, her hands in the tub.

"You can go in the house, Grannie," Rhody said. "I'll do all by myself, and you can go rest."

The odor of blood had drifted about in the still cold air all day. It arose anew from the tubs into which the hands went. The grandmother did not go from the task. She spread the entrails about, looking for some choice bit or for some wanted tissue. She seemed to be approaching some matter, to be willing to devise relations between themselves and the hog. She would hold parts up to the light.

"See, Rhody," she would say.

"Let it go, Grannie."

"I recollect . . ." She would begin a story. Other butcherings were told. And by a swift transition, the bearing of life, the originals of flesh. Blood and life, themselves, stood about in the vats, and their hands were dipped continually into the running mass of flowing entrails. Rhody became sick at heart and afraid. She called the

matter under their hands food to eat and she talked of cooking it, of serving it on a dish with this or that relish. Pepper and sage would make food of it. Spices from the garden would destroy the animal life and pain, would turn it to food. Mint and sage, sweet savory, on a hot dish, and she told the processes, lingering on the pleasant flavors that would here mingle.

But the grandmother prevailed and her relations continued. She would try Rhody's fortune with the entrails of the hog, she said. She prodded into the wet and bloody mass, muttering. It would be thus and thus, she said. The beast, turned wrong-side-out, danced still his life dance, blood having run into pans on the ground. Life sat, as a dismembered bird, in the vat of the entrails, still throbbing within itself. You are thus and thus, the grandmother said. "See," she said again. "Here 'tis. I've found it." She was learned and eager to inform. "Life begins here," she said, squeezing a clot of blood with her fingers and holding up a small white cell. "It's not worth half the fuss folks make over it. Here 'tis, here. You can take it between your fingers and squeeze it up in your fist."

"I recollect . . ." She would begin a story of mortality, of bloody bearings, the origin of life acting thus alone in a tub of entrails. She leaned over the mass muttering, the mole on her chin beating lightly with the working of her mouth, it uttering jaunty prophecies of blood. For a moment Rhody wanted to push the old one into the tub of quivering intestines, to thrust her forward and downward into the medium of blood and fat. "I'll tell your fortune," the voice over the tub muttering.

"I don't want any fortune," Rhody said.

"Young people are fools." Laughter from the bent mouth where it

originated, there being no depth beneath it. "‘It’s so-and-so and so-and-so,’ they say, pretty words and dove-talk. I reckon you think Kirk Brown made the moon. I can show you Kirk in this tub here, right under my fist."

"I don't want any fortune told," Rhody began to say.

"I'll show you a fortune, your fortune." The old hands were slow in the offal but they were quick to find. "I'll find Kirk for you, here in the tub. See, here. You'll hear 'im sing and talk sweet right outen this tub. I had my hand on 'im just a little while ago. 'I'll show 'im to Rhody,' I said to myself."

Rhody left the work, sickened as if the meat of the vats had got into her throat. She went away from the yard altogether and when, in her drifting, she came to her room, she stayed there throughout the rest of the day. She heard her mother going about the yard and the house, her step hearty and strong, her voice calling quick replies to the men in the barnlot. Standing disconsolate in her room, looking from the window into the falling twilight, Rhody could not arrange her mother in the world of the vats. Her sickened thought turned away from Kirk.

She gathered up the things that pertained to the proposed wedding and thrust them into a chest. The rose quilt had been spread on her bed. She folded it quickly and put it in hiding, hating it and hating the exertion of folding it. The brown spots, drops of blood on the border, lay as three small fruits against the mellowed cloth. Later, when she turned again from the window, she found that she had removed every sign of the wedding from her sight. Sickened anew, she lay in the bed and, lying thus she thought, in jargon, of the quilt which did not now cover her.

Her mother had made the quilt in

the first year of her married life. The colors were soft and beautiful and the stitchery was now well blended. Looking now at the remembered quilt, her eyes closed, she saw into the interior of animal flesh and, seeing there, the quilt seemed overnice, unreal, and unnecessary. Her grandmother had opened some shut place and had half revealed some real substance. She was afraid of what she had seen. She wondered if her mother knew and if, knowing, she could still call heartily over her tasks as she went, as now, through the rooms below to make the house ready for the night.

Sinking farther into distress, she wondered what it was that troubled her and tried to discover what had become of her former cast of thought and why she no longer wished to remember Kirk. She could not think of him apart from all that her grandmother had said.

She began to shake in a chill, and through the quivering of her flesh ran a constant decision. She would not marry in February or at any other time. She would throw blood out of her mouth and out of her lungs. She would be rid of animal life forever. She became more sick and Kirk receded, losing physical actuality and becoming but a pleasantness, a flow of kindness and mirth, put in some remote place. Julie found her and brought a warm blanket to her bed and gave her a hot drink.

She had worked out in the cold too long, her mother said, and had caught a chill. She was talking out of her head, her mother told her further, when she cried out her decision. A hand on her brow was feeling for fever, but a voice said that she had none. The flow of her thought seemed entangled with the firm hand on her brow. She shook the hand away and tried to press back the memory of other fingers that went in and out



among the severed parts of a beast.

The next day the chill had left and she had no influenza. She was pale and tired but no longer ill. She told her mother that she would not marry. A letter from Kirk was thrust toward her but she left it unopened. Julie looked blankly at space for a moment after her announcement but she made no argument.

"Well," she said. After a little she spoke again. "We'll begin to-morrow to cut out the cotton cloth, to make the sheets and towels. The feathers must be aired, and we'll . . ." Her voice trailed away into faint asthmatic breathings. The order of preparation went forward slowly, Rhody being now without it. She was to herself, apart, in some rude structure which her grandmother had built for her. Looking out as from a narrow doorway she saw pain which must be carried alone, no other wanting it. Obscene pain found a way to go through soft flesh. The year ran slowly toward the dark season when the evening closed early and the nights were longest. "We'll cut two bolts of the cloth," Julie said, "the hems to go in by hand on the towels . . . I don't pay attention to girls when they talk. . . . Run get me the scissors. After Christmas we'll begin to put in the hems."

Two miles away, across the farm and over other land, beyond a creek and up again on a rise of rolling ground, her sister Vic lived. Their father had given Vic the land, and the husband, Joe, had built a small house.

Rhody wrapped herself in a warm cloak and tied a dull scarf over her head. In her arms she carried a bundle of clothing. She was going to stay with Vic for a few days, and she thought vaguely that if Vic would allow it she might stay for a long while, that she might not go home again. She went out through the gray winter

hills, a small dull spot moving through the winter fields. She crossed the creek at a watergap and climbed the rise on the farther side. It was January now. Christmas had come with a high delirium of gifts and feasting and unaccustomed ways, the darkest season of the year. In three days the feast was gone and they were eating the last dry remnants of the turkey that had been carved at first in illusion and passed ceremoniously along the table. The gifts had been accepted and put to use. The days were dark and the evenings long. No sleep could outlast the night. She walked across the fields at midday.

Four children played about the floor of Vic's house or ran a little way into the outside cold. In her eagerness to come, Rhody had forgotten Vic's way. Now her sister took her bundle kindly and made her welcome, drawing her to the fire.

"I reckon you're about ready to marry," she said to her.

They sat by the open fire until Rhody was warmed and then a drowsiness fell upon her. She did not speak of her decision or of the unopened letter. They talked of Christmas. Under her drowsiness Rhody watched her sister and she looked at her household. The whole of Vic's maternal affection had been spent on the first child. Her face became hard and just when the others made known their wants, and she gave what was wanted with a hard justice and pushed the child gently aside. Three small unloved children ran about the floor, having names, wants, cries, laughter. They seemed hearty and self-contained. Rhody remembered what Nat had said of Vic and Joe.

"Do you hate Joe?" Rhody asked.

"It's nobody's business whe'r I hate or not."

"I notice you cook for him what he mostly likes to eat."

It seemed to her then that the un-

loved children had sprung out of the vat, out of the clot of blood squeezed up by her grandmother's fingers. The children did not quarrel together. They seemed to be of little account or use in the house, mere named creatures wanting food and sleep and play. Their small heads were almost level when they ran about the floor, the baby fending for itself and scarcely knowing the shape of its mother's lap. Looking up from the children suddenly, Rhody asked:

"Why don't you leave Joe?"

"I don't want to leave."

"Why won't he leave you then?"

"He won't leave me. Not even when I flirted with George did he leave me. I gave him cause to leave me but he wouldn't go."

"Did you want him to go?"

"No, I didn't want. But he wouldn't go just the same."

The air was cold and the children kept indoors. Vic combed her hair neatly and bound it back with a small red ribbon that made her mouth into a scarlet line. When she had put on a neat dress she went to the kitchen to prepare the food. It was always thus. If Joe stayed for a moment to talk with Rhody Vic called him to come to some task.

"You are a loafer, ready to blab all day," she said to him.

"Your tongue has got caustic under it."

Vic would follow the man to the barn and return with knotted brows. Rhody slept in an inner room with the three small children. She would put them to bed at nightfall and they would go immediately to sleep, their dark heads and weather-reddened faces lying in repose against the quilts of the bed as if they were some small in-offensive animals, tamed creatures, that had crept indoors to steal a brief security. There was no security in the place from which they had come.

Rhody would lie down beside them.

She fitted into the labors of the farm and did her share, and this routine made the time run fast. Joe cut feed for the animals and he cured his dressed meat. He built a small stretch of fence, working all day at the posts. One day he passed near her as she sat on a stile to shell corn for the fowls. She sat high on the stile in the cold air tearing away the grains with quick thumbs. He stopped near to her and he said:

"You haven't got the style Vic's got and you'll not have. You hear what I say? You come here with your little-girl ways, pretty this and pretty so-and-so. Vic has got a body on her you never saw. You never saw Vic in all your born life. You hear what I say, now. Get down off the stile and go on inside the house where a woman belongs. Do your work, but keep away from where I am and keep around where Vic is. You're a pretty enough girl, and I reckon Kirk, he'll find you out and turn you into a woman."

She did not know what to say to him.

He began to talk about Vic's beauty. She had more style in one finger than many women had altogether, he said. He spoke in anger, as if he would thrust her from the step-block, for he made swift rough gestures. "Get down off there," he said. "Go on inside the house." He was quarreling with himself. He told again of Vic's beauties, naming them. He would find her in the Bible, he said. There was no blemish upon her. "How beautiful are thy feet . . . The joints of thy thighs are like jewels . . ." He quoted the Song imperfectly and he started away toward his fencing. But he came back and thrust an angry hand toward the house, pointing her away.

One night she was awakened. It seemed to her that Joe had been locked



out of the house. He demanded that Vic should open, but she would not. He labored at one of the windows and finally made his way inside. When Rhody waked again the voices were speaking again in anger. They were crying out something about a gun. Their threats and cries rolled through the small house and, sitting huddled under her blanket, Rhody had begun to think that her presence had given a greater intensity to their troubled interchange. Report of herself as a bride had somehow put a red ribbon on Vic's hair. There was a jealousy somewhere in the conflict, but there was no common cause for jealous feeling. Vic was insatiable in her demands. Report of herself as a bride had more than adorned Vic's hair. She could not discover all that was amiss or all that was involved. She locked her door and later she tried to wake one of the children to keep her company, but it would not yield its drowsiness.

When the house was quiet she became entirely awake. She resolved swiftly that she would not stay there, that she could not let the morning find her among them. Day would come and Vic would be sullen. She would walk in and out, her lips in one thin red line drawn down scornfully at the corners. Rhody got up from the bed and dressed herself quickly. She unlocked the door, but she did not pass out through it. She climbed through her window and closed the window after her to save the children from the cold. She went through Vic's farm toward the neighboring fields and crossed these, laboring slowly. She crossed the creek and later she entered her father's land.

When the angry cries had called some threat of a gun she had wanted to defend the small children, but after the house had become still she had been intent only on running away, her

act having been as sudden as the blast of the gun might have been. She was weeping now. The children were in hazard from some careless gunshot, but she could no longer care for them beyond her pity of them.

In a little while after she had crossed the creek she lost her way. She had been thinking again of the storm in Vic's house. She could not remember on which side the creek lay. Stumbling through rutted ground where hogs had torn up the turf, she walked into dense bushes and fought her way through tangles of low hackberry and thorn. She seemed to be in a jungle of bushes. There was nothing that she could recognize and no step that she could predict or plan. There was no moon, and clouds lay dense overhead.

She stood still and tried to break through her bewilderment by remembering all that she had done since she left Vic's house. For a time she could not remember the creek, but after a while she had a memory of groping slowly along the top of the watergap. The bushes seemed to extend far beyond any briar patch in her father's pasture. She walked cautiously, afraid now to set her foot forward until she had felt her way. The time seemed very long. A long while had passed now since she had groped over the watergap.

She walked slowly about, stooping to feel her way, and she became very tired and very cold. She had ceased to weep, seeing how useless was self-pity, becoming indifferent of trouble and pain in this excess of anguish. She could not clearly restore to mind the image of her mother's face or reproduce her father's care and strength. These seemed to be things which were but dimly known, were never otherwise sensed. They were a part of the prettiness of existence, the need now being for her to find her way out

of these dense entanglements. Being thus lost, she heard a sudden rough sound which seemed to come from no great distance.

She was afraid with a new fear and she crouched low among the bushes. There was a step somewhere not far off and a sound came again, a roughly breathed sound as having some searching or some questioning, or some demand. She placed the sound as on her right, and she turned and crept, bending low among the bushes, going toward the left. She was afraid that the creature of the sound was searching her out, that it moved over the ground with security, that it was coming nearer.

After a length of time that seemed of a great duration, while she moved slowly in the direction that would take her away from the noise, her body chilled with cold and her flesh quivering, she heard the snort of a beast not far away, as if a horse had responded to her presence. She went in the direction of the sound, feeling the way with her fingers on the ground, pushing her way through the bushes.

Presently she came to the beast, so near that she could feel his warmth although she had not yet touched it. She called the name of one of the farm horses, calling, "Sam, woah, Sam," and she put out her hand to touch. Her fingers fell on his mane and followed the flow of the heavy matted hair, and she found that the animal's head was bent to crop grass. She took his forelock into her hands and held it fast, and thus she led him a little way into open pasture. In the faint luminosity that came now from the sky she could see his head and his shoulders. The stretch of briary land had come to an end.

She held fast to the horse although he seemed intent on the bits of withered turf which he was able to crop and his head was continually bent. After

a little, as they walked slowly about, she came to a low stump and standing on this she climbed to a seat on the animal's back. The burden seemed to suggest a duty to the horse, and when she pulled gently at his mane—for she had no bridle—he left the grass and walked slowly away. He went carefully down through the bushes until he came to an open place which she knew to be a farm road and he turned here and went up the ridge toward the barn.

She entered by the kitchen door, which was never locked, and she passed quietly through the lower rooms to mount the stairs in the hall, coming at last to her own bed. The frost was heavy on her cloak and her feet were wet and cold. She was glad to be at home again. The room had been made neat and the Rose of Sharon quilt had been spread on her bed. She undressed herself quickly and entered the warm blankets, letting the quilt cover her. She could hear her mother's remembered voice as she fell into a dream, a voice speaking of the hemming of the cotton and the linen, of the making of pleasant ways to live. Entering into sleep she knew something for one moment, some bright saying, some wise or true speech, clear and sharp, said briefly and fully. She made one last effort to listen when this speech was uttered, to hear it said in some plain and fully remembered way, but the struggle to have it brought a brief pain of unrest and she let it go, holding nothing, letting all find its own place.

At morning, while she still slept, Ruby came to her room and cried out at the sight of her. When she was half awake again Ruby and Lilly were standing over her, and her mother came. She would know that they were there and she would hear some account of herself as if it came a long



while after. "When did she come?" was asked, and "How did she get here?" "When in all creation did she come? How?" She lay in a deep slumber after these questions, hearing nothing, but again Nat was standing by her bed.

"Like I told you, over at Vic's," he said. He was not unkind saying it, and she fell into a more deep sleep.

Steps came and went beside her bed. They were there or they were gone. "Let her sleep," they said. "Let her sleep her fill." Once she heard a slow, pained tread coming nearer, coming down the hallway and through the door, over the carpet. She knew that her grandmother was standing over her bed. She opened her eyes and looked up into her grandmother's face.

"Go on away, Grannie," she said.

She saw a smile come to her grandmother's mouth and she saw that her lips were ready for speech. She closed her eyes and let sleep shut over her.

When she arose, her mind being washed clean by sleep, her body cleansed by rest, the late morning had come. "She's back now," they said, but none questioned her further. Ruby and Lilly came to her room to laugh and play while she dressed herself. They made hidden speeches that were meant to convey half-meanings and they seemed to be secreting some bit, to be holding between them some information which they wished her to suspect. In this behavior they teased her to put on a becoming dress and to pin back her short dark locks.

"If you don't aim to marry," Lilly said, "you have to be particular about how you go. It's mostly the not-married that dress up more."

Ruby would cry out, "Why, how-d-y-do!" as if somebody had come. A greeting would be enacted and kisses exchanged. They brought her the

dress and teased her to put it on. As if they were maids attiring her for some approach, they laughed over their task and they made her hair neat with a comb and bound it again with the ribbon.

Nat had killed a turkey in the barn-lot and when he had made it ready for roasting he brought it to the kitchen, where Julie and the black maid dressed it for the oven. All laughed over the preparation of the fowl and they would look at Rhody with kind laughter. Ruby and Lilly would sit together on a chair and enact endearments or they would tease Rhody into knowing that they had something hidden between them. After a while she knew that they were hiding Kirk's letter and that they had opened it and read it.

"I wouldn't put it far apast you two to open a letter writ for somebody else," she said. She could not be angry, for her body was rested and she was full of pleasantness and good humor. She shared with Ruby and Lilly, keeping apace with their teasing. "I wouldn't put it far apast."

"I says to Lilly, 'Somebody ought to read it. It's a love letter,' I said."

"A girl gets a letter from her beau and nobody reads it. What way is that to keep house?" Lilly asked.

Rhody had a sudden passion to own the letter, to have it in her hands, to claim it, to take it from Ruby's pocket, to get it from Lilly's fingers. She was stronger than they but they were two and they were more swift. While she bent Lilly about to seize the letter, it was passed quickly to the other child who had a moment of cruelty come to her out of the brief struggle. She thrust the letter into the kitchen fire. Rhody saw the flames curl slowly about the folded corners of the paper. She made a quick movement to snatch back the letter but it was gone.

The turkey was roasting now in the oven and the small girls had run away to play. They were getting

the crooked sticks which they used as hockey clubs or they were running swiftly about following the ball over the winter-dried grass. They would call greetings now and then, and Rhody knew that Kirk would come, that he must be near at hand. The third club, the one he used for play, had been laid near at hand on the grass.

"When a body gets a letter and won't read what's inside it for three weeks and over," Lilly said.

"Painted white, it is, the little red house, and got a new room alongside the old ones. All sprigged up inside fit for a bride."

"'Me and you, Rhody,' that's what it says in the letter."

Her mother was at the front door. They were standing about in the bright, mild, January sun.

"She wants to know when he will come, and never one towel or sheet has she hemmed. She's befrittered away her time," Ruby said. Julie looked past her, out over the bright, wan fields, saying:

"She's just like the time when she was a little tinsy tad. The old way is a good way, I always said. Against a girl hems the sheets and seams up

the slips, why then she's ready to marry. I told her so back before Christmas. But she runs off over to Vic's to get ready."

Rhody saw that the household was preparing swiftly now for some coming, but none would tell her of it, and she would not ask further. Her heart seemed to beat pleasantly in her throat and her hands were moist and warm. Julie did not ask any duty of her and so she wandered about among the things that were being prepared. There was no anger in her and the teasing did not bite at her self-love or her pride.

In the late afternoon the savors of fresh coffee floated through the house mingled with the richness of roasted fowl and vegetable sauces. The dining table was spread with eight places, they being seven, and the fine nappery had been brought out for use. Seeing how near at hand the feast had come, she put on her cloak and bound her head in a bright scarf, the sun now being near to setting. She went out toward the front of the farm and walked down the lane to the highroad. She opened the gate and prepared the way.





## RELIGION FOR A SCANTY BAND

BY T. L. HARRIS

**A**T PRINCETON, at Chicago, at Harvard stand proud new chapels to serve, it is claimed, the religious needs of their several universities. Certainly they stand as monuments to great wealth. They were built by piety as memorials to the dead. They are intended to meet rather vaguely defined religious needs; but to many, even those keenly concerned with religion, they seem a vain expense.

Wordsworth's Sonnet on King's College Chapel might be used in reply to such criticism:

Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense,  
With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned—

Albeit labouring for a scanty band  
Of white-robed Scholars only—this immense

And glorious Work of fine intelligence.

The band of students who will use these chapels may be small, may be dwindling, but the material witness of stone and mortar to spiritual and æsthetic values amply justifies, we are assured, any expense, since

. . . high Heaven rejects the lore  
Of nicely-calculated less or more.

Admittedly there is an insincere and a thoroughly superficial kind of practicality which objects to any use of money save for economic ends. To the practical man Wordsworth gives a sufficient answer. But are these new university chapels, imitative of medieval or New England piety, apt for

the religion of to-day and to-morrow?

I am disposed to think that an instructive parallel can be drawn between the royal munificence of Henry VI and the mercantile munificence of Mr. Rockefeller and his kind. The walls of King's College Chapel were completed sometime between 1512 and 1515. What a perfect shell they must have been for the celebration of the Latin Mass! Yet that glorious chapel served the purpose for which it had been built less than fifty years. The Reformation came to rob it not only of its ornaments but of its true function. The "scanty band of white-robed scholars" whom Wordsworth saw, were using the chapel for religious purposes—but how different from what the royal saint intended!

No one would ascribe to Henry VI the perspicacity of Mr. Lowell or Mr. Rockefeller; yet to discerning eyes in 1440, when the pious king first planned his college of St. Nicholas, it must have been evident that deep changes in religion were maturing. The great schism in the papacy had recently been closed. The Council of Basel was exciting the theologians of Europe, the Hussites still troubled the Empire, and the movement we call the Renaissance was already beginning to change the intellectual and moral life of educated men. Most important of all, the medieval order was breaking up under the hammer of economic and political events, even as our civilization is being hammered on a like anvil. The chapel

which King Henry VI began and which Henry VIII finished was destined, we realize, to be a memorial to things past. Are the new chapels at Princeton, at Chicago, at Harvard in any better case? Have they not been built by men whose ideas, at least on such matters, are flickering shadows thrown by a dying fire? Have they not been built too late to perform their intended function for any considerable length of time? Are they memorials to dead notions as well as to dead men?

To such questions statistics can give no answer because even if accurate figures are available and even if they are correctly interpreted, statistics tell only of the past; they cannot predict the future. I shall refrain, therefore, from quoting impressive figures showing an increase of attendance at college chapels—they may be encouraging to the devout but they are not convincing to the informed. Nor shall I forecast a gloomy future for religion because other statistical inquiries seem to show a progressive decline in the hold that the Christian religion has over the minds and conduct of educated men. I shall point out tendencies which I myself have observed in each of three widely separated universities.

The builders of college chapels are hardly to be blamed if they have overlooked these tendencies or have miscalculated both their strength and their direction; for the tendencies are too novel to have been reflected in statistics, and they are apparent chiefly among that small minority of students who have both intellectual interest and ability. "They are not all Israel which are of Israel." Few undergraduates deserve to be called students, most are only youthful specimens of the average citizen; they share his tastes and his prejudices, they echo parental platitudes and commonplaces. The majority of students, like their elders, vacillate between two opinions:

that "religion is a good thing if it isn't overdone," and that "science has exposed all that sort of thing." However, the opinions of amiable two-legged sheep count only at the ballot box or when the collection is taken in church—important occasions to be sure, but not decisive for the future of religion. What able young men at the universities are thinking about religion has much more significance for the future of Christianity than what journalists scribble or popular preachers assert.

## II

Six years ago when *Menckentitis* was still the literary disease of Sophomores I noticed that a few had acquired an immunity by reading the works of T. S. Eliot. To-day the *American Mercury*, Sinclair Lewis, and the like have almost entirely lost their hold upon students, while the influence of Mr. Eliot has grown. In almost any alert group of students T. S. Eliot's work is discussed not merely with reference to the technic of poetry, not merely for his principles of criticism, but because of the interest which his general ideas arouse. Now Mr. Eliot's ideas have quite explicit connection with a definite religious system. Mr. Eliot himself would be the first to own that his religious ideas are not original. Yet to the present generation of students they come with all the glamour of novelty and are becoming a fashionable spice for jaded appetites.

Indeed there is some danger that religion will become fashionable and smart for reasons like those which Swift mockingly advanced in his "Argument Against Abolishing Christianity." He wrote: "If Christianity was once abolished how could the Free-thinkers, the strong reasoners, and the men of profound learning, be able to find another subject so calculated in all points whereon to display their abili-



ties? What wonderful productions of wit would we be deprived of. . . . We are daily complaining of the great decline of wit among us, and would we take away the greatest perhaps the only topic we have left?" What Swift affected to fear actually threatened in the past decade. However, when all Freshmen assume the childishness of religion, upperclassmen are inspired to correct them. When the fool says there is no God it is time for the clever to argue on His behalf. The youthful mind rejoices in contradiction and loves a paradox. No doubt such tempers are regrettable. Certainly an interest in religion inspired solely by love of contradiction and by a change of fashion would be ephemeral; such low motives, however, do operate with some students. It is to be hoped that these fulminatory spirits may serve to detonate more powerful yet more stable minds.

Mr. George W. Gray in the *New York Times Magazine* for February 5, 1933, quotes a prominent member of the Senior class at Harvard in these words: "Some of us have been attending Catholic churches. The symbolism is very valuable. James Joyce's acceptance of Romanism and T. S. Eliot's of Anglo-Catholicism have had an influence on students." Mr. Gray might have cited many other men, not only at Harvard, to the same effect. In the confusion and uncertainty of to-day some are looking inquiringly backwards in order to discover at what point safe paths were left and by what route men may return to dignity and security. Not all who look back regretfully share the fate of Lot's wife. Some, to be sure, turn into pillars of salt, bitter and motionless monuments to regression. But others quite deliberately are exploring the possibility of a return to forsaken ways, exactly as Rose, Froude, Keble, and Newman, the leaders of the Oxford Movement, when

bewildered by Liberalism, sought a return a century ago to the ancient paths. T. S. Eliot, I gather, quite consciously advocates a return in matters political, æsthetic, and religious. Certainly many young men attracted by his ideas are considering an orderly retreat from the blind alley in which their contemporaries are stuck.

Others, still perhaps the majority, advocate breaking through the barrier. They assume that the highway proclaimed by our modern prophets, that highway of science wherein wayfaring men though fools shall not err, leads onward in the direction of Naturalism in philosophy, Communism in politics, and Dos Passos and the Russian movies in art.

Sometimes the alternatives are plainly stated in their extremes. Twice in the past few months I have been told outright that the choice lies between Communism and Catholicism. This dilemma, somewhat unreal as many youthful dilemmas are, is not new. Immediately after the War, Dean Inge (whom no one would suspect of temperamental leanings either to Catholicism or Communism) suggested that Europe might have to choose between a red dictatorship and a black. He preferred of two evils the Papal. The dilemma put in its extreme form as a choice between Catholicism and Communism hardly deserves consideration, though in the fantastic hours of early morning the issue may appear in that ghostly light; but increasingly students interested in philosophy, in religion, or in politics are assuming that some choice must be made between a thoroughgoing advance and an orderly retreat—or rather, since the terms advance and retreat are invidious, let us say between a rediscovery of the old and its complete relinquishment. A rediscovery of our past, that is, of European civilization, means a rediscovery of its religion not in the dilu-

tions of Liberalism but in the concentrations of traditional theology whether Catholic or Protestant. That is why both Aquinas and Karl Barth fascinate students who happen upon them. And I imagine that Hitler's experiment with German Protestantism is inspired by the belief that Christianity is a prophylactic against Communism and an important element in Kultur.

### III

"That's all very well," we shall be told, "but the real battle lies more in the realm of conduct than of thought. Young men may trifle with metaphysics and theology, but the easy virtue of those bawdy sciences only seduces since it cannot hold the affection of modern minds. A young man must sow his wild oats in mind as well as in body. Let him dally with metaphysical and theological ideas in the hope that he will settle down with some reputable science. In matters of conduct, whether of personal or social life, youth is incorrigibly secular. Only the most backward pay the slightest deference to Christian principles." So too I imagine Regency wits dismissed the talk of religious revival in nineteenth-century England. Yet many of them lived long enough to wonder at the Victorian reaction. There are signs of a similar reaction to-day. After the Jazz Age comes the Neo-Puritan. Students are more serious, less bibulous, and much more conventional than they were ten years ago.

At times indeed an almost Puritan or monkish note is heard among students. A new asceticism sprouts from the decay of Victorian morality. The motives for this new asceticism, whose practice increasingly resembles that of the old, are neither the fear of hell nor a regard for some absolute moral law, not even the sad severity of utilitarianism with its shopkeeping principles of

profit and loss. No, the ethical motives of youth derive most often from æsthetics. Among English undergraduates the severest ethical condemnation is to say "It isn't good form"; American students have no equivalent phrase, but their standards more and more firmly rest upon the principle that bad form condemns an action no matter what excuse the individual may plead.

Along with the æsthetic motive for ethics there goes another. As Dean Sperry recently pointed out in an article in the *Atlantic*, Science encourages in many of its devotees a harsh discipline of the mind until the scientist learns to suspect what is agreeable, as the monk feared in every pleasure a temptation of the flesh. Now students are beginning to apply this same ascetic principle to ethics. They have been taught that what is comfortable is presumptively untrue and they suspect, therefore, that what is convenient is probably wrong. The stigma of rationalization makes them hesitant over accepting the consolations of religion, but they realize that the same stigma may attach to modern ethics. The doctrines of Bertrand and Dora Russell are too easy to be right. Thus both for æsthetic and for intellectual reasons the new morality so gaily proclaimed in the twenties comes under scrutiny. "The New Morality" sounded a very fine phrase five years ago when we talked of the "New Era in Business," but both phrases echo emptily to a student whose parents have suffered financially and spiritually by a too fervent faith in the creed of the Coolidge era. He wonders whether there may not be some connection between rotten business and rotten morals. The Coolidge era, with its speculative finance and its slogan of self-expression in conduct, stands utterly—perhaps unjustly—condemned by youth.

To claim that this ethical reaction



has at the moment gone widely or far would be false. There is, however, a steady reaction in favor of self-discipline and simplicity of life. In part this follows from economic necessity—poverty is often an ally of chastity; but a more important factor in this ethical reaction is a new appreciation of good form and a fresh emphasis on good taste. The gospel of self-expression no longer goes unquestioned; as one student put it to me, "Self-expression is the distinctive mark of the barbarian." I do not believe that this ethical reaction can be dismissed as a final dividend of the genteel tradition, although the remark just quoted did come from a pupil of Irving Babbitt. The ethical principle which these young neo-Puritans employ is not a merely negative inner check, a ladylike restraint at the banquet of life, but a deliberate effort at getting the meal well cooked and properly served; in these days the Greek love for proportion and the Golden Mean has awakened once again.

Whether an ethical reaction in favor of time-honored virtues will lead towards religion is a matter for speculation. If the æsthetic rule of proportion proves a sufficient sanction (which I doubt) then religion may not be invoked. Quite possibly, as the Humanists insist, ethical motives and goals will be found within society itself without reference to God. Communism certainly seems able to arouse and maintain ethical principles along with an antipathy to any form of religion, and nationalism of the Fascist variety provides a psychotic substitute for what Freud calls "the mass neurosis of religion."

How have these reactionary tendencies developed? The metaphor of reaction begs the question, although it has a limited application when used of mere change in fashion. We soon grow tired of any one mode of dress, of

any one kind of poetry, of any one school of thought. The prophecies of H. G. Wells and Bernard Shaw grow stale and are replaced by those of Spengler and Stuart Chase. Familiarity with the prejudices of Mencken breeds boredom if not contempt. So by reaction, one might say we turn to John Cowper Powys, Edmund Wilson, or I. A. Richards. Possibly mere change of fashion rather than acuteness of insight gives for a moment Whitehead an advantage over Dewey. Without doubt insistent criticism becomes tiresome and produces a reaction of irritation, so that out of mere peevishness one generation may restore idols demolished by the preceding. A generation ago the inhibited child celebrated his chronological maturity by an act of desperate irreligion, a refusal to attend church, or a shocking profession of atheism; nowadays most students come from homes where agnosticism is taken quite as seriously as their grandfathers took Methodism. The grandson, therefore, may show that he has attained years of discretion by attending mass and defending the Catholic faith. Nowadays a young man gets more of a rise out of his parents by attacking science and capitalism than he does by attacking religion, and so some students flirt with orthodoxy in religion and heresy in economics as a mark of their independence. It would, however, be foolish to explain the present tendency toward religion solely as a youthful display of fireworks for the startling of parents, just as foolish, indeed, as explaining the exodus from the churches two generations ago without reference to the real intellectual difficulties of the Victorian era, when science wrestled with religion.

A paragraph of a letter from a student graduating this month thus summarizes his reasons for becoming interested in religion: "It might interest you that this growing interest in

religion owes some of its origin to courses in literature, astronomy, and philosophy. The failure of many men to stand the test of depression and their un-Job-like conduct has caused me to realize what a real religion could do in such a situation." Note how in this summary moral reasons complement intellectual ones. Note also the significant grouping of literature and philosophy with astronomy. A short while ago a man's moral interests were apt to be opposed to his intellectual convictions or, if not opposed at least they were separated. Young men were content to entertain in the mind ideas quite disconnected with the ethical prejudices upon which they attempted to act. Students uncritically accepted as axiomatic ethical principles which in fact were the deposit of that very theology they rejected with contempt.

The summer conferences sponsored by the Student Y afforded the odd spectacle of a fervent idealism divorced from ideas. Students enthusiastically occupied themselves with the ethical trinity of Race, War, and Industry without a thought for the theological and philosophical grounds of their righteous indignation. They wallowed in an idealistic liberalism which almost completely disregarded realities, and assumed the sentimental ethical values of a degenerate Protestantism whose doctrines they rejected with contempt. Unreality stamped all proceedings at most of these summer conferences. But in the past few years a significant change has occurred. The revivalistic methods of social liberals like Sherwood Eddy no longer work; it is becoming harder and harder to stir up enthusiasm for world problems, because problems have moved from Russia and Manchuria to the college campus. Present poverty and the prospect of economic insecurity have introduced a note of seriousness into students' discussions about social prob-

lems. They are learning that a thick head can be as dangerous as a hard heart, that idealism without any ideology ends in futility. Consequently the abler students are seeking solid foundations in a comprehensive theory.

There is no need to elaborate on recent social changes which are forcing students to a graver and more critical view of life. The intellectual and moral exhaustion following the War does not affect many under thirty. Students are too young to remember the ghastly disillusion of the early nineteen twenties. But they see themselves confronted with a crisis, a revolution indeed, almost as exacting of courage, almost as exciting as that which drew their predecessors to France. Fortunately the perils they face are not as yet capital nor are their decisions irretrievable; but present difficulties are acute enough to make for seriousness and shocking enough to render students highly critical of that whole system of ideas which is implicated in, if it did not cause the breakdown of our social and economic order. Explicitly students are criticizing a social system built on capitalism and economic imperialism; also they are beginning to question a materialistic science which they feel has its roots in such a system; and they hold suspect a political ideal of democracy which fosters that system.

Nor is there need to elaborate upon recent changes in our intellectual climate. An optimistic view of evolution, long since disputed in competent circles, loses adherents as rapidly as Protestantism lost adherents in the universities a generation ago. The robust common sense upon which Victorian scientists prided themselves often looks, under cross-examination, like nonsense. Interest in metaphysics and philosophical speculation grows stronger every day. The mantle of authority slips from science. The



limitations of scientific methods are being insisted upon, even exaggerated. Other methods of knowledge, even the most irrational, find new defenders. The names of Eddington, Millikan, Whitehead, Huxley, Haldane are being somewhat recklessly invoked in behalf of ideas to which these eminent men would scarcely lend their sanction. The theories of physicists on relativity and indeterminacy, those of the Gestaltists in psychology are being twisted, distorted, expanded to serve the needs of eager but untrained minds in their determination to construct an intelligible and manageable account of the confused world in which their lot is cast.

Ten years ago destruction was an intellectual sport. Now that the building has been razed almost to the ground, the work of reconstruction is being undertaken and faced seriously. Rebuilding is a less gay and irresponsible task than destruction. It was grand fun to use the high explosive of the mind upon the venerable structures of politics, theology, morals, and literature. It was amusing to blast civilization into smithereens with an epigram, to dissect it with wit. But when these things have been destroyed there remains the work of rebuilding, a task which calls for quite different mental gifts and quite another mood.

#### IV

Our concern in this article, however, is with one pattern in the texture of civilization, namely with religion, though we should remember that the pattern of the whole repeats itself with modifications in the parts, so that what happens in religion has analogies in politics and literature. What seems to be happening, what is likely to happen in religion, what kind of reconstruction can we expect?

Reconstructions usually pose as res-

torations—so the Tractarians a century ago turned to the primitive church for a pattern, as the Reformers had done before them. Revolution overtakes religious as it does political institutions, but the religious mood is so conservative that it usually prefers to accept a revolution in the guise of a reformation. Indeed a sure omen of religious change is talk about a reformation. The first stages of a revolution in religion are made almost always by those who profess to be returning to a forgotten ideal, rarely by those who boast of modernism and exhort the church to keep pace with the times.

The omen is present, the first stages have already been covered. In this connection two movements are particularly significant because both have attained some popularity by their bold but misleading claims to be effecting a restoration in religion. The one is associated with the name of Frank Buchman, the other with that of Karl Barth. The Buchmanites significantly preferred the title of "The First Century Christian Fellowship" until someone with a flair for dubious publicity coined the phrase "The Oxford Group Movement." Certainly the associates of Frank Buchman have no anti-quarian interest in the story of primitive Christianity, and even more certainly they utterly fail to reproduce it. St. Peter would feel much more out of place at a "house party" than he would at High Mass. The Fellowship has, as far as I can make out, little reason to claim that it reproduces original Christianity, and it has still less claim to novelty. Buchmanism is a rehash of religious methods and ideals which have only recently grown cold in the ice-box of Liberal Protestantism. Such success as "the groups" have is due to the zeal of the leaders in recalling the wayward to traditional forms of Protestant piety and to the conven-

tions of Protestant morality, a piety and morality which the jazz age tried to smother but could not forget. Buchmanism, in fact, makes a frontal assault upon the Protestant conscience, but when the attack is successful with an intelligent young man it usually has to be followed up by an advance all along the line. The theology of "the Groups" is so meager in content, so uncritically held, that the abler young men attracted by its appeal to conscience are apt to strike out in a new direction altogether. Like so many reformations, Buchmanism actually leads to a religious revolution among abler minds and freer spirits.

Much more notable is the movement in continental Protestantism associated with the name of Karl Barth. Barth began by returning to the theology of the Reformers in reaction against the liberal Protestantism of pre-war Germany, but among Barthians a real effort is being made to reconstruct rather than to restore orthodox Protestantism. Already this theology of crisis, sprung from the despair of Germany after the War, has begun to influence students in America. As the failure of liberal idealism becomes increasingly evident, as the end of an historic epoch plainly approaches, so the apocalyptic message of the Barthians finds a widening circle of listeners. We must, therefore, reckon on having to deal with a bold but intelligent revival of Protestant orthodoxy, an orthodoxy much better informed than that of Tennessee.

Barthianism and Buchmanism both take their stand on the defensive lines of tradition; the German does so deliberately, the American impulsively. But these two movements are not the only signs of a temporary reaction. Whenever there is definite and dogmatic preaching there is attentive interest. Students may not assent to dogmas but they will listen to doctrinal preaching

because they are tired of the "ifs" and the "maybes" of religious liberalism. Authority, even the appearance of it, wins respect.

However, if the history of past religious movements is any guide, reactions such as Barthianism and Buchmanism have no long future. Both are probably but the antecedents of a new alignment. We shall see fresh lines drawn, a rearrangement of forces, the beginnings of a new campaign. Old battlefields have already quieted down. Here and there a belated skirmish reminds one of the conflict between science and religion. Here and there almost forgotten ecclesiastical controversies flare into a momentary exchange of fire. But a new and wider battle is preparing. Quietly men are taking sides, preparing ammunition, digging trenches, exploring the ground, bringing up reserves. At any moment a fight may be on.

The first exchange may occur in the sector of the line where Communism squarely faces Catholicism, although hostilities may commence anywhere along the front, over an educational theory, over some economic measure, over a school of literary criticism. A gentlemanly row between the followers of Maritain and Richards might explode the magazine, or an exchange of shots between Whitehead and Dewey might precipitate a general engagement, or Hitler's drastic reform of German Protestantism might begin hostilities. On the eve of war situations which appear very complex rapidly simplify. Men are forced to choose. On the one side lie theories, philosophies, programs, tendencies, habits of action, and social alignments which find their sharpest expression in Communism. On the other side lie theologies, political ideas and institutions, systems of ethics, cultural notions and traditions which are most nicely exhibited in Catholicism. Com-



munism and Catholicism seem to be the protagonists with nationalism holding the middle ground, although once the conflict openly breaks out it will appear that the issue is wider and deeper than a clash between Reds and Clericals. The quarrel of the Vatican with Mussolini, the troubles of Catholicism in Spain and Mexico, the protests of American and English divines over the Bolshevik persecution of religion are only preliminary skirmishes.

The issue is not nearly so clear as either Catholic or Communist propagandists suppose. Communism, at least the less doctrinaire forms of it, does appeal to many religiously minded men, and even in its most orthodox forms arouses an enthusiasm so much like religious fervor that only out of deference to the Communists' use of words can we refrain from calling Communism a religion. Young men with genuine ethical passion, with an appetite for a philosophy of life illuminating æsthetics, ethics, politics, and economics, can hardly expect to escape a touch of Marxian fever. Certainly an increasing number of students who formerly would have found in Christianity an inspiration, a scheme, an outlet for their idealism now find it in Communism. They glance at Christianity, whether in its Protestant or Catholic guise, and find it unaccommodated to modern thought. They see churches divided, passionless, mute on many urgent matters. In their disgust they do not always realize how thoroughly Christianity still permeates Christendom. Communism as the novelty has the same initial advantage that Calvinism once enjoyed. It is definite, logical, challenging, comprehensive; but there are signs that under the challenge of Communism Christendom, if not official Christianity, is stirring.

At bottom the quarrel lies in the value allowed the individual. Chris-

tianity has always given the individual a very high place; if "God became Man that man might become divine" then, it follows, mankind and individual men have a noble destiny. This doctrine of the Incarnation explains in large measure why the ethics, the literature, the politics, and the philosophy of Christendom have put upon the individual such a high valuation. The mysteries of Nicene theology, the workings of Anglo-Saxon law, the rise of capitalism and of democracy are connected by a common feeling for the individual—a feeling clean contrary to that which unites scientific materialism with the Soviets.

At the moment the tide appears to be running strongly against the general tradition of Christendom. Certainly the present mood opposes the kind of individualism fostered by Protestantism and by political liberalism. The trend is toward social control, toward a higher estimation of the group, whether of class or of nation. Traditional Protestantism may be bankrupt, but the fortunes of Christianity are not entirely invested in Protestantism. The Catholic tradition—and much that is Catholic lingers waiting to be revived in Protestant circles—has a view of society which occupies a genuinely mediating position between extreme individualism and extreme socialism. In the Catholic tradition both Church and State are given great authority. Their functions are of supreme importance, nevertheless, a due recognition of the nature and rights of the heavenly and the earthly societies is not allowed to obscure the position nor to minimize the worth of the individual soul. Scholars and thinkers with little regard for Catholicism as a religion are increasingly interested in the kind of relationship developed in the Catholic tradition between the individual and society, both ecclesiastical and civil. In this connection the name of Mr.

Tawney comes to mind; but whenever the problem of the individual's relation to society is discussed students are inclined to reappraise traditional solutions very sympathetically.

I do not mean to suggest that we shall see a wholesale capitulation to ultramontane Catholicism; only that there will be a serious reconsideration of much that our forefathers contemptuously rejected and that the coming reconstruction of religion will approximate a restoration of the old.

But no reconstruction of religion can be made without a plan. The time for tinkering is past. If it were merely a matter of patching up Protestantism or Catholicism it would be enough to follow almost without thought the systematic plans upon which Protestantism and Catholicism are built. But even if repairs were possible the plans themselves have been mislaid. Very few know, still fewer appreciate the architecture of orthodoxy. Even the clergy would find it difficult to elucidate in detail the theology which frames and supports their church. They are now being forced either to a rediscovery, a new appreciation of the old theology, as in Barthianism and Neo-Scholasticism, or to a new theology.

## V

Either way will come, indeed is already coming, a revival of interest in theology as queen of the sciences.

About ten years ago I heard students comment on a talk by Von Hugel, the Catholic theologian. They were rather impatient at his theological distinctions and aims though captivated by his spirit. To-day many students show the keenest interest in theological matters. Ideas, they are

coming to recognize, have power. Ideas no doubt grow out of and are nourished by the environment, including in that word environment the tradition of the past and present circumstances in our political and social life; but ideas are also capable of changing the environment and of altering institutions. Without an ideology Communism would be a clumsy device to express the felt but unformulated desires of the masses. Without a theology Christianity is merely the sentimental blathering of kindly souls. Communism is militant because it has an ideology. In spite of the Report on *Re-thinking Missions*, Christianity can be missionary only if it has a theology. At least among students religion wears once again a theological dress.

We may then quite confidently declare that religion among the educated is already entering upon a brief period of reaction. Traditional dogmas, traditional practices, and time-honored institutions will experience at least a brief revival. New wine is being poured into old bottles. If, as is probable, they fail to stretch, the wine will find new containers. We may also be sure that the present confusion, intellectual, political, and ethical, in which the modern world has wandered for a generation will soon begin to clear. The molten mass is crystallizing out. Existing tensions will increase, converge, and finally reveal fairly clear antitheses. I doubt whether religious minds will be found wholly on one side or on the other, but I have no doubt at all that in fifty years' time whatever of religion remains in the universities will be profoundly affected by conflict and by contact with those tendencies which now find their most dramatic exhibition in Russia.





## THE FORD IN THE JUNGLE

BY WILSON FOLLETT

THERE seems to be something about vehicles of transportation which renders them uniquely liable to the most whimsical vagaries of human conduct.

Queequeg, the richly tattooed cannibal of *Moby Dick*, lands at Sag Harbor and is offered a wheelbarrow in which to carry his heavy sea chest to his boarding house. He puts his chest thereon and lashes it fast; then, "not to seem ignorant of the thing," he shoulders barrow and all and marches on his way up the long wharf. The final destiny of a Gloucester fishing dory—for its size the ablest seagoing open boat ever devised—is to be filled with loam and sown with flowering plants in the front yard of some cottage ashore; and there at last it becomes one with the earth which it contains. Lordly square-rigged ships of the old time end their days as dance-halls, gambling casinos, speakeasies—in short, as whatever lies at the farthest remove from their natural aptitude and gift. There is a man in Beverly Hills who, whenever he has been drinking late at night, backs his eight-cylinder car out onto the drive directly under a neighbor's window and races the engine with the cut-out open. This he does without the slightest impulse to go anywhere, until someone calls up the police. As soon as they come, he good-naturedly desists. Happily perhaps for those who are using the roads, it never occurs to him at such times that a car is transportation.

Of all strange perversions wreaked by human ingenuity upon man-made things designed to wheel, slide, sail, or fly, the strangest I ever heard of concerns the odyssey of Miss Mellett's Ford. That curious affair took something like a ton of touring car, by ways devious, wild, and (you would say) impassable, from the heart of the most completely motorized country on earth into the heart of a roadless jungle in the Dark Continent. It is a perfectly true and provable occurrence, too—one which deserves on its merits to be more widely known. To my mind it gains rather than loses interest by the fact that it came about through no ignorance of some newly Christianized Polynesian or crudely painted savage, but rather through the extravagant whim of a delicately nurtured, highly cultivated, apparently sane American lady, a medical missionary and teacher. Miss Mellett—I shall not state her actual name—was and is an apostle of civilization among the Vai tribes of Liberia in equatorial West Africa.

The time was a decade ago, before Mr. Firestone was quite ready to annex Liberia to the rubber industry. In the entire Republic the sum of all the roadway traversable by wheeled vehicles was then less than a mile, and that was all in one piece in the center of Monrovia, the seaport capital. The destination of the Ford in question was Miss Mellett's permanent headquarters eighty miles inland from Monrovia—a station consisting partly

of a school for Vai girls and partly of a medical dispensary for the nomad clans to which the girls belonged.

The barracklike buildings stand on stilts in a clearing near the edge of a black and sluggish forest creek. This clearing is hard pressed on all sides by so rank, dank, and dense a black jungle that it takes faithful daily toil with ax and machete to keep the buildings from being engulfed. In the rainy season the jungle trees for miles round are rooted in a black lake, and in this temporary lake the permanent creek is lost and invisible.

The spongy soil for scores, perhaps hundreds, of feet down is nothing but accumulated jungle decay—from the incessant moldering out of which springs all the upper rankness of foliage and vine. Whatever stands in one place on that soil, if it possesses the property of weight, is presently swallowed bodily into it.

Nevertheless, that is where Miss Mellett wanted her Ford; and—perhaps because she was delicately nurtured, perhaps because she was highly cultivated, perhaps just because she was a woman and had made up her mind—that spot is where Miss Mellett's Ford ended its incredible itinerary.

Such is the place. Now survey the way out to Monrovia, which is likewise the way in—the path which visiting Fords, like other missionaries of civilization, must follow.

At the edge of the jungle, fifty yards from the door of the main building, you mount upon a monkey-bridge, gradually ascending. A monkey-bridge is the aerial pathway which man engineers by a little rearrangement here and there of nature's lavish raw materials—chiefly liana vines, some of them hundreds of feet long, festooned from tree to tree. This sort of bridge sways sickeningly in midair as you traverse it, at any level from head-height to

far up in the branches of lofty trees where the monkeys are at home. Below it, out of sight in the lower riot of vegetation, is swamp as devouring as the deadliest quicksands and filled with noxious gases. This particular monkey-bridge is like a quasi-horizontal rope ladder which does not touch the ground again for thirty miles.

The Ford, believe it or not, went over that thirty-mile rope ladder.

Its other end, thirty miles toward the coast, descends from the jungle tree tops to the sandy shore of a lagoon at the head of small-boat navigation. Half a mile away across the lagoon is another group of barracklike buildings—a school for Vai boys, exactly corresponding to Miss Mellett's establishment for girls, and under the same auspices. Here you pause and shout lustily, or you may simply wait to be noticed. Sooner or later a thirty-foot power boat comes over from the school to ferry you across, and thence thirty more miles down the lagoon to its mouth.

Here you are within sight and sound of the great open sea. But there are only a few hours in any year when you are within reach of it; for the mouth of the lagoon is closed by a submerged sandbar, and over this sandbar the lazy Atlantic rollers break in practically all weathers with such steepness that even the smartly paddled native dugouts are often turned over backward in the daring attempt to climb them. (When this occurs the paddlers do not commonly escape drowning; but there are always more paddlers.) Your open power boat would be swamped here like a cockleshell in the Niagara rapids. You must, then, walk the remaining twenty miles to Monrovia along the shore, in sand and scrub and thorn. So doing, you will notice skeletons along the way. Not all of them are skeletons of beasts.

Miss Mellett, a woman ardent for



her work, sustained and exalted by it, stayed for eight years continuously in that jungle fastness of hers, where it is supposed to be a suicide for any Caucasian to remain without the orthodox six months "outside" in every twenty-four. Not having had an hour's illness in all that time, she saw plainly that she was the one white person in ten thousand who is born with a special immunity and that she might safely stay forever.

But there was one immunity which she did not possess. Possibly the prolonged and abnormal residence without the customary holiday had turned her mind a little queer. Possibly her voluntary isolation had begun to make her see things a little out of focus. However that may be, she succumbed at last to that species of tropical homesickness which takes the form of an inexplicable and defiant craving for the appurtenances of civilized, even sophisticated and luxurious living. In her ninth year she developed a specific hankering; and, since she was a woman of some independent means, she was able to gratify it.

She sent out an order—an order addressed to the States—an order for a Model T Ford touring car.

Three months later this order reached its destination and was filled. In the fullness of time a huge crate was taken aboard a freighter at New York. It was unloaded at Amsterdam in the Netherlands and there transhipped to a Dutch freighter clearing for West Coast ports and Capetown. It made one round voyage clear back to Amsterdam, buried in a forward hold under a cargo of grain which could not be shifted to get at it. But on its second return passage from South Africa it had better luck. It was slung overside onto a lighter three miles off Monrovia and thence delivered safe to the wharf of a Dutch shipping agent in the town.

Eighteen months from the time of her original order, and well into the tenth year of her exile, Miss Mellett received word in her jungle eighty miles away that her Model T Ford was waiting for her, and that she was, please, to come and get it at her earliest convenience.

Miss Mellett knew whom to send for. She had words with Leighton, a mechanically inclined young American and rolling stone who was teaching the manual arts and installing a saw-mill at the boys' school near the head of the lagoon. The next week he set out down the lagoon in the school's power boat, taking a kit of tools, plenty of provisions, and a troop of Vai porters. He could not, of course, get the power boat to Monrovia through the surf on the sandbar, and it was a long day's march from the end of navigation to the town.

Leighton settled the freight and customs charges with Miss Mellett's money; they came to a little less than the list price of the car. With a hand pump he got some air into the tires of the uncrated machine and had his porters push it as far as there was solid footing on its way up the coast toward the motor boat—a clear gain of half a mile. There, under a cluster of palms, he got out his tools and resolved the Ford into its elements, turning it over to his porters in lots as near to fifty pounds each as the composition of a Ford would allow, and keeping a meticulous record of every parcel. At sunset of the fifth day, after untellable exertions, he had the dismembered Ford as far as the boat landing inside the sandbar. Three trips by boat, in three more days, landed it and the porters at the boys' school. One more march from the boat landing put the *disiecta membra* into a storage shed, where Leighton locked them up while he slept the clock around.

The next day he walked over the

thirty miles of monkey-bridge to report progress and ask Miss Mellett once more if she really, genuinely, unalterably wanted the Ford brought to her headquarters in the jungle. By this time he was itching to keep the machine himself, not only for the mechanical instruction of his native protégés, but also as a plaything for his own leisure. The gentle monomaniac stared at him in a way to show that she thought he must be losing his mind and answered that, naturally, she did want it. The next day he walked back to his own school; and the day after that his long file of porters shouldered the fifty-pound units before dawn and trundled them, precariously swaying, over the same airy route to their final destination.

Leighton dismissed his porters. Two days later he had the Ford reassembled in front of the main building. Also, he had water in its radiator, oil in its crankcase, gasoline in its tank, and a cluster of dry cells in place of the storage battery which had died without ever having lived. He flipped over the crank. To his gratified amazement the engine started at the second spin. For many hours it was allowed to run at half-throttle without stopping. It ran, in fact, until the porter-conveyed fuel was gone. Miss Mellett thanked Leighton sweetly, dismissively; and the next morning he walked home without a question, almost without a word. Loquacity was stunned in him; so, almost, was curiosity.

The next month the rains began. The climate of Liberia took hold upon Detroit's emissary in that place. It is a climate in which the finest glass lenses break out in all manner of scabs and blisters and in which tin shortly becomes as leaf-mold. For the Ford it was a race between absorption into the earth and simple chemical dissolution. Whether the Model T sank into that spongy ground or became

substantively one with it, no man could have said without watching the process day and night until it was over. The next time Leighton picked his way over the monkey-bridge—swaying now over a vast and alligator-infested inland lake—the Ford was no more. It had not left so much as a dimple or a streak of rust on the surface. All Leighton could think of, he says, was the ruined trousers of Anastasie's husband in *The Treasure of Franchard*: "They have been. Their tense is past. O excellent pantaloons, you are no more."

It was then that Leighton finally mustered the initiative to demand of Miss Mellett what she had wanted the contraption for. Had she, perhaps, required it as propaganda to enlist the interest of the Vai chiefs in some jungle road-making? Was it an earnest of her faith, fanatical but touching, in the future of transportation in those unpromising parts?

Once more he found himself being stared at as if patently mad. But this time curiosity got its answer. "What did I want it for? Why, *this!*" said Miss Mellett triumphantly and handed him two exhibits.

The first was a snapshot on a coated post card. It showed the Ford standing where Leighton had assembled it, with its recognizable background of the school buildings on their flimsy stilts, and behind them the encroaching primordial jungle. In the seats were smiling lady members of the teaching staff, and on the roof was a huge sign bearing, for all the world to read, the words of Miss Mellett's hand-lettered defiance:

THEY SAID WE COULDN'T DO IT, BUT  
WE DID!!!

"I have sent a lot of these post cards home," she said dreamily, raptly. "I have sent one to everybody I could think of."



The second exhibit was a newly arrived issue of the missionary magazine published under the auspices which founded the schools. It was open at a halftone reproduction of the same snapshot, framed in a glowing article largely made up of excerpts from a letter of Miss Mellett's to the missionary board. She displayed with bland and gentle triumph this public record of her inconceivable success. Leighton skimmed through it, wondering casually if his name would be mentioned. It wasn't.

A few months afterward he came "outside" for his first six months' leave. When, at Monrovia, he boarded the Dutch freight and mail steamer for Amsterdam, he fully expected to go back for another two-year term. No sooner had he got into the Swiss Alps and stopped his quinine, however, than he began to have touches of malaria. The doctors never let him return.

He got over the malaria after long and recurrent bouts with it. But he has never got over the bizarre and nightmarish experience with Miss Mellett's Ford. One picture, especially, which sticks like a burdock burr in his memory, has always seemed to him so fantastic that whenever he wakes suddenly in the night and thinks of it he is sure for a moment that it must be something remembered from a delirium or an ether dream.

It is a picture from the small hours of that night when, after endless hours of sweating in the steamy jungle sunlight, he at last got the machine assembled, adjusted, and started. It ran, filling the clearing with its muffled rumor, while he was taking his primitive shower and dining at the teachers' table. At twilight it was still going, and he sauntered out and turned on the headlights, which directed a blinding glare into the rank, poisonously

vivid foliage roundabout. Already, he noticed, the wheels had sunk nearly halfway to their hubs. Miss Mellett would not let him stop the engine at bedtime. The sound, she said, was meat and drink to her. Leighton, sleeping in a guest room at one front corner of the long dormitory, did not find it meat and drink to him. Exhausted as he was, he tossed and turned until long after midnight. Then he got up and stepped out through his window to the screened balcony, thinking to soothe himself with a cigarette.

He was arrested in the act of striking his match. Just clear of the surrounding jungle, and full in the glare of the Ford's headlights, a doe and her two fawns stood in frozen postures, staring, their breasts a startling white, their eyeballs luminous and glittering points of green. Then Leighton began to see, ranged along the margin of the forest, other such tiny wells of green light, all in pairs. In troops, in multitudes, the woodland creatures were coming to listen and to look. From a respectful distance they gazed into the bright eyes of the unknown monster, giving it back stare for stare.

From far at one side of the clearing a shadow appeared, slinking along the ground, following the curve of the jungle. As it passed into the dim outer fringe of the headlights' glow two burning green spots began to show at its head. The shadow moved on with velvet smoothness and utter silence, passing into the full light. The green points burned suddenly brighter. It was an enormous leopard, moving in a stealthy reconnoitering half-circle across the open space, step by catlike step, belly almost brushing the ground, head turned inflexibly at a right angle to the sinuous body, eyes riveted upon the source of blinding light. The leopard passed so close in front of the doe that he could have switched her

forelegs with his tail. She did not move a muscle or twitch an uplifted ear.

Not until he had crossed the area of light and become a mere lurking shadow beyond did some fitful lower current of air bring his scent to the doe. Then the picture shattered like frosted glass. In one motion, a wheeling, flying leap, she was gone into the impenetrable jungle, the two fawns bounding wildly at her flanks. Faint receding crashes in underbrush told the direction of their flight along the creek bank. The green coals disap-

peared, pair after pair, from about the fringe of forest. From the high surrounding trees the tribes of monkeys burst out by scores, and then over wider areas by hundreds, in shrieks, gibes, imprecations. They sounded like the ungreased wheels of a thousand ox-carts slowly turning.

For a few moments they quite drowned out the vibrant drone of the Ford engine, now just settling into a steadier, deeper rhythm above the spot which was in so brief a time to be its unmarked grave.

## TO MY SISTERS AND BROTHER

BY JOHN A. HOLMES

**I**T IS too late to use the map  
 Our parents used. Lay out your own  
 Roads westward, curt and confident;  
 Cross mountains and meridians,  
 And run to meet your own delight.

*It is too late to follow paths  
 Hard-packed by feet a long time dead.  
 New areas of pain now lie  
 Between the traveler and truth.  
 Rivers have cut new channels out,  
 And younger trees are hung with fruit.*

*Under a strong light spread your map,  
 And plot the dear essential dream  
 In the fierce color of your blood.  
 Then say good-by. Your star is up.  
 Trust your own heart to set you free  
 Along the curve of time, and go.*





## THEY CALL IT BARTER

THE NEW ECONOMICS IN OHIO AND IOWA

BY GEORGE R. LEIGHTON

**C**OMMUNITY Business Conducted By Barter! Organized unemployed, a group without money, operate factory, repair shops, restaurant, and store by exchanging their labor for necessities. . . . We'll get along without the financial system—without dollars. Other financial systems have been destroyed. Always they have been replaced by systems of barter and trade. After all, you can't eat money. And a \$10 bill won't repair a leaky roof.

On such a triumphant note most of the barter stories coming out of the West were pitched. It isn't strange that many of these self-help projects, born of the depression, should have regarded themselves as practical demonstrations of a new and revolutionary business economy. Ordinary business had thrown their members out, neck and crop. There was an absolute necessity for getting hold of food and clothing somehow, and there was a more than sneaking desire for nose-thumbing at the system that had shown them no mercy.

Hope springs eternal, and upon hope the most fervent reportorial imaginations fixed themselves. Feature writers, magazine authors, and popular economists announced to the country that, if necessary, people could do without money and yet sustain themselves. American ingenuity, which had broken through a thousand bar-

riers in the past, had now obliterated the last and greatest of all—money. It had proved that within a price-and-profit system it was possible for people to live without either. It had proved that in a land of great natural wealth, money was unnecessary and that, by crossing the bridge of barter and exchange, we might arrive painlessly in a new era where bank failures were unknown and cultural nightingales sang of co-operation and brotherly love the long day through. The prestidigitation of the investment banker of 1925 was pitiful when compared to the legerdemain which we were told could be accomplished by the barter exchange of 1933.

A close examination of some widely publicized self-help organizations has revealed how far this glittering hope is removed from the actual state of affairs. "Doing Business Without Money," published in last month's HARPER'S, described the progress of the new economics in Dayton, Ohio. The Dayton Association of Co-operative Production Units, efficiently administered and backed by the city government, has proved itself to be an economical form of relief and has done wonders in resuscitating the self-respect and determination of its members. The Dayton Mutual Exchange, functioning by way of a capricious and uncertain individualism, has a less enviable record. The point to be made

here is that if you regard either of these two projects as a form of *relief*, then their success or lack of it should be judged from a relief point of view. If they are regarded as businesses, that is something else again. Neither of the two—nor any other self-help organizations that the author knows of—is independent of money; both organizations are absolutely dependent upon money capital.

Recently the most determined efforts have been made to secure federal recognition and aid for the self-help movement. They have been successful and the LaFollette-Wagner-Costigan bill, now law, contains the following clause:

Provided, That the Administrator may certify out of the funds made available by this subsection additional grants to States applying therefor to aid needy persons who have no legal settlement in any one State or community, and to aid in assisting cooperative and self-help associations for the barter of goods and services.

This simply means that numbers of persons in the self-help movement began to understand that a moneyless paradise was impossible and that private sources were a doubtful dependence. The obvious recourse was to the government; hence the permission to use government funds. At once the matter is moved over into the domain of relief—which is quite another story from the establishment of a moneyless economy.

The present article is an examination of two strikingly dissimilar projects which have attracted wide attention, one in Yellow Springs, Ohio, and the other in the corn-belt town of Waterloo, Iowa.

Yellow Springs is a village of thirteen hundred inhabitants, located in southwestern Ohio and known as the seat of Antioch College, a liberal institution of learning founded in 1853 by Horace

Mann. In 1920, after a long period of stagnation, the college was resuscitated under the leadership of Arthur Morgan, an engineer whose reputation was established through his connection with the Miami Valley Flood Control and who recently was appointed by President Roosevelt to take charge of the Tennessee Valley Project. One of the best known features of Antioch has been the arrangement through which students can go to college and hold outside jobs in alternating periods, thus paying their own way. The effects of the depression on the college and on this section of the student body were so severe that President Morgan cast about for some means of easing the pressure. The result was the establishment of the Midwest Exchange, a distribution service for manufacturers and producers, and a subsidiary retail store in the college town called the Yellow Springs Exchange.

The Midwest Exchange, the parent organization, was incorporated on August 12, 1932. It will be of interest in the light of the Exchange's subsequent history to insert here two bits of documentary evidence. The first is from the articles of incorporation as they were filed at Columbus: "The purpose or purposes for which it (the Midwest Exchange) is formed are: *To relieve unemployment, to facilitate the exchange of goods and services, and to further the general interests of the members and the community at large.*" The second is from a letter of Mr. Morgan's, published in the *New Republic* for August 24, 1932, under the caption "Antioch Tackles the Depression," which announced to the world what was under way: "One of the many phases of the (Antioch) plan includes the development of a laboratory of socially motivated industry, and in partial fulfillment of our aim, Antioch has undertaken to attack unemployment and frozen resources in its territory."



As originally set up, the Midwest and the Yellow Springs Exchanges had a cash capital of \$4,790, and boasted a staff of ten persons including three traveling men. Ambitious plans of all sorts were entertained, a publicity bulletin was regularly issued, and in general it was hoped that the project "might transform the economic life and thought of the village and countryside." During the summer of 1932 a splendid field day was announced with lemonade, ice cream, and enthusiasm on tap in torrents; all were invited from far and near and a large farm crowd was expected. Unhappily the enthusiasm did not prove to be infectious, and there appeared at the celebration one farmer with his family and a number of children from the village. Incidents of this sort have blown most of the foam from the enterprise. Adversity and the struggle for existence have withered any gratuitously benevolent instincts which the Exchanges possessed, and their policy is now strictly business. The splendid bulletin, charged with enthusiasm, has vanished, and its place is taken by a commodity list much cheaper to print and requiring no editorial fervor whatever. Where rosy publicity was first desired and received from newspapers and magazines throughout the country, it is now strictly avoided, and the clipping-bureau subscription has been allowed to lapse. In a report made to the directors in February, the vice-president stated: "We had much favorable publicity, so much in fact that we find it difficult to live up to our reputation." It was at this time that a drastic reorganization took place, the staff being cut to six people and salaries reduced wherever possible. Authority is now firmly lodged in the hands of Mr. Morgan and his elder son.

The Midwest Exchange proposes to act as a credit clearing house and en-

able its manufacturer members to exchange goods and services for other products that they need, and to do this largely without the use of money. Twenty firms are members and have paid \$25 for the privilege. A separate agreement is drawn up between each member and the Midwest, specifying the amount of credit allowed to either side. An art foundry extends \$500 worth of credit to the Exchange, but works of art are slow movers in these times, and hence the foundry is allowed a much smaller credit in return—in this case \$100. On the other hand, food is vital, and the position of a wholesale grocer in the Midwest is important—and delicate. He also gives the Midwest \$500 worth of credit but receives dollar for dollar credit in return. The same thing happens in the case of a tea and spice company, a hardware jobber, and so on. The world may pause before it buys a pump, but sugar, coffee, and electric bulbs it must have.

Now arises the first great problem in a commodity exchange. That everlasting problem is: how can the need for necessities, which is constant, be balanced against the need for articles much less in demand? The strain on the members supplying necessities is continuous, and the only way to ease this strain is with cash. The Midwest has had to have cash for this purpose, and a sizable portion of its working capital has gone to liquidate such claims. The only recourse is to increase the list of members so that a variety of products is available.

At once another problem appears. If the members are to have confidence in the exchange they must be assured that the other members are reliable; in other words, the credit rating of the members must be good. Else the exchange, if its capital be small, runs the risk of collapse in a single deal. At the present moment there is no such thing as credit rating among the exchanges of

the country, and the absence of it is a serious obstacle. In the early stages, of course, such a rating is impossible, but meanwhile, despite our dire financial straits, many producers will prefer to do business, however small, in regular channels rather than risk loss in a venture carried on in the dark. Suppose an offer of a carload of rice is received from a California exchange. Suppose the exchange in Ohio goes ahead, makes a deal with its grocer member, and uses up its credit on the deal. Suppose subsequently it is discovered that the California exchange only thought it had the rice, or the rice turns out to be of inferior quality. The affairs of the Ohio exchange are instantly thrown into turmoil. If the deal is a large one and the exchange's capital is small, the exchange may be wiped out. In the case of the Midwest, it has had no misfortunes of this sort because its members are personally known to the management and the credit of all is established. Yet the *Midwest itself* has no rating and in expanding its list of members has a two-edged problem. Its prospects must be reliable and they must be assured that the Midwest is reliable also.

Another difficulty in assembling a list of member firms is involved in the disparity between producer and consumer goods. A manufacturer can use coal and so can anyone else, but lisle socks are of no use in running a factory and there is no place for leather belting in a home. Thus at the present moment the Midwest would have no use whatever for members who manufacture steam shovels or baking machinery, however good their rating, whereas office supplies and dried fruits are earnestly desired and not, as yet, forthcoming.

How are these members to be secured? The Midwest was lucky in starting with a number personally known to the management, yet despite

all it has taken enormous labor to keep the wheels moving and interest aroused. Often the head of a business has looked kindly on the Midwest's efforts and been willing to join. At the last it would be found that his purchasing and selling departments were so tied with contracts and agreements that they could not move. Again, firms often find that exchange is so complicated and requires so much time that it is cheaper, even in 1933, to do business in the regular way. This is not to be construed as a defense of our business organization; commodity exchanges merely reflect and magnify the shortcomings of that organization. Nor does it mean that inefficiency and dilatoriness are confined to commodity exchanges. There are more incompetents engaged in commerce to-day, despite the scythe-work of bankruptcy and collapse, than the exchange movement has ever seen.

The Midwest issues a monthly revised list of available goods and services. On merchandise the commission it charges may go as high as 60 per cent, depending upon the circumstances. Each deal is made on a market-price basis. In exchange of services it charges a commission of 10 per cent. Here there is a possibility of trouble, for in these times services do not fetch high prices. A member exchanging manufactured goods for services may easily force the price of services or labor down.

## II

The Yellow Springs Exchange, subsidiary of the Midwest, was intended to serve as a local retail outlet where goods of all kinds could be exchanged and the neighboring farmers could swap their surplus produce for groceries or other things they needed. The store accumulated a stock of clothing, second-hand goods and furniture, and articles of all kinds. It did not take



long, however, for the village to swap what desirable typewriters, refrigerators, lawn mowers, or other goods they had, and the Exchange is getting rid of the rest as quickly as possible. The second-hand or hand-to-mouth swap has about disappeared. It now stocks groceries and hardware, and is considering building materials, all of which come from out of town through the Midwest.

The business of the Yellow Springs Exchange is carried on for the most part in scrip, though they sell for cash wherever possible. There was \$1,212 worth of this scrip in circulation at the time of the writer's visit. This was backed by readily salable merchandise, a most important circumstance that does not obtain with many exchanges which have ballooned their inventory figures to balance their scrip issue.

Business done during the first seven months was as follows:

October.....	\$900.05
November.....	1,103.42
December.....	1,009.25
January.....	911.73
February.....	1,105.25
March.....	1,345.55
April.....	1,184.29

Small as this volume may seem, it runs ahead of the Dayton Mutual Exchange which, during the six months preceding the writer's visit, had done an average monthly business of \$686 in a city of 200,000. Despite its superior showing, the Yellow Springs Exchange has been operating at a loss and only now is getting in sight of a going basis.

What the future of the Midwest and its subsidiary will be it is impossible to say. We are living in a time when nothing is certain; the ground under our feet is shifting, and on that shifting ground business itself, still clinging to price and profit, is changing through the pressure of necessity. To ask what the Midwest would be under an-

other scheme of things is futile. It is doing business under the one now in existence and makes its plans accordingly; because of that fact its field for experiment is rigidly limited. The management feels that the survival of the two exchanges depends upon the outcome of a tug of war. A slowly increasing list of members pulls one end, a rapidly dwindling capital pulls the other. If the capital goes first—and the most strenuous efforts are being made to hold the cash balance at a standstill—and no more is forthcoming, then the Midwest is through. If the membership grows and the management is able, it may survive; yet this very survival is predicated upon the survival of our traditional economy.

From that fact the principal conclusion may be drawn. In a competitive world you must compete; there is no escape; and the Midwest, while it fights for survival, is competing too. Some interest has been shown toward co-operatives, but the Midwest membership consists of private firms. Success would mean that the members are in a well nigh impregnable position for competition with non-member firms in the open market. There is, too, the possibility that the Midwest may find it to its advantage to restrict the amount of commodities taken from a single member and buy on the open market at a lower price the goods which it formerly took from the member. This working both ends against the middle is nothing new; business has been doing it for years. What necessity has begun, profit can and does carry on. The tooth and claw are with us still. Chance and necessity must decide, but it seems fair to say that the more successful the Midwest becomes, the greater risk it will run of being pushed back into a business economy now under the gravest suspicion.

We have said that the Midwest is a business. It is certainly not a cultural

or educational enterprise. Despite the splendid intentions specified in its articles of incorporation, it has not done much to relieve unemployment nor does it promise to. Partly by chance and partly by design, the Midwest has turned into a manufacturers' trade association pure and simple. If a canning company in Indiana enters an exchange deal and takes printing from the Antioch Printing Company, that is certainly new business for the Antioch Printing Company, but how does it help employment in Indiana? By taking work from a printer whose business has shrunk already and who, in all probability, has already docked wages and fired employees? This condition is fully known to the Midwest. A report of the vice-president discusses the possibility of making mops in a village production unit and disposing of them to wholesalers. "Without intending to be pessimistic," he says, "and only to suggest conditions which we must recognize, I should add that such a study may, in all probability, develop that the people who now make the mops have better equipment than we have and may be working on starvation wages. *Of course we can beat some of this competition, but we must tackle it with our eyes open.*" That single sentence (the italics are mine) describes better than anything else could the situation of the Midwest in a world of price, profit, and competition.

### III

If you want to see a town that is sullen, bitter, and afraid, go to Waterloo, Iowa. Iowa is one of the richest agricultural sections in the world, it boasts a higher literacy average than any other State in the union; but neither natural wealth nor literacy is of much avail now. The State is in very deep water. Scarcely a day passes without dispatches telling of martial

law, obstructed farm sales, evictions, and mortgage misery. Remley Glass's "Gentlemen, the Corn Belt!" in the July HARPER's shows how bitter the rural temper has become. Misfortunes like those described in that article are one of the chief causes of the plight of Waterloo; for this town of 40,000 people is directly dependent upon agriculture. Scarcely more than a decade ago the manufacture of farming implements began there on a large scale, and one of the plants, at the top of the boom, employed 3,200 men. Now not a wheel turns; there is no farm money for tractors any more. The result is that the implement works which, along with a large packing plant, were the chief industries of the town, are now high and dry.

To man these factories it was necessary to bring in skilled labor in considerable numbers. Many of these workmen settled in Waterloo. Then, as farm prices dropped, fewer implements and tractors were sold and the imported labor was stranded. The crash of '29 was the last straw and, one after another, the plants began closing down. Outside the city the mortgages were being foreclosed, and finally the Waterloo banks began to go. Two of the most important ones merged to save themselves, failed in the attempt, and suspended on July 13, 1932. In the end the city was left with a single bank, a savings bank. At the time of the writer's visit, almost a year later, reorganization of the commercial banks was still dragging wearily along.

As the feeling of desolation in the city deepened, the unemployed grew more restive. From conversing in little groups on street corners and in small gatherings beside the river, they went on to holding open meetings in the public parks. At about the time that the merged bank failed, a Communist organizer arrived, and a Commu-



nist Unemployed Council was formed. This circumstance served to crystallize sentiment among the unemployed and shortly thereafter there arose a John the Baptist. Tormented by the misery about him, wrathful at relief of a poor-house brand, brutally administered by political hacks, this man began preaching organization, calling upon the jobless to go to Minnesota and harvest potatoes which were rotting in the ground. The plan was to gather these potatoes on shares and bring the produce back to Waterloo. Several of these expeditions were actually made; they marked the beginning of the Waterloo Unemployed Relief Club, which at its height claimed more than 2,000 members.

Relief in Iowa is not administered by a town or municipality but by the county, through the board of supervisors and the overseer of the poor. How many destitute there are in Waterloo nobody knows; for an adequate survey has never been made. Nevertheless, the number of families on county relief rose from 680 in February, 1932, to 1,340 families in the same month of 1933. Thus at the most conservative estimate, 5,360 persons depended on county relief during this past February; 256 major and 110 minor cases (families), or a conservative total of 1,464 more persons, depended on relief from the Welfare League, an arm of the Community Chest. This would make a total so far of nearly 7,000 dependent persons, most of whom are residents of Waterloo. But this is not all. Under a law rigorously enforced, a person must have been a resident of the county for at least a year before he may apply for and possibly receive relief. In the case of imported factory labor, this provision has excluded many persons, unemployed and destitute, who might otherwise have possibly received relief. There are no figures available for the destitute

colored population of the town, though some are included among those given above. From \$37,920 spent on relief in 1931, relief costs rose to \$165,776 in 1932. Early in 1933 an appropriation of \$70,000 from the R.F.C. helped to shore up relief to an extent. The bleak tax prospect is matched only by the widespread criticism—not alone among the unemployed—of the relief administration as archaic, inefficient, and ruthlessly hard and humiliating.

The Unemployed Relief Club of Waterloo was organized August 29, 1932. Despite the fervor and sincerity of the first leader, he proved unable to maintain his position. Dissensions ended in a violent rebellion and a deputy sheriff member, sworn in before the Minnesota expedition, took over the reins. His administration is still in the saddle. The reorganized club incorporated itself on October 28th, adopted a constitution, and got down to business. Some of the clauses of this constitution are interesting and throw some light on the character of the organizers. It declares that the club "may admit as members any *white* person, male or female, more than eighteen years of age." This excludes negroes and is intended to do exactly that, in sharp contrast with the Dayton Production Units, discussed last month, which have erased the color line in their dealings. The proposal of a basketball game with a colored team was refused by the Waterloo Club on a vote by the General Assembly. An "undesirable person" may not belong to the Waterloo organization, an undesirable being defined as "any person proven beyond question to be immoral, criminal, or a habitual lawbreaker." This clause is effective in the exclusion of Communists—twenty were thrown out early in the game—and again offers a contrast with Dayton, where political beliefs are not challenged. The oath which every

member must take contains a curious clause to the effect that the member must promise to support the national government and "never use my influence against its laws and institutions." Outspoken comment on the prohibition amendment and the condition of the farmers gives this clause a comic flavor.

As organized, the club has a multitude of officers—thirty in all—with rather splendid titles, but real control is lodged in the hands of the President and the General Manager. These offices are now held by one man, the deputy sheriff who took over control after reorganization. The President, through appointees, may virtually control the assembly; and as the club is now geared, this official has almost dictatorial powers and, with two close associates, practically runs the organization by fiat. Organized unemployed everywhere have found that executive authority with power to act is absolutely necessary if the machine is to run, but in Waterloo the concentration of power has offered endless opportunity for dissension and altercation. As a result of purgings, withdrawals, and secessionist movements, the maximum of 2,224 members had dropped to 720 at the time of the writer's visit, and an unemployed organization in opposition was in the process of formation.

What has the Unemployed Relief Club actually done? Through the assistance of some of the townspeople it has equipped a warehouse as a headquarters and there maintains a commissary, a restaurant which serves about one hundred meals a day. It has a department for the repair and alteration of shoes and clothing collected in the town. It has a barber shop and has discovered that finger waves are very popular with the men. The writer has seen a number of corn-belt stalwarts emerging from the barber shop, their heads glittering with varnish and gloriously marcelled. The

club runs a garage, makes furniture, gives minstrel shows, dances, and athletic exhibitions for its members.

The club has engaged in various work projects where labor could be exchanged for needed commodities, though sufficient work even on a barter basis has never existed in quantity large enough to employ all the members. The club has, for example, cut wood on shares for various farmers, and at the time of the writer's visit the members had thus earned 1,872 cords for themselves. In the same way the club last fall harvested potatoes, onions, carrots, cabbages, and beets, storing its share and converting the cabbage into sauerkraut. Through exchange of labor in husking corn the club acquired quantities of cornmeal, oatmeal, dried beans, and pork, which were added to its stores. It sawed wood for a dairy farmer and has arranged for a regular milk supply in exchange. At last reports the members are undertaking this summer to grow vegetables for themselves. A similar project is being attempted by the secessionist organization.

#### IV

These activities are all very well as far as they go, but they have never gone anywhere near far enough. Most of the members are on county relief and do county work in return. The medical, dental, and optical services which the club offers to its members are actually supplied free of charge by the professional men of the town. Last Christmas a distribution of toys throughout the town was financed by a local newspaper organization. A local school-supply jobber contributed a carload of writing materials and other supplies which the club distributed to its members. All of these activities—and it is undeniable that they have eased the torment of privation for hundreds



of people—have depended upon what must baldly be labeled charity and nothing else.

Cash has been necessary too and it has been supplied; the results have been most unfortunate in two different ways. The source of the money was this: Last fall, just as the Community Fund drive was getting under way, the Unemployed Relief Club announced that it was to start a similar campaign. Becoming alarmed, the business men of the town agreed to raise money among themselves for the club. Originally a sum of \$3,000 was raised and later \$1,345 was added to it for the months of March and April. The Unemployed Relief Club had no direct access to this money but bought goods and had the bills paid through the Community Fund. Numbers of persons admitted to the writer that this money was given largely because of the fear of an outbreak among the unemployed.

The unfortunate results from this subvention and the charity sort of giving previously referred to are these: First, the unemployed at large, who are excluded from the club, feel that the relatively small number of club members are in a favored position and receive support that they do not deserve. The amount of hatred and hard feeling thus caused is hard to overestimate. Second, the managers of the club, realizing where their bread is buttered, have developed an attitude of subservience that is hard to watch. They do not pretend to be running a "business," nor have they a tithe of the independence that the Dayton Production Units display. Chance and design have divided the unemployed of Waterloo into two camps: the larger is sullen and wrathful; the smaller, made up of club members, is apprehensive and servile. This is certainly no happy issue out of depression distress.

Other discontents in the club can be traced to over-generous announcements

of work that never materialized and to the method of distribution of the commodities collected. The club has devised a scrip for itself which circulates only among its members and is not accepted in the town. The unit used in this scrip is the "hour." Theoretically this scrip is backed with produce, but in practice this has proved impossible; and the club faces the same inventory problem met elsewhere. A man working ten hours a day cutting wood receives ten hours in scrip for his work. The wood that he has cut has to be hauled to town, which requires labor, gas, and oil, and to cover this a certain number of hours are added to the original ten in estimating the wood's value. Further hours must be added for labor and expense in storing or distribution. The final price of wood at the club headquarters is fixed at 50 hours a cord, and thus a man who has worked 10 hours in cutting wood, trades in his 10 "hours" of scrip at the club for a fifth of a cord. This rather meager return for labor has been the cause of much bitter complaint on the part of members, but it is hard to see how an organization set up as is the Waterloo Club could function otherwise. There is a large office and administrative force which must in part be supported through the efforts of the farm and wood and other workers. This is reasonable but in Waterloo the result has been altercation and dissension.

It would be unfair not to make allowance for what the Club has done in maintaining morale. It has found or made occupation for hundreds who were close to despair—idle, desolate families subsisting on a three or four dollar a week grocery order from the county. If anyone believes that ordinary county relief sustains morale he should talk to some of these people who day after day, month after month, live in a present where nothing hap-

pens. It is no wonder that such people offer a fertile field for discontent and rebellion, even though the rebellion has little behind it. One of the unemployed spoke to the writer in tones of withering contempt: "We could get up a riot here without any trouble at all. But these people have got no guts, they've worked for a boss all their lives. One rifle volley would scatter them all." He ended with this cryptic remark: "If there's revolution out here it won't be the city unemployed who will start it." It may be so and the club's contribution toward the maintenance of morale may be real. Yet at the end the value of morale bought at the price paid in Waterloo seems very slight.

## V

What has the town itself thought about the Relief Club? Opinion could be roughly summarized as follows:

1. Most of the business element (and this might be said to include the Community Fund) have regarded it with favor or at least with tolerance. Numbers of persons admitted to the writer that the money given the club was regarded as riot insurance, given for the sake of protection and nothing else. At last report the decline in membership had encouraged the business men in their resolve to shut off further subventions.

2. Numbers of people are opposed to the club, feeling that it has used up money needed elsewhere.

3. The Communist and radical element are opposed to the club, regarding it as a selling out to the enemy. Many townspeople oppose it for the opposite reason, feeling that the club may easily constitute a red menace.

4. The attitude of the secessionist organization, which is slowly growing, can easily be imagined.

The result of all this conflicting opinion in a town already badly crippled by the depression has been unhappy, to say the least. Of community

of interest in facing the misery of the depression there is little trace; even the various relief agencies distrust one another, and you have but to mention the subject of relief to bring hard feeling and suspicion to the surface. Jealousy, bitterness, and distrust show themselves at every hand. Vague recollections of the cow war in Cedar County mingle with dread of what the recent risings in Plymouth and O'Brien counties may mean. One man, carefully closing his office door, told the writer that obstructed farm sales would never be sustained by the courts and that force would be used if necessary to keep the farmers down. Across the street another man said that if force was actually used against the farmers then the jig was up; for the very life of the State depended on its farms. One citizen occupying a position of public responsibility told the writer that the condition of the unemployed was their own fault, for they had not saved their money, and made the incredible statement that one local packer should be regarded as a benefactor because "he had always, in good times and bad, paid low wages and so never encouraged profligate spending." What a spectacle!

In the face of all this the Unemployed Relief Club has been a sop and little else. The whispered reports through the town of extra drill by the National Guard, the outspoken jealousy, recrimination, and fear on every hand make a dark picture. Over and over again one has the feeling of a community caught up in the ground swell of vast social change. The citizens themselves are unconscious of it, knowing only that business is bad or that they are hungry or that dividends are nonexistent. While the grinding and heaving of social revolution rumble at their very doors, business men and jobless, the tradesmen, the truck-driver, and the lawyer can go no farther



than to sit and wait in helpless wrath and distrust. In the whole of Waterloo the writer talked to but two persons who seemed able to rise above local faction and show elements of sane judgment. What a monument to the service club era! "One for all and all for one." Could time and change have dealt with Rotary more savagely than they have done in Waterloo?

When the Production Units and the Mutual Exchange of Dayton and the Midwest Exchange of Yellow Springs and the Unemployed Relief Club of Waterloo are put side by side, it is hard to draw conclusions that will fit them all. In these various organizations are reflected the virtues and the vices of our contemporary society. The fool and the knave, the courageous and the honest, the intelligent and the dough head are all represented. Certainly these projects have proved one thing: that no man, no matter how

good he is, can do something with nothing. If they are to be instruments of unemployment relief, then money must come from somewhere; not under capitalism can we "get along without the financial system—without the dollars." Yet so much work, so much courage, so much hope have gone into these experiments along with the doubts and the hates, that they may prove to have been forcing beds of ideas that make for even greater change. The yeast of disappointment can prove a powerful leaven. "Even business men," says one man close to the exchange movement, "often do not realize how complex is the organization they preside over," and some grim and realistic thoughts may take the place of the first rosy enthusiasm in the minds of those engaged in self-help. Something more is coming than simply a device for swapping goods while the nation is crossing a stream.





# THE MAN WHO KNEW EVERYBODY

A STORY

BY HAROLD NICOLSON

MR. BENINGSSEN, as I now realize, spoke with an English accent. At the time (being ignorant of such matters) I imagined that his intonation was that of New England. Those elongated vowels, those stressed consonants, suggested to me Beacon Hill rather than Oxford; Rhode Island rather than Mayfair. "More unimaginable," he would say when speaking of Persepolis, "than can be conceived." The last syllable of "conceived" prolonged itself with the insistence of a factory siren, its final "d" cutting dentally across his ululation, producing a silence as abrupt as that which follows upon some distant hoot at nighttime. I was much impressed by this New England accent on the part of Mr. Beningsen. And one afternoon, riding among the sand hills by Shimran, I confessed to the second secretary of the United States Legation how instructive, and withal traditional, I considered Mr. Beningsen's accent to be. "New England?" he said. "What an idea! Why he comes from Utah. He adopts an English accent because he thinks it tony." "Thinks it what?" I asked him. "Tony," he answered, leaving me still confused.

Mr. Beningsen was a man of wide acquaintanceship, precise culture, and the utmost gentility. The orbit—the almost cosmic orbit—of his personal relationships was conveyed to one by

Mr. Beningsen with a mastery which to this day compels my admiration. Others might adopt the crude gambit of referring to the eminent of three continents by their actual or, in extreme cases, by their Christian names. Not so Julius Beningsen. He would not directly mention either Mr. Andrew Mellon, Lord Curzon, Mr. Ezra Pound, M. Salomon Reinach, Prince Bülow, Marinetti, Tagore, Lyautey, or Nagaoka. The thick pile of addressed envelopes which would accumulate during the week in his neat Berber basket, in anticipation of Friday's outward mail, would be arranged in such a manner as to hide always behind his weekly letter to his sister at Pasadena. "Miss Amy Beningsen," one would read, "2110 Colorado Avenue, Pasadena, California, Etats Unis." Yet one was well aware that behind that domestic covering lurked envelopes addressed to Mussolini, Elsa Maxwell, Lord Willingdon, and Madame de Polignac.

Only on carefully selected occasions would Julius Beningsen lift for one second the discreet veil which separated his neat and modest foreground from the palatial brocades with which his background was so lavishly draped. "Yes," he would murmur, "I also saw that statement in the Reuter telegrams this morning. It may well be true. I had a cable yesterday from Mr. Morgan, asking me to join the



yacht at Villefranche toward the end of next month. It is quite possible that he may be stopping off in London and Paris on the way. Yet I question whether he can have been charged with any semi-official mission on the part of the present administration. My more recent information from Washington points rather . . ."

The attention of his auditors became fixed upon the unindicated summits of his Washington correspondence. "Yes," Mr. Beningsen would be saying a few minutes later, "middle Achaemenid, not in a very perfect state," indicating thereby the precision of his culture. "You will," he would add, "take a second cup of tea?" indicating thereby the extent of his gentility. Inevitably the conversation would drift towards Persepolis, from which encumbered parapet Mr. Beningsen had only recently returned. "More unimaginable," he would murmur, "than can well be conceived."

For Mr. Beningsen had been sent to Persia, was even then at Teheran, as a representative of the Metropolitan Museum. Invariably would he pronounce that word "museum" in the English way. He smoked Maryland cigarettes which he obtained from Paris; to his guests he would offer Balkan Sobranje direct from London. There would be scones for tea and little pots of Tiptree jam. The tea parties of Mr. Beningsen filled his compatriots at the American Legation with anger undisguised.

It took me some three months before I realized that behind the reticence, the disguises, of Julius Beningsen there was nothing at all. My interest in him was by no means diminished by this discovery. During the period when I regarded Julius Beningsen as an authentic person I had looked upon him with anxious awe. Once I had attained to a conviction of his fraudulence I studied him with an entranced

interest. On those rare occasions when European travelers would come to Persia I made it a point to invite Beningsen to meet them. With delight I would observe the skill with which, always indirectly, he would indicate to them that triumphant background. With cold delight would I observe the phases through which they passed. Few were the intellectual interludes allowed to one in Persia; my examination of Julius Beningsen became for me a pastime of which I never tired.

After some eight months of unflagging experiment I came to the conclusion that the two most exquisitely imaginative of all Julius Beningsen's autobiographical disclosures were those which dealt respectively with André Gide and Oscar Wilde. It was easy enough to evoke the Gide story, since one had only to mention Mauriac, and thereafter Proust for a bit, and thus by a natural transition one arrived at *l'Immoraliste*. "Yes," Beningsen would murmur, thrusting his arm to full length and gazing intently at the Maryland held upwards between thumb and forefinger, "yes—there is *l'Immoraliste* of course—and the *Porte Étroite*—I admit them both—yet one has one's preferences—*Paludes*, for instance . . ." He would pause when he reached *Paludes*, hoping that one would press him further. "And the *Nourritures Terrestres*?" one would inquire nonchalantly.

It was at that moment that the most exquisite of all Beningsen's hallucinations would descend upon him. He would admit a tiny little laugh, dry and apologetic. "Well, perhaps," he would answer. "I can scarcely be classed as an unbiased judge of *Les Nourritures*." At which he would repeat his little laugh, conveying with the subtlety of infinite practice that the embarrassment from which it resulted was on your side and not on his, that the indelicacy of the question

was one which, in the crude circumstances of your ignorance, he was prepared to forgive. A pregnant pause would follow, which Beningsen would end abruptly by flinging his cigarette towards the fireplace.

"It might interest you," he would say, "to see some Raghes fragments which I have recently acquired." Yet the reproach which he had managed to convey hung like the smoke of his extinguished Maryland upon the air.

One was conscious that in asking Beningsen about the *Nourritures Terrestres* one had probed too deep into the arcana of his personal past, that in clumsy ignorance one had touched upon some still exposed nerve, upon a nerve sensitively yet gloriously exposed to immortality. Only a moron could fail to derive from this elaborately rehearsed ceremonial the impression that some twenty years ago Beningsen had inspired André Gide to write the *Nourritures*. One had before one an elderly archaeologist of exquisite manners, against an immediate background of indifferent Turcoman embroideries and littered shards. Yet behind that background there had been the glint for a moment of a vital Parisian past. The effect upon the cultured newcomer of this half-disclosure was electric: I would lie back upon the divan hugging myself with pleasure at the sheer artistry of Beningsen's fraudulence.

The Oscar Wilde story, for its part, was less expressionist and more precise. It could be evoked by the direct method. The newcomer could be primed in advance to ask Beningsen whether, during his period at the South Kensington in the early nineties, he had been at all intimate with Oscar Wilde. "No," he would answer. "No—I never knew Wilde during those days. In fact I never saw him. Curiously enough the only time that I saw him was some eight, or it may have been nine, years after his death." There

would be a pause at this filled to the brim with implicit inquiry. Beningsen, who until then had been leaning back in a deck chair, would gather his thin legs under him and crouch over his own joined knees, again holding his cigarette upwards between thumb and forefinger as if it were some medicinal herb. "Yes," he would continue, "it was extremely painful." During the pause that followed, he would gather himself up more tightly over his own crouch. And then, in accents of the utmost refinement, he would embark upon his story.

"Poor Wilde, as you may remember, died in circumstances of comparative poverty in the Hôtel d'Alsace. He was buried in a suburban cemetery in the *banlieu*. In 1908 a lady who much admired his work, and deeply regretted the dishonor which had been done to him, bequeathed a large sum of money whereby this dishonor might be posthumously repaired. This reparation, as you shall see, was vividly—" (and here Beningsen would pause for an exquisite moment, shaping his lips to give full length and emphasis to the ensuing word) *posthumous*." At this stage he would be apt to fling himself back into his chair with a gesture of distaste. "No," he would protest, "I prefer to tell you some other story. I have no liking myself for the macabre." His auditors would urge him to continue. Again he would assume that crouching position. "Well . . ." he would begin.

It was obvious that in spite of his repudiation of the macabre he enjoyed the story immensely. It seems that in order that the remains of Wilde might be removed from his suburban cemetery to the more enlightened splendors of Père Lachaise an exhumation order had been obtained. It seems that the transference of the coffin from one cemetery to the other had been regarded by the Ministry of Public Instruction as an oc-



casion demanding discreet but laudable official notice. The gravediggers had been working overnight, they had removed the tombstone and dug down to the coffin, under which they had placed bands with the aid of which, at the fitting moment, the coffin might be raised to the upper air. A group of some twelve people had gathered that morning beside the open grave. "I have," said Beningsen, "a marked *Abneigung* from all such functions, yet I felt that I should be wounding people who were very dear to me were I to refuse to attend." He had thus been one of the twelve who gathered by the grave-side. There had been a few chosen words from an official of the Ministry. The little group pressed closer to the edge. The gravediggers began to strain upon their bands. The coffin below them jerked slightly and then began to rise. And at that one of the tombstones which had been placed to the side of the grave was dislodged by the strain of the band which passed across its surface. It fell upon the coffin and split it open. It was in this manner that Beningsen had obtained a glimpse of Oscar Wilde. The rest of the story was too harrowing to be recorded. Beningsen's slim freckled fingers would clutch the air as he searched for the most telling epithets. He found them. It would be with a sense of magnificent horror that we bade him good-night.

I remember particularly driving back one night under blue Persian stars with an intellectual of the Air Force who had come up from Baghdad. He had been much impressed, as I had hoped, by Beningsen's recitation. "Gosh," he exclaimed, "what an interesting man! What I mean is, he's seen such a lot, and yet he doesn't boast about it; one has to drag it all out . . ."

"Yes," I answered, "Beningsen's

an artist in his way. An artist in fraudulence."

"You mean it wasn't true?"

"Of course it wasn't true—the whole thing is an elaborate and, I admit, convincing daydream."

I was so convinced of Beningsen's fraudulence that it never occurred to me to verify even those of his reticences which it would have been easy for me to control. A few days before I left Teheran I rode round to his little house among the plane trees to bid him farewell. He was not in at the moment, and his servant asked me to wait. I strolled to the book case and pulled out a copy of the *Nourritures Terrestres*. "A Julius Beningsen," I read, "*de la part de son ami André Gide*." And underneath I read as follows in the same handwriting. "*Je sais maintenant qui était Nathaniel*." When Beningsen entered, I gazed at him with a wild surmise.

Some months later I was dining at my club in London. They were talking of the early work of Epstein, and someone mentioned the Wilde memorial in Père Lachaise. An old gentleman who was present stated that he much admired that monument but that it was associated in his mind with one of the most ghastly episodes in his experience. "I was present," he added glumly, "at the exhumation. It was a most distressing affair." It was then that I heard the same story again. "Tell me," I said to him afterwards, "at that exhumation—was there a man there of the name of Beningsen?" "You mean Julius Beningsen," he answered. "Yes he was there. I wish now that I had not forced him to come. He hated it. Yet I felt somehow that an American of his standing—you see Wilde would have been pleased. But I felt sorry for Beningsen. He minded more than the others."



# THE GREAT MAN

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN INTERNATIONAL DIPLOMATIST

BY JULIAN RUTLEDGE

**C**LATTER, bang, clang! The creak of the tram rounding the corner; bells, horns. Beneath his mound of cerise quilted satin, in the corner bed of the Swiss hotel bedroom de luxe, Felix opened one eye unwillingly, and quickly shut it again. Lord, how comfortable it was, this early morning beatitude—dark, warm, the penetrating fingers of the Geneva fog serving only to make one revel in the ecstasy of burrowing deeper into the delicious eiderdown.

Something more penetrating than the fog filtered through his drowsy bliss: *Manchuria!* For a blessed six hours he'd forgotten it, and everything. Now—must see Cecil, the Czech delegate too, before the Drafting Committee meeting at nine-thirty. Nine thir—he gave the scarlet *duvet* a rebellious jerk. Adela's blond head was completely hidden under hers. Wouldn't stir for another hour, thank God.

He coughed cautiously. Get some more of those lozenges . . . take care of his throat . . . months of meetings ahead. He'd talked from nine yesterday morning till almost two of this one. What a life! And this was success, this was being Foreign Minister.

Wonder if Sternoff had seen the Czech man. Sternoff was intelligent, could handle these snappy modern diplomatists and the old-school courier type as well. What a party old Borier had given them last night!

Glorious old boy—brains, magnetism, oratory.

Must see him, too, before they "went in" this morning. Couldn't take chances on that Resolution. Carstairs, the Tientsin financial expert, was too tricky. Cold as Mt. Blanc, that gentleman, and about as approachable. Mrs. Minturn seemed to know how to manage him though. How people had any vitality left for *women*—! He groaned and dived deeper into the pillows.

The travelling watch on the night-table tinkled smartly. Eight o'clock. Adela sighed slightly. Mustn't wake Adela. There'd be enough of that later.

He crept out of bed, collected various garments, and shivered across to the bath, closing the bedroom door carefully behind him. The smell of faded roses was in the unaired sitting room. His desk was littered with invitations. The early post had been discreetly poked under the door—a small whirlpool of letters, official documents, the Agenda for the Day, the *Journal de Genève*.

He grasped the newspaper, turned at once to his speech of the day before, and read it from end to end. Not bad. He'd done better. Still, not bad. Nor the editorial comment either. "The youngest and most magnetic of the Foreign Ministers . . . compelling personality . . . athletic figure . . . tall good looks" . . . hm.

BUCKINGHAM  
PUBLIC  
LIB.



He turned to the long mirror, regarded himself in his somewhat tousled mauve pajamas, and turned away again. No—eight o'clock in the morning, and before shaving—decidedly it wasn't fair.

He bathed, shaved, rang for tea.

Then, before tea, before Sternoff, before anything, the telephone began. It began the moment one's eyes opened and continued all day—all night too, till one's eyes exhaustedly closed, round two A.M.

Would he receive the Ladies' Committee on Moral Disarmament at three that afternoon? Would he address the International Relations luncheon on Thursday at one? Young Mr. Meacham reminding him about his radio address this evening—a world-wide hook-up—"oh, anything er—broad, and *cheerful*, don't you know; perhaps not too *trenchant* under present rather depressing conditions." The commissionaire from the Secretariat—Sir Eric Drummond's compliments, and might he see the Minister for a few moments before the morning session . . . had the Minister received the latest Japanese communiqués? Messenger on the way . . . "*Oui, m'sieu le Ministre, merci m'sieu, au 'voir, m'sieu.*"

He poured his tea. He was tired to death already. Sternoff came in with a bunch of telegrams. He dictated replies. They talked for a quarter of an hour, interrupted by three more telephone calls.

Then Adela appeared, in sky-blue peignoir, meticulously made up, hair intricately correct even at this early hour; smiling indulgently at young Sternoff. ("One's husband's secretary is *so* important, my dear; so very useful, or so devastating. He can simply make or mar one's plans.") In one hand she held a letter, in another a red engagement book—the bane of Felix's existence.

"Good morning, Felix—don't forget

we're lunching the French delegation to-day, dear, and dining with the Spaniards. You'll have just time to dash back and change after your radio talk. And the Press men are coming at three-thirty. I'll send the car back for you. I'm having bridge at the Club and going on to the Contessa's for cocktails. And, Felix, I had a letter from your sister Irene, and she says the children simply won't bear it unless we bring them out here for the holidays. Bennie's had tonsillitis again, and Lola sprained her ankle and was very saucy to the Sisters, and Irene thinks she's outgrown the convent anyway, and Irene simply must have some more money. Do remember to tell Sternoff, won't you, dear?

"Oh, by the way, Felix, I think we must do something for the Boriers—that was a very grand dinner, you know. We could take them up to St. Cergues for lunch on Sunday, and Mrs. Minturn—she's making a dead set at you, but she's a very influential woman—I'd be nice to her, dear, if I were you. Are you free on Sunday? Oh, well (consulting the red book), just three or four *little* things. Don't worry, I'll fix it."

And with another bright, all too competent smile, Adela and her blue fishtail vanished into the bedroom.

Whew! He mopped his brow, raced through half a dozen letters, grinned affectionately over Bennie's, frowned over the bank statement (what *did* Adela and Irene do with money?)—now perhaps he could read his paper and look through those communiqués. Sternoff popped in again. "Some more telegrams, just arrived, sir. And the young lady from the *Excelsior* is here to interview you, and the Minister of Marine will be waiting downstairs in twenty minutes."

"Thanks. Wire another thousand to my sister's account, will you, Boris, and send these cables, and get me the

Paris embassy on the telephone—I want to speak to the Ambassador before we take the vote this morning. Oh, and what's this about poor old Gregory? I just had a message saying his wife's been hurt. Motor accident—dying? Poor old chap! Taking the afternoon train, eh? Well, fix him up, Boris. If it's something expensive use my personal account—mind he has everything. And now send in the *Excelsior* girl . . . by George, it's five to nine!"

However, he found a moment before the girl came to slip into his dressing room and look at himself again. Better this time. Lean, tall, a bit haggard—still, that was rather becoming. Plenty of hair, thank God—thick and black, "going a bit gray round the temples" in the true statesmanlike manner. That war scar didn't show so much any more. Mouth close, a bit grim; contradictorily contemplative gray eyes; the bold aquiline nose of the ruler.

A knock. He gave a hasty brush to his hair, and returned to the sitting room. There, instead of the pert Gallic Margot or Suzanne he'd expected, he found an English girl with blue eyes and brown hair, and something vaguely familiar about her.

"Good morning," he said pleasantly; "haven't we . . ."

"Met before? Yes—don't you remember? At the Peace Conference. My father was Edward Darcy."

"Of course!" Darcy, the biggest journalist of war-time. At the Peace Conference and every other important international show. Felix had known him in a dozen capitals. Killed in an airplane, on his way to South America. And this was his daughter—used to be a tall kid with freckles.

He turned to her with none of the gallant jocularly he usually reserved for lady reporters. "Your father was a remarkable man," he said bluntly. "What can I do for you?"

"Give me an impressive interview." She smiled at him out of her attractive dark blue eyes. "I'm only doing bits now, but I'm to have a good post in a month or two, if I make good."

They covered a good deal of ground during the next swift three minutes. Life in Geneva had always to be swift, tense, hurrying on to the next crowded quarter of an hour. Rapidly they dashed from one topic to another of the European political scene. She asked him the usual stock questions; he returned the expected ambiguous answers. Then, just as he was feeling the least bit disappointed, she laid down her note-book, leaned towards him with her hands on her knees, like an impulsive boy.

"Now!" she said, "that's enough of that. Now tell me what you *really* think—what's really important. What would you have thought worth talking about with father, if he were here?"

He laughed, relieved. "Hm . . . well, let me see . . ."

"Felix"—Adela opened the door and looked in—"Madame Casablanca has telephoned to know if you will meet the women's peace societies here instead of—oh, good-morning, mademoiselle."

"My dear," Felix interrupted decisively, "this is Miss Darcy. Edward Darcy's daughter."

"Delighted." Her Excellency extended a gracious hand. The press was important, as she was always telling Felix.

Madame Casablanca was disposed of; Adela withdrew. The Minister looked at his watch.

Telephone! "Yes, speaking. No, I haven't. If the Japanese can't hear from their home office within thirty-eight hours—! I'm coming along now, wait for me.

"I'm so sorry"—he turned to the waiting girl apologetically. "We must



have another talk—after this rush lets up a little.”

Miss Darcy rose. “You’ve been awfully nice to me,” she said in her forthright frank way. “It’s good to see that success hasn’t spoiled you. I suppose no big man has ever had such a phenomenally quick rise—no one so young.”

“Nonsense”—he heard it all day, yet somehow, being human, it rather pleased him—“bit of luck, that’s all.”

Felix stuffed the *Journal de Genève* into his pocket, caught up his coat and despatch case. They went out into the corridor together.

At the lift he met Borier. The old fellow looked him over shrewdly, then beyond, at the disappearing girl.

“I see your first interview of the day has gone well,” he said.

“You old reprobate! Ride with me.”

## II

On their way to the Secretariat they discussed foreign loans, Manchuria, and the American Congress. It was a cold, glistening December day, with the sun seeping bleakly through the mists over the Lake, and the young secretaries hurrying along the Quai Wilson, stamping their feet and blowing on their hands to keep warm.

Then, arriving at the Palais des Nations—the shabby gray-green building that always gave Felix a sneaking thrill—“brave, battered, but still standing!” He knew he would never like the grand new one on the hill half so well.

Other cars rolling up . . . the moving-picture men . . . he and Borier resignedly consenting to pose. . . . They went in out of the clear, cold morning air, into the hot stuffy corridors filled with smoke, papers, and chatting men. Men of fifty countries—swarthy men, pale men, yellow men, brown men, white, coffee-colored, coal-black.

Down the crowded corridor, bowing, hand-shaking—Lord, how they did hand-shake in diplomacy! Half an hour of final argument in his office with the Drafting Committee. Borier and Cecil backed him up handsomely. *That* was all right.

In the corridor again, other people waiting for him—Phelan, Benes, Rap-pard. “*Bon jour, mon cher* . . . morning, Darrow . . . h’llo, Tommy—oh, Dr. Yen, just a moment.”

Through the cordial groups and into the historic room at the end of the hall—the Glass Room—where at ten o’clock Felix was to preside over a public session of the Council. It was already full: the Press; women; tourists; sturdy, intelligent looking Genevese. The famous Horse-Shoe Table. . . . The long windows looking onto the windswept Lake. . . . People streaming in. More smoke, more hand-shakes. Drummond . . . final documents, telegrams. The fourteen delegates taking their places; behind them, the various groups of experts, juniors, Labor Office and Secretariat men.

Felix slipped into the central chair, laid his watch on the table—“*La séance est ouverte*—the session is open,” the interpreter repeated. “The Council will listen to the delegates from Japan and China, and to the reading of the Resolution.”

The little Japanese began to drone through his usual *histoire* about bandits, “protecting our nationals, the tremendous investments of Japanese capital and energy, et cetera, et cetera.” Felix looked gravely attentive. Damn those wing collars. His chin hurt where he had cut it this morning. He glanced round the Council Table at thirteen other grave attentive faces. What was going through their minds? His own (never missing a word of the Japanese symphony), like an expert skater’s, skirted the edges of a score of things.

President of the Council of the League of Nations! Who would have thought, seven years ago, when he had come an obscure but eager "junior," aide to the Minister—that was the way things went in politics, modern politics especially. The old Minister died, the new one lasted only two months, the Socialists went out, Felix's party came in, and Felix himself, who knew more about international relations than any man in his country, Felix became Foreign Minister, and Adela could behold "H.E." in front of her already quite august name.

Maybe in another two months he'd be out, too. No, that wasn't likely. His country had few first-rate political men. His post was there as long as he wanted it.

"The delegate from China," he announced impressively.

The dignified Chinese gentleman rose, amid a buzz of interested anticipation.

How long *would* he want it? God, how tired he was. No holiday since July a year ago. Meetings, dinners, and Adela. All that thick food, and the eternal sauces flavored with a sticky wine. He smiled wryly at the diplomatic tradition of gorgeous banquets and a gay and dazzling existence. "A day laborer wouldn't stand it," he almost said aloud. Eight-hour day indeed! Lucky if one got six hours off for sleep, any night. As for the rest of the twenty-four . . .

His tired but active mind raced on. Must try to get home for two days next week . . . fix up the commercial treaty with Italy . . . see the Prime Minister. Letters and wires were no good after a certain time. Three days en route—that would be his sixth journey in two months. He must go to England soon again, too. Planes, Pullmans, Channel steamers. Fortunately he could sleep anywhere. But the perpetual swaying motion—and all the different kinds of motion—did

something to one's head after a while, to one's general equilibrium.

And all the different sets of "problems" and ideas! He remembered poor old Norlin who'd cracked up last winter, Norlin standing outside one of the Quai d'Orsay buildings and saying, "Let's see, what is it we discuss here? Reparations or the Corridor—oh, this is the Danubian thing, isn't it?"

Reparations, the Corridor, Mandates, Manchuria . . . World Politics! How grand it sounds—and it *is* grand, thought Felix, but terrific too.

"The Council will now listen to the reading of the Resolution."

Mustn't let one's mind run along those lines. His alert gray eyes roved among the visitors—Wells, Steed, Madame da Gara, Mrs. Minturn—exquisitely serious in sables; ugly and attractive Frau Schroeder; and there was Adela, smart and brisk in her correct dark red *trotteur*, priming up for intelligent conversation at luncheon.

"So well informed, so clever, the ideal diplomat's wife. What a lucky man!" Incense was as necessary to Adela as manicures and finger-waves. She lived for the respectful plaudits of the young secretaries, the admiring murmurs of their wives. Oh, well, plenty of acolytes always in diplomacy. How lucky to be able to get what one wanted, so easily.

What did *he* want—really? To lie in a hayfield and read Montesquieu. To write a modern comedy. A really good modern comedy—three acts of racy dialogue, biting comment, well-worked-out patchwork of ironic events, astutely pieced together.

He remembered a talk he had had with Loring years ago, in their early days as young secretaries at Stockholm. He and Loring had had almost the same history: old families, in their respective countries; longing to write, but popped into diplomacy by their fathers as a matter of course, directly



after the university; married early, to a "nice girl" of the proper caste, with plenty of money and who would produce the requisite number of heirs—all the paraphernalia of the "old regime," into which one was born, and against which no correctly brought-up young nobleman of prewar days had much chance of rebelling.

Well, his children would know nothing about all that. Bennie had already announced that he was going to be an automobile salesman; Lola, a decorator. They would probably marry other salesmen and decorators.

He twirled his ring with the family seal absently round his finger. Tradition—modern people said there was nothing to it. Bennie and Lola already made "cute" modern jokes about it, "to tease father." For a moment he saw the somber battered crest of his family, over the fireplace in the huge old feudal hall, the tattered flags, his own father, with whom he would be standing there in a week or two—eighty, white, gnarled, somehow very splendid. He could hear that stern voice as it had rung out with implacable dignity once years ago:

"No, sir, you shall not marry her, sir! I can't help what you have promised—you have other duties. The men of our tribe . . ."

There had been a girl. A girl with a beautiful head and quiet ways, whose people had been as long in the region as theirs, only farmers, not the nobility. Felix had loved her. One night during the local Fair they had planned to slip away to the nearest town and be married. But an intercepted letter brought discovery, scenes, anger. The affair was quickly hushed up. The girl had been wonderful; Felix shamed and miserable. But he was not allowed to utter a word. His career was speeded up, Adela quickly brought upon the scene; promotion, new places, the children.

Great heavens! the Chinese had stopped. Dead silence. Everybody was waiting, looking at him. He came back sharply to Manchukuo and the Nine-Power Treaty, and for the next fifteen minutes "summed up" furiously. He administered a tart rebuke to the Japanese, snubbed Cecil, refused the floor to Motta (whom he liked tremendously), raked over a dozen legal findings and precedents. At exactly one minute to one he adjourned the session, with a crisp reminder of recall for the vote at four.

And when he'd finished the comedy, Felix decided, stalking out of the Council Chamber grandly, he'd write a really good volume on *Political Science for These Times*—wake up some of those old dodos who'd looked at him so superiorly!

### III

The car again—gazing out into the bright noon sunlight, enviously. If only one might walk to the hotel! Several of the younger men were striding off—lucky devils. But this eternal scourge of no time, whisked from hotel to Assembly, from Assembly to hotel, from hotel to dinner or supper at some delegation apartment.

He ran up the steps to his room, two at a time. A hasty wash, ten minutes for the noon mail; down again to the lounge and the amiable sophisticated faces of the Frenchmen. Borier, Giraud, De Fôret—all his friends; and the youngsters, a nice lot, just the right "note" with him, half rallying, half homage. Adela, now in ultra chic dull black, with her black pearls, was already dispensing *apéritifs*.

A buzz of amusing friendly greeting, witty comment on the morning's "*tapisserie Orientale*"; just the right subtle compliment or two—heaven bless the French! The devil often in politics; but in the round of daily life, what a godsend! Why couldn't the

rest of the world take life as sanely? Why couldn't he?

He scowled into a passing perambulator piled with oily *hors d'œuvres*. The mere sight of another sardine or Russian salad . . . "consommé and cold beef for me, Louis," he ordered briefly, "and a bit of Cheddar to top off with."

"*Oui, Monsieur le Ministre.*"

They sat down. Giraud began a spirited discussion of Japanese psychology, then to dissect Stravinsky, Litvinoff, and the Russian complex. This was the best hour of Felix's day, his payment for the other hours and hours of boredom and drudgery: sharp, pungent talk, the seasoned talk of good minds—the best in Europe, perhaps in the world. MacDonald, the Indian Round Table, the Spanish Syndicalists, the London Economic Conference—all the easy intimacies of a group who met constantly, knew everything that was going on, and trusted one another—sufficiently, anyhow.

He loved the logical French mind, the clear, beautifully enunciated French language. How *that* language lent itself to comedy! He would write his first comedy in French. Slyly he led the conversation round to the classic perfections of the *Comédie Française*. Borier and De Fôret joined in. The divine French vocables rolled on.

Adela at her end was admirable. Food and drink proceeded smoothly at the proper intervals. Now she was signalling him. In the lounge he saw anxious peering female faces: the ladies of the Moral Disarmament Committee—*bon dieu*, already?

Chairs were scraped back, coffee-cups abandoned. Agreeable adieux from the French; Adela vanishing upstairs. Now he was round another table, in the chaste *salle de lecture* of the second floor. The robust *Madame Casablanca*, sentimental Made-

moiselle Morio, Frau Schroeder of the black cigars were bombarding him with plans, suggestions, complaints, programs—especially complaints.

"We bear petitions from six million women of the world, monsieur," they assured him proudly, "we will not be ignored."

He thought the entire six million must be there. And they all wanted to be first—to lead. After three quarters of an hour of it his head buzzed intolerably. "Ladies," he said finally, "let us take three days to make peace among ourselves. Then perhaps we can see about attending to the peace of the world."

He bowed and made his exit. Maybe now he could get five minutes in the sun on the terrace before the newspaper men . . . No, there was Streit already, waiting for him. Sternoff interrupted first with some messages. Disturbing late news from Tokio. They'd changed the calendar—secret session of the Council this evening, Public Session this afternoon, Disarmament to-morrow. That meant writing another speech after he'd get home to-night, after his radio talk, after his delegation meeting, after . . .

He turned from Sternoff abruptly and went into the smoking room with the press men. This was important, he must give his mind to it. These nine astute faces represented several hundred millions of people—ears, votes, action—that all-powerful ogre, Public Opinion. For a tense twenty minutes he talked, weighing every word, shooting hard every point that he wanted to drive home. Nine men, smoking, listening, considering; polite, but unenthusiastic—"the real powers of the world," he thought, "ten times more powerful than nine Foreign Ministers."

His headache grew worse. Two calls came through—one from his



Premier at home, one from Curtius in Berlin. The press men departed, a young man from the Roumanian Legation came. As he went up in the lift to his own sitting room, the concierge told him, "The President of the French Republic has been shot." Another funeral! This meant going to Paris, of course—in the midst of everything, Council, Assembly, Disarmament Bureau, his Commission—and now this!

He went into the bedroom, dropped into a chair, and for a moment hid his face in his hands. "Like a woman," he thought disgustedly. But he couldn't help it. It was too much—life simply wasn't worth living. He couldn't go on.

Adela opened the door, panoplied for the afternoon fray—silver fox, orchids, osprey, ten-guinea perfume. "Why, Felix dear," she exclaimed, "whatever is the matter? Don't you know it's almost four? Hurry, darling, you'll be late for the Council. How did the press interview go?"

Felix didn't budge. He looked at her with a wintry smile. "And what if I were?" he queried. "What if I were late for everything? What if I never appeared at anything again? What's all this hurry and scurry and race and tension for? I'm tired to death. I've no sleep. I sit in thick heavy rooms all day, breathing filthy air. I get no exercise, no proper food. I live between hotels and sleeping-cars. I never see my children."

"Felix, my dear—is it really as bad as that?"

"It's awful. So awful that I"—in his utter desperation, he took a chance: spoke to her as a friend, another human being. "Five years ago," he said, "I started spinning. If ever I should stop spinning I should probably die."

Adela patted him on the shoulder kindly. Poor darling, worn out—a bundle of nerves. "Well, dear," she said cheerily, "then one must help you

to keep on spinning, mustn't one? And that's *my* job. But we must get you out to the country more—St. Cergues on Sundays. We might take a little lodge up there, it would be nice to invite people. . . . Now Felix dear, I *must* hurry; there's a bridge at the Club for the asylum for borderland cases—not really crazy, you know, just on the verge. And, oh Felix, I'd better have some money."

He handed her a thousand francs, without a word. The closing of a door, the click of a purse—or was it the crack of a whip he heard?

"Gregory's waiting to say good-by, sir."

Gregory—oh, yes, to be sure—Gregory. Wife dying, motor accident, going home.

He got up and walked mechanically into the sitting room.

Gregory was standing by the window—a great hulk of a man, homely, intelligent, kind. He'd been with Felix since the early days; helped him through many a hard spot, with his careful, thorough knowledge and methodical ways.

"Well, Gregory," he said, awkwardly.

Gregory clutched his hand. "My wife, sir, my wife!" he cried, the tears that he had so valiantly controlled all day streaming down his face. "She's dying, they can't save her, they don't know if she'll even live till I get there. Oh, God! Excellency, *do* something, find a doctor who can save her! Oh forgive me, Excellency, I know I have no right to talk to you like this, but I'm crazy, I'm in hell—she's my all, I adore her. I'm the most wretched man on earth!"

Felix pushed him down into a chair, stood with his hand on the heaving shoulders. "I think," he said distinctly, "you're the luckiest man on earth. Yes!"—as Gregory flung his head up—"did it ever occur to you what it means to have a wife like that,

to have known a woman whom you can feel about like that?"

Gregory's shoulders grew quieter.

"And now my dear old chap," he said abruptly, "I must be getting back to the Council. Good-by, my dear Gregory. God bless you. Wire if you need anything—promise me—don't forget."

The man wrung his hand. "I'll never forget—never. And God bless you, Excellency."

"I hope He will. I need it," said Felix.

The door closed behind Gregory.

How did men stand this sort of thing—year after year, day after day? Think of all the agony going on round the world at this second—one nation, one family, one set of friends was enough—but the whole world, tugging at one's mind and heartstrings . . . the twisted face of a universe in agony . . . every conceivable kind of torture . . .

Mustn't run on like this. Dangerous, he reminded himself again. He looked longingly at his bed. If he could have just ten minutes . . . !

Sternoff poked his head in. "Almost four, sir."

"Coming!"

#### IV

A taut two hours between the coldly furious Orientals. Not so much dignity now, less velvet sheathing of actual feeling. "Did the Chinese nation realize the serious consequences of this hour if . . ."

"The hour is not so serious for China as for you—for the whole world. . . . Four hundred million people. . . . China can become the most powerful militaristic nation on earth. It rests with you, what you do here in this room during these next few minutes . . ."

The packed Council Chamber was tensely quiet. Other delegates spoke,

Colban, Gori, De Madariaga. A last desperate effort to bring the parties together, to recall the solemn promises, the Covenant, the Kellogg Pact, the lessons of the past. They went over and over it. And always the smoke grew thicker, the air worse.

Finally Felix reread the Resolution and demanded the roll-call. "*L'Allemagne, l'Angleterre, la Belgique, le Czechoslovakie, l'Espagne.*"

Quick and terse came the replies, "*Oui, oui, yes, yes, oui!*" Every State voted solidly for the Resolution, the interested parties alone abstaining. It was a dramatic and impressive proceeding. In the midst of it Felix caught sight of the lovely profile of Mrs. Minturn, turned towards him earnestly.

When at last the session was over, and he was outside, impatiently hunting for his car, there she was again. "Oh, let me drive you, mayn't I? I've wanted so much to finish our talk of last night, and now these desperately grave events. I know how weary you must be. Let me take you home with me and give you some refreshment."

Some refreshment! He gazed into the beautiful golden eyes.

Just at that moment Miss Darcy came out onto the steps. She gave him a friendly nod.

At that moment also Adela and their own car appeared. "Felix darling, I'm so sorry. Sternoff said you'd probably not be adjourning for hours, and the Contessa and I had to stop at the Bergues to arrange for—oh, Mrs. Minturn, will *you* take him? So kind! I'm simply deluged to-day."

Felix looked from one to the other of the two beautiful and very chic women, smiling amiably at each other. "Thank you . . . I'm going to walk—with Miss Darcy, if she'll allow me," he announced with sudden decision, as his eyes rested on the



clean-cut tweed shoulders of the girl just passing.

She turned. "I'd love it," she said simply. Leaving the two amazed ladies and their limousines, they swung off together round the corner and down to the Quai.

"I hope you don't mind," Felix apologized. "My head—that session—I felt I couldn't stand being shut up in a car. I'm only going to the radio hall."

"You're very tired," said Eve Darcy, with a soft abruptness that he found very attractive. "And no wonder, the pace they put you through. Tell me—all the meetings, the discussions, the energy spent in drafting these eternal documents and things that never seem to get anywhere—is there anything that makes it worth while? After months and months of it, when you go away from Geneva, do you feel that there's anything that has paid for it all?"

"Why of course—the League itself," Felix returned immediately. "Just the fact that it exists, that we're working for it to go on existing, and some day to be a full-fledged efficient organ of government, instead of the feeble struggling baby trying to crawl, against great odds."

His tired face lighted up. He forgot his despairing protest to Adela, a few hours ago, in the strength of the major idea.

"But everybody's saying the League has failed," said Edward Darcy's daughter, a worried line between her young eyes, as they strode along companionably. "All this Manchurian business, and the Disarmament stalemate, and . . ."

"I know—that's one of the most encouraging signs. In 1920 people expected nothing whatever from an international peace machinery—the very idea was thought fantastic. To-day they expect everything, and say

exasperatedly 'the thing has failed'."

"I'd never thought of it like that."

"People don't. They complain because so little has been accomplished, not realizing how amazing it is that anything's been accomplished at all. After æons of war institutions, they've grown to believe in a peace institution in twelve years, and to be highly annoyed if it doesn't function perfectly and at once! Isn't that rather sublime?"

"I suppose—it all looked so different at the Peace Conference. We thought . . ."

"Yes, we were pretty naïve. Because people had suffered so much, we expected a sort of cosmic change of heart overnight. But things don't happen that way. It takes time to build great institutions.

"Why when I was a young man," continued Felix, warming to his subject, "if anybody had told me that I should live to see the day when European statesmen would gather round a table even to try to talk over their affairs . . ."

"They don't actually *do* much, though, do they?"

"They're doing the most important thing in human experience: forming a new habit—the habit of trying to work together, instead of as bitter rivals. Every time I stand there and look out over the Assembly Hall, at those brown and black and white and yellow faces, smiling and nodding to one another—just the fact that they're there seems to me a miracle."

They had reached the radio building before they knew it. The girl held out her hand. "Thank you," she said. "You've given me a lot—you put things in a different perspective. I'm glad we've got you!"

He gripped the firm hand. "Thank you too. You have given me my radio talk," he said smiling. "I was wondering what on earth I was going to

say. Now I've got it: the undefeatable idea!"

He went into the radio hall almost buoyantly; gave a very simple talk and a very good one. Later, at the secret session, he was still good. That girl—straightforward, direct, no coquetry, no mincing—how weird the effect human beings had on one another; how this person imprisoned you, that person set you free.

The secret session dragged on for two hours. At half-past nine, returning to the hotel, he snatched some dinner and went on to his delegation meeting. He was to deliver his country's address to the Disarmament Conference to-morrow, and now he had to hear the delegation comments. He had handed them a memorandum of his chief points that afternoon.

They were waiting for him in his sitting room, ten or twelve of them. He couldn't help smiling at that parliamentary expression on the bland well-fed faces of his fellow-countrymen, who took the international game as they took their horses and women—intelligently, but not too seriously—with the sportsmen's desire to acquit themselves well.

He knew just how they regarded him—a rather mad, rather brilliant elder brother. They came to him for everything, smiled indulgently behind his back at what they called his "idealistic views," compared him proudly with Briand and MacDonald to the delegates of other nations, and devoutly hoped he wouldn't wreck them by outlandish promises in the Assembly that nobody could possibly expect the people at home to live up to.

"Now, my dear fellow, be sensible. After all, we want a loan from France."

"You know, old chap, if that commercial treaty with Italy didn't go through . . . we mustn't put their backs up, must we?"

"Are you delegates to a Disarma-

ment Conference or a Munitions Manufacturers' Meeting?" he asked tersely. "The only thing that will stop war is to make the manufacture of arms illegal. If we don't put that in our speech we might as well go home."

Patiently again he went over it with them. Animated argument, some minor concessions on both sides—chiefly as to language. At one o'clock they broke up, weary and yawning. Felix and Sternoff worked for another half hour, reassembling, changing, eliminating. At half-past one he told Sternoff to go.

Adela looked in, drooping with fatigue after her evening at the Bergues Charity Ball. "No, very boring . . . you were lucky to escape. Aren't you coming to bed, dear? You look a wreck."

"Pretty soon. My speech, you know. . . . I'll have some coffee." He rang the bell. Adela said good-night and disappeared.

Felix drank his coffee, leaned his head against the high-backed armchair behind his writing table. They were all gone—finally. He was alone.

The clock on the *Place* struck two. Steps along the corridor ceased. Adela's brief movements in the bedroom also. No more motor horns or clang of trams along the quai. Silence settled down upon the city. What an eternity since that blissful silence of one's early waking. What a day!—though no different from countless other days.

He wondered what the Chinese Minister was thinking—wager *he* wasn't in bed. And all the other anxious, puzzled men sitting in front of writing tables at this moment, drinking coffee and chewing their pencils, and wondering what in God's name to do about this, that, and the other. He could see them as they sat, night after night, in a succession of libraries round the world—Paris, Rome, Washington,



Vienna . . . many of them friends of his, men still alive, and men now gone. Presences he had known and loved—Balfour, Briand, Stresemann, Haldane.

God, the relief of being alone! Undiluted, unpressed, for a blessed few minutes. His mind uncluttered by the minutiae of the day, unattacked by masses of people clamoring, crying to be saved, but afraid to do the only things that would save them.

Leadership! Funny word. Wasn't such a thing really. Only dogged go-

ahead, one step at a time; standing as stubbornly as one could. Adding here a little, and there a little—and how pitifully brief, how soon the journey run!

The early morning mist drifted in through the open window. Felix watched it, musingly, out of half-closed eyes. Again that sense of being companioned. Faces . . . strong sturdy presences . . . encouraging, comprehending . . .

He drew a block of paper toward him and began to write.

## THE FLAMINGOES

BY FREDERIC PROKOSCH

**O**VER the sand I saw their shadows blowing,  
 And in the water's gleam  
 I saw them, like the water flowing, flowing  
 From stream to secret stream,

And looking up, arrows of sun, of snow,  
 I saw them, heard them screaming  
 Wildly afar. Aflame I saw them go  
 Beyond the water, streaming

Claw-swept fragments of cloud, as if a gleam  
 Of billowed sun were blowing  
 Across the marshes of the secret stream,  
 Flowing, forever flowing.

What could it be that broke upon my dreaming  
 On wings? I do not know  
 What wings forsook me, what wild hearts, what gleaming  
 Arrows of sun or snow.



## MAKERS OF MARTYRS

BY ELMER DAVIS

SOME people are born to martyrdom, spend their lives looking for it, and are never happy till they get it; though in most cases they are satisfied with something that looks like martyrdom and is less uncomfortable than the rope, the cell, or the stake. Others achieve it in the course of nature or by the operations of chance; but some few unfortunates have martyrdom thrust upon them. It is hard luck to be accused of a crime which you did not commit, especially if it is a crime that touches a mass-complex; but the misfortune becomes pretty nearly irreparable if your plight happens to arouse the sympathy of persons with a passion for principle.

For persons of principle are usually more interested in the vindication of the principle than in the fate of the victim who happens to exemplify it. By demonstrations and mass protests they often achieve a splendid triumph of the principle, which shines all the more gloriously when it is anointed with the blood of a martyr. What the martyr gets out of it is not so evident, especially if he never heard of the principle till it was expounded to him by his self-appointed rescuers. Because I am not much given to contributing to defense funds, sending telegrams of protest, and so on, I am sometimes accused by my more excitable friends of lacking sympathy for the oppressed. But if you are really sorry for a man unjustly accused, and want to get him acquitted, a very slight

acquaintance with human psychology will suggest that the earthquake-and-fire technic of protest is usually less effective than the still small voice.

This is particularly true since the Communists began scanning the landscape for potential martyrs and claiming them all as heroes of the class struggle. The blood of martyrs is the seed of the church; an outrage perpetrated by "capitalist" justice is good propaganda, whereas the eventual release of an innocent man is no good for propaganda at all. So, if Communist tactics often seem designed to make sure that the victim is hanged, to stop up every last loophole for his escape, this is understandable so far as the immediate Communist objective is concerned. Whether it pays in the long run may be doubted, if you assume that the ultimate purpose is to gain wider support for Communism and not merely to have something to demonstrate about.

Not even this much can be said for the well-meaning persons—mostly "intellectuals" of the hysterical type—who do not intend to make martyrs for a cause, but help make them just the same. They feel, of course, that when something outrageous is done lovers of justice should protest; which is an unexceptionable doctrine provided you keep your wits about you and do something effective. Otherwise you merely tighten the rope about the victim's neck.

The noteworthy miscarriages of jus-



tice in recent years mostly have this in common—they involve a national or local mass-complex, which is something that has to be handled with extreme care. When a decision of our home-town courts is challenged by outsiders our civic culture is impugned; and the more the outsiders insist that we are bigoted barbarians the more our local patriotism is inflamed. If the outrage (granted that it is a genuine one) evoked little or no protest in the community, the indignation of the outsiders may be theoretically justifiable. The question is what they want—theoretical justification of their own activities, plus the hanging of the martyr, or the release of an innocent man. That is a question of tactics, of expediency rather than principle; and assailing a whole community as backward or reactionary or barbarous is not often the most effective tactics. Tendencies to second thought in the community will be repressed if you make it an issue of the *Outside World vs. Our Town*; the whole community will naturally (if deplorably) stand together in self-defense.

## II

The Dreyfus case may be cited as an instance of the effectiveness of the earthquake-and-fire technic. So it was; but the fire was started within the community. A latent conflict running through all phases of French life was stirred into new activity by the framing of Dreyfus, and it ended in the victory of one French faction over the other. But the overthrow of the clerical-aristocratic clique which dominated the French army was the work of Frenchmen—Zola and Clemenceau in particular; if the agitation had been commenced and maintained by foreigners it would simply have driven more and more Frenchmen over to the reactionary side.

Consider the current persecution of

Jews in Germany. It is the natural impulse of Jews abroad to do something about it; but in so far as the persecution was not directly ordered by the government it is the fruit of the teachings of men who are now the government. Accordingly, a counter-attack against it must be conducted with extreme care. Foreign governments cannot do much officially in what is by law a domestic German issue; though, unofficially, foreign statesmen and highly placed individuals have said a good deal, and apparently with some effect.

Foreign protest could have one of two objectives—either to convince the German government that its policy was unprofitable or to touch the conscience of the mass of Germans and rouse them against the government's procedure. There was not much hope in this latter alternative in a nation used to obeying orders; Woodrow Wilson attempted to draw a distinction between the German government and the German people in April, 1917, but few Germans were conscious of any such distinction till their armies began to lose. At any rate, the technic adopted by Jews abroad—a boycott of German goods plus mass demonstrations—tended rather to give the German government more support among its people.

A boycott can do a great deal of damage; the boycott of German goods by foreign Jews has done a great deal of damage; but boycotts are more effective the less you say about them. The Germans in the later years of the War endured for a long time what was practically a world-wide boycott. It pressed on them hard, but they stood it because they were sustained, till their armies began to be beaten, by patriotism and national pride. This same feeling was naturally aroused by the advertisement of a boycott by foreign Jews; it became an issue of the *Outside World vs. Our Community*, and Hitler at once could point to some evidence in

support of a thesis for which evidence had previously been lacking, and rally his people behind him against the international Jew. Possibly the economic injury inflicted by the boycott was serious enough to outweigh this emotional effect; but with a little more careful management the emotional advantage need not have been given to Hitler at all.

As for demonstrations, a demonstration is literally a showing off; and that is about all that most of them amount to. On the night of March 27th there were great Jewish demonstrations in many cities. In New York as many people as could be packed into Madison Square Garden were addressed by eminent Catholics and Protestants—Al Smith, Senator Wagner, a couple of bishops, and so on—as well as by Jews somewhat less eminent. They were not addressed by Mr. Bernard Ridder, the German-American editor, because the committee in charge did not like what he proposed to say. Mr. Ridder's remarks, as he subsequently gave them out to the newspapers, may have seemed somewhat lacking in sympathy; but their tenor was far less likely to do harm to the Jews in Germany—whose welfare was supposed to be the object of the meeting—than the more highly colored remarks of other speakers.

Senator Wagner, a German-born Protestant, was in a somewhat delicate position; but he managed to gratify his Jewish constituents without offending his German constituents by saying that he expected the "good patriotic men and women of Germany" to "disavow, condemn, and prevent" any further persecution. That he hoped this nobody can doubt; but, as an intelligent man who knows Germany, he could hardly have expected it. Even a people less thoroughly cowed than the present-day Germans is seldom induced by foreign mass meetings to condemn its own duly elected government.

The candid Al Smith admitted at the Garden meeting that a good many people had felt that no meeting should be held. He felt otherwise, arguing that an outbreak of religious and racial bigotry such as had taken place in Germany ought to be dragged out into the light of day, as in the case of the Ku Klux Klan. There was an implication that the Nazi movement, like the Klan, would begin to fade under the light—but there is a tremendous difference between a faction in the community like the Klan and the official policy of a foreign government, secure against interference from abroad as well as opposition at home. Many distinguished Jews, perceiving this, would have nothing to do with the demonstration; and the response it evoked was in fact only an intensification of the persecution, an official boycott of all German Jews. The boycott did not last long and the anti-Jewish program was later somewhat mitigated, at least outwardly; and it may be that Hitler was scared into being good by the uproar of Jews abroad. But it seems to me extremely probable that a less uproarious counter-attack would have been a good deal more effective.

A somewhat similar incident on a smaller scale occurred in Russia ten years ago, when the principal clergy of the Catholic diocese of Petrograd were arrested on charges of espionage and counter-revolution. The specific acts alleged do not seem to the non-Communist judgment very subversive—teaching of the catechism to children; meetings which the prosecution called counter-revolutionary and which the defense alleged were merely routine conferences of the diocesan clergy; concealment of church treasures which had been confiscated by the State (and which the Pope later offered to buy from the State). Violations of the law, perhaps; an endeavor to maintain



the autonomy of the Church in a country where the State intended to be everything; but hardly enough to justify sentences of ten years' imprisonment for Archbishop Cieplak and of death for Monsignor Budkiewicz, the Vicar General.

But a whole tangle of complexes was involved. The Russian government, as yet only semi-officially recognized by foreign states, still had the pariah psychosis; the Communists were engaged in an aggressive anti-religious campaign; and all the defendants, as well as virtually all their parishioners, were Poles—with the Russo-Polish War a fairly recent memory. Even so, it was the general expectation of foreigners in Moscow that Monsignor Budkiewicz's death sentence would be commuted. But the Polish government protested and threatened; the British, Italian, and Czechoslovak missions in Moscow appealed for clemency; the press all over the world expressed its shocked amazement at this combination of political and religious persecution—and Monsignor Budkiewicz was shot. The subsequent editorial animadversions of *Pravda* and *Izvestiya* on capitalistic and counter-revolutionary challenges to the sovereignty of the Soviet state strongly suggest that he might be alive to-day if lovers of justice had not interceded for him. As the *New York Times* commented, "It became a point of honor to show that the Russian government did not care what foreigners thought about it." (Archbishop Cieplak, after the excitement died out, was allowed to go back to Warsaw.)

In Poland, of course, the news of the execution of a Catholic clergyman by a government of atheists which included many ex-Jews aroused violent feeling; and patriotic Poles who were unable to get at the rulers of Russia relieved their emotions by chasing Jews out of the Warsaw cafés.

### III

Now for a few of the beams in our own eyes.

Our system of government compared to its Communist and Fascist competitors is at a great disadvantage in this: its fundamental theory obliges it to be fair, even in dealing with its enemies. A man must be convicted of a specific crime, and guilt is individual; a class, a race, a religion cannot be outlawed. The theory is often, of course, sinned against in practice; but it remains as a check which frequently operates. And nobody is so clamorously insistent that capitalist democracy ought to live up to its own theories as the Communist, who would regard any such limitations on himself as bourgeois sentimentality. His doctrines compel him to believe, and say, that the theory is a sham; that capitalist executives and capitalist courts exist only to practice the class war against workers. But when a capitalist court actually behaves as he pretends they always behave, he calls it an outrage and starts a demonstration about it. The Communist, so far as I can understand his reasoning, regards the class war as something like a prize fight in which one of the contestants is supposed to be rigidly limited by the Queensberry rules, while the other may kick, bite, butt, gouge, and slam his opponent over the head with a bottle. When the capitalist forgets himself and starts gouging, the affronted howls of the Communist can be heard round the world.

In the Mooney case the capitalist side undoubtedly did some gouging. The class war has been dragged by the hair into many cases with which it had nothing to do; but the Mooney affair was a legitimate instance. Tom Mooney seems to have been an undesirable citizen, from any but the revolutionary point of view; but under

the rules you cannot hang a man, or even jail him, for being an undesirable citizen. Mooney was convicted of setting off a bomb which killed several people; and whatever he may have been or may have done, it is about as certain as anything can be that he did not do that. His is the one conspicuous case in which protest was effective—but it had only the half-way effect of saving him from the gallows, and even that effect was not produced on the community which tried and convicted him.

There was valiant protest against the decision in California, by Mr. Fremont Older and others; but this was presently drowned by the uproar of radical protest all over the world, and that protest against California justice—accompanied, as such protests always are, by intemperate outbursts—fortified the average Californian's conviction that we must all stand together in defense of our local culture and ideals. The effect was produced on Woodrow Wilson, who hoped to get revolutionary Russia back into the comity of nations, and who after ten months of effort persuaded Governor Stephens to commute Mooney's sentence for the sake of the "effect on certain international affairs." That was fourteen and a half years ago; the protest has been going on ever since, and doubtless it has changed some people's opinions, in California as well as outside. But to the date of this writing it has produced no concrete result, except to give Jimmie Walker an excuse for a trip to California, on which he beat his hotel bills. As for Mooney, he is still in jail.

As California reacts under outside pressure, so does Massachusetts, or Virginia, or Alabama. It needed outside protest to make most of Massachusetts familiar with the Sacco-Vanzetti case, but the setting off of bombs at American embassies abroad is not a very tactful way to persuade people that your friends are innocent of

violent crime. None the less, before Sacco and Vanzetti were electrocuted on August 23, 1927, there had begun to be some qualms of conscience in Boston circles which might have influenced Governor Fuller to commute the sentence. Whether he would have been so influenced, of course, nobody can say; but from what people in Boston told me within a few weeks afterward I am convinced that there was a chance, even if a thin one.

But for weeks before the execution "death parades" had been marching past the State House, to be repeatedly broken up by the police and repeatedly reorganized; people had been trying to make speeches on the Common, too—and Boston is as jealous of its Common as a right-thinking clergyman of his altar; neither is for the profane and unhallowed. Of these parades and speakers some were Communists, some radicals of other sects, some mere lovers of justice and devotees of principle; some were Italians, some Russian Jews, and some New York intellectuals—breeds about equally repellent to orthodox Boston. Now and then an authentic New Englander of the old stock was found among them; one such, an elderly Harvard graduate, was sternly rebuked by Magistrate Zottoli, who told him that he had not the excuse of ignorance.

What was the purpose of these parades? Miss Edna St. Vincent Milay, haled before the court to explain why she was marching with a placard reading "Hail Sacco and Vanzetti! The élite of the world greet you as heroes," said that it was her purpose to "persuade certain persons to change their minds." But if the persons she was aiming at happened to consider themselves and their kind the élite of the world they would hardly have been converted by so pointed and public a reflection on their judgment. Mr. Powers Hapgood had been trying



to make a speech in order, he said, to "persuade Governor Fuller to prevent the execution." But the Governor was not in the crowd round his soap-box; and if any echoes of his speech on the Common reached the State House they hardly came in a form that would have moved the Governor to repentance.

The Communists, at least, knew what they were doing; Mr. John Dos Passos, arrested in one of the death parades, said that he was "only protesting." But many of those arrested were not Communists—merely lovers of justice outraged by what they considered a grave miscarriage of justice. If their purpose had been only to relieve their feelings, blow off the superheated steam of generous indignation, then the death parades would have been good tactics. But if their intention was to persuade people who disagreed with them—

Well, Sacco and Vanzetti went to the chair; and a *Transcript* editorial that afternoon declared that "the case has ended in the only way it could have ended. . . . Any other conclusion would have been sheer surrender to the forces of anarchy and disorder." This semi-official statement of respectable Boston opinion expresses what a good many Bostonians would have told you, somewhat less belligerently, in private. It is true that the protesters had plenty of provocation; the *Transcript's* complaints that they wanted a "trial by hysteria" are somewhat ironic, considering the way Sacco and Vanzetti were treated in Judge Thayer's court. But once again it was a question not of theoretical justification but of expedient technic. People who were beginning to suspect that Sacco and Vanzetti had been convicted through a trial by hysteria, who were beginning to wonder if Massachusetts should not be ashamed of itself, rallied round the flag when Massachusetts

was invaded and abused by Italians and Russian Jews and Greenwich Villagers.

Sacco and Vanzetti may not have had much of a chance at the end, but they had a little. Whatever useful purpose may have been served by the earlier agitation, the last days were eminently a time for the still small voice. But the voices raised in their behalf were neither small nor still.

#### IV

The Massachusetts concept of justice was rehabilitated, however, and the Puritan passion for principle was unleashed, in the case of George Crawford; and once again the principle may have its martyrs.

On January 13, 1932, Mrs. Agnes Boeing Ilsley and her maid, Mina Buckner, were murdered near Middleburg, Virginia, the murder being apparently incidental to a robbery. Suspicion fell on Crawford, Mrs. Ilsley's discharged chauffeur; a year later he was arrested in Boston, and in due course a warrant for his extradition was issued. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People took up his case, and suit was filed in the Federal District Court for a writ of habeas corpus on the ground that as Negroes are not called for jury service in Loudon County, Virginia, where Crawford would be tried, he would be denied the due process of law guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment.

The writ was granted by Judge James A. Lowell, whose decision is now under review by the higher courts. The Supreme Court has four times held that refusal to call Negroes for jury service denies to Negro defendants their constitutional rights; but Negroes have served on Virginia juries in the past (though not apparently in Loudon County) and not merely in Reconstruction days. To the lay mind

it would seem more orderly to reason that you could not be sure no Negroes would be called in the Crawford case till the jury had actually been impaneled. Then, if all the talesmen were white, the constitutional question could be raised; with a fair certainty that the Federal Courts would support the contention of the defense.

Why not let Crawford go back, then, and stand trial? "Everybody knows," said Judge Lowell, "that the Supreme Court would say that the trial is illegal. The case would only drag on for two or three years and nobody would get any profit but the lawyers." The layman's bosom thrills with responsive gratitude when a judge tries to prevent a case from becoming pickings for lawyers; but it would seem that Crawford would have a better argument if he had actually been denied his constitutional rights than if a future denial had been presumed by a judge in another community. Also, he might be acquitted by even a white jury, if he is as certainly innocent as his sympathizers maintain.

They contend, of course, that he was to be railroaded; somebody had to be convicted in a murder that had shocked the community, and a discharged chauffeur was a convenient scapegoat. The danger of lynching has been mentioned; but Virginia is not much given to lynching, and as this was not a rape case, would-be lynchers could not have counted on the most widely accepted extenuation. At any rate, if Crawford had been tried and acquitted there would have been no occasion to bring up the constitutional issue, no vindication of the principle.

The principle naturally seems important to Negroes; and a good many white men, even in the South, feel that the blanket denial of Negroes' right to sit on juries is both unjust and unwise. But the majority of Southerners feel differently, and there are only two

things you can do about that. You can start a new civil war to enforce the Fourteenth Amendment—a proposal which has not been seriously advanced since Henry Cabot Lodge tried it and got nowhere, forty-odd years ago—or you can give aid and comfort to those Southerners who differ from the majority.

The raising of the issue in the Crawford case had some effect on reflective and judicious Southerners; in Virginia and in North Carolina responsible men raised their voices against the exclusion of qualified Negroes from jury service, and in Chattanooga a Negro presently served on a jury, for the first time since Reconstruction. But unfortunately most Southerners are not reflective and judicious on the race question; it is a mass complex, and an extraordinarily sore one. And what the average Southerner will see in the Crawford case is simply this—that any Southern Negro, no matter how guilty he may be, is safe once he gets within Judge Lowell's jurisdiction; and that if other Federal judges follow his reasoning any Negro, no matter how guilty, is safe once he gets a chance for appeal to the Federal courts. The logical reaction to that on the part of excitable persons is to see that no guilty Negro, no suspected Negro even, lives long enough for such an appeal.

The Crawford decision, if upheld, will vindicate a great principle; and that principle seems likely to have its martyrs. Not Judge Lowell; excited Southern Congressmen introduced resolutions for his impeachment, but you can hardly impeach a Federal Judge for standing on the decisions of the Supreme Court, even if his application of those decisions to the case in point should eventually be reversed. Probably not George Crawford; if he is returned to Virginia the authorities will probably make exceptional efforts to insure his safety and guarantee him a



fair trial. (Which must, of course, be credited to the protesters.)

But the victims will be Negroes who may never have heard of Judge Lowell; Negroes who have the misfortune to be caught in the vicinity, in rural Southern districts, when a crime has been committed against women. What—wait for some Yankee judge to let him off without a trial? . . . Possibly the outcome may be the establishment of a principle, and in the long run everybody may be better off; meanwhile, it is hard on the martyrs.

## V

The same issue, along with several others, is involved in the famous Scottsboro case.

This is probably the rawest instance of Communist tactics yet recorded. Here was a case in which nothing would have been done without outside protest; but much depended on who did the protesting, and how. It was not the Communists who first came to the aid of the Scottsboro defendants; it was the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which had a legitimate interest in the case. The Communists had no interest; the Negro hoboes who were taken off a train at Paint Rock, Alabama, in March, 1931, charged with attacking two white girl hoboes, had never heard of the dictatorship of the proletariat; they had never heard of Marx or Lenin. Nevertheless, if the defendants go to the electric chair it will be the dictatorship of the proletariat that sent them there. The Communists practically kidnapped the defendants and baptized them as oppressed proletarians; the class struggle must have its martyrs.

It is true that if they do not go to the chair that will be due, as things have worked out, to the astuteness of the non-Communist lawyer who was retained by the Communist International

Labor Defense, and who insisted on being allowed to handle the case in his own way, without interference. But outside the courtroom Communist tactics all the way through seem to have been carefully designed to inflame Southern sentiment as much as possible, to remove any last hope of acquittal.

That the eight defendants were innocent could hardly be doubted by anybody who read disinterested reports of the second trial of one of them, Haywood Patterson—such reports, for instance, as were sent by Mr. F. Raymond Daniell to the *New York Times*, and evoked ferocious abuse from some supposedly respectable Southern newspapers. The most convincing testimony could not be printed in the newspapers—medical evidence offered by a witness called by the prosecution, which made it practically certain that the alleged crime had never occurred at all. Nevertheless, a jury (composed of “proletarians”) found Patterson guilty because the issue by that time was not the guilt or innocence of the defendants; it was Communism, the right of Negroes to sit on Alabama juries, and what the prosecution called “Jew money from New York.” The scrupulous fairness of Judge Horton, the comments of such Southern papers as the *Raleigh News and Observer*, suggest that the better element in the South would have given a very different verdict. If the defense had been left to Southerners of that type there might have been another story. Mr. Samuel S. Leibowitz, the present counsel for the accused, has defended them very ably; but nothing that he did could outweigh the facts that his name was Leibowitz and that he came from New York.

It is easy for the grandstand manager, gifted with the privilege of the second guess, to criticize the conduct of the case, even by the N.A.A.C.P. Originally that organization enlisted

able Birmingham lawyers, who prepared the first ineffectual appeal to the Alabama Supreme Court; but later it also imported Clarence Darrow and Arthur Garfield Hays. Excellent lawyers, both of them—but the Dayton trial established Mr. Darrow in the eyes of the South as the enemy of God; nor was Mr. Hays, whose business is fighting for principle, the best choice for a trial which ought to have turned on the facts. In a case like this any first-rate Southern lawyer would have been better than all the first-rate lawyers north of the Potomac.

Then the Communists chiseled in (as Mr. George S. Schuyler correctly describes it) and persuaded some of the defendants and their parents that they were safe only in the hands of the I.L.D. Already at the first trial this Communist organization had telegraphed the judge in charge that he would be “held personally responsible” unless the defendants were immediately released. They probably had no chance of acquittal anyway, but if they had, this and other messages with which the Communists bombarded Alabama officials from the Governor down would have been enough to solidify Alabama sentiment in favor of conviction. As Mr. Roger Didier of the Associated Negro Press wrote after the second trial, “the twenty thousand protests to Alabama officials convicted Patterson.” And the *Pittsburgh Courier*, a Negro paper, editorially observed: “It is difficult enough to get justice for Negroes because they are black, without adding the burden of Red propaganda.”

Possibly Patterson had no chance; possibly the jury would have reaffirmed the first verdict to satisfy local patriotism—yet it was a widespread opinion among intelligent Southerners in the courtroom that day that the jury would disagree, in spite of the prosecution’s impassioned invectives against New

York Jews. But meanwhile another principle had been injected into the case—the right of Negroes to serve on juries. It was fairly obvious, of course, that this would damage whatever chance there might have been of an acquittal on the evidence; yet it had to be done. In the case of George Crawford nobody knows whether Negroes would have been called as jurors or not; in the Patterson case it was established (as it had not been at the first Scottsboro trial) that they had not been called, and thus the ground was laid for eventual recourse—if the Alabama Supreme Court denies the second appeal—to the Federal Courts. Mr. Leibowitz was sacrificing a perhaps slight chance of acquittal on the evidence, in favor of a very strong probability of favorable action higher up. To say, as has sometimes been said, that he sacrificed his clients for a principle is incorrect; it was a matter of tactics, and I believe the tactics were shrewd.

But meanwhile his Communist backers had been doing all they could to ruin his chances. “We think the prime issue is saving the boys,” said a statement of the N.A.A.C.P.; but to the Communists the prime issue is evidently something else. On November 7th last the Supreme Court announced its decision in the first appeal, ordering a new trial on the ground that the procedure in appointment of counsel at the first trial had deprived the defendants of their rights. That day a hundred Communists demonstrated on the Capitol Plaza, so violently that fourteen of them were arrested. I do not suppose that the leaders of the Third International, or even their New York agents, are naïve enough to suppose that the Supreme Court’s decision could be influenced by a mob scene outside its windows; but obviously if such a demonstration could have any effect on public opinion, that



effect would not be favorable to the defendants.

The order for a new trial was evidently a disappointment to the Communists; the next day the *Daily Worker* editorially called it "one of the most brazen and far-reaching maneuvers ever attempted by American capitalist government." Why? For months the Communists had been roaring about the foul injustice perpetrated in Alabama on innocent defendants; now the Supreme Court agreed that there had been injustice, and gave the defendants another chance. The argument of the editorial was that by pointing out errors committed in the original trial the Supreme Court was showing the prosecution how it could do the job over again and get away with it; but the real grievance is evident enough. Our martyrs are being taken away from us; if they go free, no more excuse for propaganda. The next day the *Daily Worker* was at it again, with an editorial denouncing "the offensive of the capitalists, the N.A.A.C.P., the Socialists and the professional liberals" (a somewhat peculiar alliance) "for the demobilization and disarming of the mass movement for unconditional release" led by the I.L.D. Call it a movement for unconditional conviction and execution and you would be nearer the truth.

Meanwhile the appeal is pending, and on May 8th three thousand white and black Communists assembled in Washington and marched to the White House, where they professed to be bitterly annoyed when the President (who was busy, and had no more authority to intervene in the case than Joseph Stalin) refused to see them. They went to the Capitol, and demanded "Congressional action for immediate release"—equally impossible, of course. Only one thing can be accomplished by proceedings like this—the keeping the sore spot sore, the

stiffening of any waverers in the South; the building up of a general conviction that whatever the Communists are demanding had better not be done. Smart tactics, as far as it goes; if the cause does not have its martyrs it will not be the Communists' fault.

If Communism in America amounted to anything it would not be smart tactics at all. The Communists profess to be interested in uniting the white and the black "proletarians" of the South; but everything they do has the effect of further inflaming the white proletariat against the black proletariat, and of spreading among Negroes the conviction that the Communists only want to use them as machine-gun fodder. The procedure is rational, however, if you suppose that American Communists realize as clearly as everybody else (outside of "intellectual" circles) that Communism in this country is only shadow-boxing; and that all they want is to show the home office in Moscow that the boys in the New York branch are on the job, trying hard for sales even in dull times. Unless they make a showing they might all be discharged by cable some morning, as were all but one of the leaders of American Communism a few years ago.

Somewhat the same sort of impression has been produced by several strikes fomented by Communists who, when trouble started, either evaded arrest or jumped bail, leaving their converts to take the rap. A Communist author lately wrote a book called *Generals Die in Bed*. So they do, usually; their experience and leadership is considered too valuable to be exposed in the front-line trenches. And for the same reason Communist leaders usually manage to get out of the way before the shooting begins; the revolution needs them—but not as martyrs. If statistics were available, I am pretty sure the percentage of

battle casualties would be found higher among Generals than among Commissars.

## VI

In all these great demonstrations for the vindication of a principle, at no matter what cost to innocent defendants, you always find New Yorkers prominent among the demonstrators. Not always Communists, not always Jews; a good many of them are Americans of the old stock whose bosoms seethe with generous indignation when they contemplate injustice. And persons in California or Massachusetts or Alabama or other States who have seen a bad matter made worse by these exhibitions may wonder, Why don't these people stay at home? Are there no outrages in New York that call for protest?

Well, we have plenty of miscarriages of justice in New York; but they almost always operate in favor of the defendant. No great principle is challenged; nothing suffers but the general welfare—the security of society, and in some slight degree of every one of the individuals who make up society; and this is not an issue about which the high-minded seem able to work up a tem-

perature. To see somebody unjustly convicted they have to look across the State line; and visibility being usually rather poor at such a distance, what they see is generally something that has been called to their attention. Sometimes a genuine injustice, sometimes not.

The Communists, at least, know what they are about, whether or not their procedure is wise in the long run. But the generous enthusiasts, the devotees of principle, have a good deal of innocent blood on their hands; which was not what they intended. Let there be protest against injustice, by all means; but let it proceed from the cerebrum as well as from the ductless glands. If what you want is a triumph of principle at any cost to an innocent defendant, say so; and then go ahead with your abusive telegrams and your death parades and your front-page arrests and all the rest of the doings that bring publicity to the protesters, and certain death to the victims they profess to be trying to save. But if you really want to save the innocent and not to make martyrs, try to put yourself in the other fellow's place and consider how you would feel if your community were so harassed.





## THE CATALOGUES

• A STORY

BY GEORGE MILBURN

THE catalogues came in one August afternoon on the 5:45. The 5:45 stayed at the depot twelve minutes, eleven minutes longer than usual. The postal clerk had all the mail bags ricked up in front of the mail-coach door, but it took eleven minutes to load the catalogues on Fivefinger Earp's truck. The conductor stood by with a big gold watch in his hand, timing them.

The catalogues did not come in without forewarning. About a month earlier Postmaster Shannon had received the mail order companies' long, purple-printed rolls of names and addresses for correction. Montgomery Ward had made him a gift of their 845B6455 Gold Bond fountain pen with his name stamped on it, and Sears Roebuck had sent him their 18K1822½ genuine steerhide billfold with his name in gold for his courtesy in correcting the mailing lists. It was a favor that Postmaster Shannon was glad to do anyway. It saved time and work to have few duplications or returns among the heavy catalogues.

Although Postmaster Shannon knew that the Fall-and-Winter catalogues were to be expected any day, and the R.F.D. carriers knew that there was no getting round the catalogue delivery, and all the postoffice patrons were waiting eagerly for their new catalogues, it was surprising and exciting to have the catalogues come. That

much mail came only once a year. The Christmas rush was nothing to compare with it. The Spring-and-Summer catalogues were thinner and lighter. That year the Sears Roebuck and the Montgomery Ward catalogues all came in on the same mail. That was extraordinary. It made an even bigger load than usual.

When the mail clerk heaved the last squared bag out onto the great gray stack in Fivefinger Earp's truck, the grumpy little conductor stopped chewing his white mustache, snapped his watch lid to, and threw up his gold-braided arm to give the high ball. The throbbing locomotive let off two blasts, spewed a low fog of steam, and the three-coach train began moving out at once. The conductor swung himself up on the steps of the Jim Crow car. The railway postal clerk tossed out two thin lock pouches that held the first-class mail and Fivefinger Earp, who had only one hand, caught them deftly by their leather-strapped necks.

Fivefinger walked round toward the front of his truck and tossed the two lock pouches in on the ruptured oil-cloth cab seat as Harry Conklin, the Katy depot agent, a sallow little man with a stringhalt step, came out of the sanded-paint green depot with a telegram in his hand. Harry slid the door of the freight house to, snapped the lock, and started off down the cinder platform.

"That ought to be a big enough mail to suit you, Fivefinger," Harry said loudly, pausing by the truck.

Fivefinger Earp bent his neck and lighted a cigarette. "Yeowp, I'll say it is," he said. "Monkey Ward catalogues."

"Well, that's a load of 'em, all right. But it still ain't nothing like it was before they put in these here hard-surface roads. I recollect, when Old Pete Dunn was hauling mail in the hotel bus he used to have to make two or three trips to get 'em over to town."

"Nawp, I don't guess they're putting out as many of the big ones as they used to. Mr. Shannon tells me that they're putting out more of these here little special catalogues ever' so often. But it sure looks like these here would be enough to keep ever'body in strikin' paper for a while, don't it?"

Fivefinger Earp grinned slowly and Harry Conklin tittered.

"How many you estimate you got on there?"

"Better than a ton, I reckon."

"I mean, how many catalogues?"

"Well, let's see. I'd have to do some figuring to tell you. Them Number 2 slip pouches will hold 20 catalogues each. I counted 26 Number 2's. That'd be 20 times 26 is—"

"Four hunderd and—No! Forgot to carry my one. *Five* hunderd and twenty, 'y goddie!"

"And nine Number 3 pouches. Them holds ten each. Ten times nine is ninety. That's dang near a thousand catalogues!"

"Six hunderd and ten, I make it."

"Yeowp. I guess that's right. You headed for town? Git in and I'll carry you over."

The depot agent climbed into the truck cab and turned on the switch. "I got a telegram going over to Double S Winston's," he said. "That ornery Tom of his is wiring home for money again."

Fivefinger Earp reached down and twirled the Ford crank. The engine gave three phlegmy pants. Fivefinger came around and put it on the magneto. "Goose her for me," he said.

Harry Conklin pulled out the choker wire and Fivefinger Earp spun the crank again and the engine banged. Black smoke rose up around the quivering mound of dingy, ridged mail sacks as the Ford truck ground out of the gravelled depot yard in low.

The Conchartee County *Democrat*, as usual, was a day late going to press. R. W. E. ("Swede") Ledbetter, its energetic editor, was helping Red Currie, the linotyper, bolt the forms in the flatbed press. Hot August sunlight was striking in through two grimy back windows, and the rear of the *Democrat* shop was like an oven. Editor Ledbetter, holding his blackened hands spread away, dabbing with his elbow, kept trying to push his hemp-colored forelock up from over his sweat-sticky spectacles. Red Currie had just pied the Whipple Mercantile Company's quarter-page ad, and R. W. E. Ledbetter had almost reached the end of his patience.

Waldo Ledbetter, Junior, came dashing in at the front door, wagging a red gasoline can, his short bare legs thumping against the over-large, ink-stiffened canvas apron he wore. Gasoline was sloshing out of the metal spout as he ran. A black smear streaked one side of Waldo's startled, wide-eyed face.

"Gosh, papa!" he cried shrilly as soon as he was in the door. "You ought to come look!"

R. W. E. Ledbetter jumped and dropped the key with which he had been tightening a form. "Don't holler at your papa like that!" he shouted. "You ought to have better sense."

"But, gee whiz, papa, just go take a look at the load of mail they're bringing over from the depot. About a million



bags of mail. They got such a big load they're stalled out in front."

Red Currie went on tightening a lug. Editor Ledbetter poked at his pale forelock with an elbow and yelled, "You git on back yonder and finish cleaning that job press like I told you to!"

Waldo Junior moved off slowly. "Yes, but papa, a whole truck load filled up with mail. It'd make a piece for the paper."

"If you don't quit running in here storying to me, I aim to cut me a hickory and wear you out! I'll break you of that lying habit if it's the last thing ever I do!" the editor bawled. He stamped his feet toward his small son.

Waldo hurried on back to the job press, his smudged face puckering. "Papa, I'm telling you the truth this time, honest I am," he whimpered. "If you don't believe there's about a thousand sacks of mail coming in to-day, just look out front and you'll see."

Editor Ledbetter turned and looked toward the front windows. He could see the truck standing there in the street. A dozen men were clustered round it. He sauntered up to the front door, stretching his neck to get a better look. Then he went outside.

"What you'd ought to do, Five-finger," an onlooker was saying, "is turn around and back 'er up. She'll take that grade in reverse."

"If he'd coast back and get a little start on it, he could make it easy. This here Broadway grade ain't sich a steep grade," another man put in.

"What's going on, boys?" the editor called pleasantly.

"The catalogues have come in!" one man shouted.

"A whole truck load full of Monkey Ward catalogues!"

"Sears-Sawbuck catalogues. Earp's truck caint make the grade, he's got on sich a heavy load."

"Swede, you'll have to give this here a write-up in *The Weekly Struggle*."

"Yeowp, I guess we'll have to!" Editor Ledbetter said, scowling at the load of mail. Back in the shop he heard Red Currie starting the gasoline engine. Above the explosions came the wheeze of the flatbed press. He turned and walked in briskly.

"Hold it, Red, hold it!" he shouted above the noise. "We gotta rip out that front page! Stop it and tear 'er out! I've got a Page One Must editorial to stick in there. Two columns, 14-point, spread right down the center of the front page! I'll start shooting you back takes in just a minute."

"Holy God, we ain't never going to get this rag out," Red Currie said sullenly, killing the engine.

Before the flatbed press had stopped gasping Editor Ledbetter was at his desk, rigid forefingers stabbing at the keyboard of his dusty green Oliver. The pyramidal type bars clattered down on the ragged purple ribbon—

#### TO THE GOOD PEOPLE OF CONCHARTEE'S TRADE TERRITORY

Once more there has arrived at the Conchartee Post Office a whole truck load of mail-order catalogues. This constitutes the Kansas City and Chicago mail order concerns' bid for your Fall and Winter trade. You will see in these catalogues split-penny prices printed in big type with the actual higher prices printed down below in small type. You will read the prevaricating, highly exaggerated descriptions of merchandise. DO NOT LET THEM FOOL YOU. Before you send off one red cent to these foreign concerns, the Conchartee County *Democrat* wants to ask you a few questions. Then if you think you can go ahead and send your money off to these companies without being a traitor to your home community, GO TO IT. But when you discover that you have gotten "STUNG" do not say that you did not have fair warning. Now just ask yourself:

Who helps to support your ministers of the Gospel, helps to keep up your churches,

lodges, etc.? Who does their part in paying taxes to support your roads, schools, law enforcement, etc.?

Who has worked and slaved to build up this town so as you would have a market for your produce, etc.? Who pays cash for your cotton, corn, cattle, hogs, poultry, etc.? Who pays highest prices cash or trade for your butter, eggs, hides, etc., and all country produce? Who hires Conchartee County labor? Who gives you credit for food and clothing when you are waiting for your crop to come in and have not got the cash to buy with? Is it a K.C. m.o. company?

USE YOUR THINK TANK! YOUR HOME TOWN MERCHANT is the only one that does all these things for you. Why not honor HIM with your entire patronage by patronizing HOME INDUSTRY? Did your HOME TOWN MERCHANT ever show you a picture and make you read a mess of fancy description and then ask you to buy "a pig in the poke" the way these mail order companies do?

If you feel like you can answer these questions honestly by sending your money off to the millionaires of KANSAS CITY and CHICAGO, go right ahead. Don't let "yed" stop you. But then do not come bellyaching around about hard times here in Conchartee County when you have helped cripple your HOME TOWN by mailing off your money to fill the larders of some rich man 1000 miles away.

KEEP HOME TOWN MONEY AT HOME!  
Nuf Sed!

"I wish we could do a red-ink job on it, that's what I wish we could do," R. W. E. Ledbetter muttered, pulling the second page out of his typewriter. "But we ain't got time for the extra run."

A town can have two or three of everything else, but it can have only one post office. It can have two or three general stores, two or three filling stations, two or three hardware stores, two or three meat markets, two or three barber shops, but they don't make towns big enough to have more than one post office.

"What kind of price you all got on two-cent stamps to-day, Mr. Shannon?" they say, slapping a coin down at the stamp window.

"Five for a dime to-day, Harve."

"Y goddie, if I don't reckon I'm going to have to start me another post office in this town yit! What this here post office needs is a little competition!"

Then they both laugh, because it is a joke that nobody ever gets tired of. They know that there could not be more than one post office in town. And only one man at a time can be postmaster.

That afternoon Postmaster Shannon sat at his desk beside the broad front window, waiting for the 5:45 mail to come over from the station. It was after six o'clock, and the stamp window, the general delivery window, the money order window, the parcel post window, all were closed. One of the clerks was checking up on the stamps. Postmaster Shannon was running up the money order receipts on his desk adding machine. The 5:45 had whistled out twenty minutes before. The postmaster had a feeling that the catalogues had come in, but he didn't say anything.

"Earp certainly is late to-night," Gladys Ferguson said at the stamp drawer. "He must of had a breakdown with that old truck of his."

Then Postmaster Shannon heard the noise. He looked out the plate-glass window and saw the loaded truck struggling toward the alley that led to the back door of the post office.

"Yonder come the catalogues," he said calmly to the clerks.

Gladys Ferguson stopped counting stamps. Elvira Draper dropped the tweezers with which she had been changing the date in the wooden-handled steel canceler. They both came running to the big front window just in time to see the swaying gray



hill of mail sacks heave past and out of sight into the alleyway.

Gladys looked at Elvira and Elvira looked at Gladys. Their mouths gaped for a moment and their faces went blank with surprise. "Ah-o-oh!" they groaned together in elaborate dismay. Then they began shrieking with laughter and fell into each other's arms.

"I suppose we had better stay and separate them to-night," Postmaster Shannon said. "But we won't put the notices in the boxes until to-morrow. That'll keep them from pestering us in the morning while we're separating the first-class mail and getting the newspapers up. Get the rural routes separated to-night, too, and the carriers can start taking them out right away."

Fivefinger Earp clanged open the steel-barred back door and walked in dragging a half-filled slipcord sack and carrying the two lock pouches. He slapped the lock pouches down on the worn separating table and grinned sheepishly.

"I sure enough brought you some mail to-night," he said. "My truck stalled on that grade whur you turn onto Broadway. This here is the *Tribune* sack. Three packages of parcel post. All the rest is catalogues."

Fivefinger went on out and unfastened the end gate on his truck. He hoisted one sack up on his right shoulder and pulled off another sack with his hand. Carrying one and dragging one, he went back and forth, and the gray stack grew in the rear of the post office.

Gladys Ferguson reached in the locks drawer and pulled out the master key at the end of its long brass chain and quickly unlocked the two pouches. She shook out about a dozen letter ties. Elvira Draper slipped the cord on the other sack and dumped out two bundles of *Tulsa Tribunes*. She tossed

one bundle into a lock bin for Blind Lund, the news agent. She ripped the wrapping off the other bundle and held the opened roll curving in one arm while she walked along the honeycombed inner side of the partition, mechanically stuffing newspapers into lock boxes.

"I wish Slemmons had been here to watch them come in," Gladys Ferguson said. "Won't he howl, though! He claims that Route Four gets twice as many catalogues as any of the others."

"Last year he took two weeks getting shut of his."

"Well, he'll have to get 'em out quicker this year," the postmaster said crisply. "Nothing causes patrons to complain like having their catalogues delayed. They'd rather miss their newspapers."

Postmaster Shannon sat on a stool separating the first-class mail. He flipped the R. F. D. letters up into five pigeonholes and the town letters into a larger box. The clerks kept taking away handfuls, dealing them expertly without looking at the box labels.

"Slemmons'll have to have a truck," Elvira Draper said.

"Oh, no," Postmaster Shannon said. "He can get a lot of catalogues in the back of that flivver of his. It shouldn't take him more than two trips to clean up his pile."

"Ah, Mr. Shannon, why don't we just leave them in the pouches until to-morrow? Me and Gladys can get them separated to-morrow afternoon when things is slack."

"No, sir-ee! You and Gladys go on to supper if you want to. I'll stay and separate the catalogues. The *Democrats* 'll be coming in to-morrow and we'll have plenty to do to get them up. Meanwhile the patrons will be here faunching for their Fall-and-Winter catalogues, and I don't propose to have the patrons disappointed."

He did not talk loudly enough for the townspeople, milling outside in the

lobby, to hear. The three voices, muffled by the blank-windowed partition, came as the mysterious murmuring of an oracle. Shoes scuffed on the cement floor, tobacco spit rustled in wastepaper baskets, throats were cleared, fingers drummed on the wooden desk shelf, but there was little talk. People were too nervous with expectation. Now and then, when a bit of white flicked in a lock box, one of them would stop pacing and step up to twiddle a combination, take out a letter, and clack the small door to. Or another would stop reading the afternoon paper and stoop to peer through a glass panel in an empty lock box with the door left ajar.

Meanwhile, at the back of the post office, in and out, in and out, went Fivefinger Earp. One sack gritting across the concrete floor, one sack thudding down from his shoulder, the gray pile growing.

"Mr. Shannon, you got ary a Mon'gom'ry Wahd catalogue there for me?"

"Not yet, Mrs. Tinsley. Won't be distributed till morning."

"Mr. Shannon, I was aimin' to go to Telsy to-morrow morning, first thing, and I was wonderin' if I could git my catalogue to-night?"

"Catalogues 're still in the sacks, Ira. It'll take us some while to get them unsacked, let alone sorted."

Wilbur S. Winston, the richest man in town, came walking into the post office lobby behind his paunch, walking with great dignity as if his belly were not a part of him at all. He went over and turned the combination on the Conchartee National Bank's lock drawer and took out a large sheaf of mail and the afternoon paper. He glanced at the headlines and then took out his watch.

"Mail all up, Mr. Shannon?" he asked gruffly.

"All up, Mr. Winston."

Double S Winston followed his belly out of the post office. One by one the other townspeople followed Banker Winston. It was a ritual. Every night, as soon as it was apparent that the mail was all up, when there was no longer any sound of letters clicking into lock boxes, Wilbur S. Winston, on the outside, asked "Mail all up?" and Postmaster Shannon, on the inside, said, "All up." Then, filing out slowly, one by one, everyone followed Double S Winston out of the post office.

Only the dogged Ira Rogers stayed on that night, waiting for his catalogue. He could hear the sounds back there, the zip of the metal catches on the slip-pouch cords, the pellmell thumps of the catalogues falling out of the sacks on the separating table, the swish and sough of empty sacks flapping down on their neat flat pile. He heard the voices droning:

"All this sack for Route Five."

"All this sack for Route Three."

"All this sack for town." "Is C. R.

Butts still on Route One?" "C. R.

Butts gets his general delivery now."

"James R. Sloat; what become of

him?" "Moved to Yellville, Arkansas, two weeks ago."

Thin dust floated up back of the partition, softening the electric glare, making milky little moons of the unshaded light bulbs. About eight o'clock Postmaster Shannon walked up to the front and snapped back the Yale lock on the partition door. "Here's your Sears' catalogue, Ira, and here's your Ward's," he said dryly.

Ira Rogers, peering past the postmaster, saw five square brown pillars of catalogues at the R.F.D. carriers' high pigeonholed desks and, on the floor near the separating table, a long low rank of hard-packed edges, showing, between broad layers of gray, the colored inserts, bright stripes of yellow and orange and green and pink. The catalogues looked very compact, all



tightly bound in their manila paper slip-covers.

The next Tuesday, after everyone had finished his small dipper of banana-nut ice cream and slice of pound cake, up at the head table Albert T. Kimball, Lions Club president and proprietor of the Sanitary Barber Shop, hummed to give the other boys the pitch and started them off on their club anthem, "Roar, Lions, Roar." Then they sang "Pack Up Your Troubles" and a comic after-luncheon favorite about Mary, who ate some johnny cake, ham, oysters, jam, and a number of other things, each thing she ate making a verse. All of the Lions tried hard to keep from laughing when they joined in on the final stanza: *up* came the johnny cake and *up* came the ham and *up* came everything, a verse at a time, that they had sung about Mary's having eaten in the first stanza.

After that song everyone was laughing and in good humor. Harve Whipple tried to start a necktie pulling. But before many ties had been yanked Al Kimball stood up and made his empty water glass ring by tapping it with his knife.

"Boys," he said, as soon as everyone had quit scuffling, "to-day we are going to hear a message from R. W. E., better known by his alias of 'Swede' Ledbetter, our popular publisher. Now if 'ye ed' will kindly get up I'll let him speak for himself which will be better than me talking for him. How about giving Swede a hand, boys?"

Al Kimball started clapping his hands and the other Lions joined in riotously. Everyone was chuckling and grinning, but when R. W. E. Ledbetter stood up he was not smiling. His long pink cheeks were set and his eyes were serious back of his horn-rimmed glasses.

"Boys," he began, brushing back his hempen forelock, "I guess you have all

heard that poem about where a certain community in the olden times was so infested with rats that nobody couldn't hardly live in it. So the town dads calls in a fellow to rid out the rats, and it seems like this fellow claimed to be able to get them out, I mean the rats out, by playing music on his pipes and had made quite a rep for himself, being reputed far and wide as the Pied Piper of Hamburg. Well, I don't know as this has got much to do with what I'm going to say. But I was reminded of it, because if you boys don't dub me the Pied Piper of Conchartee (Laughter) when I get done outlining this proposition I have worked out in the interests of this town, I'm going to be mighty disappointed, and uh—

"The point I am making is, I guess you all know that the plague of Monkey Ward (Laughter) catalogues has descended upon us once more again this year. Now anyone who read my editorial in last week's *Democrat* will appreciate my attitude on this subject.

"Men, year after year we are confronted with this situation of our farmers' and fellow-citizens' money being milked out of our trade territory. It seems to me like, as I look back on it now, we have been taking this tough situation laying down and thus far have not done anything about it. Oh, yes: we have tried to knock the mail order companies by making fun of them and talking about the shoddy goods they put out, and so on. But what effect does that have? Men, I think it was about time something actually was *done* to correct this situation of Kansas City and Chicago mail order firms taking this business right out from under our noses and—and uh—taking thousands of dollars out of our trade territory, and, and so forth.

"Boys, there is nothing like a little gray matter applied to these situations. Someone has said, if I remember right it was Arthur Brisbane, who makes

fifty thousand dollars a year, the highest-paid editorial writer in the world, has said, 'It takes a combination of four G's to put anything across: Gumption plus Grit plus Git-Up-and-GO!' (Laughter and Applause.) Well, there is this to be said: I think this scheme of mine has the Gumption. Now all we need is the Grit and Git-Up-and-Go to counteract a tough situation.

"Just to be brief, my idea is to get hold of every one of these mail order catalogues that came in here last week and get them out of circulation. Absolutely destroy them. That is the one and only way we can manage to keep home-town money at home.

"Now I see some of you looking doubtful already, and you're probably going to ask me: 'O.K., Swede; but how're you figuring to put this proposition through to final completion?' Boys, right there is where the Home Town Industry Jubilee and Bonfire enters in! Which I thought would be a good name for this scheme.

"Last Friday afternoon when I saw that truckload of mail order catalogues coming in, I says to myself, 'R. W. E., that is just like a truckload of pests being brought in to be turned loose on the community.' And then I said to myself, 'If the State was able to almost rid this country of coyotes by paying a bounty for coyote pelts, why could not the merchants of this town work the same scheme and get rid of mail order catalogues?' Now the mail order firms claim that it costs them better than a dollar apiece to get those big catalogues out. I don't doubt it a bit, because I know printing prices.

"So what I want ever' merchant in town to do is agree to pay one dollar in trade for each one of these catalogues that is brought in to them. Don't worry about whether the country people'll bring 'em in. Just depend on me for that. By working fast, there is

no question in my mind but what we can clean up ever' single one of the six hundred catalogues, which I understand was the number shipped in here, in two weeks' time. We can't take a day longer, because ever' day means just that much more money being drained out of our trade territory. And to keep from causing any ill-will among the country folks, we end up on the deadline set for bringing in the catalogues by having a big Home Town Industry celebration with a big bonfire made out of the catalogues.

"Now all I want to know is, are you boys with me with the Grit and Get-Up-and-Go to put this proposition over?"

R. W. E. Ledbetter sat down, and there was loud applause. Then there was a moment's silence until Harve Whipple said, "What about financing the proposition, Swede? A proposition like that would need some financing." Two or three men who had been looking dubious nodded their heads and said, "Yeah, what about the finances, Swede?"

"I'm glad you brought that question up, Harve!" the editor said, springing to his feet and pulling a folded sheet of paper out of his hip pocket. "Now about taking in the catalogues. Some merchants, of course, will get more, some less, depending on the number of customers he has. But with every business in town that stands to lose by mail order competition lined up on this—no reason why a single merchant should hold out—we'll have 20 businesses taking catalogues in trade. This would make each take in around 30 catalogues, more or less, and \$30 is not going to break anybody up. More especially \$30 in trade, which you can figure as representing between \$15 and \$20 actual outlay at wholesale. All this you can count on coming back tenfold with your increase in business when you get shed of the catalogues.



"Now here I have a two-page advertising layout. Down the center runs a full explanation of the Home Town Industry Jubilee, explaining in big type the catalogue trade-in idea. All around this is space for twenty small ads. I want ever' merchant that comes in on this deal to take one of these spaces. We'll run this, a double-page spread, in the *Democrat*. I contribute the idea free of charge, and the *Democrat* will take in catalogues on subscriptions or job printing work. Also we'll want to run off 30 by 22 circulars, about a thousand, which I'll do at cost. So don't suspicion that I'm trying to make any big profit on this deal.

"Now by all of us pulling together on this, we can put it across in fine shape, and the financing hadn't ought to worry anybody."

The country people began arriving early. Their gray, mule-drawn wagons with extra plank seats laid across the weathered sideboards were lined with children, little girls in lye-bleached floursack smocks and tightly braided pigtails, bigger girls wearing starched gingham and stiff straw hats with elastic chin-straps, grown girls dressed in georgette crepe or tub silk; small boys in their Sunday overalls, and youths in their first blue serge suits. The young men came on horseback or in buggies with their sweethearts sitting alongside. Not many came in automobiles, but those who did rode in aged flivvers, tattered folding tops fixed with baling wire. The alley hitching racks were crowded. The courthouse square, all but the block on Broadway that had been roped off, was black-fringed with parked cars.

The Home Town Industry Jubilee promised to be a great success from the start. There were special features to keep up interest all day long. Pollock Brothers' Bargain Bazaar had

advertised that at straight-up noon they would throw away from the top of their store building one hundred dollars in coins. Small boys scrabbling in the dust of Broadway picked up a large number of one-cent pieces, and some nickels and a few dimes were found. There was a rumor that a farmer had caught the coveted twenty-dollar gold piece as it fell through the air. He was a tall man, but his name was never known.

All afternoon the sidewalks on all sides of the square were so thickly packed with people that anyone who was headed somewhere could scarcely get through. The De Molay Band was playing on the southwest corner of the Square. At two o'clock there was a hog-calling contest for the men and a rolling-pin throwing contest for the women. There was a sack race and a potato race and a calf-tying contest. The white people kept to the west side of the Square, where it was shady, but the niggers liked the east side of Broadway, taking the full heat of the afternoon sun.

At first the catalogues had come in so slowly that the merchants had supposed that the Home Town Industry Jubilee was going to be a flop. More than a week passed before they had accumulated enough even to start a bonfire, much less make a big one. Then, toward the last, the farmers began bringing their catalogues in steadily, and the merchants thought they had the catalogues pretty well cleaned up before the final day. But they got almost as many catalogues on the day of the celebration as they had in the two weeks before.

When all the catalogues were brought together and counted late Saturday afternoon it was discovered that more than a thousand had been brought in and traded for merchandise. This puzzled everyone until Editor Ledbetter happened to think that there was

nothing to prevent farmers who got their mail at post offices ten, twelve, or even twenty miles away, from bringing in catalogues, or to prevent farmers nearby from ranging that far to collect them.

At any rate, they had the catalogues there, a great sprawling mound of them dumped on one corner of the circus lots south of Standpipe Hill. Little Muddy Creek goes dry every summer, but it is swift enough in other seasons to have cut a long narrow gully through the sandstone. Dry brush had been piled into the deep dry creek-bed.

After supper the crowd began gathering in the twilight. R. W. E. Ledbetter struck a match and set it to the brush. As the flames crackled up, six members of the Lions Club worked hard, dousing the catalogues with coal oil and tossing them on the fire. A few Lions stood by with long poles, poking up the slow-burning catalogues. Others held dripping gunny sacks, ready to flout any blazing patch of grass. August is a dry month to have a bonfire.

The crowd had thinned out since afternoon. So many of the farmers had to get back to see after their stock before dark. But there were several hundred people there, nearly all town dwellers, standing along the flaming ditch, their faces showing drawn and ghastly in the firelight. Little ember-spangled wisps of black floated up into the darkness. Sometimes, when the goaded flames flared high, the small boys would whoop, but only the bustling Lions seemed to have much enthusiasm. No one seemed happy to see all the mail order catalogues destroyed.

Monday morning, before opening for business, Postmaster Shannon noticed that the stamp window needed some postal cards. He went over to the reserve stock in the big safe and took

out four packs, adding one hundred postal cards to the stamp-window store. He did not think anything about it. That noon, when the others had gone to dinner, Elvira Draper sold the last postal card at the stamp window. She got up and added one hundred more from the reserve stock.

Slemmons came in off his route earlier in the afternoon than the other carriers. He had hard-surfaced roads all the way on Route Four. He walked in the back door, set his beveled tin stamp box down on his desk, and hung up his big leather mail pouch. Pretty soon he came up to check in his money orders and to replenish his stamp supplies. "Give me fifty postal cards," he said, reading off the list of stamps he needed.

"Give you *fifty*?" Gladys Ferguson said in surprise.

"Yeah, fifty," Slemmons said in a surly voice. "Sold ever' one I had and could 've sold fifty more if I'd had 'em."

"Shucks, I'll have to add some more then," Gladys said, getting down off her high chair at the stamp window. "We certainly have been having a run on postal cards to-day."

Postmaster Shannon overheard, and he said, "No, there should be plenty of postal cards there. I added a hundred this morning. Maybe some have slipped down back of the drawer there."

Gladys Ferguson, bringing up four fresh packets from the reserve in the safe, said, "No, I guess not, Mr. Shannon. People have been running in here to buy postal cards all day. I'll bet I've sold a hundred myself."

Slemmons, the R. F. D. carrier, standing there with his thick, quid-lumped face looking very glum, said, "Why, don't you all know what's going on? You'd ought to know what that derved Editor Ledbetter would do. Him and his bright ideas has just doubled the work for all of us. Just



go back there and see how many postal cards I picked up on my route to-day."

At that moment Elvira Draper, who was getting ready to cancel and tie up the southbound mail, called out from the letter drop bin, "Well, I wisht you'd lookie here. This letter drop is *stuffed!*"

One by one the other R. F. D. carriers came in bearing thick handfuls of outgoing mail.

Gladys and Elvira had to work hard to get all the letters and postal cards cancelled in time to catch the 5:45.

They did not have time to read *all* the postal cards, but all they read said about the same thing. There were also a great many first-class letters enclosed in the brown, print-addressed envelopes of the mail order companies. Postmaster Shannon and his clerks never knew what the letters said, but they guessed that these, too, were scrawled,

Gentlemen: Would you all please send us another copy of your big Fall-and-Winter catalogue right away, as we want to order some things from you, and our other catalogue was made away with.

## SONNET

BY DOROTHY SEAGER

**D**EAR, do not chide me that I hold you wise  
 Or that I glory too much in your strength.  
 Time will remove the veil from off my eyes,  
 And I, perforce, shall find you out at length.  
 Neither be fearful lest you name as mine  
 Beauties and subleties I never knew,  
 Dreading that far-off day whose sun must shine  
 Upon me naked to your pitiless view.  
 Grant me this time to fashion as I choose  
 This lovely portrait that I name as you,  
 And for this little time pray do not lose  
 Belief that I am different and new.  
 For on some morning we may wake to find  
 There is no longer need that love be blind.



## EXPATRIATES IN TIME

BY EUGENE BAGGER

THE château stood at a distance of twelve hundred feet from the main road. Unfortunately, or fortunately, depending on the point of view, these twelve hundred feet had to be measured with a sounding-lead: they represented the sheer drop of a cliff. That's why the medieval Counts of Carqueiranne had selected this particular cliff for their business headquarters. It was a flourishing business and it consisted in selling, in a manner subsequently perfected in Chicago, protection to all the land traffic between Marseilles and Hyères. And that's why my friend Jack bought the place, notwithstanding the circumstance that the stronghold, although it vaunted a whole string of advantages both military and æsthetic, lacked a roof.

"I don't want to make it easy for people to drop in for a cocktail," explained Jack as he drove me along to inspect the purchase.

He did not make it easy. In the first place, it was quite a job to find the turning where the narrow *route stratégique* branched off from the main highway. This *route stratégique* afforded the only approach to Jack's new estate, unless you were an eagle or a post-graduate member of a Mount Everest expedition. And what a route it was! It spiralled skyward at an incline which rarely dropped under one in twelve, and often reached one in seven or so. The surface was not bad, and if you were very careful and your car had not too wide a track,

you could keep the off-side wheels on it without scraping the rock with your near-side fender. And in no less than nine bends you had to reverse. But with a steady head and a steady hand you could do the fifteen miles in about forty minutes. No, it was not a place where people would drop in casually for a cocktail.

But once you reached the summit you felt that you were well rewarded for your second gear's pains. The château was authentic thirteenth century, with a survival or two from the twelfth and with additions up to the fifteenth. If it had no roof, it was otherwise all complete with moat, drawbridge, portcullis, corbels, machicolation, dungeons, whatnot. There was a real oubliette, and, by way of water supply, a couple of cisterns in fairly good repair. The best part, however, was the garden, a magnificent wilderness of roses, wild flowers, and cherry trees left to themselves for God knows how many æons. And the view was superb across the gorge, in the bottom of which the *route nationale* ribboned Marseillesward. In the gaps between somber granite crags, geological twin-brothers to the one upon which we stood now, sparkled the distant blue of the Mediterranean.

"I shall be happy here," said Jack, grinding the chain of the portcullis for practice. "We shall move in as soon as we have built a roof."

"Yes, you ought to be happy," I assented. "You could not have se-



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lected a more gorgeous spot. But will you be comfortable?"

"To hell with comfort!" cried Jack. "Comfort was invented by plumbers for grocers who are willing to pay for the proof that they are not fit to live a man's life. Comfort, indeed! Where do you think you are, in Gramercy Park? I'll have a roof built and the cisterns cleaned, and I'll have a couple of camp beds and a big deal table and some chairs and shelves, and that will be all. The Counts of Carqueiranne were not fussy about comfort either. What would you want me to install—running ice water in all bedrooms?"

"It might not be bad in August," said I.

"Well, there won't be any. And there won't be any electric light either. I am sick of electric light. It would spoil everything up here."

"Quite," I agreed. "The Counts of Carqueiranne used torches. There, you can see the bracket-holes in the wall."

"I shan't be as medieval as all that," said Jack. "We shall have wax tapers. I love to work by the light of wax tapers, and so does Agnes. It is so soothing."

I should have explained that both my friend Jack and his wife are novelists, and eminently successful ones.

"Wax tapers will be fine," I said, "if slightly anachronistic in a thirteenth-century eyrie. And Agnes will sharpen the quills. But where will you get the acorns, or whatever it is that you make ink from? I should not think that the general store in the village carries them in stock."

"But we both do all our work on Remington Portables," interposed Agnes.

"Oh, do you?" said I, and grinned.

"That's one up for you," said Jack, who is nothing if not a sportsman. "But Remingtons or no Remingtons, we shall burn wax tapers."

To my mind the story of Jack and Agnes, who have come all the way from Wisconsin to the hinterland of Toulon to write super-Freudian best-sellers by the light of wax tapers in a crusader's castle, stands out as what Spengler would call a first-class symbol. It represents that contemporary revolt against contemporariness which on its lowest level manifests itself in the fake decorative effects of the "Ye Olde Englishe" type of commercialism; which on its middle plane appears as the uncritical and at times foolish preference for handmade goods as against the more perfect and more serviceable products of machine industry; and which in its upper reaches expresses itself in the hankering of the modern intellectual after the excellences of life as it was lived in bygone centuries. I call the spiritual tendency embodied in this revolt the Archaic Fallacy, or Expatriation in Time; and I maintain that it is the exact psychological counterpart of the Geographic Fallacy, or expatriation in the current sense of the word. And I maintain, further, that both these fallacies are quasi-neurotic symptoms: in the language of Adler's individual-psychology, neurotic superiority-fictions, dramatizations of the psychic device of Distance. Of which more anon.

What is an expatriate? He is not simply a person who resides in a country not his own. An American in the diplomatic or consular service is hardly ever a true expatriate; Americans who live abroad as representatives of American business concerns are not necessarily expatriates, though in certain instances they may be thus classed on the merits of their individual case-histories. In an article which appeared in these pages four years ago I wrote that expatriation "is

not a physical condition, but a state of mind. . . . The crucial fact about the expatriate is that he is conscious of having burned his ships." And I stated that "the subtlest charm of the expatriate condition is the irresponsibility that goes with the status of the outsider. . . . The expatriate's enforced yet delicious detachment may, *unless one be on one's guard* (italics mine, and an afterthought), deteriorate, in time, into an illusion of superiority. The tests of everyday struggle cease to apply in exile; whatever problems and difficulties the expatriate may cope with in reference to the environment he has left behind are blurred by distance, while in reference to his chosen surroundings his life takes place on the plane of a perpetual holiday. A sense of exemption may blossom out into a consciousness of achievement: therein lies the spiritual danger of expatriation."

I wrote that four years ago, when I still shared the fundamental self-delusion of expatriates. I apologized for that self-delusion with the qualifying clause, "unless one be on one's guard." My italics now recant that clause. For, at the price of these four years of continued expatriation, I have come to recognize, as the essential fact of expatriate psychology, that the expatriate does not *want* to be on his guard. He lives in, for, and by his illusion of superiority. The expatriate has this in common with the neurotic, as defined by Adler: he retreats from the competitive order of democratic existence. To this extent the expatriate is a neurotic. He refuses to participate because he refuses to compete. Expatriation, like the diverse phobias and compulsions of neurosis, is a substitute for achievement: a pretended victory in the struggle for eminence.

Among the psychic devices employed by the neurotic to maintain and safe-

guard his fiction of superiority-achievement Adler enumerates the device of Distance. This consists in the neurotic's attempts to interpolate between himself and the solution of his problems all sorts of artificial difficulties and obstacles. Often these difficulties take the form of an if-clause: "If this were (were not) so-and-so I could achieve greatness, fame, fortune." The expatriate leaves home because he feels that the stimulus of a strange environment, the lack of conventional restrictions and of competitive pressure will facilitate achievement. And if—as is usually the case—his great expectations fail to materialize, he will say, "Well, what could you expect—I am too far away from the base, I am out of touch with things. Perhaps, after all, I could do better if I were at home." Only he does not want to go home; for he does not want to do better. What he wants is being able to explain why he cannot do better. The normal person—Mr. Babbitt—grapples with his problems and solves them the best he can. The expatriate proves his superiority by standing aloof from his problems, and by arguing about them.

Thus the expatriate is a sub-category of the nonconformist who stays at home: of the person who revolts against the fetters of social reality because he feels that he cannot, within that reality, achieve his inflated notion of Self. God knows that I see no merit in accepting and conforming to a social reality such as we find in the United States of to-day. What I hold against the parlor radical, the bohemian, the Greenwich Villager is that he does not attempt to change that reality. He tries to make himself comfortable in it, he compromises with it by inventing and practicing a symbolism of self-sufficiency. The life of the typical American "anti" is a never-ending May Day demonstration under the pink flag of a purely literary radicalism



against an order of things that ignores him and goes its way. But the expatriate does not even demonstrate; he quits. He puts the Atlantic between himself and a reality that he disapproves of and that takes no notice of him. He stands apart and imagines that he stands above: that is what I mean when I say that the expatriate dramatizes the Adlerian distance-device. The expatriate is the boy who "won't play" and who derives a bittersweet satisfaction from sulking in a corner of Montparnasse. He wants to judge, and he refuses to be judged: that is the secret of his greatness. And if he is a subtle expatriate he will reinforce the geographic trick of his apartness and his superiority by the trick of the Archaic Fallacy: he will write his books and his articles destined for American consumption by the light of wax tapers instead of that of a good American desk lamp, and feel that in addition to the three thousand miles he has also put a couple of centuries between himself and Babbittdom.

### III

The *laudator temporis acti* is a universal human type. In his simplest and commonest form he merely voices age's regret over the vanished splendors of youth. We all know the spruce old gentleman with the single eyeglass and flowing white mustache, ex-gay blade and killer of hearts on the retired list, who grumbles that women nowadays don't make love any more the way they used to in the eighteen eighties. Most of those who denounce, whether as amateurs for fun or as professionals for a fee, the corrupt morals and manners of contemporary youth belong in the same category. Every period seems a period of decadence to those who decay in it toward senility. Who said that jazz is

a modern American invention? The amusements of giddy young people seemed jazzy to envious grandfathers and repressed maiden aunts in Minoan days. In all ages disgruntled aristocrats like Tacitus or supercilious upstarts like Richardson bewailed the deterioration of ancestral standards and the vulgarization of life, public and private.

On a level entirely different from that of either the club-window mourner of spent masculinity or the common or garden variety of moralizing praisers of the past, but unconscious self-deceivers nevertheless, are the advocates of Return—those who in certain periods of history have denounced the corruption and decadence of a specific idea or institution, and pleaded for a revival of its early simplicity and purity. The greatest instance of this advocacy of Return is, of course, the Reformation. Its eighteenth-century counterpart was the cult of Natural Man and the attack on the corrosive effects of civilization. The assault on growth, tradition, continuity was launched in one instance in the name of faith, and in the other, in the name of reason; but in both instances it was, fundamentally, the individual will-to-power that rose to replace something given in evolution with an arbitrary choice, thus disguising innovation as revival.

In the post-Enlightenment age the philosophic, literary, or artistic glorification of the past has usually assumed one of two forms. In the one instance a bygone period is critically explored for standards of intellectual, moral, or æsthetic excellence, and these standards are then held up to contemporaries for emulation. In the other, the past is acclaimed uncritically simply because it is different from the present. In the first case the past is the fountainhead of the Law; it is extolled because it provides stiffer tests

and stricter frames for the striving for excellence. In the latter case the past serves as a door of escape; it is invoked as a collective term of real or fancied contrasts with a present whose principal crime consists in its stubborn exaction of tests. The first is the classicist, the second the romantic, attitude to the past. The classicist seeks to enrich the present by past standards of grandeur; the romantic finds contemporary standards too arduous, so he calls them bad names and then runs for cover—and finds it in bygone ages.

The Renaissance, currently regarded as *the* classical period of Western history, stood to Antiquity in a romantic rather than in a classic relation. For the essential strength, the true impetus of that tremendous acceleration of the Western mind which goes by the name of Renaissance represented the continuation of, rather than a break with, the Gothic spirit which preceded it; the continuation, above all, of that grandiose process of reconquering and adapting the achievements of Greek philosophy and Greek science, and of fixing man's place in the context of the universe which had begun in the Middle Ages and which, indeed, constituted the two main themes of medieval thought. The Renaissance rebelled against the Gothic spirit not in its philosophic and artistic substance but in its external manner and mannerisms; it revived antique forms, but it transfused these forms with its own un-antique and anti-antique spirit. For the spirit that speaks in the splendid classical cadences of Pico della Mirandola's "Oratio on Human Dignity," or in those of the Dominican "Witches' Hammer," is the spirit of Gothic Christianity; it is no more antique than is the Mauresque combination of column and arch in the courtyards of Renaissance palaces.

But the Renaissance donned the cloak of the past as an ornamental drapery, not as a protection against contemporary chill. The use of the past as a standardizable escape-mechanism was discovered by the Romantic Movement in the early nineteenth century. In so far as it held out to all the promise of an equal chance at Mastery, the revolutionary principle of Equality, heir to eighteenth-century anti-historic rationalism, had, within a generation, unmasked itself as a snare and a delusion. Waterloo sealed this self-revelation. Overnight, all the privates' knapsacks containing potential marshal's batons had to be returned to the depots; the Napoleonic blank checks drawn on Destiny for unlimited careers were cancelled by historic evolution reasserting its own pace. Europe, unlike the American Continent, had no frontier where any man who would be king could achieve his conquest-dream at the price of a few hundred slaughtered Indians. One outlet still remained open for the bourgeois energies released by 1789: the great nineteenth-century open championship in money-making. But there were those who felt themselves handicapped in the financial race for Power by their emotional luggage: the men who could never make up their minds whether they were too good, or not good enough, for the catch-as-catch-can wrestling-contest of bourgeois existence. And thus began the great imaginary exodus of Superior Souls to the shores of far away and long ago. The Orient, Africa, the American Great Lakes, but also the Middle Ages were not so much discovered as invented by the inhabitants of the ivory towers of conceit. The pattern of this mass migration of the select few was traced by Léon Blum when he wrote, apropos of Stendhal's *Chartreuse de Parme*: "Some one of our own time took up his quarters,



with all his indispensable baggage, in a narrative of the fifteenth century."

This stampede of choice spirits continued throughout the nineteenth century. Equalitarian liberalism—that child of Enlightenment—begot materialism, realism, naturalism, and also the romantic revolt against all these drab and humdrum isms. Rousseau is the father of Samuel Smiles and also of William Morris; of Zola, but also of Rimbaud. From the point of view of that Victorian world-view which it so passionately opposed, the importance of the romantic revolt consisted in its nature as a safety-valve. The spiritually maladjusted could always get a breath of fresh museum air by stepping out the back door into a past whose perfection was warranted by its dissimilarity to the present. A beautiful gesture was all the more beautiful by remaining a gesture; and thus Art for Art's Sake was born as a useful complement to the cotton mills of Manchester. Those who were disturbed by the sight of undersized and rachitic children descending the dark shafts of coal mines could restore themselves by gazing at the elongated and anemic virgins of Burne-Jones swarming up and down quasi-celestial staircases.

Twentieth-century intellectuals, bucked up by the red wine of bull-fighters and the exotic smells bottled on the spot by hairy-chested explorers of the African jungle, are apt to scoff at the whimpering æstheticism of the Pre-Raphaelites; even as the hundred per cent he-Babbitt of Franklin D. Roosevelt's reign will, at the wheel of his twelve-cylinder car, scoff at the gasoline buggy of 1905. Yet we have merely improved, but we have not changed the technics of our fathers and grandfathers. The up-to-date automobile is just a bigger and better gasoline buggy; the up-to-date machine-hater is just a bigger and better

Pre-Raphaelite. With the standardized mass-production of machine industry evolved the standardized mass-produced Expatriate in Time, he who prefers wax tapers to electric desk lamps, quaintness to serviceability, picturesque dirt to drab sanitation; he who chooses a milieu that reflects ready-made distinction, rather than one that, by easing routine, gives him opportunity to achieve distinction in the sweat of his raised brow. Thousands of specimens are in circulation, and it is very difficult to tell them apart, for they are all engaged in the same monotonous activity of trying to Look Different.

#### IV

The contempt for twentieth-century machinery affected by the twentieth-century intellectual stamps him as the authentic twin brother of his despised foe, George F. Babbitt. He hates that which Babbitt loves and he forgets that from the psychological point of view hate and love are the same emotion, the one with a minus, the other with a plus sign. Because adoration of mechanical gadgets, such as automobiles, wireless, perfected plumbing, perfected office-equipment, is one of the marks of the American philistine, the intellectual sets himself apart from, and fancies that he has set himself above, the common herd by demonstrating his hatred and contempt for these gadgets. To the critical view of the psychologist both attitudes reveal themselves as instances of quasi-neurotic hypostasis.

By hypostasis we mean a psychic trick which elevates a means to its own end. For example, when we in everyday life say that a person "makes a fetish of" or "is a crank about" cleanliness or grammar or punctuality or etiquette we refer to instances of hypostasis; for we mean to convey that the person in question inflates

an ordinary, and in itself useful and praiseworthy, trait or aspect of behavior into an end in itself, with the purpose of achieving a sense of superiority.

By an analogous process Babbitt hypostatizes machinery: he regards possession of its superior grades, such as expensive motor cars, as a symbol of achievement, partly because he measures all achievement by the money-standard, but also because he feels that in doing so he is supported by the consensus of all other Babbitts. Thus he derives spiritual satisfaction from a sense of money-power and also from a sense of conformity. Now the Babbitt-baiting highbrow derives spiritual satisfaction from refusing to conform to the common standard; thus he elevates an arbitrary and merely negative distinction (analogous to the teetotaller's pride in abstinence) to a mark of superiority and a substitute for achievement. What he thus shares with Babbitt is an emotional mis-evaluation of a mere means. If Babbitt sees in a Rolls-Royce a kind of minor God, the Babbitt-baiter puts himself on Babbitt's level by seeing in the Rolls-Royce a kind of minor devil. And if Babbitt feels important because he is exactly like other Babbitts, the highbrow feels important because he is exactly unlike Babbitt—or, if you will, because he is exactly like other anti-Babbitts. Highbrows form the smaller group; and the smaller group is always apt to regard its smallness as a sign of virtue, even as a large group is apt to regard its size as a sign of virtue. To this extent both Babbitt and anti-Babbitt render homage to the quantitative standard of democracy: Babbitt by genuflecting and the anti-Babbitt by sticking out his tongue.

In sum, the contemporary machine-hating intellectual, he who not only prefers wax tapers to electric light, quills

to typewriters, hand-knitted sweaters to machine-knitted ones, books bound by hand to books bound by machinery, and sailboats to motor launches, but also regards these preferences as marks of personal superiority, tries to win the game by trumping the fallacy of Babbitt with his own—the Archaic Fallacy. The fallacy of Babbitt consists in the belief that the machine alone justifies; whereas the fallacy of the anti-Babbitt states that repudiation of the machine alone justifies.

The extreme fallaciousness of this latter fallacy becomes evident if we consider that the contemptuous rejection of up-to-date mechanical conveniences in the name of the nobler devices of bygone centuries is an attitude that no bygone century ever shared. He who contemns our age on account of its machinolatry reveals thereby that he is spiritually more affected by machinery than he who puts machinery in its place by employing it as it is meant to be employed and refuses to worry about it. It is, in other words, the machine-hater, and not the machine-exploiter, who suffers from a machine-fixation. Let us imagine (it is not a difficult feat) a contemporary composer who not only prefers quills to fountain pens but also has a theory that quills are artistically superior to fountain pens. Let us further suppose that this composer, transferred, say, into the Baroque century, would adapt his theory about the worthlessness of contemporary gadgets, and hold forth to Bach on the superior artistic merit of the Roman stylus and wax-tablet over up-to-date quills and paper. I have a notion that Bach's response would be forceful rather than polite.

And I have also a notion that Kant, were he to come to life in our midst, would hail a green-shaded goose-necked American desk-lamp of the



commonest kind as a great improvement over the most perfectly wrought rococo chandelier. For Kant only wanted to work; he did not want to attitudinize about work. But to-day we have people who believe that Kant should be read by the light of a rococo chandelier. Now Kant, who is hard to read at the easiest, is less hard to read in the light of a good desk-lamp. But such a lamp would enable our archaizing friend to concentrate on Kant; while the chandelier would enable him to concentrate on himself in the act of reading Kant. The truth is that he does not want to commune with Kant, but to dramatize himself; for which half-sacerdotal, half-theatrical function, I admit, wax tapers furnish the more picturesque setting.

Thus all the hocus-pocus with old-fashioned paraphernalia to which our intellectuals attach such merit reveals itself as the great twentieth-century Archaic Fallacy, twin sister of the Geographic Fallacy, or the hocus-pocus with exotic paraphernalia in Montparnasse and Cagnes, Mallorca and Mexico and Tahiti. Both fallacies may be reduced to the self-salesman's trick of trying to "put over" an inferior picture by displaying it in a highly artistic frame.

### V

The manner in which the anti-machine prejudice befuddles the thought of even the highest type of American intellectual is illustrated by a passage in an article that appeared in these pages three years ago. Its author, Mr. Albert Jay Nock, is one of the most penetrating and most charming contemporary critics of life and letters; he is the last man in the world who could be accused of attitudinizing or self-salesmanship; he is miles above either the desire or the need of extolling himself by standardized superiority-devices. But he lives and breathes in

the atmosphere of American liberal dissent; and when he speaks of automobiles he makes statements that do not represent his own reasoned opinion but the clichés of dissent.

The article in question, entitled "On the Practice of Smoking in Church," discoursed most entertainingly on the plight of the average American tourist in Europe, that victim of the fad and salesmanship of transoceanic travel. As a horrible example Mr. Nock introduced a certain prosperous Mid-Western business man whom he had met somewhere in France. This wretch had served six out of a term of nine months of hard Europe and was utterly miserable, for he liked and understood nothing that he saw, and could not find a thing to talk about nor a person to talk to. As a matter of fact, he had no worthwhile opinions nor could he express himself articulately on any subject save two, but on these two he had interesting things to say and said them well. These two subjects were salesmanship and automobiles.

It is plain to be seen, Mr. Nock comments, why he was so unhappy. In France nobody is interested either in salesmanship or in automobiles. "There is," Mr. Nock adds, "no æsthetic, romantic, or quasi-religious exaltation over motor cars anywhere in France; as far as I can see they are bought pretty strictly as means of getting around, by those who need them for that purpose. Nothing more poetic than that."

Now this passage phrases the anti-automobile creed of the American *littérateur* with all the subtle force of indirection and understatement. It is also wholly fallacious.

In the first place, the factual value of Mr. Nock's assertion turns on the innocent-looking clause, "*as far as I can see.*" Well, when it comes to the French attitude to automobiles, Mr.

Nock evidently does not see very far. He sees French life as a visitor; moreover, he sees it as a good American romantic liberal, looking for, and finding, in it things that contrast favorably with things American. Now, having spent six uninterrupted years in France, and most of this time in provincial bourgeois surroundings, I feel competent to state that the only difference between the American and the French owner-driver is that the Frenchman is not only more careful of, but also far more affectionate toward his car. For one thing, he is proverbially anxious to conserve his assets; for another, French automobiles are much more delicate and will stand for much less indifferent handling than American ones. I know some French people who do not love their cars but regard them "pretty strictly as means of getting around." When such people start out on a fifty-mile excursion they succeed, as a rule, pretty strictly in getting around to the nearest repair garage.

In the second place, I know a number of American writers, artists, and intellectuals who, while they deride the "aesthetic, romantic, and quasi-religious exaltation" of the American automobile-worshipper, are stirred to such exaltation by the beauty of sailing craft, whether a clipper ship, racing yacht, or simply one of those heavy tubby-looking primitive-rigged boats with which the Provençal, Italian, and Dalmatian sailors perform such wonders of seamanship. Now I maintain that to appreciate the beauty of a racing yacht and to ignore, or despise, the beauty of a Bugatti, Benz, or Cadillac is pure highbrow snobbery. The beauty of a good motor car is exactly the same kind of beauty as that of a good ship. It flows from perfect adaptation of design to purpose, perfect utilization of material and of dynamic possibilities, suppression of inorganic, useless ornament, strict econ-

omy of means and processes; in a word, it represents the triumph of craftsmanship over the resistance of inert mass. It seems to me that the person who goes into raptures over the craftsmanship of Adam and Sheraton, of Gothic stonemasons or Renaissance goldsmiths, or of the builders of the *Flying Cloud* and the *Cutty Sark*, and is indifferent to the craftsmanship of the modern automobile engineer, is at par with the critic to whom no poet or no painter is great unless he has been safely dead for a century. Such a person is a victim of the Archaic Fallacy, an expatriate in time.

In the third place: The spirit which expresses itself in buying motor cars "pretty strictly as a means of getting around" is the very spirit which Mr. Nock and his liberal friends have been fighting all their lives. For, though it is not the spirit of the average motorist, French or American, it is the spirit of the jerry-builder, American or European; of the maker and seller of the abominations of cheap furniture; of the correspondence course that sells short cuts to literary culture at so much an installment. It is the spirit of Quick Lunch. It is, in a word, the spirit of getting there anyhow, of achieving any result as quickly and as cheaply as possible. It is the spirit that denies slow growth, the value of craftsmanship, and the amenities of civilized existence.

The subject which occupies the same place in the hierarchy of French everyday life as is occupied in America by the automobile, is food. There is a good deal of æsthetic, romantic, and quasi-religious exaltation over food in France; it is fully shared by French intellectuals, and approved by Mr. Nock, when he comes to France, as a sign of culture. Now let us transcribe Mr. Nock's anti-automobile tirade in terms of a French man of letters visiting America.



"There is," he would write, "no æsthetic, romantic, or quasi-religious exaltation over food anywhere in the United States; as far as I can see, food is bought pretty strictly as a means of holding body and soul together, by those who need it for that purpose. Nothing more poetic than that."

So far our imaginary Monsieur Nocques would walk arm-in-arm with our Mr. Nock. But at this point he would politely extricate himself, and branch off into a little comment of his own. "The truth is," he would say, "that when it comes to food the Americans are barbarians. In regard to food, as in regard to other values of life, they are only interested in results, and ignore or despise the processes. This emphasis on mere results is one of the most desolate aspects of a purely utilitarian civilization, such as the American."

I do not say that I should agree with this hypothetical Frenchman. I should oppose his statement precisely by pointing to the craftsmanship of American automobile engineers, and of the humble and nameless American mechanic and tool-maker. But the reason why I introduced him (and he has, under different names, published fifty books on American civilization in the last five years) is that he serves to illustrate a crucial difference between French culture and ours. In matters of everyday routine, such as food, the French *littérateur* does not revolt against, but identifies himself with, the standards of his people. He conforms where his American brother denounces. And the reason for this is not that French standards are intrinsically higher than American, but that the French man of letters has more guts than the American. He conforms out of strength. The French man of letters has a recognized and safe status within French life; whereas the American man of letters suffers from an

inferiority-complex, is never at his ease, and clutches at artificial status-raising devices such as the Archaic Fallacy, whereby he can show himself and his friends that he is really a far finer fellow than George F. Babbitt.

## VI

In her review of that celebrated machine-age symposium, Professor Beard's *Whither Mankind?* (it appeared in the "Books" section of the N. Y. *Herald-Tribune* on November 4, 1928) Miss Rebecca West suggested that the influence of the machine on contemporary life is greatly overrated, since a large number of people within our civilization have no real psychological contact with machinery at all. To prove this she stated her own case.

"I myself," she wrote, "never ride in an automobile if I can conveniently walk; I write in long hand with a pen; when I sew it is by hand; I have an apartment in a London house . . . which contains no elevator; I use a telephone, but I loathe it. . . . If I differ in certain respects from any woman of my sort who lived in the eighteenth, or seventeenth, or sixteenth centuries it is because of changes in the clothing women wear, the lives they lead, the social and religious and philosophic ideas. It has nothing to do with machinery."

Now the second half of this passage is just a whale of an instance of question-begging. Having proposed to prove that people's lives are not affected by machinery, Miss West calmly announces that the changes in people's lives have nothing to do with machinery. Whereas it is evident that if Miss West differed from her sisters of bygone ages in nothing except the clothes she wears and the life she leads, she would already differ a good deal, and most of this difference would be due to the part that machinery plays

in Miss West's life when she looks the other way; as, for instance, when the materials of her clothing are being made. It would be also easy to show that while machinery itself may not change social and religious ideas, the change which these ideas have undergone in the last hundred years springs from the same source as machinery, *i.e.* from the final victory of the so-called scientific spirit over the authoritarian beliefs and hierarchic practices of the pre-machine era. If machinery is not the mother, she is at any rate the sister of Miss West's social and philosophic and religious ideas.

A *petitio principii*, however, is a slip which any of us may make when we are very anxious to prove a point in a hurry. And evidently Miss West, who elsewhere in the same article complains of a prodigious amount of overwork, was in a hurry when she wrote that passage—all the more as she wrote it with a pen in long hand and had to compete with American journalists who use typewriters and even dictagraphs. On the other hand, the first sentence of the above quotation contains a lovely full-grown example of the Archaic Fallacy.

In that sentence Miss West avers, not without a certain simple pride, that she refuses to avail herself of the commonly available tools and processes of up-to-date routine. By this refusal, or shall we say by this willful aloofness, Miss West proves herself to be fundamentally different from women of her sort who lived in the eighteenth, or seventeenth, or sixteenth century. It is impossible to imagine any woman, or any man, living in any of those centuries who would deliberately have preferred obsolete technics to perfected ones. The technics of everyday life, like the technics of the arts, were historically given, and taken for granted; one did not *choose* a style of home-furnishing or of music any more

than one would choose one's nose. By her eclectic preference for old-fashioned ways Miss West stamps herself an authentic daughter of ultra-modernity.

But then, in those centuries life was organized on a hierarchic basis. One's paraphernalia were determined by the status into which one was born; whereas to-day one's status is determined by the paraphernalia which one acquires by hook or crook. The modern intellectual's revolt against the machinery of everyday is, at bottom, a revolt against the sham equality of a social order in which any fool can command universal recognition as a Superior Person if he can afford to ride in a sixteen-cylinder car. One might sympathize with that revolt were it not obvious that its true purpose is to replace, while you wait, one kind of superiority-fiction with another kind of superiority-fiction: one sham with another sham. It is not a revolt at all, but an offer of truce masquerading as revolt; it is the siege of the fortress of False Values opening with the capitulation of the attacking army.

Miss West, too, capitulates. She proclaims her aversion to up-to-date mechanical devices in a magazine printed on super-rotary presses in a New York skyscraper and distributed by motor trucks, railway trains, and, for aught I know, by airplanes.

## VII

Babbitt's machine-worship is disguised self-worship; for with the aid of the machine he bestows upon himself a sense of power and distinction. But the intellectual who harangues against machinolatry has no better case; for his contempt of the machine is the indirect ritual of *his* brand of self-worship. The intellectual is right when he, paraphrasing Matthew Arnold, inquires, What is the use of an airplane if it serves only to transport



you from a dull life in Pittsburgh to a dull life in Denver, or from a futile life in Mayfair to a futile life in Cannes? But the intellectual is wrong when he believes that by turning his back on the machine he has replaced a non-value with a value. Press him hard, and you will find that his anti-machine attitude ultimately rests on his claim that *his* point of view is more valuable than Babbitt's. It may be; but the intellectual—at any rate the American intellectual—is usually also a liberal; and he negates his claim to a superior set of values by his faith in democracy, or the system which establishes *all* values by majority vote.

If the world of to-day had a true hierarchy of values machinery would find its place in it. But if the world of to-day has no such hierarchy, it is the

fault, not of poor much-maligned George F. Babbitt, but of the intellectual; for it was the intellectuals who, banded together under the banner of Enlightenment, dethroned hierarchy and set up in its stead the democratic ideal: one man's values are as good as those of the next. Once more the anti-machine revolt of the intellectual reveals itself as a revolt against Equality. But it is a stillborn revolt; for the contemporary rebel does not want to fight; he wants to compromise. He does not want to set up a true hierarchy of values, for he does not believe in one; all he wants is to raise his own status. And for that phantom purpose a phantom weapon will serve him: he combats the Democratic Fallacy with the Archaic Fallacy. But we know that two fallacies do not make a Truth.

## TIME'S ABSOLUTE

BY MARY LAPSLEY

**T***HIS is eternity, this long sweet pause  
When summer trees are muted, and no flaws  
Of air stir, bending grass and flower.  
This slight, clear hour  
Caught from time's restless flow,  
Not snow  
In carven stillness, but this idle breath  
Holds immortality which is not death.*



## The Lion's Mouth



### OBSERVATIONS ON CANINE BLUE BLOOD

BY STELLA BENSON

IT ISN'T fashionable now to be obviously well-bred. But dogs (always several million years behind the times, poor darlings) haven't noticed that yet. Not that, theoretically, Good Connections matter at all in the dog world. Anyone who has wrestled with a canine Lady Clara Vere de Vere whose heart is set on a *mésalliance* knows that nothing is farther from her mind than the duty of selecting an aristocratic father for her puppies. But this contrariness is due, I am sure, to a strange ignorance of cause and effect (shared, if I am rightly informed, with certain human Australian tribes). As a lifelong student of canine psychology, I am sorry to say that, in my considered opinion, dogs do not know *How Puppies Come*. A mother-dog's expression at the supreme moment of motherhood never in my experience conveys anything more sophisticated than, "Well—I'll be jiggered! Look what's happened!"

All this makes it seem the more odd to me that a sense of aristocracy does appear to affect the canine outlook. In other words, there really seems to be a blueness inherent in patrician blood, if one may judge from canine behavior.

Of our two dogs in this Chinese

compound, Penko, a gentleman of reasonably pure Airedale descent, spontaneously conducts his social life on *noblesse oblige* lines. Chippie, a half-bred Chinese dog, obviously labels himself as belonging to the servant class, contentedly wears the cast-off collars of his betters, and re-gnaws their twice-gnawed bones, and no doubt calls Penko, Master Penko. Outside the compound, among the base-born village wonk-dogs, Penko shows that patronizing British side of his nature that is so typical of the English Gentleman Abroad. He does his best not to put on side; he walks on stiff, self-conscious legs round and round rude yapping vulgarians, trying to pretend a courteous but haughty interest in their gross, bucolic smells. I do not know how he acquires this aristocratic manner—apparently simply from the fact that he is so obviously different—in shape, color, texture, size, smell, and culture—from every dog he meets. Chinese village children run away from him under the impression that he is a tiger, and even the dogs, never having seen any dog but one another, are not really sure that Penko is canine at all. (There is indeed, I sometimes think, an equivalent uncertainty of a common bond between the human Chinese peasant and the human British gentleman—and this makes a gulf that can only be bridged by good manners, which, happily, are fairly frequent in both races.) Outside the compound, Penko, with the best intentions, is never able—or never allowed—to forget his breeding, but at home inside the compound, though he remains, first and



last, an Airedale of good family, he unbends most affably. In the presence of Chippie he does not mind being roguish; a humble, faithful family retainer like poor dear old Chippie will never take advantage of a superior's lapse into roguishness. A walker on the tips of stiff toes abroad, Penko, at home, becomes a bouncer. His response to almost all the events of daily life is a bouncing; he bounces with amusement when a joke is made, he bounces with pleasure when dinner is announced, he bounces when a friend enters or when a stranger departs; every evening at nine o'clock, he announces to his master by bouncings his readiness for the nightly facetious romp. His manner of bouncing is peculiar to himself; it is done with his front half only, and, if snapshotted in mid-bounce, he would be found to defy the laws of gravity in exactly the same way as do the racehorses in sporting pictures of the 1840's, the war-chargers in seventeenth-century portraits of kings, and the hunting dogs in ancient Egyptian carvings—that is to say, both hind feet remain demurely on the ground while the front half sprawls stretched horizontally along the air—a Penko Rampant.

Penko's bouncingness is his chief charm in the eyes of his admirers. This fact is realized by Chippie. A dog of his lowly heart would not, of course, presume to bounce at first hand, so to speak; bouncing is for Gentlemen. Among Gentlemen, in Chippie's feudal view. With an expression of pop-eyed wistfulness, Chippie watches the free, assured bouncings of Master Penko, and presently, when Penko's nightly romp with his master is at its height, Chippie can be seen tentatively bouncing alone in a corner—practicing how it feels to bounce—imagining how it would feel to belong to the bouncing classes. Sometimes Penko in the delirium of the romp bounces over and

knocks Chippie head over heels; Chippie then writhes with a modest subdued roguishness, anxious not to be a wet blanket, yet at the same time determined to show that he knows his place. At other times, Chippie, desirous of sharing in the fun as far as is possible without presumption, will enter the radius of the romp, and sit shaking hands tirelessly with the unheeding feet of the human participants. In the garden, when Penko plays with his ball, Chippie, hovering near, plays with a fir-cone—throws it—catches it—rolls it—nuzzles it—pats it—loves it—in exact imitation of Master Penko. Even when Penko tires of his ball, takes away Chippie's one ewe fir-cone and begins to play with that, Chippie, urged to seize the sacred ball, cannot bring himself to set tooth to it or to bestow on it more than a shy, light, reverent lick.

In one respect Penko depends upon Chippie for something more definite than admiration, imitation, and second-fiddlehood. Chippie has a great gift for nibbling—that canine form of massage. Chippie knows how to nibble the neck, skull, and spine of a friend with delicately wielded front teeth, in such a manner as to tauten every muscle of the delighted nibbled one, cramp his head askew with rapture, and stretch his mouth to a stiff, toothy smile of ecstasy. This talent of Chippie's is of course a slavish one, but in his unassuming way, Chippie is proud of it; he is always ready to put his skill at the disposal of Master Penko. But if his purpose is to ingratiate himself—to better himself socially—by these ministrations, it is not achieved. Penko's growing rapture is oddly accompanied by a growing irritation as the nibbling goes on; different surfaces of the head and neck are presented more and more pressingly to the nibbler's tooth, the nibbled one's smile of sensuous ecstasy grows wider and wider—

and yet at the same time his temper becomes unexpectedly worse and worse. Growls rumble louder and louder in the nibbled skull. It is as if the blood of a hundred Airedales were revolting against incurring such an obligation to a base-born foreign mongrel. Chippie never learns wisdom; happy in the consciousness of being useful, he nibbles ardently on. And sooner or later—*bang*—Penko turns on the nibbler in patrician fury, knocks him spinning, and dismisses him with a display of teeth emphatically *not* formed for the gentle art of nibbling. Chippie hurries from the room, scarlet with embarrassment, cursing himself for his presumption, and sits for a long time in his kennel with his tail to the world, making good resolutions never to indulge in sinful pride again.

Watching Chippie and Penko, then, one might deduce that class-modesty is an instinct innate in the low-born, and that our modern explosion of human liberty, equality, and fraternity is a defiant, paradoxical manifestation of that modesty. I'm-as-good-as-you-are is a motto peculiar to the human groundling, and, like almost all family mottoes, a challenge rather than a claim. Dogs know better; they remain frankly feudal and class-conscious. There is no such thing as a canine parvenu; a dog has too much sense of the essential and too little sense of dignity to make social claims in which his pedigree does not justify him.

Watching Penko and Chippie and the village wonks, one might argue on such an assumption, but I do not think the deduction would be safe—at any rate in China. For (and this is a thing I have not dared to tell Penko) pedigree goes for nothing in Chinese canine circles. Even humanly speaking, though in one sense China may be the country of ancestors par excellence, in another sense she is the most ancient democracy of all. It is said that in Imperial China

every boy had as good a chance of becoming Prime Minister as any given American boy has of becoming President. Where dogs are concerned, I cannot say that every Chinese mongrel under the Imperial regime had a chance of becoming a Pekingese Mandarin's sleeve-dog—that, after all, is a question of *avoidsupois*—but I know by experience that every wonk has to-day a chance of taking rank as a Perfect Chow. I once bought—for the equivalent of one and two pence—two infant wonks as foster-puppies for a bereaved pointer mother. Their names were Woolworth and Whiteley. Woolworth grew up a goodhearted, intensely vulgar dog, never ashamed to lick the boots of a friend or to turn tail before an enemy. But Whiteley developed that aristocratic characteristic, a black tongue. His mouth when he yawned looked as if he had been eating blueberries. His nature, from the first, was disdainful and arrogant. "That dog," said Chinese friends, "is a Perfect Chow. You could sell it for good money in Shanghai." "But he is a wonk by birth," I said. "I know Whiteley's family well; he is our garbage coolie's uncle's wonk's son. Look at his brother Woolworth. Obviously there is no breeding in the family at all." The Chinese friends looked at me patiently as though I were babbling irrelevancies. "It is not the family that matters, in a dog, but the black tongue. That dog is a Perfect Chow."

I repeat, I have not dared to tell Penko this story, but it made a great impression on me, for I began to think then that, though an aristocracy *does* exist in human and canine affairs, with all its attendant traditional manifestations of arrogance, courage, patronage, confidence, chivalry, lack of imagination, and physical fineness, it is a matter of the black tongue rather than of breeding. Penko, though his physical tongue is nordically pink, is, I think,



spiritually, black-tongue all over, so to speak. From top to toe he is (in Kwangtung province at least) distinguished by that something special which is aristocracy, perhaps, and of which the black tongue is a symbol. Countless wonks must go through life without knowing that they have black tongues—without reaping the advantages of their special something—just as Chippie goes through life without knowing that he has a white spot on the back of his neck. Chippie is an all-yellow dog, and the lonely white spot on the back of his neck is the feature that first catches the eye of anyone on being introduced to Chippie. Yet, if one spoke with the tongues of men and angels, one never could give Chippie the faintest suspicion of the existence of that white spot. So he remains merely Chippie—a servant dog.

Sometimes I feel quite dizzy when I look at that white spot. Have I one? Have you one? If we could realize our white spots should we at once step from the ranks of nibblers into the glorious position of the nibbled?



## OUR GENERATION WAS DIFFERENT

BY CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN

**A** YEAR ago David was interested exclusively in jazz, cars, and girls. He gangled alarmingly from clothes which might just as well not have been bought at the expensive shops his mother, with the desperation of despair, patronized for him. His skin was something better left unnoticed. His entire vocabulary, as far as we could find out, consisted of the word "Horsefeathers" delivered with varied inflections.

This year, his eighteenth, he is different. His skin is definitely one we should love to touch, but have aunty sense enough not to. His clothes fit him—more or less. To jazz, cars, and girls he has added psychiatry. This complex science colors his other three interests in a startling way. He admits it is kind of awful knowing so much 'psychology—knowing what's wrong with your friends and all your family. What's wrong with Sis, he says, is—she's jealous of the kids. She's jealous of Peg and Jim. Only last Tuesday he told us exactly what was wrong with his mother and father. "Mother's awful faithful," he said. "She's the damn faithfulest woman I ever saw, but she sure takes it out on the butcher and the ice-man."

I said, "What?" and he said, Yeh, hadn't I heard her rip up the butcher on the telephone? Well, that was direct sex repression—

We are learning to brace ourselves when David walks in. Yesterday, for instance, he followed me into the library, shut the door, and stood against it, frowning down at his sneakers. This time the frown was greatly heightened by the layers of automobile grease on his face. I inquired, a trifle obviously, if he had been fixing his motorcycle? "Yeh," he said. He ran his hands through his hair and sat down on the sofa, knees apart, staring down at the rug. "I got it bad," he said. "I'm hit. I can't eat, can't study, can't anything. And I got to study. Just this week I've got, to get ready for that history exam, and I can't see the words on the page. I'm hit, all right."

There was a gloomy pause. I inquired if it was the one he had brought home to tea? The tea incident had been an entirely new departure and caused great talk in the flustered bosom of the family. Hitherto David's girls—cohorts of them—had appeared briefly in automobiles, honked raucously for

David, and disappeared into the night. But the tea party had been different. David's sister had reported it to me. "Mother's been begging him for years to bring his girls home. And he did. On Sunday. It was awful. Gosh! This girl sat there, and we all sat round. The kids too, and the dogs, falling over everybody. And mother made conversation. Gosh!"—

"Yeh," David said. "That's the one. This girl. . . . Aunt Helen, she's the first decent girl I've had that was interested in psychology. I mean the first good-looking one. There was one at Christmas. My God, she hung on me the whole vacation and she sure was intelligent. She sure knew psychology. But she wasn't good-looking."

Life, I said, was like that.

"She's an awful sensible girl, this one I've got now. I mean she's not hot-cha. Didn't Sis tell you she wasn't hot-cha? . . . Well, we've talked a lot about psychology. She's interested in it too. At least, she wasn't at first, but she is now. That, and jazz, and baseball, just like me. That's funny, isn't it, Aunt Helen?"

She must, I murmured, be a sensible girl indeed. Delilah, I reflected, had probably shown a sensible interest in hair.

"But the thing is—" it burst from him in agony—"I can't trust her! Listen. . . . You know Gordon Hale, the fellow that was in the garage helping me fix my motorcycle when you got your car out this morning? Well, he's after her, too. . . . Aunt Helen, what do you think of Gordon? I mean, what kind of fellow you think he is?"

I said I'd noticed a bold black eye.

"Yeh. He's been my best friend for five years. . . . Well, he doesn't really care for this girl. He doesn't care *that* for her. All he cares for is competition. That's what his life is based on, just competition. For instance, when we're out in his car, if there's a car ahead of us

he'd wreck anything to pass it. That's what his life is. What he likes is a good fight, just one good fight after another. That's what his life is. Well, he got home from Exeter last Monday and we were fixing my motorcycle and he said, 'Well, who you got?' and I told him about Edith. So I took him along, and there was another girl at her house, but he made a date with Edith. He's been my best friend five years. So he told me next day she kissed him—"

Pause. Awful pause, hideous. David had choked.

Hurriedly, vivaciously, I said I thought they all kissed. I thought kissing was just how-do-you-do.

"Yeh," David said. "Well, your generation wouldn't understand, but all my generation wants from women is a good neck." He raised his head and looked at me bitterly. "That's all Gordon wants, a good neck."

In my most skilfully casual voice I said I supposed she had kissed David too?

She had, it seemed. Saturday night and Sunday night, in the car and on her steps after they got out of the car. Gordon came Monday. "So last night," said David, "I had a date with her and I took her somewhere to supper and then we went to a movie. I didn't say anything about Gordon, right out, but I kept at it. I kept making subtle remarks—you know, sort of subtle cracks. Like this. The picture was called, 'She Done Him Wrong.' So I said, 'How do you like the title?' Like that. She got it, all right. I could see her getting it. Well, it went on like that all evening, and then driving home she—took hold of my hand, sort of, on the wheel. She said she was sorry she'd necked with Gordon."

"Well?"

"She has a date with him to-night. *To-night.*" He raised his eyes and looked at me. Easily, easily, with a



hammer, with a length of picture wire, I could have murdered this Gordon. My eyes decently averted, I inquired whether Gordon knew about psychology too?

"That guy?" David said. "He's an extrovert. He isn't interested in anything, I tell you, but fights. I try to talk to him about his competition complex and he just waves his hand. 'Path-etic,' he says, like that."

I could see him saying it. David murmured that of course he wouldn't expect my generation to understand. My generation didn't know psychoanalysis.

I admitted that we didn't.

David got up, slowly. "I called Edith up," he said, and sat down again, "this morning. 'Well,' I told her, 'I'm not going to say anything more. You know Gordon doesn't really care for you and you know what I told you.' I called her again this afternoon. You think it'd be a good idea for me to call her again, at supper, before she goes out with Gordon? Just to remind her? Or," his brow was knotted, "you think I'd better lay off?"

I said I thought he'd better lay off, and then I asked him the rather obvious question why, if it was really serious, he didn't tell her straight out, it had to be him or Gordon. "Tell Gordon, too," I said.

David shook his head. "She'd take me. I'm about sure of it."

My bewilderment was complete. The fog closed down all round. I heard myself saying, Well-for-crying-out-loud—the usual outmoded aunty slang. I stared up at David, and found him staring back at me in the wildest surprise.

"Hey!" he said. "Hey! You don't seem to get the idea at all. I'm not looking for . . . Gosh, I don't want this one-woman business yet awhile. Not for a couple of years anyway. Not till I'm twenty. This one-woman

business. Gosh, that'd be awful. This thing I'm talking about—it's just for this vacation, see?" His voice rose; there was an edge to it. "Five days, I've got. If I can beat Gordon to it before Thursday. He goes back to school Thursday and she goes back Friday."

Feebly I suggested he try leaving her alone for a day. Over Sunday anyway. A little indifference, I said, is very attractive to females.

"Yeh," David said. He got up. "Listen. She didn't really enjoy kissing Gordon. She told me so. I asked what did she do it for, then, and she said she didn't know. So I put it right to her. I said, 'Can't you tell infatuation from real love?'"

He stopped talking and stood looking down, screwing the toes of his sneakers into the rug. I said, "How old is Edith?" and David said, "Sixteen," and shook his head. "It's pretty bad. I sure am hit. It sure has got me this time. I don't know how I'm going to get through tonight." His face, I couldn't help noticing, was actually white. "I couldn't expect you to understand, Aunt Helen. Your generation was different. Things were different in your generation."

He moved to the door. He paused. "I told her," he said fiercely. "I told Edith. 'Don't you know what it'll do to you,' I said, 'necking with one fellow one night and another the next? Don't you know what it'll do?'"

Horrid qualms assailed me, unmentionable qualms. Things they tell you about the wild young generation . . . movie things . . . parked cars . . . unwed mothers.

"David," I said. "Tell me. What *will* it do to her?"

"Why," he said, "anybody knows, that's read psychology. Women aren't like men. Women are monogamous. Kissing one man one night and another

the next. It'll give her a split personality. That's what it'll do. I told her. I said, 'You keep on the way you're going, and you'll get a split personality.'"

"Mercy," I murmured. David's hand was on the door. He turned. "She *said* she wouldn't neck to-night. She practically promised." His hand went through his hair.

"If only I could trust her," he said.



### TO APHRODITE IN MARBLE

BY MILDRED WESTON

You,  
Venus out of Melos,  
Who profess  
To have attained the height  
Of loveliness,  
Wonder, no doubt,

How such as I would dare  
To run the gantlet  
Of your haughty stare.

Disparage my proportions.  
I agree  
They do not warrant  
Immortality.  
Condemn my features.  
Damn them one by one—  
You will have done no more  
Than I have done.

Only remember  
While you scorn its girth  
This meager torso  
Draws the breath of earth!  
Know, Aphrodite,  
That I turn away  
Exulting  
In my warm, if homely, clay.

So,  
By my edict,  
It becomes the fashion  
To view you  
Not with envy  
But compassion.  
Poor, bleak perfection!  
If the truth be told,  
Beauty is strangely pitiable,  
Stone cold.







## Editor's Easy Chair

### A GROWTH IN CANDOR

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

IN THE Great War, when all the censors were working overtime, a good deal of news was kept out of general circulation and a good deal was published that was not true. Lying was held to be warrantable in war; but after peace came limping home again and the censor's smudge disappeared, and in letters people wrote what they liked, there followed the publication of "now-it-can-be-told" books, and they are still coming out. That sentiment has penetrated beyond the war books into literature in general.

Mr. Joseph Choate once said: "You can say almost anything if you know how." That has always been true: the way you say what you say makes the difference between what gives offense and what does not. But nowadays we are getting almost back to Old Testament standards about what details of life are proper to be disclosed. In the Bible stories there is great candor about them. In the 19th century this quality was not much emulated especially in periodical literature. One of the duties of a magazine was to print nothing that would be objectionable to family reading. That was true when Mr. Alden edited HARPER's and had to discuss with Thomas Hardy the decency of *Jude, the Obscure*. It could not have been altogether agreeable to Mr. Alden, whose mind had room in it for everything that concerned

human life; but it was part of the job of editing the magazine. The same sort of thing went on in the *Century* when Mr. Gilder had to discuss what was proper with Mark Twain; but that was about language more than anything else. Mark's adored wife was careful for her husband's language, and when Mark's exuberance burst out very much there was always Mr. Howells to consult with, and Mr. Howells was a proper man. So it was when Hawthorne's wife edited his diary and eliminated all naughty words. But nowadays the pendulum has swung far the other way. Life is going bare. The Nudists are quite popular, at least to read about; and though it does not yet seem likely that more than a small fraction of the Europeans or the Americans will wish to go naked, yet it is true that garb even now has to make quite a determined effort to keep on the body. At the bathing beaches where twenty years ago women not thoroughly draped were liable to arrest, the amount of covering which the rules require seems now to have come pretty close to a minimum.

A great deal of this change is improvement. Women are better dressed than they used to be, their bodies are more free and better developed, and as for morals, clothes seem not to have much to do with them, not nearly as much at least as appeared to our grand-

parents who went in for pantalets and to whom the very thought of a naked body seemed to be shocking.

As to what may be put in books, that varies by localities. Magistrates in New York refuse to suppress books which may not be sold in Boston, nor, in some cases, in Brooklyn, and probably not in Philadelphia. As a rule they are not very edifying books, but censorship at the best is seldom very intelligent, and the opinion has basis at least that it is better to let loose some things that are unfit than to take away from readers too much responsibility as to what they shall read. Smut is bad, but prohibitions may easily be worse.

THERE was a gentleman in Rochester in the last generation but one, of whom someone said it should be written on his tombstone "He left nothing unexplained." There has been going on at this writing a very interesting show in Washington put on by persons whose ambition has seemed to be to leave nothing unexposed. The show has been interesting. It is incomplete at this writing and it is too soon anyhow to try to measure its significance or its consequences. Some things about Morgan's Bank have been brought out in that inquiry, a good deal more will be found in the story of Henry P. Davison, just issued, by his friend and partner Thomas W. Lamont.

Davison was extraordinarily interesting, an adventurer from the time of his boyhood in Troy, Pa., through processes of education, such as they were, and particularly in banking carried on in Troy, in Bridgeport where he was the young friend of P. T. Barnum, and presently in New York, where the game was bigger if one could find one's way into it; and Davison could find his way. He had all the necessary talent, intelligence, and energy to find his way about in this life and especially to succeed as a banker. He thought of profitable

things to do and he could persuade people to do them. Nearly all story readers prefer to read about success. Davison, like Eliza on the ice floes, stepped from one success to another. He seldom had a setback. When he got into a bank in New York there was always a better job ahead, and he was always on the way to get it. He started several banks which are now powerful institutions. He never forgot his friends for he was not only a progressive go-getting person but he liked human beings and never tired of helping them.

As we all know, he became a partner in Morgan's Bank, and what he did there Mr. Lamont has recounted. Mr. Paul Y. Anderson, a Washington newspaper correspondent who contributes to Mr. Villard's *Nation*, observed in his comments in that paper on the investigation of Morgan's, "Doesn't everyone realize by now that we entered the World War mainly because Morgan & Company had bet on the Allies and were in danger of losing?" That Morgan's had so much influence with Von Tirpitz as to induce him to advise the action that got us into the War may be doubted; but that Morgan's had bet on the Allies was true, and if that is a fault, as Mr. Villard's paper and perhaps Mr. Hearst's papers, seem to feel, of that Morgan's was guilty.

Much of what Morgan's did for the Allies, and especially Mr. Davison's remarkable services are set forth in this book of Mr. Lamont's, including in detail Davison's extraordinary and successful efforts for the Red Cross, to organize its work and keep it supplied with the money to do it—about four hundred millions in all. The cause of the Allies at one time was not unpopular. Fifty thousand Americans died for it, a great many others got hurt in it. It was a big job that we are still trying to pay for, and War is objection-



able anyhow. But if it is charged that Morgan's helped the Allies in the Great War, that is true, and anyone who likes can make the most of it.

The activity which seems to excite the most resentment in persons against whom it is directed is the invasion of a racket. Whose racket does Morgan's seem to have invaded—that of the Senate? Well, we shall see in the Lord's good time. Why has that combination of men at 23 Wall Street become so powerful? They are able men, and as characters go, are far better than ordinary. One would say that they would be useful in the direct administration of government affairs just as Mr. Davison and others of that firm were useful during the War. It is a defect of our system of government that the way is not open enough for able men of good character to get into it. Mr. Morrow, a Morgan partner, got into the Senate; but what did it cost him in money—half a million dollars? Wasn't it something like that? He did not live long enough to do much in the Senate, but he was extremely valuable

in Mexico and valuable in everything he did or tried to do. In England such men can get into Parliament without much trouble. For anyone of obvious, special ability a seat in Parliament can be provided. But here it is not so easy. Huey Long could go to the Senate and send there Mrs. Caraway, from Arkansas, but most Senators have to have the price.

One of the specialties of Morgan's Bank, which was not brought out by Mr. Pecora's questions and was not offered by Mr. Morgan or any of the partners, has been the rescue of concerns in trouble. The extent to which that has gone on is not likely to become a matter of public record. The late Mr. J. P. Morgan did not like to see a concern of honorable traditions and reputable character go down. He had a sentiment about it, and on that, rather than on expectations of profit, his ministrations were often based. That this still belongs to the tradition of Morgan's Bank is well and widely known, but is one of the things, as said, that did not come out at the inquiry.









SLEDGING

By Rockwell Kent

*Courtesy of the Weyhe Galleries*



# Harpers *Magazine*

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## WHAT HITLER WANTS

BY LEON TROTSKY

**H**ITLER has been widely regarded as a demagogue, a hysterical person, and a comedian. Such opinions are the reflections of a diplomacy incapable of vision or understanding save in the most ordinary routine matters. To attempt to appraise the present German political revolution with the rule-of-thumb methods of diplomacy is not only ludicrous; it is fraught with peril. It takes more than hysteria to seize power, and method there must be in the Nazi madness. Woe to those who do not awaken to this fact in time! The leaders of German labor refused to take Hitler seriously, they dismissed his program as an impossible blend of reaction and utopia. To-day, as a result of their ghastly mistake, their organizations have been shattered to bits. What will happen if this mistake is repeated in the field of world politics?

On May 17th Hitler replied to Roosevelt and the powers in his peace

speech to the Reichstag. Up to that time many thought that Hitler would violently attack the Versailles treaty, attempting to deal with Europe as he had done with the Reichstag building, Marxian literature, and the Jewish department stores. Nobody really knew where the lightning would come from and where it would strike. Would anyone have predicted twenty-four hours in advance the crushing of the trade unions according to all the rules of a gangster assault upon a bank? What was to be expected now? Then, of a sudden, the cooing of a dove.

Hitler's speech in the Reichstag staggered everybody with its unexpected pacifism, and so attained its most immediate aim. It is always advantageous to take an opponent by surprise. Hitler there developed his first success and fairly embarrassed his adversaries. Highly experienced diplomats allowed themselves to be at least halfway assuaged by a few well-



calculated pacific sentences, after they had been frightened to death by Papen's blood and iron shouting. John Simon gratefully noted in the Chancellor's speech the moderate tone of a statesman. So did Austen Chamberlain. Contrasting Hitler to Papen, the *Morning Post* discovered in the declaration the "soft accent of the South," and the entire press declared that the whole atmosphere had suddenly become less tense. At the same time they analyzed and explained these unexpected soft accents in something like these terms: the shrewd diplomat Mussolini had brought Hitler to reason, the pressure from Washington had doubtlessly not been without influence, and consequently the chances of the disarmament policy have manifestly improved. What a flagrant blunder! The psychological secret of the hubbub is simple: whoever expects to meet a madman brandishing an axe and encounters instead a man with a Browning hidden in his hip pocket cannot fail to experience a feeling of relief. But that does not prevent the Browning from being more dangerous than the axe.

There is no lack, on the other hand, of distrustful people who see in Hitler's declaration only an episodic maneuver occasioned by the unfavorable echo to the speech of Papen: it is enough, at least for a few weeks, to deceive public opinion, and then one will see. An all too simple explanation! The menacing harangue of Lord Hailsham provoked by the speech of Papen may, it is true, have served as the impulsion to Hitler's intervention. But all this relates to the order and to the tone of political declarations; that is, it touches only the technical side. Behind the diplomatic fencing, however, are concealed much deeper factors and plans. It would be just as false to take Hitler's pacifism at its word as it would be to

dismiss the declaration of a "demagogue" without penetrating into its sense. The political problem consists in establishing the inner relationships between Hitler's declaration and his real plans, that is, to try to understand by what ways Fascist Germany hopes to attain those ends which it cannot and will not name. The past must already have adequately shown that if there is fantasy and delirium in the policy of National-Socialism, this does not mean that Hitler is incapable of weighing realities: *his fantasy and delirium are in expedient conformity with his real political aims*. That is our point of departure in the appraisal of the internal as well as the foreign policy of National-Socialism.

The guiding philosophical and historical ideas in Hitler's disarmament speech are truly pitiful in their pretentious mediocrity. The idea proclaimed by Hitler of the necessity of re-adapting the state frontiers of Europe to the frontiers of its races is one of those reactionary utopias with which the National-Socialist program is stuffed. Present-day Europe is decomposing economically and culturally not because its national frontiers are imperfect but because the old continent is cut up in every direction by customs prison walls, separated by the disorder of inflated monetary systems, and crushed by the militarism which Europe requires to insure its dismemberment and its decadence. A shifting of the internal frontiers by a few dozens or hundreds of miles in one direction or another would, without changing much of anything, involve a number of human victims exceeding the population of the disputed zone.

The assurances given by the National-Socialists that they renounce "Germanization" do not signify that they renounce conquests, for one of the central and most persistent ideas

in their program is the occupation of vast territories in "the East" so that a strong German peasantry may be established there. It is not by accident that the pacifist declaration, having suddenly and unexpectedly left the ground of the "ideal" separation of the races, warns in a half-threatening tone that the source of future conflicts may arise out of the "over-population of western Europe." Hitler indicates only one way out of the over-population of Europe, primarily of Germany, and that is the East. When, lamenting the injustice of the German-Polish frontier, he declared that one could without difficulty find "in the East" the solution capable of satisfying alike the "claims of Poland" and the "legitimate rights of Germany" he simply had in mind the annexation of Soviet territories. The renunciation of Germanization signifies, in this connection, the principle of the privileged position of the Germanic "race" as the seignioral caste in the occupied territories. The Nazis are against assimilation but not against annexation. They prefer the extermination of the conquered "inferior" peoples to their Germanization. For the time being, fortunately, this is only a matter of hypothetical conquests.

When Hitler asserts with indignation that the great German people has been transformed into a second-class nation, and that this conflicts with the interests of international solidarity and the principle of equal rights for all peoples he is simply talking for effect. The whole historical philosophy of National-Socialism proceeds from the supposedly fundamental inequality of nations and the right of the "superior" races to trample upon and to extirpate the "inferior" races. Needless to say, the Germans occupy a preëminent place among these superior peoples. Taken as a whole, the Hitler program

for the reconstruction of Europe is a reactionary-utopian medley of racial mysticism and national cannibalism. It is not hard to submit it to an annihilating criticism. However, the realization of this program is not the first aim of the Fascist dictatorship, but rather the *reëstablishment of the military power of Germany*. Without this it is impossible to talk of any program whatsoever. It is only from this standpoint that Hitler's disarmament speech offers any interest whatever.

## II

Hitler's program is the program of German capitalism, aggressive but bound hand and foot by Versailles and the results of the World War. This combination of potential strength and actual weakness accounts for the exceedingly explosive character of the aims of National-Socialism and explains the extreme prudence of the most immediate steps towards the attainment of these aims. Hitler may speak to-day of loosening and gradually untying the knots, but not of cutting them asunder.

Any revision of the treaties, especially of the system of armaments, would signify a change in the present relationship of forces: Germany would have to grow stronger, France weaker. Outside of this, the very question of revision has no meaning for Germany. On the other hand, it is quite clear that the rulers of France will accept no changes that would weaken its position to the benefit of Germany. That is why the Nazis regard as illusory and fantastic any policy calculated upon an improvement of the international position of Germany through agreement with France. It is from this conviction which, as will be seen farther on, runs through all the political activity of Hitler, that flows the inevitability of a new conflict be-



tween Germany and France. But not to-day, nor yet to-morrow. It is precisely this "correction" with regard to time that Hitler makes in his declaration and, in this sense, it is not a mere "deception." When Goering set fire to the Reichstag he risked nothing but the heads of his agents. The premeditated firing of Europe is a more ticklish enterprise. In its present state Germany cannot make war. It is disarmed. This is no phrase; it is a fact. Bespectacled students and unemployed wearing a swastika band are no substitute for the Hohenzollern army. To be sure, here and there Hitler can partially violate the obligations dealing with armaments. But he will not resolve upon any open measure on a large scale which would involve him in a direct and flagrant conflict with the proscriptions of Versailles. Only some "fortunate" circumstances, in the form of complications between the heavily armed states of Europe, could permit National-Socialism to take drastic steps in foreign policy in the near future. In their absence, Hitler will be forced to confine himself to grand diplomatic combinations abroad and to petty military contraband at home.

The struggle of the Nazis in Austria and in Danzig does not, in spite of all its sharpness, conflict with the program of action outlined above. In the first place, the growth of National-Socialism in Austria is an inevitable fact, especially after the victory in Germany. The reactions abroad against the Hitlerization of Austria will only strengthen the Fascist tide. In winning Austria from within, Hitler creates for himself a fairly important auxiliary support. The international complications that will grow out of it will not easily be reconciled with the Versailles Treaty. Hitler evidently knows that besides arguments out of a text, there can also be set up against his policy arguments of force. He

must be able to beat a retreat in case of need and he will always have time for that, converting his positions in Austria and Danzig into money of exchange for international agreements.

Potential strength does not liberate Germany from her present weakness. If the Germany of the Hohenzollerns set itself the task of "organizing Europe" in order thereafter to undertake a new partition of the world, present-day Germany, thrown far back to the rear by the defeat, is forced to set itself once more those tasks which Bismarck's Prussia solved long ago: the attainment of the European equilibrium as a stage in the unification of all the German territories. The practical program of Hitler to-day is bounded by the European horizon. The problems of continents and of oceans are beyond his field of vision and can be of practical concern to him only in so far as they are interwoven with the internal problems of Europe. Hitler speaks exclusively in *defensive* terms: this corresponds entirely to the stage through which re-nascent German militarism must pass. If the military rule—the best defensive is the offensive—is correct, then the diplomatic rule—the best preparation for the offensive is to take care of the defensive—is no less correct. In this sense, Brockdorf-Rantzau, who had a taste for paradox, told me in Moscow: *Si vis bellum para pacem*.

Hitler is counting upon the support of Italy and, within certain limits, this is assured him, not so much because their internal governments are similar—the purely German Third Reich is, as is known, a frankly Latin plagiarism—as because of the parallelism in many of their foreign aspirations. But with the Italian crutch alone, German imperialism will not rise to its feet. Only under the condition of support from England can Fascist Germany gain the necessary freedom of movement. Therefore, no adventures, no declara-

tions which smack of adventure! Hitler understands that every blow against the West (a blow against Poland would rebound against the West) would promptly bring closer together England and France and would oblige Italy to show great caution. Every imprudent, premature, risky act of revenge-politics would lead automatically to the isolation of Germany and—given its military impotence—to a new humiliating capitulation. The knots of the Versailles Treaty would be drawn still tighter. An agreement with England demands a self-limitation. But Paris—and Paris is just what is involved—is well worth a mass. Just as the agreement with Hindenburg, through the medium of Papen, permitted Hitler to accomplish his *coup d'état* in the form of an interpretation of the Weimar Constitution, so an agreement with England, through the medium of Italy, is to permit Germany “legally” to ravage and to overthrow the Versailles Treaty. It is within this framework that the Chancellor's pacifist declaration to the Reichstag on May 17 must be viewed. Hitler's pacifism is not a fortuitous diplomatic improvisation, but a vital part of a grand maneuver which is to change radically the relationship of forces in favor of Germany and to lay the bases for the European and the world offensive of German imperialism.

However, this is but one part of Hitler's program and only the negative part. To refrain from premature attempts at revenge is in essence the continuation of the Stresemann policy; it does not suffice to guarantee the *active* support of England. The declaration of May 17th contains a clear indication on the other, the positive, side of the Nazi program: the struggle against Bolshevism. This does not concern the dissolution of the German proletarian organizations but rather means war against the Soviet Union. In close con-

nection with the program of the drive towards the East Hitler takes upon himself the protection of European civilization, of the Christian religion, of the British colonies, and other moral and material values, against Bolshevik barbarism. By assuming this crusade he hopes to obtain for Germany *the right to arm itself*. Hitler is convinced that on the scales of Great Britain the danger of German Fascism to western Europe weighs less than the danger of the Bolshevik Soviets in the East. This evaluation constitutes the most important key to the whole foreign policy of Hitler.

The most important, but not the only one. The National-Socialist dictatorship will not only play upon the contradiction between the West and the East, but also upon all the antagonisms of western Europe and there is no lack of them. In opposition to the resurrection of Austro-Hungary, Hitler pledges the special attention of Germany to the “young national states of Europe.” He seeks auxiliary levers to reestablish the European equilibrium, proposing to the small and feeble states to rally around the vanquished and not the victor. Just as in its domestic policy National-Socialism has assembled under its banner the ruined and the desperate in order all the more surely to subject them to the interests of monopoly capital, so in his foreign policy Hitler will strive to create a united front of the vanquished and the injured in order all the more pitilessly to crush them in the future under the weight of German imperialism.

If Hitler has so eagerly accepted the English plan for armaments reduction, it is only because he counted in advance and with full certainty upon its failure. He did not need to take upon himself the odious role of the gravedigger of pacifist proposals; he prefers to leave that function to others. For the same reason Hitler is not nig-



gantly with his "warm thanks" to the American President for his declaration in favor of armaments reduction. The more broadly and extensively the program of disarmament is presented before the whole world, and the more inevitably it ends in a collapse, the more incontestable will be Germany's right to rearmament. No, Hitler is not preparing to overthrow Versailles by violence—for violence one must have power! But he is counting firmly upon the prospect that, after the failure of the British program which he "supports," England, together with Italy, will support with all their might the right of Germany to strengthen its defense . . . against the East. Nothing but defense, and only against the East! A fortunate accident has supplied a political document of extraordinary value which makes much of this clear.

### III

We refer to an "Open Letter" of Hitler to Papen, published in pamphlet form on October 16, 1932. Rather sharply controversial in tone, the "Letter" remained unnoticed outside of Germany. The leaders of National-Socialism talk and write too much! Still, it should have found a place on the table of every diplomat or journalist who occupies himself with the present-day foreign policy of Germany. Let us recall the political situation at the time when this pamphlet appeared. Papen was then Chancellor. Hitler was in expectant opposition—between August 13th, when Hindenburg refused to appoint him head of the government, and January 30th, when the Field Marshal was forced to yield the command of Germany to Hitler. The "Open Letter" was not intended for the masses, but for the ruling classes, and had as its aim to prove to them that the social regime of Germany could not be saved solely

by bureaucratic methods; that only the National-Socialists had a serious program in foreign policy; finally, that he, Hitler, was as far removed from spineless resignation as he was from adventurism. The letter was anything but sensational, but on the contrary was a most sober document. To-day, it may be assumed, Hitler would gladly burn his pamphlet in the furnace. All the more attentively should his adversaries examine it.

"It is absurd to think," Hitler explained to Papen, "that the power which disarmed us, will to-day seriously also disarm itself without being forced to do so." In other words, it is just as absurd to wait for France to agree some fine day or other to the rearmament of Germany. Its enormous military preponderance relieves France of the necessity of an entente with a vanquished foe on the basis of equality of rights. Any attempt to propose a military agreement to France in return for armaments will not only be very coldly received but will immediately be brought to the attention of the state against which it might be aimed: Hitler is alluding of course to the Soviet Union. It is possible for Germany to gain the right to arm itself only by means of "a genuine reestablishment of the European equilibrium." England and Italy are interested in the realization of this goal, but in no case and under no conditions is France. "It is inconceivable to think that the lack of intimacy and of concordance with England and Italy can be made up for by the establishment of better relations with France!" The fundamental thesis of the foreign policy of Hitler, which dismisses as moribund the ideas, or if one prefers, the illusions of Locarno, leaves nothing to be desired in the way of clarity. In the declaration of May 17th we shall not of course find so clear an exposition. But the declaration in no way contradicts the "Open Letter";

on the contrary, it develops and applies its program for a definite stage.

The goal of German policy is the re-establishment of the military sovereignty of the state. Everything else is only a means thereto. But it is not at all necessary that the means be constructed in the image of the goal. Under no circumstances must Germany present itself to the world with a rearmament program of its own, even less so to this Disarmament Conference. For two reasons: no conference is able to adopt a decision which would radically change the material relationship of forces; the very demand for the right to armaments, while remaining a purely platonic demonstration, will nevertheless permit France to suppress the question of its own disarmament and, what is worse yet, bring England closer to France.

This latter result, according to Hitler, is already obtained to a certain degree as a result of the thoughtless policy of Papen. England is forced to support France much more than it wants to. It must be recognized that the criticism addressed by Hitler to the "Gentlemen's Club" and to the Chancellor of the Reich himself as a dilettant and an adventurer, is not merely biting but also quite convincing. The "national" barons and bureaucrats have no foreign policy at all. The rattling of an inexistent weapon is dictated to them by domestic considerations: they are ready to utilize the nationalist movement while arresting at the same time its further growth. Undoubtedly taking his inspiration from Bismarck, Hitler does not recoil from a blow at the last Hohenzollern: Papen and his colleagues are only the inheritors and imitators of the theatrical policy of Wilhelm II, with this fundamental difference, that the Kaiser had a first-class army, whereas they have only the memory of it. Hitler hits a bull's eye here.

It is not hard, after this, to understand how badly mistaken was that part of the press and of diplomacy which sought to discover the real program of the present German government in the rhetoric of Papen on the peculiar charm of death on the field of battle. It must not be lost sight of that Papen, whom the Nazis during the brief period of his rule treated as a captain of the dragoons, feels himself among them like a man who is constantly on probation. On May 13th he adopted an unusually loud tone so as to put himself in harmony—but he was mistaken in his calculations. One may have his own opinion about the tastes of an elderly captain of the dragoons who, between taking a dose of Urodonal and drinking down a glass of Hunyadi-Janos water, propagates among young people the advantages of shrapnel over arteriosclerosis; but one thing is indisputable: behind Papen's discourse is concealed no program. The "pacifism" of the present Chancellor is much more dangerous than the bellicose flights of the Vice-Chancellor.

In passing, we find the explanation for the sharp contradiction between Hitler's declaration and the previous policy of Neurath, Nadjny, and others. Hitler became Chancellor at the cost of accepting a ministry of barons and privy councillors. The camarilla round Hindenburg consoles itself with the idea of pursuing also its policy under Hitler. In all likelihood it is only the threatening repercussions abroad of Papen's speech that gave Hitler the possibility of finally taking into his hands the helm of foreign policy. It is not Wilhelmstrasse which dictated the declaration of May 17th to the new Chancellor. On the contrary, it is Hitler who subdued the fantasies of the barons and the privy councillors of Wilhelmstrasse.



## IV

But let us return to the "Open Letter." With unusual brusqueness it attacks the slogan launched by Papen on naval armament. Even if Germany had the means—and it hasn't, the pamphlet declares—it would not be permitted to convert them into warships and it would be powerless to violate the prohibition. The slogan of military armament alone drove England to the side of France. There, says the pamphlet, you have the results "of your truly fatal leadership in foreign policy, Mr. von Papen!"

The struggle for the arming of Germany on sea and on land must be based upon a definite political idea. Hitler calls it by its name: the need of "strengthening the defense against the latent dangers of the East is comparatively easy to motivate." Sympathy for such a program is guaranteed in advance on the part of "clear-visioned persons" in the West—obviously not in France. It is only from the standpoint of "the defense necessary for us in the East," with regard to the Baltic Sea, that England can be persuaded to accept "corrections" also in the naval paragraphs of the Versailles Treaty. For it must not be forgotten that "at the present time it is important for the future of Germany to have an attitude full of confidence towards England."

The German national movement can and should demand armament, but the German government must in no case expound this demand. To-day it must insist only and exclusively upon the disarmament of the victors. Hitler considered it self-evident that the Disarmament Conference is condemned to failure. "There would be no need at all," he wrote three months before his advent to power, "for the German delegation to participate interminably in the Geneva Disarmament comedy. It would suffice to expose clearly before

the whole world the wish of France not to disarm for us thereupon to quit the Conference, stating that the peace of Versailles has been violated by the signatory powers themselves and that Germany must reserve for itself under these circumstances the drawing of the corresponding conclusions."

The declaration of Hitler, as Chancellor, only serves to develop this melody. The refusal of the victors to disarm would signify the "final moral and real liquidation of the treaties themselves." Germany would interpret such conduct as the desire "to remove it from the Conference." In that case it would be hard for it "to continue to belong to the League of Nations." Truly, the "Open Letter" is indispensable as the key to the strategy of Hitler!

The departure of Germany from the League of Nations would be accompanied by a disaffection between France, on the one hand, and England and the United States, on the other. The first pre-conditions would be created for the reestablishment of the "European equilibrium" in which Germany must occupy a growing place. With the concordance of Italy and England Hitler would acquire the possibility of rearming Germany, not by petty contraband measures but by big "corrections" in the Versailles Treaty. Parallel to this, would be developed the program of "defense" against the East. In this process a critical point must inevitably supervene: *war*. Against whom? Should the line against the East not prove to be the line of least resistance, the explosion might take place along a different direction. For if it is still possible to discuss to what degree offensive means are distinguished from defensive means, it is already beyond dispute that the military means suitable for the East are equally suitable for the West.

Hitler is preparing for war. His

policy in the domain of economics is dictated primarily by concern over the maximum economic independence of Germany in case of war. To the aims of military preparation must also be subordinated the service of obligatory labor. But the very character of these measures indicates that it is not a question of to-morrow. An attack upon the West in the more or less immediate future could be carried out only on condition of a military alliance between Fascist Germany and the Soviets. But it is only the most turbulent sections of the White Guard emigration that can believe in the possibility of such an absurdity or can seek to make a threat out of it. The attack against the East can take place only on condition of the support of one or several powerful states of the West. This variant is, at all events, the more likely one. But here too the preparatory period will not be measured by weeks or by months.

The four-power pact, deciding nothing fundamental in advance, can only organize the mutual contact of the largest states of western Europe. It is a guarantee against hazards of a secondary order, but not against fundamental antagonisms. Hitler will strive to extract from the pact all the advantages for the attack against the East. The regulations of the pact predetermine no more than ten per cent of its future destiny. Its real historical role will be determined by the actual relationships and the groupings of its participants, their allies, and their adversaries.

Hitler is prepared for the next ten years not to undertake any military actions against either France or Poland. In the declaration he fixed five years as the term during which genuine equality of rights for Germany in the matter of armed forces must be accomplished. These terms need not, of course, be invested with a sacred

significance. But they outline the bounds in point of time within which the leading circles of Fascism confine their plans of revenge.

Domestic difficulties, unemployment, the ruination and the distress of the petty bourgeoisie, may, of course, push Hitler to premature actions which he himself by a cool analysis would regard as harmful. In living politics one must base himself not only upon the plans of the opponent but also upon all the entanglements of the conditions in which he is placed. The historical development of Europe will not meekly obey the order of march worked out in the Brown House of Munich. But this order of march, after the seizure of power by Hitler, has become one of the greatest factors in European development. The plan will be altered in conformity with events. But one cannot understand the alterations without having before him the plan in its entirety.

The author of these lines does not consider himself called upon to mount guard before the Versailles Treaty. Europe needs a new organization. But woe betide it if this work falls into the hands of Fascism. The historian of the twenty-first century will, in that case, inevitably have to write: The epoch of the decay of Europe began with the war of 1914. Called the "war of democracy," it soon led to the domination of Fascism which became the instrument concentrating all the forces of the European nations towards the aim of "the war for liberation" . . . from the results of the preceding war. Thus, Fascism, as the expression of the historic blind alley of Europe, was at the same time the instrument of the destruction of its economic and cultural acquisitions. Let us hope, however, that this old continent still has sufficient vital strength left to open up to itself a different historical road.





## BEYOND

A STORY

BY WILLIAM FAULKNER

THE hard round ear of the stethoscope was cold and unpleasant upon his naked chest; the room, big and square, furnished with clumsy walnut—the bed where he had first slept alone, which had been his marriage bed, in which his son had been conceived and been born and lain dressed for the coffin—the room familiar for sixty-five years, by ordinary peaceful and lonely and so peculiarly his own as to have the same odor which he had, seemed to be cluttered with people, though there were but three of them and all of them he knew: Lucius Peabody who should have been down town attending to his medical practice, and the two negroes, the one who should be in the kitchen and the other with the lawn mower on the lawn, making some pretence toward earning the money which on Saturday night they would expect.

But worst of all was the hard cold little ear of the stethoscope, worse even than the outrage of his bared chest with its fine delicate matting of gray hair. In fact, about the whole business there was just one alleviating circumstance. "At least," he thought with fretted and sardonic humor, "I am spared that uproar of female connections which might have been my lot, which is the ordinary concomitant of occasions of marriage or divorcement. And if he will just move his damned little toy tele-

phone and let my niggers go back to work—"

And then, before he had finished the thought, Peabody did remove the stethoscope. And then, just as he was settling himself back into the pillow with a sigh of fretted relief, one of the negroes, the woman, set up such a pandemonium of wailing as to fetch him bolt upright in the bed, his hands to his ears. The negress stood at the foot of the bed, her long limber black hands motionless on the footboard, her eyes whitely backrolled into her skull and her mouth wide open, while from it rolled slow billows of soprano sound as mellow as high-register organ tones and wall-shattering as a steamer siren.

"Chlory!" he shouted. "Stop that!" She didn't stop. Apparently she could neither see nor hear. "You, Jake!" he shouted to the negro man who stood beside her, his hands' too on the footboard, his face brooding upon the bed with an expression darkly and profoundly enigmatic; "get her out of here! At once!" But Jake too did not move, and he then turned to Peabody in angry outrage. "Here! Loosh! Get these damn niggers out of here!" But Peabody also did not seem to hear him. The Judge watched him methodically folding the stethoscope into its case; glared at him for a moment longer while the woman's shattering noise billowed through the room. Then he flung the covers back and

rose from the bed and hurried furiously from the room and from the house.

At once he realized that he was still in his pajamas, so he buttoned his overcoat. It was of broadcloth, black, brushed, of an outmoded elegance, with a sable collar. "At least they didn't have time to hide this from me," he thought in fretted rage. "Now, if I just had my . . ." He looked down at his feet. "Ah. I seem to have . . ." He looked at his shoes. "That's fortunate, too." Then the momentary surprise faded too, now that outrage had space in which to disseminate itself. He touched his hat, then he put his hand to his lapel. The jasmine was there. Say what he would, curse Jake as he often had to do, the negro never forgot whatever flower in its season. Always it would be there, fresh and recent and unblemished, on the morning coffee tray. The flower and the . . . He clasped his ebony stick beneath his arm and opened the briefcase. The two fresh handkerchiefs were there, beside the book. He thrust one of them into his breast pocket and went on. After a while the noise of Chlory's wailing died away.

Then for a little while it was definitely unpleasant. He detested crowds: the milling and aimless and patient stupidity; the concussion of life-quick flesh with his own. But presently, if not soon, he was free, and standing so, still a little ruffled, a little annoyed, he looked back with fading outrage and distaste at the throng as it clotted quietly through the entrance. With fading distaste until the distaste was gone, leaving his face quiet and quite intelligent, with a faint and long constant overtone of quizzical bemusement not yet tinged with surprised speculation, not yet puzzled, not yet wary. That was to come later. Hence it did not show in his voice, which was

now merely light, quizzical, contained, "There seems to be quite a crowd of them."

"Yes," the other said. The Judge looked at him and saw a young man in conventional morning dress with some subtle effluvia of weddings, watching the entrance with a strained, patient air.

"You are expecting someone?" the Judge said.

Now the other looked at him. "Yes. You didn't see— But you don't know her."

"Know whom?"

"My wife. That is, she is not my wife yet. But the wedding was to be at noon."

"Something happened, did it?"

"I had to do it." The young man looked at him, strained, anxious. "I was late. That's why I was driving fast. A child ran into the road. I was going too fast to stop. So I had to turn."

"But you missed the child?"

"Yes." The other looked at him. "You don't know her?"

"And you are waiting here to . . ." The Judge stared at the other. His eyes were narrowed, his gaze was piercing, hard. He said suddenly, sharply, "Nonsense."

"What? What did you say?" the other asked with his vague, strained, almost beseeching air. The Judge looked away. His frowning concentration, his reflex of angry astonishment, was gone. He seemed to have wiped it from his face by a sudden deliberate action. He was like a man who, not a swordsman, has practiced with a blade a little against a certain improbable crisis, and who suddenly finds himself, blade in hand, face to face with the event. He looked at the entrance, his face alert, musing swiftly: he seemed to muse upon the entering faces with a still and furious concentration, and quietly; quietly he looked



about, then at the other again. The young man still watched him.

"You're looking for your wife too, I suppose," he said. "I hope you find her. I hope you do." He spoke with a sort of quiet despair. "I suppose she is old, as you are. It must be hell on the one who has to watch and wait for the other one he or she has grown old in marriage with, because it is so terrible to wait and watch like me, for a girl who is a maiden to you. Of course I think mine is the most unbearable. You see if it had only been the next day—anything. But then if it had, I guess I could not have turned out for that kid. I guess I just think mine is so terrible. It can't be as bad as I think it is. It just can't be. I hope you find her."

The Judge's lip lifted. "I came here to escape someone; not to find anyone." He looked at the other. His face was still broken with that grimace which might have been smiling. But his eyes were not smiling. "If I were looking for anybody, it would probably be my son."

"Oh. A son. I see."

"Yes. He would be about your age. He was ten when he died."

"Look for him here."

Now the Judge laughed outright, save for his eyes. The other watched him with that grave anxiety leavened now with quiet interested curiosity. "You mean, you don't believe?" The Judge laughed aloud. Still laughing, he produced a cloth sack of tobacco and rolled a slender cigarette. When he looked up, the other was watching the entrance again. The Judge ceased to laugh.

"Have you a match?" he said. The other looked at him. The Judge raised the cigarette. "A match."

The other sought in his pockets. "No." He looked at the Judge. "Look for him here," he said.

"Thank you," the Judge answered.

"I may avail myself of your advice later." He turned away. Then he paused and looked back. The young man was watching the entrance. The Judge watched him, bemused, his lip lifted. He turned on, then he stopped still. His face was now completely shocked, into complete immobility like a mask; the sensitive, worn mouth, the delicate nostrils, the eyes all pupil or pupilless. He could not seem to move at all. Then Mothershed turned and saw him. For an instant Mothershed's pale eyes flickered, his truncated jaw, collapsing steadily with a savage, toothless motion, ceased.

"Well?" Mothershed said.

"Yes," the Judge said; "it's me." Now it was that, as the mesmerism left him, the shadow bewildered and wary and complete, touched his face. Even to himself his words sounded idiotic. "I thought that you were dead . . ." Then he made a supreme and gallant effort, his voice light, quizzical, contained again, "Well?"

Mothershed looked at him—a squat man in a soiled and mismatched suit stained with grease and dirt, his soiled collar innocent of tie—with a pale, lightly slumbering glare filled with savage outrage. "So they got you here, too, did they?"

"That depends on who you mean by 'they' and what you mean by 'here.'"

Mothershed made a savage, sweeping gesture with one arm. "Here, by God! The preachers. The Jesus shouters."

"Ah," the Judge said. "Well, if I am where I am beginning to think I am, I don't know whether I am here or not. But you are not here at all, are you?" Mothershed cursed violently. "Yes," the Judge said, "we never thought, sitting in my office on those afternoons, discussing Voltaire and Ingersoll, that we should ever be brought to this, did we? You, the

atheist whom the mere sight of a church spire on the sky could enrage; and I who have never been able to divorce myself from reason enough to accept even your pleasant and labor-saving theory of nihilism."

"Labor-saving!" Mothershed cried. "By God, I . . ." He cursed with impotent fury. The Judge might have been smiling save for his eyes. He sealed the cigarette again.

"Have you a match?"

"What?" Mothershed said. He glared at the Judge, his mouth open. He sought through his clothes. From out the savage movement, strapped beneath his armpit, there peeped fleetly the butt of a heavy pistol. "No," he said. "I ain't."

"Yes," the Judge said. He twisted the cigarette, his gaze light, quizzical. "But you still haven't told me what you are doing here. I heard that you had . . ."

Again Mothershed cursed, prompt, outraged. "I ain't. I just committed suicide." He glared at the Judge. "God damn it, I remember raising the pistol; I remember the little cold ring it made against my ear; I remember when I told my finger on the trigger . . ." He glared at the Judge. "I thought that that would be one way I could escape the preachers, since by the church's own token . . ." He glared at the Judge, his pale gaze apoplectic and outraged. "Well, I know why you are here. You come here looking for that boy."

The Judge looked down, his lip lifted, the movement pouched upward about his eyes. He said quietly, "No."

Mothershed watched him, glared at him. "Looking for that boy. Agnosticism." He snarled it. "Won't say 'Yes' and won't say 'No' until you see which way the cat will jump. Ready to sell out to the highest bidder. By God, I'd rather have give up and died

in sanctity, with every heaven-yelping fool in ten miles around . . ."

"No," the Judge said quietly behind the still, dead gleam of his teeth. Then his teeth vanished quietly, though he did not look up. He sealed the cigarette carefully again. "There seem to be a lot of people here." Mothershed now began to watch him with speculation, tasting his savage gums, his pale furious glare arrested. "You have seen other familiar faces beside my own here, I suppose. Even those of men whom you know only by name, perhaps?"

"Oh," Mothershed said. "I see. I get you now." The Judge seemed to be engrossed in the cigarette. "You want to take a whirl at them too, do you? Go ahead. I hope you will get a little more out of them that will stick to your guts than I did. Maybe you will, since you don't seem to want to know as much as you want something new to be uncertain about. Well, you can get plenty of that from any of them."

"You mean you have . . ."

Again Mothershed cursed, harsh, savage. "Sure. Ingersoll. Paine. Every bastard one of them that I used to waste my time reading when I had better been sitting on the sunny side of a log."

"Ah," the Judge said. "Ingersoll. Is he . . ."

"Sure. On a bench just inside the park yonder. And maybe on the same bench you'll find the one that wrote the little women books. If he ain't there, he ought to be."

So the Judge sat forward, elbows on knees, the unlighted cigarette in his fingers. "So you too are reconciled," he said. The man who Mothershed said was Ingersoll looked at his profile quietly. "To this place."

"Ah," the other said. He made a brief, short gesture. "Reconciled."

The Judge did not look up. "You



accept it? You acquiesce?" He seemed to be absorbed in the cigarette. "If I could just see Him, talk to Him." The cigarette turned slowly in his fingers. "Perhaps I was seeking Him. Perhaps I was seeking Him all the time I was reading your books, and Voltaire and Montesquieu. Perhaps I was." The cigarette turned slowly. "I have believed in you. In your sincerity. I said, if Truth is to be found by man, this man will be among those who find it. At one time—I was in the throes of that suffering from a still green hurt which causes even an intelligent man to cast about for anything, any straw—I had a foolish conceit: you will be the first to laugh at it as I myself did later. I thought, perhaps there is a hereafter, a way station into nothingness perhaps, where for an instant lesser men might speak face to face with men like you whom they could believe; could hear from such a man's own lips the words: 'There is hope,' or: 'There is nothing.' I said to myself, in such case it will not be Him whom I shall seek; it will be Ingersoll or Paine or Voltaire." He watched the cigarette. "Give me your word now. Say either of these to me. I will believe."

The other looked at the Judge for a time. Then he said, "Why? Believe why?"

The paper about the cigarette had come loose. The Judge twisted it carefully back, handling the cigarette carefully. "You see, I had a son. He was the last of my name and race. After my wife died we lived alone, two men in the house. It had been a good name, you see. I wanted him to be manly, worthy of it. He had a pony which he rode all the time. I have a photograph of them which I use as a bookmark. Often, looking at the picture or watching them unbeknownst as they passed the library window, I would think *What hopes ride yonder;*

of the pony I would think *What burden do you blindly bear, dumb brute.* One day they telephoned me at my office. He had been found dragging from the stirrup. Whether the pony had kicked him or he had struck his head in falling, I never knew."

He laid the cigarette carefully on the bench beside him and opened the briefcase. He took out a book. "Voltaire's *Philosophical Dictionary*," he said. "I always carry a book with me. I am a great reader. It happens that my life is a solitary one, owing to the fact that I am the last of my family, and perhaps to the fact that I am a Republican officeholder in a Democratic stronghold. I am a Federal judge, from a Mississippi district. My wife's father was a Republican." He added quickly, "I believe the tenets of the Republican Party to be best for the country. You will not believe it, but for the last fifteen years my one intellectual companion has been a rabid atheist, almost an illiterate, who not only scorns all logic and science, but who has a distinct body odor as well. Sometimes I have thought, sitting with him in my office on a summer afternoon—a damp one—that if a restoration of faith could remove his prejudice against bathing, I should be justified in going to that length myself even." He took a photograph from the book and extended it. "This was my son."

The other looked at the picture without moving, without offering to take it. From the brown and fading cardboard a boy of ten, erect upon the pony, looked back at them with grave and tranquil hauteur. "He rode practically all the time. Even to church (I attended church regularly then. I still do, at times, even now.) We had to take an extra groom along in the carriage, to . . ." He looked at the picture, musing. "After his mother died I never married again. My own

mother was sickly, an invalid. I could cajole her. In the absence of my aunts I could browbeat her into letting me go barefoot in the garden, with two house servants on watch to signal the approach of my aunts. I would return to the house, my manhood triumphant, vindicated, until I entered the room where she waited for me. Then I would know that for every grain of dust which pleased my feet, she would pay with a second of her life. And we would sit in the dusk like two children, she holding my hand and crying quietly, until my aunts entered with the lamp. 'Now, Sophia. Crying again. What have you let him bulldoze you into doing this time?' She died when I was fourteen; I was twenty-eight before I asserted myself and took the wife of my choice; I was thirty-seven when my son was born." He looked at the photograph, his eyes pouched, netted by two delicate hammocks of myriad lines as fine as etching. "He rode all the time. Hence the picture of the two of them, since they were inseparable. I have used this picture as a bookmark in the printed volumes where his and my ancestry can be followed for ten generations in our American annals, so that as the pages progressed it would be as though with my own eyes I watched him ride in the flesh down the long road which his blood and bone had traveled before it became his." He held the picture. With his other hand he took up the cigarette. The paper had come loose: he held it raised a little and then arrested so, as if he did not dare raise it farther. "And you can give me your word. I will believe."

"Go seek your son," the other said. "Go seek him."

Now the Judge did not move at all. Holding the picture and the dissolving cigarette, he sat in a complete immobility. He seemed to sit in a kind of

terrible and unbreathing suspension. "And find him? And find him?" The other did not answer. Then the Judge turned and looked at him, and then the cigarette dropped quietly into dissolution as the tobacco rained down upon his neat, gleaming shoe. "Is that your word? I will believe, I tell you." The other sat, shapeless, gray, sedentary, almost nondescript, looking down. "Come. You cannot stop with that. You cannot."

Along the path before them people passed constantly. A woman passed, carrying a child and a basket, a young woman in a plain, worn, brushed cape. She turned upon the man who Mothershed had said was Ingersoll a plain, bright, pleasant face and spoke to him in a pleasant, tranquil voice. Then she looked at the Judge, pleasantly, a full look without boldness or diffidence, and went on. "Come. You cannot. You cannot." Then his face went completely blank. In the midst of speaking his face emptied; he repeated "cannot. *Cannot*" in a tone of musing consternation. "Cannot," he said. "You mean, you *cannot* give me any word? That you do not know? That you, yourself, do not *know*? You, Robert Ingersoll? Robert *Ingersoll*?" The other did not move. "Is Robert Ingersoll telling me that for twenty years I have leaned upon a reed no stronger than myself?"

Still the other did not look up. "You saw that young woman who just passed, carrying a child. Follow her. Look into her face."

"A young woman. With a . . ." The Judge looked at the other. "Ah. I see. Yes. I will look at the child and I shall see scars. Then I am to look into the woman's face. Is that it?" The other didn't answer. "That is your answer? your final word?" The other did not move. The Judge's lip lifted. The movement pouched upward about his eyes as though de-



spair, grief, had flared up for a final instant like a dying flame, leaving upon his face its ultimate and fading gleam in a faint grimace of dead teeth. He rose and put the photograph back into the briefcase. "And this is the man who says that he was once Robert Ingersoll." Above his teeth his face mused in that expression which could have been smiling save for the eyes. "It is not proof that I sought. I, of all men, know that proof is but a fallacy invented by man to justify to himself and his fellows his own crass lust and folly. It was not proof that I sought." With the stick and the briefcase clasped beneath his arm he rolled another slender cigarette. "I don't know who you are, but I don't believe you are Robert Ingersoll. Perhaps I could not know it even if you were. Anyway, there is a certain integral consistency which, whether it be right or wrong, a man must cherish because it alone will ever permit him to die. So what I have been, I am; what I am, I shall be until that instant comes when I am not. And then I shall have never been. How does it go? *Non fui. Sum. Fui. Non sum.*"

With the unlighted cigarette in his fingers he thought at first that he would pass on. But instead he paused and looked down at the child. It sat in the path at the woman's feet, surrounded by tiny leaden effigies of men, some erect and some prone. The overturned and now empty basket lay at one side. Then the Judge saw that the effigies were Roman soldiers in various stages of dismemberment—some headless, some armless and legless—scattered about, lying profoundly on their faces or staring up with martial and battered inscrutability from the mild and inscrutable dust. On the exact center of each of the child's insteps was a small scar. There was a third scar in the palm of its exposed hand, and as the Judge looked down with

quiet and quizzical bemusement, the child swept flat the few remaining figures and he saw the fourth scar. The child began to cry.

"Shhhhhhhhh," the woman said. She glanced up at the Judge, then she knelt and set the soldiers up. The child cried steadily, with a streaked and dirty face, strong, unhurried, passionless, without tears. "Look!" the woman said, "See? Here! Here's Pilate too! Look!" The child ceased. Tearless, it sat in the dust, looking at the soldiers with an expression as inscrutable as theirs, suspended, aldermanic, and reserved. She swept the soldiers flat. "There!" she cried in a fond, bright voice, "See?" For a moment longer the child sat. Then it began to cry. She took it up and sat on the bench, rocking it back and forth, glancing up at the Judge. "Now, now," she said. "Now, now."

"Is he sick?" the Judge said.

"Oh, no. He's just tired of his toys, as children will get." She rocked the child with an air fond and unconcerned. "Now, now. The gentleman is watching you."

The child cried steadily. "Hasn't he other toys?" the Judge said.

"Oh, yes. So many that I don't dare walk about the house in the dark. But he likes his soldiers the best. An old gentleman who has lived here a long time, they say, and is quite wealthy, gave them to him. An old gentleman with a white mustache and that kind of popping eyes that old people have who eat too much; I tell him so. He has a footman to carry his umbrella and overcoat and steamer rug, and he sits here with us for more than an hour, sometimes, talking and breathing hard. He always has candy or something." She looked down at the child, her face brooding and serene. It cried steadily. Quizzical, bemused, the Judge stood, looking quietly down at the child's scarred, dirty feet. The woman

glanced up and followed his look. "You are looking at his scars and wondering how he got them, aren't you? The other children did it one day when they were playing. Of course they didn't know they were going to hurt him. I imagine they were as surprised as he was. You know how children are when they get too quiet."

"Yes," the Judge said. "I had a son too."

"You have? Why don't you bring him here? I'm sure we would be glad to have him play with our soldiers too."

The Judge's teeth glinted quietly. "I'm afraid he's a little too big for toys." He took the photograph from the briefcase. "This was my son."

The woman took the picture. The child cried steady and strong. "Why, it's Howard. Why, we see him every day. He rides past here every day. Sometimes he stops and lets us ride too. I walk beside to hold him on," she added, glancing up. She showed the picture to the child. "Look! See Howard on his pony? See?" Without ceasing to cry, the child contemplated the picture, its face streaked with tears and dirt, its expression detached, suspended, as though it were living two distinct and separate lives at one time. She returned the picture. "I suppose you are looking for him."

"Ah," the Judge said behind his momentary teeth. He replaced the picture carefully in the briefcase, the unlighted cigarette in his fingers.

The woman moved on the bench, gathering her skirts in with invitation. "Won't you sit down? You will be sure to see him pass here."

"Ah," the Judge said again. He looked at her, quizzical, with the blurred eyes of the old. "It's like this, you see. He always rides the same pony, you say?"

"Why, yes." She looked at him with grave and tranquil surprise.

"And how old would you say the pony is?"

"Why, I . . . It looks just the right size for him."

"A young pony, you would say then?"

"Why . . . yes. Yes." She watched him, her eyes wide.

"Ah," the Judge said again behind his faint still teeth. He closed the briefcase carefully. From his pocket he took a half dollar. "Perhaps he is tired of the soldiers too. Perhaps with this . . ."

"Thank you," she said. She did not look again at the coin. "Your face is so sad. There: when you think you are smiling it is sadder than ever. Aren't you well?" She glanced down at his extended hand. She did not offer to take the coin. "He'd just lose it, you see. And it's so pretty and bright. When he is older, and can take care of small playthings . . . He's so little now, you see."

"I see," the Judge said. He put the coin back into his pocket. "Well. I think I shall—"

"You wait here with us. He always passes here. You'll find him quicker that way."

"Ah," the Judge said. "On the pony, the same pony. You see, by that token, the pony would have to be thirty years old. That pony died at eighteen, six years unriden, in my lot. That was twelve years ago. So I had better get on."

And again it was quite unpleasant. It should have been doubly so, what with the narrow entrance and the fact that, while the other time he was moving with the crowd, this time he must fight his way inch by inch against it. "But at least I know where I am going," he thought, beneath his crushed hat, his stick and briefcase dragging at his arms; "which I did not seem to know before." But he was free at last, and looking up at the clock



on the courthouse, as he never failed to do on descending his office stairs, he saw that he had a full hour before supper would be ready, before the neighbors would be ready to mark his clocklike passing.

"I shall have time to go to the cemetery," he thought, and looking down at the raw and recent excavation, he swore with fretful annoyance, for some of the savage clods had fallen or been thrown upon the marble slab beside it. "Damn that Pettigrew," he said. "He should have seen to this. I told him I wanted the two of them as close as possible, but at least I thought that he . . ." Kneeling, he tried to remove the earth which had fallen upon the slab. But it was beyond his strength to do more than clear away that which partially obscured the lettering: *Howard Allison II. April 3, 1903. August 22, 1913* and the quietly cryptic Gothic lettering at the foot: *Auf Wiedersehen, Little Boy*. He continued to smooth, to stroke the letters after the earth was gone, his face bemused, quiet, as he spoke to the man who Mothershed had said was Ingersoll, "You see, if I could believe that I should see and touch him again, I shall not have lost him. And if I have not lost him, I shall never have had a son. Because I am I through bereavement and because of it. I do not know what I was nor what I shall be. But because of death, I know that I am. And that is all the immortality of which intellect is capable and flesh should desire. Anything else is for peasants, clods, who could never have loved a son well enough to have lost him." His face broke, myriad, quizzical while his hand moved lightly upon the quiet lettering. "No. I do not require that. To lie beside him will be sufficient for me. There will be a wall of dust between us: that is true, and he is already dust these twenty years. But some day I shall be dust

too. And—" he spoke now firmly, quietly, with a kind of triumph: "who is he who will affirm that there must be a web of flesh and bone to hold the shape of love?"

Now it was late. "Probably they are setting their clocks back at this very moment," he thought, pacing along the street toward his home. Already he should have been hearing the lawn mower, and then in the instant of exasperation at Jake, he remarked the line of motor cars before his gate and a sudden haste came upon him. But not so much but what, looking at the vehicle at the head of the line, he cursed again. "Damn that Pettigrew! I told him, in the presence of witnesses when I signed my will, that I would not be hauled feet first through Jefferson at forty miles an hour. That if he couldn't find me a decent pair of horses . . . I am a good mind to come back and hant him, as Jake would have me do."

But the haste, the urgency, was upon him. He hurried round to the back door (he remarked that the lawn was freshly and neatly trimmed, as though done that day) and entered. Then he could smell the flowers faintly and hear the voice; he had just time to slip out of his overcoat and pajamas and leave them hanging neatly in the closet, and cross the hall into the odor of cut flowers and the drone of the voice, and slip into his clothes. They had been recently pressed, and his face had been shaved too. Nevertheless they were his own, and he fitted himself to the olden and familiar embrace which no iron could change, with the same lascivious eagerness with which he shaped his limbs to the bedclothes on a winter night.

"Ah," he said to the man who Mothershed had said was Ingersoll, "this is best, after all. An old man is never at home save in his own garments: his own old thinking and be-

liefs; old hands and feet, elbow, knee, shoulder which he knows will fit."

Now the light vanished with a mute, faint, decorous hollow sound which drove for a fading instant down upon him the dreadful macabre smell of slain flowers; at the same time he became aware that the droning voice had ceased. "In my own house too," he thought, waiting for the smell of the flowers to fade; "yet I did not once think to notice who was speaking, nor when he ceased." Then he heard or

felt the decorous scuffing of feet about him, and he lay in the close dark, his hands folded upon his breast as he slept, as the old sleep, waiting for the moment. It came. He said quietly aloud, quizzical, humorous, peaceful, as he did each night in his bed in his lonely and peaceful room when a last full exhalation had emptied his body of waking and he seemed for less than an instant to look about him from the portal of sleep, "Gentlemen of the Jury, you may proceed."

## EPITAPH FOR A YOUNG ATHLETE

BY LUELLA BOYNTON

*AS SPEARS go down with beauty, so you went,  
Shaping the perfect arc in air. O bright  
And splendid javelin with power spent,  
Ceasing its brief, its unretarded flight.  
Not if I could, with pity or with awe,  
Would I hold back one moment of your days  
From that half-circle drawn without a flaw  
And ended here. There are unkinder ways  
For men to travel than your airy track  
Across the morning. Now the spear is thrust  
Deep into earth, but in that sudden, black  
Descending was no whimpering of dust.  
Safe in the warm, brown sheath forever bide  
Your polished beauty and your silver side.*





# THE WALL STREET WATER PUMP

BY JOHN T. FLYNN

HAVING gone into Wall Street upon occasion and bid a hundred dollars or more for a bit of indifferent engraving which is now worth two or three more or less unstable dollars, you would perhaps like to know just how you came to do that. The idea of buying those stocks did not pop into your head as a result of more or less spontaneous cerebration. It was born there as a result of events and circumstances which were created for the precise purpose of setting that thought in motion inside your skull.

Those events and circumstances are designed and then set into motion with the same attention to detail as the staging of any other form of comedy. The operation is known in Wall Street as "making a market." And the object of what follows here is to describe just how that entertaining species of dramatic composition is carried out on the Stock Exchange and how you are induced to buy a ticket for the show.

In a recent article in this magazine I tried to show that countless millions of shares are sold to the investing public which represent little or no actual contribution of capital funds to the corporations from which they issue. The stocks are manufactured, delivered to the promoters for nothing at all or for a small sum; they are then sold to the public for large sums. But the money paid by the investors goes, not into the productive enterprise involved—as according to even the most conservative theories of capitalism it ought to go—

but into the pockets of the promoters who manage the issue.

This, I have tried to show, is possible chiefly because of the speculative machinery of the stock exchanges. Without it these kinds of stocks could not be sold in such immense quantities. They could not be sold directly to investors at such prices as they command on the exchange without downright misrepresentation of a serious character. But they can be fed out to the public on the stock exchanges through certain well-developed forms of manipulation.

There is a word which polite gentlemen never use when publicly discussing the stock exchange. That is the ugly word "manipulation." So far as the governing board of the Stock Exchange is concerned, the word simply does not exist. You may talk of "making a market." But the word "manipulation" has been cast out of the dictionary. If you use it you admit something. And you must never admit anything. In these disordered times, when curiosity has gone mad, when you can never tell what moment some inquisitive fellow like Samuel Untermeyer or Samuel Seabury or Ferdinand Pecora will spring at you from behind some Senate resolution and ask you some impertinent question, you simply have to train yourself not to admit anything.

The eminent Wall Street whirlwind rider, Mr. George F. Breen, was being recently mildly grilled by a Senate

committee lawyer. He admitted that you can put stocks up when you want; that you can put them down when you want. Then he described how on a certain occasion he bought thousands of shares and then sold thousands of shares the same day to "guide" the price.

"That," said the lawyer, "is manipulation, is it not?"

"Why, no," replied Mr. Breen, with babelike innocence.

"Well, what do you call it?"

"I call it buying and selling," said the trader.

But if you will just drop the word "manipulation" and talk of "making a market," not only will the most high-minded market authorities admit its existence but they are willing to defend it. I want to be very particular here, therefore, to make it plain that this thing I am going to talk about—making a market—is not some outlawed, frowned-upon abuse which a few suspicious characters use in Wall Street, but a recognized, even respected instrument of the trade which the most exalted persons are willing to uphold.

Here we may observe that "making a market" for a stock is practically always accomplished by giving orders to buy and sell and creating an appearance of activity in it so as to attract the attention of the public to the stock and induce it to come into the market and buy. So that there may be no question about the "legitimacy" of this practice, let me quote from a document signed by the governors of the Exchange and delivered to the Hughes Commission. It reads:

There is a class of business which is legitimate upon the exchange and may be briefly described as follows: If a member in good faith gives to a broker an order to buy a certain amount of stock and the said member gives to another broker, in equally good faith and with no collusion between the two parties, an order to sell a certain amount of the same stock and those two

orders are executed upon the floor of the exchange and the commission is paid and every requirement of the law met, such transaction is not illegitimate.

Mr. Frank Knight Sturgis, the president of the exchange at the time, was questioned about this. He was asked by Samuel Untermyer why such orders were given. He answered:

STURGIS: For the purpose of making the market active.

UNTERMYER: For the purpose of making it *seem* active?

STURGIS: For the purpose of making it seem active, if you prefer it that way.

UNTERMYER: What is the purpose of making the market seem active when it is not active?

STURGIS: If you could increase the value of a very large asset by spending a very small amount of money to advertise it, perhaps you would do it.

This practice of making a market is employed in different situations. Like most human operations it cannot be discussed apart from the actual conditions under which it is used and the actual human instruments which manage it. Here, then, we shall have a look at some actual instances. We shall try to peep into the inside of the great market and see operators or bankers or brokers actually at work making a market for stocks.

## II

In 1912, E. L. Doheny and C. A. Canfield, two famous oil producers, owned two producing oil properties in California. They wished to put the two together. They organized, therefore, the California Petroleum Corporation as a holding company and turned the stock of those two oil companies over to it. The stock of the California Petroleum Corporation was issued to Doheny and Canfield. It consisted of \$12,000,000 of preferred and \$13,500,000 of common shares.



It was now necessary to market part of this stock. This the two oil men did by selling it to a group of three bankers. They sold the bankers 100,000 shares of preferred (\$10,000,000) and 75,000 shares of common (\$7,500,000 par). For all this the bankers paid \$10,000,000. Doheny and Canfield were then out of it. It was now up to the bankers to sell that stock. They might have sold it over the counter or by means of salesmen, as bonds are sold. But as a matter of fact that is not the way stocks are ordinarily sold. They are distributed through the mechanism of the stock exchange and in the manner which I am now about to describe.

The bankers held 100,000 shares of preferred and 75,000 shares of common. They thereupon split this stock into three parts. One part, consisting of 50,000 shares of preferred and 25,000 shares of common, they sold for \$5,000,000 to a syndicate in London to be sold in Europe. The second part, also made up of 50,000 shares of preferred and 25,000 shares of common, they sold to a syndicate in New York for \$5,000,000. Thus they had their \$10,000,000 back. The third part, which consisted of 25,000 of common, they kept for themselves and as a stock profit to be disposed of later.

The New York syndicate was made up, however, of the same bankers. This syndicate now had 50,000 shares of preferred and 25,000 shares of common for which they were charged \$5,000,000 and which they had to sell. They sold the preferred shares for 91½, the common shares for 40. This would yield them some \$5,575,000, a profit of half a million on that part of the deal.

But to whom did they sell and how? The sales were made, for the most part, to themselves and to some 103 other persons, made up of about 25 bank officials, trust company officials, and other favored persons. These were

called participants. They are sometimes called underwriters. In any case, letters were sent out to all the 103 persons advising them that they were allotted a fixed number of shares—so many preferred at 91½ and so many common at 40. There is nothing unusual in all this. It is the usual method. The participants may be counted on to accept. It is a privilege to be set down upon such a list. It is a source of profit and seldom calls for more than a very temporary outlay—often, as in this case, none at all. The participants are, of course, upon their acceptance, bound for the amount of the subscription. And so technically the distributing syndicate has now, after a fashion, sold its stock. But the real distribution is yet to come. It is not intended that these participants shall take and hold the stock. The stock must now be fed out to the public.

To do this it is listed on some security exchange. In this case the stock was listed on October 5, 1912, on the New York Stock Exchange. Then the distributing syndicate employed a brokerage house—Lewisohn Bros.—to distribute the common stock. The first job of the broker, therefore, was to “make a market” for it. Stock had to be offered for sale on the exchange. It had to be bought at a price. But there was no stock outstanding yet. None of the participants had received their stock. There was none to be sold except that put in the hands of the broker and no one to buy it. So on that first day the broker gave orders to three or four other brokers to sell California Petroleum and to three or four others to buy. A sale was promptly recorded at 69½—which, you will see, was pretty good for a brand new stock which the holders were getting at 40 and which they had not yet even got possession of. Then the brokers began to buy and sell. The “appearance of activity” was created. One broker sold 1,000 shares

at 70. Another about 1,400 at 70. Then another sold 700 at 70½. Then there was another purchase of 1,000 at 70½. Then there was a sale of 700 shares at 70¾.

"Ah!" thought the canny person lurking on the outside looking for opportunities, "here is something good. It's going up." That first day Lewisoohn sold 11,200 shares, but had to buy 6,000 to support the price and also to stimulate activity. Every day for the next three weeks the broker bought and sold large numbers of shares. Here is his record for one week:

	<i>Bought</i>	<i>Sold</i>
Oct. 5	6,000 shares	11,200 shares
7	8,900 "	4,000 "
8	6,500 "	7,100 "
9	3,100 "	3,800 "
10	13,000 "	17,000 "
11	6,300 "	5,800 "

Of course in such cases the public soon makes its appearance. And thus the operation goes on for several weeks. The price of the stock which the participants have been pledged to pay \$40 a share for is sold for from 69½ up to 72 within the next three weeks and before they pay a cent for it. In this particular case the Lewisoohn firm sold 172,000 shares and bought 149,000 shares by October 21—making net sales of 23,000 shares. To sell 23,000 shares they had to buy 149,000. That is about the way the famous manipulator, James R. Keene, set it down. To sell 20,000 shares, he said, you have to buy 100,000.

Now if you will examine this little operation you will see some interesting things. First, the bankers gave \$10,000,000 for all the stock. The 100,000 preferred shares were sold for 91½, bringing in \$9,185,000, leaving 75,000 shares in their hands which cost them \$850,000 or \$11.33 a share. These 75,000 shares were split into three parts. One-third were sold in Europe. One-third they kept for themselves, and the other third—25,000 shares—were sold to

the ultimate holders as we have seen—the people who bought them on the stock exchange as the result of the market operation here described—for \$70 a share.

This does not look, on its face, like a very good deal for the public. One can hardly help wondering if there is not some better way of doing this sort of business. Yet this is the established method which is in vogue to this day. When the syndicate formed by J. Pierpont Morgan organized the United States Steel Corporation, the syndicate had half a billion dollars of common stock for which not one dollar was paid and which was to be distributed to the public. Morgan employed the famous James R. Keene, called by Henry Clews "the prince of manipulators," to make the market for U. S. Steel. Mr. Edwin Lefèvre, who was in Wall Street at the time, and later wrote extensively of its life and practices, wrote: "Keene had charge of the United States Steel shares and he developed a market for them such as had never before existed for any stocks. The manipulation was the most wonderful witnessed in any country in any period. He disdained to use newspaper booming. He made the stock ticker, which recorded the transactions of the exchange, talk to the entire world." The shares, for which not one cent had been paid, made their appearance on the unlisted department of the Stock Exchange March 28, 1901, and the first sale recorded was at 42¾ to 45. Before Keene finished his work, from which he made millions, he had sold millions of shares of this stock to scores of thousands of persons all over the world.

But, as so often happens, a mechanism which can be used for so exalted a purpose as selling a half billion dollars' worth of watered Steel stock to the public, can also be employed for less noble ends. Thus in 1930, some



100,000 shares of Indian Motorcycle stock was delivered to the public after a market had been made for it by the usual method. The operation is worth looking at, for it introduced the assistance of that journalistic aid which the Napoleonic Keene disdained. In December, 1929, the Indian Motorcycle Company was apparently heading for the rocks. It had about a million dollars' worth of assets and \$4,200,000 of common stock outstanding. To raise more money it issued 40,000 additional shares and sold them to a Wall Street trader for \$200,000—\$5 a share. This trader now had the job of passing these stocks on to the public—distributing them—at the highest price he could get. His business was to make a market.

His first step was to have these additional 40,000 shares listed on the New York Stock Exchange. The next step was to get the market going. He did two things. He employed a broker and a publicity man. On January 9 he was ready to begin. On that day the newspapers announced that orders were flowing into the Indian Motorcycle plant—that business passed the 1929 record in the same period by 65 per cent. The next day a circular went out announcing the new issue and saying that the book value was \$14 a share. During the preceding month sales on the exchange had ranged from 500 to 2800 a week. But in the week of January 11 the sales jumped to 18,700 shares. The broker had got busy as well as the publicity man. The same day a big boosting story was printed in the *Boston News Bureau* and five days later practically the same tale was repeated in the *Wall Street Journal*. Meantime the broker, an old and well-known member of the Exchange, was busy buying and selling. He told a Senate Committee how he managed matters. Boiled down his testimony was as follows:

I bought stock to make a better market. If you come in and offer to sell at 6 and the best bid is 5, that is not a good market. So I would make the price  $5\frac{1}{2}$  or  $5\frac{3}{4}$ . By bidding  $5\frac{3}{4}$  and offering at 6, if anybody came along and offered to sell at  $5\frac{3}{4}$ , I would buy. And that would increase the market price of the stock, and the purpose of increasing the market price was to get as much as possible for the stock.

On January 28 a big story appeared in the Springfield *Union* about the honors showered on the company at a motor boat show because of its wonderful new outboard motor. That week the sales rose to 109,000. The stock had gone from 4 to  $12\frac{5}{8}$ . Then on February 7 a night letter went to a select list:

Indian Motorcycle on stock exchange now in good position for further substantial advance. Immediate purchase advised to take advantage of next move to fifteen dollar level which is justified by forty per cent increase in January sales and prospect of three dollar (dividend) share this year.

That week sales boiled to 171,000 shares. The original 40,000 shares taken by the promoters went so fast that they bought another 60,000 and later disposed of another 50,000. They closed out at from \$4 to \$17 a share. After the promoters were rid of their holdings the stock began to decline and by June was down to \$5 a share. A score of such cases could be described, but this will suffice, particularly as the facts are all preserved in official public records.

### III

This well-developed process of making a market is not limited in its usefulness to putting a brand new issue of stocks on the market. It is very often employed when some large owner of shares wishes to dispose of his holdings by distributing them to the public. If

a stockholder owning fifty thousand shares of one stock attempted to dump them on the market the price would be immediately depressed before he could sell a third of his holdings. Under such circumstances it is often deemed good business to put the whole block into the hands of an experienced market operator to be liquidated over a period without creating a disturbance in the market. The machinery for making a market is there for use in such circumstances. Also it is there for use when the owner of large holdings in a sinking company desires to unload them before the public can become acquainted with the approaching disaster.

The reader need not be told that the sale of such a large block of stock will tend to depress the price. But market operators have become so expert at this business that they can feed a hundred thousand shares or more to the unsuspecting public and at the same time put the price up temporarily.

In the fall of 1928 there was a company in San Francisco known as the Kolster Radio Corporation. It belonged largely to the Spreckels family; and Rudolph Spreckels was chairman of the board. The business of the company was not at all rosy. Earnings in 1927 were low—87 cents on the common; and in 1928 they were lower—20 cents a share. These were the glorious days of the great bull market, and down in Wall Street there was a group of clever, busy, and audacious operators who were turning the fleeting moments into airy millions. One of these was George F. Breen. These men were scouring the financial world for "opportunities." And one such opportunity presented itself in the stock of the Kolster Radio Corporation. There were only 800,000 shares listed and much of this was closely held. Spreckels alone held 250,000 shares. This meant that the floating

supply was small. And this always makes for easy manipulation, if I may be pardoned for using the word. There was not much activity in it—four or five thousand shares a day changing hands on the Exchange.

Through an intermediary Breen got into touch with Spreckels and got an option on 150,000 shares of his stock at prices ranging from 70 to 74. This option was dated October 26 and was addressed to George F. Breen and Arthur Cutten, in care of one of the largest brokerage houses in Wall Street. There were four men as partners in this option. One of them is among our richest multi-millionaires, an official in a great automobile company and a great New York bank. I mention this merely to stress the fact that these operations are not the work of mere wandering adventurers along the back alleys of finance.

With the signing of that option Breen lost no time in starting the fireworks. That very day the august *New York Times* reported that "a new short-wave direct controlled beam transmission system for eliminating 'fading' of radio signals" had been invented and the matter was discussed by the president of the Kolster company. The stock immediately showed signs of life. That day 18,500 shares changed hands and the next day sales jumped to 134,000. Breen told the Senate committee that he did not begin to operate until October 29th, but it is probable that he was mistaken about the date. However, he did get very busy on the 29th. That day he sold 100,000 shares, but had to buy 30,000. The next day he sold 82,400 shares and bought 24,100. The market was boiling by this time. The next day he sold 50,200 and bought 25,100.

For those who think the stock market is too big to be controlled, here is an interesting fact. On October 29th, when Breen opened his campaign, the



total sales of Kolster stock were 172,000 shares. Of these Breen's own trades were 130,000 shares. In the first nine days of Breen's operations 740,700 shares of Kolster changed hands. And of these 484,200 shares were in Breen's own trades. Before he finished he put the price up to  $95\frac{7}{8}$ . He was so successful in his plans that he got an additional 100,000 shares from Spreckels. He sold the entire 250,000 shares in about five weeks, but to do this he had to sell 456,900 and buy 206,000. The profit of Breen and his associates was \$1,351,152.50 and he handed the owners \$19,000,000 for their 250,000 shares. But what of the people who bought these shares? Within the next six months—well before the general market crash—Kolster shares had sunk down to 20. They ultimately went to \$2. All through this campaign newspapers continued to tell of wonderful things that were happening to Kolster. The day after Breen began his drive the *Times* announced that business for the company was so brisk that it was doubling its plant capacity and a few weeks later it reported a new deal between Kolster and North American Company which would bring Kolster \$36,000,000 worth of business a year from the North American alone. And all the time the officials of the company were selling their shares.

#### IV

There is still another set of circumstances in which the implements for making a market are extensively used. There is always a lot of stock kicking round Wall Street which is sadly in need of life. A broker may find himself with twenty or thirty thousand shares of some issue which has lost its vitality; a bank may be troubled with a bunch of shares held as collateral against a defaulted loan. There are a number of traders in the Street who make it a business to handle this kind

of merchandise. They obtain a call on the stock at some settled price, that is, they make a contract with the broker who holds it, under which they can call upon him within some agreed time to deliver it at the arranged price. Very often the arrangement will provide that the broker or the bank and the trader will share in the profits. As these stocks are always suffering from just one disease—lack of a market—the trader's business is merely to make a market for them. An actual case will be instructive.

In April, 1930, Mr. John J. Levenson, a free lance trader in Wall Street, went to the office of a large brokerage firm which held 20,000 shares of Celotex stock. There were only 170,000 shares of that stock outstanding, there was little or no market for it, and hence it was an excellent piece of merchandise to do business with. Levenson made an arrangement with the brokerage firm to sell the stock. Then he engaged another broker to handle the marketing on the exchange. Levenson's arrangement was to split the profits between himself, the broker who furnished the 20,000 shares, and the broker who handled the market operations.

Levenson went to work in the latter part of April. The stock was listless. On April 22nd only 800 shares were sold. The price was  $64\frac{1}{4}$ . But next day the sales jumped to 8,400 and the price to  $68\frac{1}{2}$ . Next day the price went up to  $72\frac{1}{4}$  and the sales to 28,000 shares. You see, Mr. Levenson was working out very satisfactorily the problem of selling stock and at the same time making the price go up.

So much activity naturally attracts the attention of people who are looking for chances to get in on "opportunities." Seeing this rise in sales and in prices, these gullible persons ask, What is going on in Celotex? In this case the answer was ready at hand. A New

York newspaper with a circulation of round a million printed daily a column called "The Trader." In it at about this time appeared the following:

Special developments are pending in Celotex, which makes it look extremely active at current levels. This is a sound investment issue and the group sponsoring it expects to push it through its previous high.

The next day the Trader piped up again:

Celotex jumped two points yesterday in a weak market and looks materially higher. The same group sponsoring Celotex is backing Consolidated Aircraft on the Curb and the dope is that a sensational move in this is apt to get under way any day.

This was followed by another burst of trading—14,300 that day, 7,300 the next, and another rise in price. Between April 23rd and May 3rd, Mr. Levenson bought 14,400 shares and sold 33,900—thus disposing of the 20,000 he had on call. In that period sales on the exchange totalled about 92,000 shares and Mr. Levenson's own trades accounted for 48,300 of these.

There was an added feature in this little adventure. It was a sort of coincidence. On May 2nd the brokerage house which was doing the selling sent a check for \$1195.50 to the gentleman who wrote "The Trader." It seems the Trader was down in the broker's books for 300 shares of Celotex which were sold, and this check represented the profit. It seems also that the journalist never paid any money for the 300 shares. It seems, further, that the account was opened for the Trader by Mr. Levenson. An evilly disposed person might suppose there was some connection between Mr. Levenson, the Trader, the Celotex campaign, and the check. But this was not the case. It seems that the journalist was buying a house and Mr. Levenson was merely

doing this to help him pay for it. What is more, the Trader generally knew what he was talking about. For instance, he said, as reported above, that the same group were sponsoring Consolidated Aircraft. That was true. And the Trader was down for a few shares in that too, on which he collected \$3706.14. He got many such checks in fact, totalling in about fourteen months something over \$19,000.

As for Mr. Levenson and his two brokerage partners, their profit was not large—a beggarly \$109,000. But after all this was a small operation; it lasted only a couple of weeks and was but one of many. To illustrate the extent of such operations, this one operator in 1929 and 1930 handled similar market-making operations in Borg Warner, Eisler Electric, Pitney Bowers, Consolidated Aircraft, Radio Products, United States Finishing, and American Maracaibo. The combined profits in all these were \$1,136,322, and the splits in some cases were with some of the most highly respected persons in Wall Street.

## V

A mere description of these operations will be sufficient without added comment to establish their level in the field of business ethics. But we are not concerned here with the ethics of these things; we are concerned with their economic significance. In an article in the July issue of HARPER'S, already referred to, I attempted to show that under this system vast sums are collected from the investing public ostensibly for productive enterprises, when in fact only a fraction of these sums goes into the enterprises; and that this inflicts a definite injury upon our economic society. The distribution of these shares establishes vast claims upon the fruits of industry without making any proportional contribution to the mechanism by which those fruits



are produced. The uninformed investor buys a share of common stock in the market for \$70. He supposes he is buying it from some investor, when as a matter of fact, he is getting it almost fresh from the treasury of the corporation. It comes to him through the exchange but also through a series of bankers and participants who manage, through the manipulative machinery of the exchange, to extract \$50 of the \$70 for themselves. While only twenty dollars actually goes into the enterprise to function along with labor and management in the production of profits, the investor continues to think of himself as having a seventy-dollar claim upon the assets and rewards of that corporation. That notion in the investor's mind affects the executives and managers of the corporations, whose aim is thus necessarily directed toward making that seventy-dollar claim good.

This is one of the greatest curses of American industry. It would not be true to say that this curse originates in the stock exchange or in speculation. It originates in our corporation laws and the system under which it is possible to issue stocks without any contribution of capital funds toward an enterprise. This is an economically vicious practice, and even the banker, Otto Kahn, replying to a question of Mr. Pecora in the recent Senate inquiry, did not hesitate to pronounce it a vicious practice and to declare with great emphasis that it ought to be prohibited.

The point I am interested in making here is that it would not be possible to market these parasitic shares in such quantities were it not for the speculative machinery of the exchanges and, in particular, this indefensible practice of making a market. It will be a great omission if the Senate Committee now investigating market practices fails to pursue this inquiry farther. The com-

mittee has shown with admirable clearness how a new corporation can issue 3,500,000 shares of common stock; how the issuers can retain 2,000,000 such shares without putting up anything for them; how the bankers can then distribute another 1,250,000 shares at \$20 to a small list of participants, thus bringing into the enterprise \$25,000,000, and how, immediately thereafter, the whole issue of shares can be listed on the exchange to be followed by trading at \$30 and \$35 a share until the market value of the whole issue is pushed up to \$50. At the opening price the market value of that stock was in excess of a hundred and twenty million dollars. And, of course, the aim of the managers thereafter was to make it worth that by extracting from the industry an indefensible share in profits.

When these shares which sell for \$20 are bought, in the very first transaction on the exchange, for \$30 or \$65 as in some cases, we have a right to ask how that \$30 or \$65 price came about. Who did the buying and the selling? What magic caused an investor to be stationed at the proper post with such a bid, and what magic caused the price to remain above that figure, to rush upward in fact? These facts are easily ascertainable. The accountants of the Senate Committee can explore the system and it ought to be done.

More than three years ago in this magazine I suggested that the economic factors in this business of speculation needed study. ("Speculation and Gambling," HARPER'S, January, 1930.) I then warned that unless measures were taken to bring about an orderly, scientific study, we should probably have a congressional investigation. It seemed sufficiently clear that the abuses then apparent could not continue without a scandal and an outcry when the victims began to howl; and subse-

quent events have abundantly vindicated that surmise. But it seemed to me then, as it does now, that a scientific study would have been much better than legislative investigation. I do not decry such investigations, for they serve a useful purpose and frequently bring to light important facts; nevertheless, they focus their energies upon the more sensational human elements in a subject. For this reason I then urged that the President name a commission of experts—economists and statisticians—to make a careful study.

That was not done and we have had the Senate investigation. But I think the suggestion is still good. The Senate has brought many abuses to light, but it would be a great mistake if the committee itself or the President or some government agency properly equipped did not name a few experts in economics and finance to follow the trails and answer the questions raised in the investigation, by a disinterested study of the economic facts of speculation in our whole economic community.

## THE HEART FLIES HOME

BY WILLARD MAAS

**T**HERE is nothing here to set the small heart leaping,  
 Feet gliding over stone.  
 The eye perceives tendon  
 Of steel, muscle of iron, towers of granite bone,  
 The piercing cry of strength, man and his city,  
 And man's deeds;  
 But nothing for the warm heart's needs.  
 Electric fronds of light, black trunks of marble,  
 Overhead swift snakes coil  
 On a rusting skeleton; underground  
 Subways roar,  
 In the sky steel insects soar,  
 Over all the rich perfume of oil;  
 But nowhere, never a handful of soil  
 For a hand to touch, the nostrils to breathe in,  
 Only iron wing and iron fin.  
 So must the heart pity  
 One who listens for the sound  
 Of water pouring from the ground,  
 And grasses softly pushed by summer wind—  
 Oh, there are voices calling me back to little flowering valleys,  
 Green talking groves, laurel-dark alleys,  
 The brown spring earth, new-turned loam.  
 I walk through stone. The heart flies home.





## I HOLD OFFICE

BY HOLMES M. ALEXANDER

UNTIL I came there at the age of twenty-four to take up my residence as a legislator, I had never set foot in the State House. Entering, I found the marble corridors jammed with just such a good-natured rabble as one might encounter in the bleachers of any baseball park. The Democratic caucus was scheduled for that day and hour, but finding the doors of the House chamber locked and seeing as yet no familiar face, I began weaving aimlessly among the crowd. At length I collided with Slim, who was emerging rather feverishly from a smoke-hazed committee room. Slim was the veteran of our County delegation, a little butter-ball of a man with watery eyes and the voice of an auctioneer. He was beginning his twelfth term as legislator and living, I knew, in high hopes of being made Speaker of the House. I knew, too, that behind the door he had just closed was a conclave of bosses coming to compromise over the Democratic candidate, whose election—for there were only a handful of Republicans in the House—would be a simple matter of routine.

"Any luck, Slim?"

He was more than twice my age, but the comradeship of an election campaign had bred familiarity.

"No," he said. "The Big Three want Gus."

The Big Three comprised a triumvirate of bosses who all but held a mortgage on the State House. If they wanted Gus, I surmised, then Gus it

would be, though Slim, as senior member of the House, seemed the logical choice for the chair. It was my first close-up to the pettiness of politics. The Big Three had sidetracked Slim because Slim was a friend of Jim, and Jim had come out against the Governor in the primaries.

"That's too bad, Slim."

He took me downstairs to the office of the State Commissioner. The room was crowded tight, its walls lined with portraits of former Commissioners, its furniture upholstered and polished. In one corner, making a triangle with the walls, was a long mahogany table on which doubtless many a momentous document had been signed. Now it was littered and stained with wet glassware. Two lovely creatures were standing behind it, rinsing glasses and pouring drinks. I didn't recognize anyone in the room; nobody looked particularly distinguished, but there were some handsome girls. Slim wandered off, leaving me without an introduction or any means of one. I eyed the liquor thirstily. Soon one of the handsome girls approached me.

"Like a drink?" she said.

I nodded vigorously and we went to the table together.

"I'm one of the secretaries here for the session," said the girl. "I suppose you're a new delegate."

I presented myself. "Are these all—secretaries?"

She winked. "Some of them. Come and meet Clarence."

Clarence was State Commissioner, my host. Unlike most politicians—for as a rule they run to bulk—he had the appearance of being underfed, and his heavy spectacles gave him the owl-ish solemnity of a scholar. He pressed my hand moistly and declared with profusion that anybody from *my* county was a friend of his, that during the session I was to consider his office my home. I thanked him. His name, Clarence went on artlessly, would come up before the Legislature to-morrow for ratification—a mere formality of course.

"But every vote counts," he added pointedly. "Have another drink."

I had another, then several more. I met a number of Clarence's friends, recognized several because of the publicity of their names in State politics. Two hours later the telephone rang and Slim answered it. He banged on the table with his fist.

"The caucus is on," he shouted, "We'll have to go up and vote in Gus."

We who were delegates trooped upstairs to the House chamber. On the front row I found a seat marked with my name. I stood before it, regarding the prefix "Hon." with no little pride, though a cursory glance at the hundred-odd other "honorables" mitigated somewhat the intensity of that vanity. My seat was separated from Slim's by three other members of the delegation. He suggested that I move over next to him so that he could coach me during the session. I rather resented the implication that I might need or accept instruction in my voting. I knew right from wrong, I thought, and that would be sufficient.

We went briskly through the business of endorsing Gus. One of his own delegation put him in nomination, then Slim moved that it be made unanimous. I was mildly surprised at the supineness with which these lawgivers accepted their bosses' dicta-

tion. Besides Slim, there were at least a dozen other candidates for the job, all equally ambitious and certainly more entitled to the chair than the nominee, who had, I knew, served only one previous session and during that period had never once taken the floor to express an opinion. I had yet to learn that just such open-mindedness is the best promise a politician can show. Gus, people told me, would go a long way.

We stood up and gave him a strenuous round of applause as he ascended the rostrum to read off a typewritten speech he had prepared several days before. As soon as that was over I hurried back to the Commissioner's office to rejoin the party.

## II

I came to the State House with all the earnestness and credulity of a young man who had been told that here is a chance for him to "do something" about politics; and I left, three months later, forlorn of any loftiness save that of a tolerant and hilarious contempt for all things political. I record my service to the State mainly as a comic adventure, worth while, if at all, for the pleasantries of frequent debauch, for the opportunity of new and enduring friendships, and for the experience of the morals and modes of backstage politics which constantly amazed me.

"There are," wrote H. L. Mencken, in reference to legislature in general, "always a number of really intelligent and public-spirited men, but the majority are simply low-grade political hacks . . . too stupid to know what the public interest is and too degraded to think of it even if they did. . . . The one aim of such professionals is to hang on to the public teat as long as possible."

I soon discovered that such an esti-



mate of political personnel was by no means confined to Mr. Mencken, that, indeed, it expresses aptly enough the opinion of the very people who elected us. It is a strange fact that the profession of statecraft, which lives as no other on the good will of the people, should be in such universal disrepute. You are, if a politician, either a crook or a nincompoop. My elevation to public office, far from gaining me any esteem among my friends, served only as a tremendous joke; and I had not been in office a week before some of my constituents began to leer and to ask me confidentially how much I really expected to shake down during the session. Much of this was of course facetious; but those who assumed my own integrity doubted that of my colleagues. People, I came to conclude, rather expected us to skin them, and only asked in return a good show for their money.

The truth of the matter is that the group of men I met at the General Assembly represented as typical a slice of humanity as you are likely to find in any profession, taking rural and urban. There were naturally plenty of boobs and shysters, naturally plenty of hypocrites and quacks, but there were also more than a few who were both honest and capable. And if this better element was one in constant flux; if, that is, the intelligent and public-spirited men rarely succeeded themselves in office, that was because intelligence so soon offends the voters and public spirit almost immediately offends the bosses. I met men at the Legislature whose intentions were strictly honorable; I met others who were, true enough, wholly content to go along with their leaders and frugally to tighten their grip on the well-known udder.

A major percentage of the speeches I heard were intended solely for that latter purpose, were delivered with

some grace and much gusto, though without the slightest hope of changing a single vote in the House. I listened embarrassedly to the splashing of crocodile tears while a delegate defending the Woman Jury Service Bill, invoked the shade of "the finest woman in the world—my mother!" I heard a tide-waterman "prove," in attacking the Anti-Purse Net Bill, that Christ had used purse nets on the Lake of Galilee; I heard him liken his homefolk—a regiment of whom were sitting in the gallery—to the "blessed disciples." I was present when the wrath of Jehovah of Sinai was called down on all who should dare support the Blue Law Repealer; I was given to understand, while the spokesman rolled righteous eyes toward his parson standing in the doorway, that such support was high heresy. So confronted with such—and much—evidence I came to surmise that the most useful political utterance is the one most filled with sententious bombast and most innocent of any assumption of the hearers' intelligence. And if there were no other reason to think so, I might recall what was the most applauded speech of the session—the Speaker's on accepting the chair.

That gentleman—he had spent the past two months back-slapping his way into the job—declared himself not only astonished but overcome with the honor, the responsibility just visited upon him; delivered himself of a windy eulogy concerning "this gr-r-rreat State," its noble citizenry both quick and dead; and he ended chokingly:

"I have taken as my motto:

Do what Conscience says is right,  
Do what Duty says is best,  
Do with all your mind and might,  
Do your duty and be blest."

Coming into office as I did with a not unnatural assumption of self-importance, I found it hard to swallow the fact that though an "honorable" and a holder of the people's franchise,

I was expected and destined to be little more than a "yes-man." During the first week I was secretly incensed that Slim should pass me vocal instructions as to how I was to vote. It so happened that these early measures were innocuous and unimportant affairs, affording me little excuse to gainsay his advice, but I was determined at the first opportunity to exert the sovereignty of my own opinion.

I had not long to wait. In the middle of the second week there was listed for second reading a bill to do with judges' pensions. I made it a point to learn all I could about the measure, and the salient fact uncovered was this: that the judge to be most immediately benefited was the uncle of an influential delegate who had persuaded a sufficient number of colleagues, in return for favors promised and received, to lend their support to his bill.

There was a full gallery that day and a number of explanatory speeches from the floor. I listened carefully, jotting down fact and figure, half-hoping all the time that my conscience would dovetail with Slim's, my declaration of independence be postponed. But when it came time for the roll-call and Slim had passed down his customary instructions, I was confronted with the conviction that the bill was nothing short of an outrage. The clerk called my name and I responded with a resolute "No."

To my consternation I saw Slim leap to his feet, saw him level a stunted finger at my head, and heard him shout in a voice he might have used to hail a taxi, "I told you to vote aye!"

There was an agonizing hush throughout the room. I could hear only the creaking of seats as delegates and spectators strained forward to see the object of Slim's wrath. The flustered clerk repeated my name, and in a voice husky with stage fright I answered once more in the negative.

Slim flopped back with an audible and contemptuous "My God!" A flurry of laughter went over the room. I was hot and sweaty with mortification.

Nor was this public indignity the only unpleasantness that resulted from my first attempt at individualism. To have labelled myself a bolter so early in the session made me the object of much amusement and no little scorn. Nobody, save himself and a few kindred cranks, ever takes a bolter seriously. It was a reputation I did not relish.

Then too my defiance cost me a temporary estrangement from the other members of my delegation. It was beyond them to understand why I should deliberately fly in the face of authority. I liked Slim, valued his friendship, and I certainly had not intended my gesture as a personal affront. But Slim could take it no other way. I had not only insulted him, he said, but I had jilted the Party. He had already traded my vote away on another measure; I had made him an Indian Giver. Vainly I argued that the vote was mine, not his or the Party's, but Slim only shook his head. How did I expect him to get anywhere if he couldn't control his own delegation? Why did I suppose the boss had put me on the ticket if not to "go along"?

The immediate effect of Slim's displeasure was to fill me with a yet more potent charge of self-importance. I was still trailing some of those clouds of glory I had brought with me, still thought I was there to "do something." I began fancying myself a lone wolf, a Daniel come to judgment. I resolved to bolt as often as I had the moral persuasion.

Fortunately for my own peace of mind and general enjoyment of the session, this early zeal of conscience was shortlived and not robust enough to withstand either the dominance of



Slim's leadership or the wear and tear of boredom that assails this business of law-making after the novelty of the first two weeks. It was not only that I lacked the moral stamina of a congenital reformer, but that I soon began to suspect that if I were to accomplish anything at all it would have to be by playing the game according to its own rules.

One day soon afterward I was sitting as a member of the Committee on Corporations and was called upon to cast what amounted to the deciding vote on the recommendation of the Full Crew Bill. This measure, providing that the Transit Company should man its street cars with both motorman and conductor, seemed to me an aggressive move against the unemployment problem. I, therefore, voted that the bill be returned with a favorable report. Ten minutes later I encountered one of the Party bosses on the floor of the chamber. He bore down upon me in a towering rage.

"What the hell's your idea on that Full Crew Bill?"

I began citing its virtues and my own reactions, but he cut me short.

"To hell with unemployment! Don't you know who's legal counsel for the Transit Company? Do you want to put *me* out of work?"

"No, but—"

"Now listen. I've told the chairman of the committee that you've changed your mind about that bill. It comes out with an unfavorable report. See?"

"Yes, but—"

He looked me up and down with a withering scorn I had never before faced.

"For God's sake," he said, "Grow up."

If the gentleman meant by this that I should develop a more mature apathy toward the every-day atrocities of small-time politics I think he had sub-

sequently little reason for complaint. I knew by now that the way to amount to anything is not to revolt but to compromise. No man's single vote or his burning conviction is enough to transform his ideas, however good, into legislation. He has to accumulate enough support to get his majority, and often the only way to do it is to wink at, and even be party to, propositions not in themselves praiseworthy. Late in the session I managed to put over a pet bill of my own, a Blue Law Repealer, yet in the process of success I had to vote for three bills I thought ridiculous and to walk out on another I knew to be scandalous.

But if I became, as time went on, less militant against the high-handedness of political methods I never ceased to wonder how their practitioners get away with it all. They shouted loudly enough for economy, but when it came to a show-down the only two bills designed to curtail patronage were summarily defeated. And the way we made swag of the tax-payers' money was little short of piracy. On the pay-rolls of the House there were a little more than half as many jobholders as there were delegates. Or to turn the figures another way, I calculated that every member had sixty-one per cent of a jobholder to valet him. Most of the jobs were over-populated and there were so many supernumeraries and alternates hanging round with nothing to do that we sent some of them home on full pay to get rid of them. There were more doorkeepers than there were doors; more cloak-room keepers than there were cloak rooms. And not only were there more jobs than we had any possible need for, but the persons chosen to fill them were, as often as not, incompetent to the point of travesty. The sergeant-at-arms, supposed to be a hard-boiled bouncer, was a cripple. He had, theoretically, two as-

sistants, but once when the floor-leader asked who and where they were, nobody could tell him. One of the so-called secretaries was, if I remember correctly, a plumber, three more were farm hands, and yet another was a professional referee. A census taken by an enterprising reporter proved that of the fifteen stenographers listed on the books only three knew how to type-write. It was common gossip, though I cannot vouch for it, that the position of chaplain, a five-dollar-a-day sinecure, had once been bestowed on a useful Democratic parson who, living some distance from the capital, thriftily sublet the holy office to a local brother, cleared a round sum on the deal, and never even came within praying distance of his charges.

All this as it gradually unfolded on me seemed bad enough but it was, after all, only petty larceny. There was worse and more of it. Six supervisors of election were receiving \$48,000 when there were no elections to supervise. Three commissioners for opening streets were receiving \$10,000 in a year when there were no streets to be opened.

But it would be foolish and grossly unfair to imply that there was not a considerable amount of competent and necessary work done at the Legislature. There was a great deal, though most of it—all that mattered—was done and run by an exclusive oligarchy of leaders and bosses, and only indirectly by the rank and file of delegates, who, thus ignored, soon became chiefly concerned with making their residence as carefree as possible. Whenever an important bill hove in sight the oligarchy had the House thrown into recess, and retired itself into privy council. Sometimes when a bill came out of the council it was hard to tell just what was behind it, for we were simply given our voting orders and expected to act accordingly. Often when a bill came

to the floor with a sheaf of amendments attached and was rushed through on suspended rules we had no idea, nor any chance to discover, what it was all about. Some of this was, of course, sound and disinterested legislation, but not all. Once during the banking crisis I voted, all unknowing, for a bill drawn by the director of a shaky bank, authorizing the County treasurer to turn over his public funds for bank stock! Another time I voted for what I thought was a Sunday Movie Bill, but which by an intricate set of amendments, turned out to be merely the set-up of a censorship board to be created eventually for the benefit of a few more job-holders.

In this General Assembly, so dominantly Democratic, there were, properly speaking, no party fights. It was only when—and this was not seldom—the oligarchy divided against itself that there was friction. Before the session had aged many weeks there were half a dozen cliques, all overlapping in personnel, but seemingly incapable of compromise. One, for example, abetted by the Dairymen's Association, favored a subsidy for the cowmen; another, egged on by the Fishermen's Union, would have the oyster-beds protected; and still another, coddled by big-town business, was all for changing the corporation and liability laws. It was city man against countryman; farmer against fisherman against factory man; all out for themselves; all after a slice of the Budget. And if they couldn't get it themselves, it was a case of dog in the manger. Nobody else should have it either.

Political battles, like martial ones, are won, to quote a Confederate General, by getting "the mostest men thar fustest." That is ever the clique leader's problem, to get his votes lined up before his bill comes to the floor. His power and his prestige depend on the strength he can muster. Generally



this garnering is done off-stage, but I recall at least one instance when it took place on the open floor. His bill having failed of a majority by four votes, a delegate called for a revision of roll-call, and in the interim between the recount and the official announcement he scurried about and managed by a series of whisperings to persuade three colleagues, who had presumably just voiced the dictates of their conscience, to see things differently and to change their votes. Such maneuvers seemed to me at first outrageous and I would have no part in them, but before long I came to understand that politics, even sincerely played, is mainly a game of bargain and barter, where matters of right and wrong are not always distinguishable. Here, for instance, was I, accepting a salary to represent my county—that is to grab everything I could for its benefit. If I had to swap votes and compromise with my conscience in doing so, that was then part of my duty. I was damned if I did or if I didn't.

### III

Soon after my arrival at the State House the lobbyists aroused my curiosity. From what I had read and heard of the species, I expected to find them skulking banditti that lurked behind the white pillars of the corridors and, like so many serpents of Eden, whispered temptations into innocent ears. As a matter of fact, they turned out to be, on the whole, no less intelligent and certainly more industrious than we legislators. And far from being shamefaced about their profession, they rather patronized the less influential delegates. Often I would arrive at the House chamber to find one of them complacently occupying my seat, leaving me, law-giver that I was, to stand or to shift for myself.

Most of them were there, of course, because of their interest in some particular cause; but there was a sizable group of free lances, who, having no bill to work on, hung round like third-rate jockeys at the race track, hoping to pick up a ride.

By far the most colorful and prosperous of all the lobbyists was one known about the House as Boojum, the fat and fiery apostle of the Lord's Day Alliance. He was an old man, a broken-down evangelist, employed by an organization of Old Testament die-hards to block legislation against the Blue Laws. Boojum used to waddle about with his pockets full of pamphlets compiled to prove that Paris with open Sunday required ten gendarmes to every bobby of London, where the Sabbath was still kept holy; that the fall of Rome, Nineveh, Tyre, and Berlin were the results of their godless ways; that any number of biblical references point unmistakably to the ruin of America unless we should forthwith turn from our iniquity. He was your old-fashioned psalm-shouter who relied on lurid allusions to hell-fire and brimstone to press home his points; never once did I hear him mention heaven.

Boojum and I were bitter adversaries in our official roles. He rode me unmercifully in his campaign against my Blue Law Repealer, called me every kind of an evil-minded, besotted upstart; and I retaliated as best I might. But off-stage we became pretty good friends. We sat round together, talked religion and politics by the hour. I used to tease him by offering him drinks of liquor and tickets to burlesque shows, and he entertained me at length with anecdotes of all the famous statesmen he said he had known. Above all else he was proud of the Phi Beta Kappa key he had won at college forty years ago and of the three broken fingers he had acquired

playing baseball. But in all our intimacy Boojum never allowed himself to drop out of character. Always he remained the prophet of righteousness-or-woe. A lovable old cuss was Boojum, and for the life of me I can't say whether or not he was a hypocrite.

Professional lobbying, I learned, is based on the assumption that every man has his price or his weakness; and I have never found reason to doubt it. Even if a man be not moved by the clink of gold or the shouting of psalms, he is not, therefore, immovable. I give myself in proof. No one at the State House ever offered me money, no one ever stirred me by psalmistry, but I was, nevertheless, victimized by a lobbyist.

My corruption came about so pleasantly that not until it was all over did I realize how easily I had been undone. The proponents of the Woman Jury Service Bill had created one day a spectacular commotion by marching—sixty singing women—up and down the corridors, flaunting banners that proclaimed feminist rights. They had serenaded the Governor, had button-holed delegates, and in general stirred up a great deal of merriment at their own expense. We legislators, though we openly jeered at the bill, were rather grateful to them for diluting the boredom of an otherwise dull week. I was among the loudest laughers. I thought the bill was a totally absurd proposition, and I showed no reticence in saying so. Yet a few days later I not only voted for it but made my first speech of any length in its defense.

The explanation is that there was among these zealots a lady young, charming, and persistent, and mine was not the only mind she changed. She was a lobbyist only pro-tem, being an ex-debutante who, tiring of social frivolity, had teamed up with the feminists for "something to do." I found

her mastery of facts rather uncertain, but that shakiness never curtailed her persuasive powers. Once I asked her:

"What's the sense peddling a bill like this? You wouldn't want to serve on juries, would you?"

"Oh, that's different," she said.

"Well, do you know what States, if any, use women jurors, and how successfully the system works?"

"No," she confessed, "but that's not the point."

What the point was she never bothered to explain. I only know that I was enchantingly hoodwinked into supporting her bill and that, on the day it failed, she took herself out of our lives—until, I suppose, the next session.

The parade of the Woman Jury Servicists was not the only one staged for our benefit. Far superior to it in clamor and thrills was that of the Hunger Marchers. One day late in the session we were lolling through the routine, passing laws and ladling out money, when suddenly the door at the rear of the chamber burst open and fifty hoodlums, black and white, male and female, filed up the aisle, pushing the lame sergeant-at-arms before them.

A more ragged, woebegone, and obviously harmless crew I never saw. Fully thirty of them were negroes, not your stout insolent bucks, but undersized shivering black trash that huddled together at the sight of so many white scowls and would doubtless have broken and fled at the first crack of the gavel had not someone shut the inswinging door behind them. The leaders, a pair of Italian agitators, advanced boldly to the rostrum and, without preface, one of them began reading a printed petition.

The Speaker flailed on the desk with his mallet, informed them sternly that they were out of order, and requested that they hand over their petition to the reading clerk. This insistence on formality the swarthy spokesman either



mistrusted or misunderstood, for he simply raised his voice and continued to recite. Up to this point the delegates had sat in silent curiosity, but now there rose a buzz of indignation which culminated in a lusty, "Throw 'em out!" I vaulted over my desk into the aisle and found myself engulfed in a free-for-all.

It was no stand-up-and-slug affair, rather a melee of push-and-shove. The two leaders, though outnumbered twenty to one in the first rush, valiantly attempted to hold their ground; but their cohorts at the rear stampeded frantically for the door, which, because it hinged toward them, only hindered their retreat. My body, propelled from behind by the weight of reenforcements, became an unwilling projectile, and I pierced the enemy phalanx, sprawling on my knees at its core. For a few uneasy moments I had visions of serving as a vicarious sacrifice for the sins of Capitalism, but fortunately the Marchers were more intent on escape than on vengeance. Nobody attempted to kick or pommel me, and I struggled up in time to issue with them (the door having finally been opened) into the lobby.

Here the trouble should certainly have ended, for the congestion was relieved and cooler heads soon prevailed upon the agitators to conduct their hearing in an orthodox manner. But some panicky individual had already turned in a riot call. Fully fifteen minutes after the exodus, and when affairs were in a state of pacific anticlimax, the local police, reenforced by State troopers and a posse of deputies, charged into the corridor wielding blackjacks and firearms. With the fury of confident numbers, and to what purpose I do not know, they fell upon these disheveled starvelings.

Heads were broken, blood was shed. I followed the course of the fracas out of the building. I saw a woman

pitched headlong down the stone steps into the street. I saw a negro boy, struggling only to escape, being held by two burly cossacks and clubbed into insensibility by a third. I saw a white man lying face-down on the curb. It was raining, and the gutter of State Circle literally ran red with his blood. I started to lift him, but a reporter delayed me while he snapped a picture. A blue-coat shooed me away, and, clipping a handcuff on the limp wrist, posed grandly over his captive.

Then outside some shooting began. No one, I understand, was hit. The idea was simply to round up the fugitives, to keep them herded until the patrol wagon in several relays had carted them off to jail. I saw three negroes running down an alley, their hands on their trouser seats, leap-frogging at the sound of every shot. They were headed off and came back under guard, their hands raised, their eyes rolling. A cop struck one of them across the mouth with a handcuff. The negro lowered a hand to the slashed lips and the cop hit him again.

The whole fiasco was a sickening and inexcusable exhibition of self-righteous authority, and for the first time during the session I was really aroused. Hardly knowing why, I followed the last wagon to the jail.

"Better get outa here before we lock you up," advised the keeper.

I blustered. "I'm a member of the State Legislature. I'll get out when I'm good and ready."

Visibly impressed he turned away. I was confronted by a state trooper, a veritable titan of a fellow with a black-jack in one hand and a pistol at his thigh.

"Beat it," he said.

"I'm a member—"

"Listen, buddy, you ain't a member of this jail. Get out."

"What about those people? They didn't do anything."

"Say, are you gettin' out?"

I looked him over and decided to move on. Back at the State House I found the Attorney General in the lobby conferring with the county Sheriff and the two Italians. I heard the Attorney promise the agitators that if they could get their gang out of town in half an hour all should go free.

One of the Italians threw up his hands. "Get 'em out with what—ambulances?"

"Take it or leave it," shrugged the Sheriff.

I went back to the jail to watch the Marchers depart—those who could walk. They were sullen and cowed. Someone had collected a hundred dollars to feed them, but this gift the leaders scornfully rejected.

That afternoon the clerk read their petition. It demanded in part: State unemployment insurance, a donation of the militia funds to the poor and needy, a repeal of the Jim Crow Laws.

"Refer to the Ways and Means Committee," chanted the Speaker. And that was the last we ever heard of it.

#### IV

Until I went into residence at the State Capital I had no idea of my capacity for dissipation. At college I had weathered periodic sprees, but at the Legislature they were almost a matter of daily routine. Somehow we were rarely sober after sunset.

As soon as a session adjourned those of us who felt the urge would retire to any one of a dozen office rooms in or about the State House. I had fitted up one under the delusion that I might get some work done in spare moments. Here was a table, plenty of chairs, a wash basin, and several filing cabinets. The bottom drawer of each cabinet was our larder; we kept our liquor there. In case we ran short there was replenishment near at hand. One of

the "secretaries" had turned bootlegger. Every day he drove down from the city in a car with a tricky back seat that was stocked with three-dollar bottles of rye and two-dollar bottles of gin.

On a good night we'd have as many as twenty-five or thirty there—delegates, lobbyists, reporters, job-holders of both sexes, and not infrequently two or three young wives. One evening I came late to the party and, finding the door locked, banged indiscriminately upon it. The purr of voices ceased, and though I continued to rap impatiently, the door remained shut. Finally I called out and at length a friend's face appeared in the crevice. Recognizing me, he opened up. The usual crowd was there.

"Why didn't you give the signal?" said my friend. "We thought you were a Republican."

Our celebrations usually carried us deep into the night and we seldom got back to the hotel before two or three o'clock. At eleven the next morning we'd rise from beds of pain, pour down an eye-opener, and limp off to the State House for committee meetings that had probably been scheduled for two hours before. Nothing at the Legislature ever came off anywhere near the appointed time, and the chances were that no matter how late we arrived there wouldn't be a quorum present. It's a wonder to me we ever got any laws made.

The final day of the session was one of uproar, revelry, and last-minute sallies. We convened at noon and sat, with a few minutes out for supper, until daybreak the next morning. The oligarchy was in full command. Rules were suspended to rush through measures that in more leisurely times would have been smothered. The Speaker, exercising his prerogative of temporal omnipotence, recognized whom he chose and willed himself deaf and blind to others. Once on a raw deci-



sion he was forced to yield the chair till a vote of confidence restored him. A trusty stood by the reading clerk, judicially arranging the order in which bills were brought up, consigning the undesirables to the bottom of the pile.

Nothing in my life—not even class reunions or ushers' dinners—ever surpassed for sheer carousal those last five hours. From midnight on it fairly snowed paper. The bill files were torn and scattered like confetti. Some of the more exuberant members lighted the files before tossing them. Desks were overturned; glassware thrown. An ink bottle bounced at my feet, spattering my socks and trousers. A telephone book, hurtling through the air, caught me on the ear. Slim leaned over and shouted, "This is nothing. You should have been here last session."

And oblivious to it all the Speaker, the Floor leader, and the reading clerk went solemnly through the formalities of parliamentary procedure. Even on the front row it was utterly impossible to hear the bills read or your name called, much less make yourself heard in voting. After each inaudible roll-

call you might read the Speaker's lips, "House Bill um-um-um having received a constitutional majority is declared passed."

And finally when these three ring masters adjudged the affairs of State in order, the Floor leader stood at his desk and shouted, "Mr. Speaker, I move the House adjourn *sine die*."

There was a wail of protest from delegates whose bills were thus sidetracked, but the motion to adjourn is not debatable. The Speaker made his final decision, "The ayes have it."

I rose to sing "Auld Lang Syne" with the mixed emotions of a schoolboy who hears his last bell ring, and who, for all his hours of boredom and disgust, all his wishings for the moment, finds himself suddenly and unaccountably smitten with sentiment.

I was glad it was over, not sorry I had come. I despised some of the political methods I had seen without despising the game itself or even its practitioners. I had no illusions about my service to the State or any particular desire to prolong or repeat it. Slim and I, both veterans now, teetered silently back to the hotel through the dawn.



# THE CHURCH AND SEX

BY ISABELLE KEATING

SEX is "God's one blot upon Creation," the early Christian fathers declared, not once but with frenzied repetition. Man was "conceived in sin and born in iniquity," they held, and the unholy trinity—the world, the flesh, and the devil—were the large if shadowy windmills against which good Christians tilted with gusty fanaticism.

To-day a strange reinterpretation is taking place.

Sex, so far as the church is concerned, has become respectable—even holy. Conception is a matter of "co-operation with God in the function of creation." The world and the flesh are both accepted as potentially spiritual entities, and the devil himself, under modern religious scrutiny, is becoming merely an unfortunate blend of heredity and environment made incarnate through ignorance.

This new attitude is by no means merely a passive reflection of a social trend. Actively—occasionally with asperity—ministers here and there are denouncing the asceticism of the church and condemning its traditional head-in-the-sand attitude toward sex.

"Sex is no sin," a Lutheran clergyman typical of the new school declared at a meeting of church social workers in 1931. Sex expression in marriage approaches the sacramental.

"Too often," he added, "the Ladies Aids have listened to vague devotionals on morbid piety . . . while their own daughters hungered for the truth about sex or sought in vain to beat back

the mysterious urges of their own bodies."

Nor are the churches' activities confined to pious declarations.

Throughout the country, classes in sex education, preparation for marriage, marital adjustment, and family problems are being organized within the sacred precincts. In not a few churches clinics have been established where the parishioners who travail and are heavy laden may go, not for mortification of the flesh, but for expert counsel on matters of sex and all the other problems which assail the bewildered wayfarer to-day.

The Protestant church is at last coming to realize that if it is going to act as moral guardian to its members, it must assist them to a sound understanding of themselves; that, specifically, if it is going to preach the sanctity of marriage and the virtue of monogamy it must give men and women the knowledge without which no marriage can be sanctified and no monogamy be truly virtuous in the old Greek sense.

Dr. Leland Foster Wood, executive secretary of the Committee on Marriage and the Home of the Federal Council of Churches, declared recently with amazing candor, "Many families of church people are divided, unhappy, and badly out of harmony, especially in their sex life"; and he added that the betterment of family living is one of the most important issues of the present moment.



"Unless we can lead our people to a more satisfactory experience in marriage," he said, "it will be of little value to use suasion or morality or the sanctions of the law to keep them together."

This is ecclesiastical revolution.

## II

If you do not believe it, reflect a moment on the history of sex, marriage, and the family under Christianity.

St. Augustine, the uncelibate bachelor who cried, "Give me chastity, but not yet!" denounced marriage as an institution which by bringing children into the world merely perpetuated original sin. Tertullian compromised with the wayward flesh to the extent of marrying, but exhorted his wife to anticipate the Day of Resurrection "when there will be no resumption of voluptuous disgrace between us." Under the early Fathers celibacy and virginity were so exalted and sex and marriage were so debased that sin and the body became synonymous in the minds of both men and women. Even marriage, which received the church's blessing, became an inferior state, necessary perhaps but deplorable. "Wedlock," said Hali Meidenhed, "has its fruit thirty-fold in heaven, widowhood sixty-fold; maidenhood with a hundred-fold overpasses both. Consider, then, hereby, whosoever from her maidenhood descendeth into wedlock, by how many degrees she falleth downward."

During the Middle Ages the conviction which stemmed from, if it was not fostered by, the church, that sex was evil, became so widespread that unnumbered married couples decided never to have intercourse with each other, and claimed and were accorded great praise for their abstinence.

Nor was the Reformation notable for a change of attitude in these matters, even though one of its major con-

cessions was to tolerate marriage of the clergy.

Luther, an ex-monk who took to wife an ex-nun, declared bluntly that "marriage is the plaster God has made for the sore of incontinency"; and in an unguarded moment he stigmatized women as "priests of the Evil One." Calvin likewise was something less than florid in his acknowledgment that God "made them male and female." When contemplating taking a wife, the progenitor of Presbyterianism wrote naively that "The only comeliness that attracts me is this: that she be modest, complaisant, unostentatious, thrifty, and likely to be careful of my health." After his wife's death his highest praise of her was that she never hindered him in his ministry.

Although Christ Himself preached the equality of men and women to an extent unique in the religious history of the world, the identification of woman with the sins of the flesh and their subordination in the scheme of life have persisted in varying degrees under Christianity down to our own century. Without going into the social and civil influences which contributed to this state, it is sufficient here to say that religious conditioning went far toward maintaining women and their specific interests—marriage and the home—on an inferior plane. And it is probably true that the present emancipation of women has, for that very reason, been in direct ratio to the declining influence of the church. Christianity, in the minds of thousands of women to-day, is synonymous with bondage.

Now, however, the church is setting its course by a new compass point. It has repudiated the ascetics. It is extolling family life and eulogizing the sexual side of marriage as a benison without which connubial life is incomplete. Christian wives, who through centuries had learned with fair success

to consider sex an ignoble concession to materiality, are now being told by their clerical leaders that they "must be willing to be awakened" and must let themselves go until they are "carried away by spontaneous desire," lest they "spoil" their marriages.

"The idea," writes A. Herbert Gray, a Scotch Presbyterian minister, addressing himself to women, "that by taking wholehearted delight in love's embrace you will become a less spiritual person is entirely untrue. As a matter of fact, after you have attained to a harmonious sex experience you will find yourself more highly vitalized and, therefore, more able to appreciate every lovely thing through which the beauty of God is revealed to us.

"If you do not consent to be awakened," he continues, "your husband . . . will not call it purity; he will call it prudery; and he will be right. Married joys are for those who give with royal generosity."

Herbert Gray wrote those words in the introduction to Helena Wright's book, *The Sex Factor in Marriage*, an explicit little volume on conjugal physiology, widely used by the clergy today in pre-marital instruction. But his is not a voice in the wilderness by any means, nor are all the voices confined to the discreet limitations of the printed page. In the mid-twenties, the American Protestant clergy, aroused by the conflagration of flaming youth which was sweeping over this country, issued a number of pronouncements, followed up in some cases by deeds, aimed at stripping the church of its dangerous and hypocritical prudery in matters of sex.

During 1923 and 1924 four conferences were held, in New York, Atlanta, Portland (Oregon), and Chicago, at which religious leaders studied and discussed the problems of sex and reproduction with a view to formulating the duties of the church in meeting these

problems. The conferences were made up of clerics occupying all sorts of positions: members of denominational boards, editors of religious journals, professors in theological seminaries, active pastors, Sunday School teachers, and various special religious and social workers.

Although these conferences were unprecedented in the history of Christianity, there was no quibbling in them over the question whether sex problems were properly within the sphere of the church. Those who attended them were unanimous in agreeing that religion had to assume the leadership in sex education and in handling all the problems which arise from sexual maladjustments thereafter. They asserted that seminaries should train their students for this work; that pastors should help the families of their congregations solve their marital problems, should organize sex-social instruction in their churches, and should establish such relations with young people as to give them personal aid in solving their sex problems.

The churches were slow to suit the action to the word, but various laymen and extra-church leaders pushed them rudely forward by the simple process of laying some very embarrassing indictments on the ministerial doorsteps.

Dr. Joseph Collins, writing in 1926, arraigned the church with acrimony in his volume *The Doctor Looks at Love and Life*.

"The Church, by which I mean organized religion of any variety, has a large responsibility for the reputed uncleanness of sex," he wrote. "Just as long as religion holds that debasement of the body not only enhances but determines elevation of the soul, and that punishment and humiliation of the former contribute to and insure salvation of the latter, it will stand as a bulwark against sex enlightenment and sex decency."



And Sherwood Eddy, in a pamphlet on *Sex and Youth* written two years later, charged that "religion has been at times blinded by professionalism and ecclesiasticism, or hardened out of sympathy in matters of sex.

"Apart from its censorious warnings to the younger generation, which is misunderstood in the church as in the home, religion is for the most part silent on matters of sex," he wrote.

Ultimately, the church could no longer dismiss its responsibility in this field effectively with pious pronouncements. With their pews empty, with the divorce courts full; with marital unrest rife even among the undivorced, with youth paying religion the supreme insult of simply ignoring it, and with the vexed problem of birth control arising clamorously without benefit of clergy, the churchmen were moved at last to action.

### III

Concretely, that action has perhaps been best exemplified in the Committee on Marriage and the Home of the Federal Council of Churches, the story of whose activities must surely form one of the most amazing chapters in the history of the twentieth-century church.

The Committee was organized in 1927 with such distinguished clerical members as Bishop James Cannon, Jr., the Rev. Howard C. Robbins, and the Rev. Dr. Worth Marion Tippy. Its lay members included among others Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. and George W. Wickersham. Its purpose, as set forth in an agendum, was "to safeguard the sacredness of marriage and the integrity of the family, and adequately to prepare young people of both sexes for the solemnity and responsibility of the marital relation."

The first official act of this body, on the face somewhat faltering and re-

actionary but really very farsighted, was to change its name which was originally "The Committee on Marriage and Divorce" to "The Committee on Marriage and the Home." It was not that the committee wished to deny divorce, the chairman explained, but rather that it wished to study what is right and wrong with marriage, on the obvious theory that where marriage is sound and happy the problem of divorce does not arise.

The committee then approached its second job with critical temerity.

It undertook to formulate the Christian "Ideals of Love and Marriage." In presenting these "Ideals" to the public it conceded that "the church has much to answer for in the present unsettled condition of the home. It has to be admitted that the church has spent its energies too largely in abstract teaching and institutional activities to the neglect of instruction and pastoral oversight of these practical matters.

"Every church," it further declared, "should be at its best a kind of clinic to which the people should come for guidance and for help to overcome their troubles, as they now go to physicians for their physical ills."

For the most part, the "Ideals" were couched in terms which even the most ascetic considered churchly, and they created no particular stir. They left untouched the perplexing question of birth control, and they referred to the sex phase of married life (upon a happy solution of which, psychologists say, married happiness is dependent) in vague and high-flown terms of impeccable propriety.

It was a slight shock, therefore, when it followed up the "Ideals" with a bibliography of books which would aid good churchmen in achieving those ideals—a bibliography which includes several standard and very detailed works on sex in marriage, the sex life of youth, parents and sex education,

divorce, and various other phases of marital and family life—a shock because the “Ideals” were redolent of the detached other-worldliness of the nineteenth-century church, while the bibliography, with its searching, explicit, intelligent, fearless books on the sexual aspects of twentieth-century family life, was this-worldly with a vengeance.

It will perhaps illustrate the point if I say that the chapter headings in one of the recommended books on sex in marriage include such topics as “The Nature of the Sex Act,” “The Sex Organs of Men and Women,” and “The Perfect Sex Act.”

I do not mean to indicate for a moment that the bibliography contained crass or unspiritual books. The vast majority of the volumes recommended (and many of them are now in general use in the churches) are suffused with a simple reverence which has elevated the practical aspects of the studies and at the same time has given vitality to subjects which previously had suffered from emasculation. If, as one of the Federal Council leaders has remarked, some of them “leave too little to the imagination,” they are certainly immeasurably superior to the old evasions and deprecations. The books have shocked traditional Christianity only because their authors, and particularly those dealing with sex problems, have abjured circumlocution and obfuscation for simplicity and directness.

The bibliography was a straw in the wind, but there were not many who recognized it as such. When, therefore, in March, 1931, the Committee issued as its third ukase a statement giving guarded approval to birth control, a cry of dismay arose from coast to coast—a cry which in the light of subsequent developments in the past two years it is difficult to understand.

For the statement could scarcely be considered radical in view of the wide-

spread use and knowledge of contraceptives. It certainly was not bald. It was prolix to an extreme. The kernel of its message, which was that “sex union between husbands and wives as an expression of mutual affection without relation to procreation is right,” and that “the careful and restrained use of contraceptives by married people is valid and moral,” was buried in some twenty-three hundred words of explanation and justification. Prominent place was given, furthermore, to the dissenting view of a small minority who held that abstinence is the only proper Christian birth control, and the statement concluded with the entire committee joining in a happy homily on “the importance of a spiritual adjustment of the physical relations between husbands and wives.”

But the results were stormy. Forty-five publications rushed to print to commend it, some mildly, some enthusiastically. Thirteen non-Catholic papers condemned it. Catholic editorial comment was, of course, unanimously scathing. One Catholic journal called the statement “the voluntary bankruptcy of the Reformation.” A metropolitan daily, also largely Catholic in policy, called it “the death knell of marriage as a holy institution.” Dr. F. H. Knubel, President of the United Lutheran Synod, thundered that the statement was made in a period “notorious for looseness in sexual morality” and that this fact alone should “warn true-minded men and women against the surrender of themselves as tools for unholy purposes.” (One Lutheran minister who has done outstanding work in the field of marital adjustment estimates, nevertheless, that seventy-five per cent of the Lutherans practice birth control.)

The Presbyterian General Assembly, meeting in Pittsburgh a month after the pronouncement, burst into storms



of righteous applause when the Rev. Oscar A. Browne execrated the use of contraceptives as "damnable in all cases." Amid scenes of great approbation, it passed a resolution rebuking the Federal Council for its approval of birth control and directed that the Council "be now instructed to hold its peace hereafter on matters of delicacy and morality until we have had an opportunity of speaking to them about it."

The Southern Presbyterians withdrew from the Council, outraged, but afterward expressed "fraternal love" for their derelict brethren.

The Presbyterians were willing enough to admit the necessity for the church to interest itself in problems of marriage and the home. Indeed, in 1929 they had appointed a Commission on "Marriage, Divorce, and Remarriage" to make a two-year study of the whole perplexing situation. But when the Commission undertook in the course of its study to furnish guidance on the subject of birth control by setting forth, mildly enough, that contraceptives should be used by married couples "only in fidelity to the highest spiritual ideals," the General Assembly promptly blue-penciled its work. The Commission itself was dismissed. A second Commission met the problem in the traditional manner—by ignoring it.

#### IV

While the Federal Council's committee and its pronouncement thus became the target for barbed attacks from the conservatives, a good many of the more liberal churches were quietly going ahead with programs in sex education, preparation for marriage, marital adjustment work, and birth-control counseling which were far in advance of the work that the Council, in its capacity as unofficial spokesman for the churchgoers it represents, would dare to recommend.

The Protestant Episcopal Church had, of course, anticipated the Council's action on birth control by holding, however negatively, in the 1930 Lambeth Conference, that "if circumstances are such that conception would clearly be wrong, and if there is good moral reason why the way of abstinence should not be followed, we cannot condemn the use of scientific methods to prevent conception which are thoughtfully and conscientiously adopted."

In addition, its Commission on Divorce had recommended the establishment in normal schools, colleges, universities, and seminaries of courses on marriage, and it particularly urged the clergy to "give training for marriage a conspicuous place in their programs."

Unlike some similar recommendations in other denominations, the Episcopal Commission's pleas were not shelved. The clergy are now "obliged" to give pre-marital instruction to those they marry. Marriage clinics for the maladjusted have been established in some churches and classes in sex education for young people have been established in others. The pamphlet by Mary Ware Dennett on *The Sex Side of Life* has been used by some Episcopal ministers as part of their regular instruction work with young people, and Margaret Sanger's books on birth control are used by others. At least one church of which I know held a symposium on birth control for its members a few years ago when that controversy was even more bitter than it is now. Actively pursuing this phase of the work, the Rev. C. Rankin Barnes, executive secretary of the social service department of the Episcopal Church, reminded the clergy at a conference in Rochester only last spring that the "physical, emotional, social, and economic aspects of marriage as well as the spiritual side should

be included in the pre-marital instruction which they must give to candidates for matrimony. To quote from an Associated Press dispatch, Dr. Barnes "recommended a frank discussion of sex and suggested that the priest might well begin by giving practical counsel in regard to the type of honeymoon which the couple are to enjoy."

So much for the Episcopalians.

The Unitarians, the Universalists, the Congregationalists, and the Christian churches have endorsed the use of contraceptives in the marital relation and have opposed federal legislation which prevents sending contraceptives or information about them through the mails. All of these groups have achieved their present position with a minimum of controversy and certainly without the resultant outbreak of immorality which the conservatives had so freely predicted would ensue should the widespread use of contraceptives be recognized and endorsed.

Likewise, a special committee on women's problems at the 1933 meeting of Friends in Philadelphia quietly went on record as believing that "the majority of married couples would profit physically and spiritually if the matter of contraceptives were freed of the inhibitions and ignorance which so often surround it.

"Sex expression for spiritual and physical reasons as well as for procreation is essential to normal family life," said the Quaker women.

The Methodists have been moving forward quietly but very consistently toward nationwide endorsement of birth control and a wider interest in sex problems in general. The Methodist Episcopal Conference of New England, the California Methodist Church, and the Methodist clergy of Connecticut are among the groups in this denomination which have recently approved birth control, the action of the last-named group being particu-

larly noteworthy since Connecticut law not only makes the transmission of contraceptives and birth-control information illegal, but it makes "every person who shall *use* any drug, medicine, article, or instrument for the purpose of preventing conception" subject to fine and imprisonment.

And even among the denominations which have been either indifferent or reactionary toward these revolutionary moves in the church there are outstanding leaders who have gone out courageously to meet the challenging problems of human relations to-day instead of remaining in the safe but ineffective theological shelters far back of the lines.

There are Presbyterian ministers who have held forth undaunted from their pulpits on the need for the sane and sound use of birth control. There are Presbyterian ministers who have made earnest attempts at sex education among young people in their churches, even when they had to call on neighboring clergymen of more liberal denominations to handle the work for them.

Although the Baptists have remained silent for the most part on all these subjects which have agitated the other denominations so greatly, the Rev. Dr. Albert W. Beaven, now president of the Federal Council of Churches, and one of the country's outstanding Baptists, is an official endorser of the birth-control movement, and has also been one of the leaders in the ecclesiastic effort to close the dangerously widening gap between church and fireside.

Another outstanding Baptist, the Rev. John W. Elliott, urged the church conference on social work in 1931 to co-operate "in any sane movement that will allow the physician to give his patients the best scientific knowledge concerning contraception," and declared that the churches had "too long



ignored the right of young people to a real preparation for the responsibilities of family life."

As for the Lutherans, some of their clergymen have been among the most progressive of all in the church's new awakening, despite the invective employed by Dr. Knubel, president of the United Synod, in decrying the new trend. The Rev. Dr. Luther E. Woodward in the New York area has conducted clinics and seminars and has done extensive consultation work in the whole field of sex problems, as well as in other problems of human relations; and the Rev. Ambrose Hering, a Minneapolis Lutheran, has dared—with rare courage indeed, considering Christian tradition—to adjure the church to take the unmarried mother to its bosom and to love her fatherless child.

"Out of every church," Doctor Hering has made bold to say, "should go forth a stream of sanctified personalities, men and women, whose understanding sympathy and sharpened consciences enable them to stand helpfully by unmarried mothers, unmarried fathers, and unadjusted youths."

It has been almost two thousand years since anyone in the Christian church has had the courage to take such a stand!

Thus officially in some quarters, unofficially in others, but inexorably in any case, the tendency of the church to extend its counsel to matters of sex moves forward. /

Let us examine this movement at close range for a moment. Let us study a course on courtship and marriage conducted under auspices of the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A. of Hamilton, Ohio, last winter by the Rev. Neal Dow Newlin, pastor of the First Congregational Church. Mr. Newlin previously conducted a seminar on

marriage and the home in Long Beach, and, like many other ministers who have had the temerity to embark on this work, found his services in immediate demand.

It is significant to note here, incidentally, that Mr. Newlin undertook this work in the first place because, he says, "I am interested in seeing youth stay married after taking the vows, and I am convinced after extensive study that about ninety per cent of the divorce, separation, and marital unhappiness in families which have had Christian training is caused by sexual maladjustment."

In an effort to remedy this maladjustment, Mr. Newlin undertook the course on courtship and marriage. He lectured for five successive nights on "The Historic Place of the Family in Society"; "Who Should Marry and Why"; "The Importance of Moral and Spiritual Like-Mindedness"; "The Place of Sex in Marriage"; and "Evenings in Personal Problems."

The classes were open to young unmarried people between the ages of 17 and 30, and as a rule, 51 per cent of those who attended were young women and 49 per cent young men.

In order to establish the background and attitudes of these young people before they had been influenced by the course, questionnaires were passed out at each session dealing with the subject of the next lecture, and these were filled out and turned in at the beginning of the lecture.

The questionnaire asked the young people to list the qualities they would seek in choosing wives or husbands, and the elements they considered to be of supreme importance in establishing a home. Passing on to more explicit topics, the questionnaires asked, among other questions dealing with religion and economics, what sort of persons these young people considered moral; what sort, spiritual; whether

they would marry a person who had had sexual intercourse out of marriage, and why; whether their parents had explained sex to them satisfactorily; and what, in their opinion, was the best method of conveying a clear understanding of sex to young people of their age.

Their answers brought into sharp relief their vestigial sexual ideals, their tragic ignorance, their honest desire for information, and their utter bewilderment in the midst of the sex-revolution through which they are living. For example, thirty per cent of the young men said they would object without reservation to marrying a girl who had had previous intercourse. Seven per cent said they would object "with reservations." But none of the girls registered an objection to a prospective spouse under these two headings. Similarly, 95 per cent of both groups said their sex education in the home had been unsatisfactory, and 92 per cent said they felt that the best way to dispel ignorance in this vastly important phase of their lives was "by this course method."

In a study made of their knowledge of sex terminology, even more extensive ignorance was disclosed. It developed, for example, that 53 per cent of the women and 78 per cent of the men did not know the meaning of "homosexuality." Only 12 per cent of the women and 26 per cent of the men had a clear idea of what sublimation means; while the ignorance of both groups of the physiology of their own sex lives and those of the opposite sex was colossal.

Here was ample testimony that, as the Rev. Mr. Gray contends, it is not "callousness, selfishness, or disloyalty" which spoils most marriages. "It is ignorance—ignorance which begets clumsiness and then irritation and then acute pain. And so the divine plan miscarries; and though God meant that

through marriage men and women should attain to fullness of joy, they taste misery."

To prevent that, Mr. Gray and many other clergymen feel, is surely a religious interest.

Mr. Newlin secured physicians to give the lectures on sex hygiene in his Hamilton classes, but as the director, he insisted that none of the material be dismissed until it was adequately understood.

"You have a *right* to understand clearly what you need to know," he told the young people. "Find out here!"

As a result of the classes, Mr. Newlin now estimates that 78 per cent of his office time is spent in consultation work with these young people who would otherwise be driven to the old, ugly sources of distorted information for answers to their questions.

If it shocks some older people to find this spirit of forthright intelligence dwelling thus within the clerical walls, it brings a new sense of full-bodied faith to the younger generation, which has heretofore found the church willing to condemn, but seldom to counsel, and never to instruct.

The work in Hamilton is one of an increasing number of similar experiments going forward now under the sign of the Cross. Some of the churches use the course method; some emphasize the clinic idea, and provide extensive staffs of psychologists, psychiatrists, and physicians to handle the various problems presented. In some churches where the ministers have been unable to set up more elaborate machinery they are carrying on extensive consultation work themselves, with church members.

Some work regularly from the group to the individual, holding classes for married and unmarried people in the church, and following up the classes with confidential consultation.



That is, in general, the procedure followed at the Unitarian Church of the Saviour in Brooklyn, where classes in preparation for marriage and consultation on marital adjustments have been held for the past three years.

A woman who formerly taught in the euthenics department at Vassar handles the preparation for marriage courses, and a well-known psychologist handles the consultations with those who, having embarked without sufficient preparation on a marital adventure, have gone a ground. The pastor, the Rev. Dr. John Howland Lathrop, does extensive lecturing, consultation, and adjustment work himself.

"I started the work," he said, "because as a minister I found myself continually confronted with marriage problems, and I was profoundly impressed by the ignorance of the young people who were coming to me to be married. Most of the difficulties which lead to divorce, it seems to me, arise out of an inadequate understanding in and even before marriage of the responsibilities that state involves, and since the church has created marriage, it should certainly try to preserve it by something more helpful than exhortation.

"As a result of the work here, there are no young people in my parish to-day who do not feel that they can bring their problems, of whatever nature and however confidential, to the church."

Asked whether the work had robbed the church of its dignity or spiritual elevation, Doctor Lathrop said, "Is it undignified of the church to perform marriages? If it is not, then it is certainly not undignified to prepare people for them. My notion of religious education includes the ethics of all living."

In New York City the most recent development of this sort has been the establishment of the Marriage Consultation Center at the Community

Church under the direction of Dr. Hannah Stone, pioneer in the birth-control fight. The center follows in general the outlines of a similar center opened in 1931 by Doctor Stone at the Labor Temple, with the approval of the Presbyterian Church Board which controls the Temple.

In Washington, the Life Adjustment Center, established at Mt. Pleasant Congregational Church, has done successful work; so has the Marriage Guidance Service of the Old Stone Church in Cleveland; and plans are under way now for the establishment of a Marriage Adjustment Service in Honolulu through the co-operation of two of the Protestant churches there.

In addition to these regularly functioning units, the Federal Council of Churches has organized five city-wide conferences in Rochester, South Bend, Canton (Ohio), Washington, and Baltimore for the discussion of problems of marriage and family life; and supplementing these, Dr. Leland Foster Wood, director of this work for the Council, has made addresses at numerous seminaries and convocations of ministers, urging upon them the need for extending their activities in this field.

## VI

Where this new movement within the church will lead is, of course, speculative. There are still countless ministers who meet the sex problems of their congregations by denying them, and who squeamishly trust that the vexed questionings of their flesh-and-blood parishioners will be appeased with pious phrases. There are still clergymen who, though they find the spirit willing, realize that the mind, in this respect, is weak. They simply are not equipped to undertake such service to their congregations. There are, alas! too many ministers to-day who selected their calling because it repre-

sented an escape from their own psycho-sexual problems, and who are helpless when they are confronted with the need for facing those problems on a scale as great as their parishioners are numerous.

Obviously, extensive work must be done—and much is already being done—in the seminaries to train men to undertake this work in applied Christianity before the tendency will make itself felt in the churches on any great scale. Obviously, too, the ministry will have to attract men whose hearts are more courageous than those of many clerics to-day if the church is to assume leadership in this field where leadership is so needed. The church faces a challenging task if it hopes to regain its place as a vital factor in the community. It would be folly indeed if it allowed itself to be lulled into a sense of security by its sharp increase in membership during these depression years. If men have turned back to the pulpit for leadership, it is with the hope of finding the abundant understanding and fearless intelligence of Christ Himself, and not the evasions which have been offered for too many years in His name.

The Scriptures declare that God is

Love—not that He is the beauty of nature, or the magnitude of the cosmos, or the strength of the tides, but love in all its manifestations. With fanatic distortion, however, the Christian fathers denied the inclusion of physical love, which they debased. It was psychologically inevitable that religion, as a result, should become sterile. We have to-day exactly what we bargained for.

Moreover, the church has stood sponsor for marriage for centuries, declaring that marriage is a sacrament. Yet in shrouding the institution in ignorance, it has made of this "sacrament" for thousands an outward and visible hull in which the kernel of inward and spiritual grace quickly decayed, if indeed it ever existed.

For the church at last to recognize its inconsistency and attempt to dispel this ignorance within the spiritual atmosphere of its own precincts is surely one of the most courageous if most revolutionary steps it has ever taken.

So far as the status of the movement to-day is concerned, it is like Doctor Johnson's dog walking on his hind legs. The work is, in some cases at least, done inadequately; but the remarkable thing is that it is being done at all.





## GOLDEN SUNSET

A STORY

BY LEONARD HESS

FALLOWES would come on her in the barn and look at her with gray eyes that had been pleading with her for three years. For a man who worked on a farm, he was remarkably fallow. Yet his health was good. Labor did not tire him any more than it tired the other hands. His sallowness had more to do with Fallowes' spirit than with his body. He was tall and lank. A curling lock of hair, dark chestnut in color, fell down over his high, narrow forehead. At the temples the forehead was bony.

He would look at Hannah Eastman. The sunlight, gilding the powder of straw and grain afloat in the air, would make the girl appear as in a golden nimbus; and Fallowes would be almost hurt by her beauty. Not all men would have called her beautiful. She had a round, sweet face, but her nose was rather flat and her mouth too wide. Her reddened skin was strewn with pale freckles. James Fallowes saw all this, but his fondness transfigured the blemishes. She was a stalwart girl, a real farm girl, heroic in her build. Fallowes would look at her, saying nothing about what moved in his heart. Then he would make a remark about some detail of the farm.

Or he would come on her in the fields. She performed all sorts of chores, in the white farmhouse, in the barn, in the fields. She did all the kitchen work. She sewed. She helped

with the planting and the harvesting. She fed the animals. She was on her feet from dawn until bedtime. She was, in Fallowes' estimation, a drudge.

He had hired himself out to Raines, the farmer, three years ago, when the farm of his own people had fallen under the auctioneer's hammer. He was the youngest among five children. Because of his pallor, his soft eyes, his passion for books, and his introspective habits, the family had looked on him as a weakling. None of the others was like him. His father had been a very lazy man, and the farm had run down-hill steadily. In the grandfather's time it had flourished, and the Falloweses had been people of standing in the district.

One spring evening James had been walking in the woods, along the creek on the western border of the farm, and there he had found his father lying on the stones, with his head in the water. He had been shot in the back.

"Yes," the others had said when James came staggering into the house with his face horror-twisted; he was carrying his father on his back—and he could not help thinking of Æneas, who had carried the old Anchises from burning Troy; only Anchises was alive while Fallowes was dead—"yes," they cried, "we did hear a shot!"

In the woods James had not heard any noise, except the scurrying of the wild creatures over the sere, fallen

leaves and among the crackling twigs. It was well known that human sounds did not come to him when he was sunk in thought.

One of the trespassers on the land, whom the dead farmer had threatened with the law, had probably shot him. The investigation came to nothing. Soon afterward the farm was sold, the family was scattered, and James crossed the hills to hire himself out to Raines. There he had found Hannah Eastman.

His father's death had left an emptiness inside him, and Hannah was like balm on an open wound. James had not suspected that his father had meant much to him. It might be that he had not meant much, but his tragic end and the callous way the other sons and the two daughters took it, especially after the reading of the poor will, moved something that was deep down in James and caused him to think. He knew his father had been a lazy man, but now he understood that he had been a lonely one at the same time, a man who had not been able to talk much. James himself had inherited the capacity for feeling lonely. He could not talk much either. He began to wonder what other traits he had inherited from his father.

When he looked at Hannah his head emptied itself of everything but the girl. His head would swim in cloudy regions at the sight of her. He knew this was love. He had spent some time with women in the towns, though without really thinking about them; but he wanted to marry Hannah. It was only his eyes that spoke to her about it now, because she had already turned him down, three times. Nevertheless, she did not object to his eyes pleading with her. Until he had come to the farm she had not believed any man could want to have anything to do with her in a respectable manner.

She had never met with any disagreeable experiences, which could have put

such an idea as that into her head. She was twenty-three years old, and it might be imagined that she could not have reached that age without some of those experiences coming her way. Yet it was so. Mrs. Raines, her aunt, saw to it.

"The best of them are no good," Mrs. Raines said. Hannah had been living on the farm since her thirteenth year, and all that while her aunt had dinned that into her ears. "The best of them are no good."

Perhaps that was the truth. The farm-hands, and other men too, had looked at her from time to time in a way which caused Hannah to feel strange, as if she were a sapling in the spring of the year, and the sap had suddenly begun to seethe painfully in her; or a young heifer, or a colt, ready to fly madly around a field. She dreaded that feeling and, clearly, the men were to blame for it.

"They can't keep their eyes off a woman," said Mrs. Raines. "It's their eyes—or their hands, if you give them the least chance."

She said some nasty things about men, even about her husband, who was an inoffensive man and always kind to Hannah. Raines had only one passion; it was politics. Every other word that came from his somewhat slack, bearded lips concerned the political situation. He maintained that the farmers were the backbone of the country and that such an important fact ought not to wait so long for general recognition. He ranted about it. His wife was sick of hearing this and she said he was a fool. He was well off. What more did he want?

"If men aren't beasts then they're fools," she said to Hannah. "You take my advice, don't you ever get married. You'll regret it if you do to the day you die."

In men's eyes, therefore, the girl nearly always saw an ugly thing.



Mrs. Raines, like all schemers, had an argument for absolving herself from guilt. She told herself she was saving Hannah from future trouble. She had a smug face but with the lines of great will-power stamped on it. To the casual observer she seemed to be intelligent, but closer acquaintance would reveal her mental capacities as factitious; it was simply her method of forcing her way to her goal that gave the impression of intelligence. In this respect she was like a great many financiers.

Hannah was her brother's daughter, and an orphan. It was Raines who had brought Hannah to the farm when the child's parents had died, within two weeks of each other, of typhoid fever. The little boy too had died of it.

Mrs. Raines had not especially welcomed her niece, who arrived in a bewildered condition, her face swollen from crying, and in shapeless clothes which needed mending. The girl had worn broken, distorted clumps of shoes. Mrs. Raines was very handsome and dark. She dressed like a city woman, making trips to New York twice a year, to replenish her wardrobe according to the latest fashions.

She had not liked her brother, and the dislike seemed to carry over to his child. Her brother had understood her too well, had recognized her rapacious instincts. He had told her bluntly that she had married Charles Raines for his money and because he was of an old, good family. So she had. She knew she had. Her womanly instincts were frigid, and it is possible that her first contact with the farmer, who blindly worshipped her because of her beauty, was what aroused in her her contempt of men. It was Raines' passion for her which had slowly changed into his passion for politics. Mrs. Raines never forgave her brother his sharp perceptions, and

she never would forgive him even now that he was in his grave. She never would like Hannah.

But she saw Hannah's value to her.

That was why James Fallowes had found the girl there, a drudge. Mrs. Raines meant to keep Hannah.

Mrs. Raines would sit in the parlor of the white farmhouse, among the furniture with the solid mahogany woodwork, and the antimacassars, and the Brussels carpet, and the lithographs on the walls with the blue-flowered wallpaper, and the lamps which she had had electrified but which retained the spirit of the old oil lamps. She had good taste. She did not mean to destroy the aristocratic values of the old parlor. She would sit there, reading a novel and doing never a stitch of work. Hannah did everything. Mrs. Raines' hands were long and white. Or she would walk in her flower garden under a white silk parasol. Her brother used to say of her, "She gives herself airs."

If Hannah were *ever* to marry, Mrs. Raines would have to do without her. She made a strict church-goer of Hannah to guard against an illicit entanglement with a man, which might lead to marriage.

But in James Fallowes' eyes Hannah did not see the ugly thing she believed she saw in other men's. Then he asked her to marry him. She had an impulse to run from him and to tell her aunt about it, but she did not do that. Her aunt might order Fallowes to leave the farm. Hannah said "no" to Fallowes, and he turned away with a smile that was bitter. He happened to know how her aunt had spoken to Hannah about marriage. Then, some months later, he asked her again. He asked her three times. After that his eyes went on asking her. Presently—soon after the time at which this story begins—his eyes began to ask her something else.

And yet it was not as when other men's eyes asked her—or so she imagined—for that. The others' eyes seemed shifty or crude, while Fallowes' looked straight into her, searching out her heart, which would tremble but remain unafraid. She began to like this. Sometimes she would stand hidden where Fallowes could not see her, and she would look at him as he worked in his blue overalls; and once or twice after some minutes had passed she came from her hiding-place and deliberately went to where he was, so that he should look at her in his special way.

He still wanted to marry her but he said to himself it was no use asking her for the fourth time. She would not. Life was a taste of bitter almonds in his mouth. He could not help his eyes looking on Hannah with desire, though he was sure nothing would come of that either. In his dreams he saw her tawny hair.

Like his own family, Hannah also thought James Fallowes something of a weakling even while she saw him doing his daily labors with browned, hard muscles. There was a queer aura of ineffectiveness about him which sometimes made the girl want to shun him. Her strong frame, with its closeness to the earth, did not want to accept his frame. She felt they were not made for each other. Yet when she was near Fallowes she did not think at all of what her aunt said about men. Although Fallowes too worked on a farm, and his arms to the elbows were encrusted with loam, and his shirt was dark with sweat, he did not seem to be close to the earth as Hannah was. She could not think of him as a tangible enough creature. When, very seldom, she wildly threw a conjecture toward marriage—for the briefest instant only—it was not a man like James Fallowes she would see herself with. He was tall, but to her he did not seem like a big man. So he was able to look

straight at her without her becoming terrified.

Beyond the outmost field of the Raines' farm, across the stone wall, was a field all run to seed. Grasses and weeds grew breast-high. There had been a farm there a long time ago, and there was still a barn in the field, standing awry with boards askew and gaping open and ashen in hue. In places the sky gleamed through yawning spaces. When the wind blew the barn became a trumpet. When the rain fell the barn was a sponge. Its red paint had been washed off years before.

The farmhouse had burned down, and the charred foundations were lost under rolling grass. The barn stood alone.

Nobody was ever seen to go into it. The Raineses had no children and there were none in the immediate countryside, and only children might have gone into the empty barn to play. Tramps might have used it in the darkness as a shelter, but no one saw them. Where the ashen structure stood against the sky was an inactive place.

Suddenly one early summer evening, just before sundown, it sprang into a terrible activity. Hannah was at the stone wall on the Raineses' side, where currant bushes grew thickly; she plucked the red, glassy berries and dropped them into a pail. Everything had been still, very still, with an evening stillness, and then everything was full of shouts and clamor, as if the evening had exploded. The farm hands, including James Fallowes, had run to the stone wall. The Raineses were there. Three automobiles filled with State troopers had swept along the State road.

These troopers sprang out of the cars and ran into the field where the old barn toppled against the redness



in the sky, and then Hannah saw another bunch of khaki uniforms with Sam Brown belts and rifles, running into the field from the scrub of low trees on the far side. She could see them only from their breasts up, with the tall grass bending before them.

"They're surrounding the barn," said someone.

"It's Smiling Boy Atwell in the barn," another hand said.

It was Smiling Boy Atwell. He had come this way. He had been sheltered in the barn a few days perhaps. He was a killer. At the post office they had said he was somewhere in the district, hiding out, and the farm hand put two and two together. The barn with the troopers cautiously converging upon it was as quiet as death. The farm people heard a shout which sounded like, "Come out, surrender." Then the troopers all sank into the grass. The sunset began to flame.

Hannah felt a hand grip her wrist, and she was pulled downward.

"They may fire." It was Fallowes. "Get down."

"Down," said Raines. "They will fire."

In fact there was a shot. Everyone ducked under the wall but peered above it. The shot echoed loudly through the vault of the surrounding stillness.

The grass of the wild field moved in dark streaks, where the troopers were creeping through it toward their quarry. A crack in the barn side spat out an orange flame. All the sound that came was "Ping!" A roar from the rifles in the field rolled over the landscape, the bullets rattled into the wood of the barn, and smoke hung lazily over the grass. Then, "Ping! Ping! Ping!"

The cornered bandit must have been scurrying all over the barn as fast as he could and shooting through apertures and knot-holes here, there, every-

where. His unseen, frantic movements made Hannah's heart thump violently. Fallowes' hand was still tight on her wrist. She was aware of it, then she forgot about it, and let it remain there. "Ping! Ping! Ping!" Red flames and smoke came up from the grass.

"He must be running round in there like a rabbit," Hannah said to herself. She pictured to herself a small, rabbit-like man. She did not know whether it were pity she felt or terror or what; but her heart banged against her ribs. She pressed her free hand to her gray, woolly dress where her breast was.

The roar of the rifles was steady, drowning out the "Ping! Ping!"

"He's certainly making a fight for it!" said a hand.

"They're bound to get him," Raines said. Then he muttered, "The whole infernal system is wrong!" He often ranted about the "System."

Hannah pictured the small man scurrying in the barn, fighting off death.

The sunset turned to a bright gold. The field turned bright gold. The old barn was bright gold. It was a beautiful picture, like a picture of gold in a vivid dream, and Hannah pressed the hand harder to her breast. But you live with such pictures, as Hannah had lived with them, all your life—the palpable objects of the world turning to a golden unreality—and maybe you won't see them after a while, unless you are like James Fallowes. Hannah until this strange moment had not really seen them. Now she saw. The picture penetrated into her because a man was about to die. Within her was a horrible tumult, yet the beauty reigned over all.

It was a golden sunset, but too cruel.

"Ah!" somebody exclaimed.

A figure had appeared in the doorway of the barn. It stalked boldly forward. The "pings" had stopped.

With no bullets left, Smiling Boy Atwell had come out to face death. There he stood. He advanced out of the doorway and stood against the sunset glow, which was beginning to lose its gold beneath shades of lavender. Hannah stared at him. She rose up, above the wall. When Fallowes jerked her back she wrested her wrist out of his fingers with an impatient movement. She was on her feet, staring at Smiling Boy Atwell.

He was not a small, rabbitlike man at all. He was large. He was immense. He was huge against the glow of the sunset. Hannah's heart beat madly. Atwell seemed the largest man she had ever seen. He looked as though he were planted there and growing straight out of the earth. He looked more vibrant than anyone she had ever seen before this moment. Her heart leaped to him across the field. He was too far away from her for her to see his eyes. All she saw was his immense, solid stalwartness.

Fallowes groped at her to drag her down, and she was angry. All Fallowes' strange qualities of body and incomprehensible mind seemed to nag at her, and when he groped again she gave him a push. He let go her wrist. Her large body squared itself front to front with the great body of the man against the sunset, whose eyes she could not see.

"Down! Get down!" her aunt snapped at her. Her aunt was a sack of fine garments, huddled close against the wall.

But Hannah did not get down. She stood front to front with that man as if consecrating herself to him.

"They won't shoot!" she cried scornfully. "They won't kill him now!"

She was mistaken about that. You could not take chances with Smiling Boy Atwell. One of the State troopers whose cousin, another State trooper the Smiling Boy had killed, now killed

the Smiling Boy. Bang, bang, bang, bang! Out of the grass came the licks of flames and the curling gray smoke; and the echoes bounded along the rims of the far hills.

The big figure pitched forward. A choked cry came from Hannah's throat. A cry of outrage. The field broke into shouts. The khaki men sprang up and began to run toward the fallen figure.

The farm men vaulted the stone wall and pressed through the high grass. Mrs. Raines stayed where she was. Her face was white. Hannah stayed where she was, with her large red hands clenched on the top of the rough stones of the wall and her body leaning forward. Fallowes, feeling sick, turned away and walked toward the well. He drank avidly from the tin cup. His throat was hot. The world seemed staggering all round him.

Hannah watched a procession forming, a line of khaki, with trailing rifles that reflected the waning gleams of the sunset. The sky overhead was pale green. The farm people followed the khaki as far as the road. Something was placed in a car, and the cars moved off with the troopers that had come out of the scrub woods standing on the running-boards. The cars flashed away on the gray road.

Mrs. Raines got to her feet and brushed twigs and dirt from her silks. The color was coming back into her cheeks.

"It's time for supper," she said to Hannah. She went into the house.

Hannah may have heard her but she did not heed her. She stayed at the stone wall. Her heart was now beating with a slow, enlarged thud. The farmers returned to the Raines farm. Hannah heard their voices, excitedly talking about what had happened. Darkness began to close in. The fields were dark gray and blue, the ashen, broken barn took on a ghostly appear-



ance. Hannah climbed over the wall and made her way over the field. Nettles bit her legs, and her woolly dress was stuck full of grasses. She pushed on. She had no thought clear in her head, and she stepped over the spot where the Smiling Boy had fallen and went inside the barn and looked round, though she was not really looking for anything. It was simply that something vital had happened here. She found a rusted wheelbarrow, sat down on it, and looked around her.

Her hands were folded in her lap. Through the chinks of the decrepit walls and roof the last shreds of evening light came in, but when they darkened away, Hannah still did not move, and she sat there still after the barn was a cavern of gloom. There was even yet a smell of burned powder, but a breeze sprang up and presently drove the smell out. The sweetness of the field came in.

She heard a step on the creaking floor-boards and she turned slowly to see. James Fallowes was there. In the gloom he too looked bigger than usual.

"I saw you coming over here," he said. "What are you staying here for so long? What are you doing here?"

"I just thought I'd come and look around."

He sat down beside her on the wheelbarrow. They did not speak. It was almost entirely black in the barn now; but Hannah could feel Fallowes' eyes on her. Then she felt his hand on her arm. She did not stir. The hand moved slowly, wistfully, along her arm and paused under her right breast. Fallowes' arm was round her. Her heart began to go more quickly again. The barn was alive with something, was pulsing with something, faster and faster. The wild-run field, now a blue-black stretch beyond the

wide barn-door, sent up sharp night odors, and the breeze wafted the odors into the barn, and they flurried round Hannah and Fallowes sitting in the darkness. Hannah was conscious of the odors as she had been conscious of the golden picture.

Fallowes kissed her on the mouth. Then he rose and stooped over her, and she did not stir, and he looked in the darkness very big, immense, solid, like a figure belonging to the earth. He made a sort of grunt in his throat. Hannah then looked up quickly. He took hold of her and raised her powerfully from the wheelbarrow and crushed her against him. When Smiling Boy had died the world, under a wave of horror, had gone dead to Fallowes. Life must not go out like that, and so he wanted to bring it alive again. It cried deafeningly inside him. He found it alive in Hannah. He began to kiss her throat. It was all very swift but not scuffling.

She believed she saw his eyes glitter. She shut hers. He was pulling at her, toward the floor. She let herself sink down. Something must happen, to obliterate the death of Smiling Boy Atwell, but she was not thinking, she was not exactly feeling either. She was in a dark emptiness. Fallowes' kisses were all over her. She made no resistance to him. His hands were soothing.

"Or their hands all over you," her aunt had said.

But that seemed long ago and curiously untrue.

When she entered the farmhouse her aunt glared at her.

"Well, where have you been, if you please?"

"I'm going to marry Jim Fallowes," Hannah said. She passed her astounded aunt, and walked slowly, solidly, into the kitchen.



# THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD

A SURVIVOR TELLS THE STORY

BY A. L. A. HIMMELWRIGHT

DISASTERS, even of great magnitude, are soon forgotten, especially if the events involve disagreeable or distressing circumstances. The press accounts immediately after the Johnstown Flood were grossly inaccurate, failed to specify the abnormal conditions just prior to the flood, and gave no explanation for the enormous loss of life. Consequently, many persons to-day, only forty-four years after the disaster which cost the lives of seven thousand people, have no conception of it and know of the Johnstown Flood solely through brief references to it in historical writing.

The few survivors still living shrink from any recollection of the harrowing events of that memorable day and prefer to let the "dead past bury its dead." Even the writer, a survivor of that dire catastrophe, can still visualize some of the indescribable scenes of misery and suffering that were enacted under his very eyes; and he fain would join the rest of the survivors and let the story of the flood remain in the tomes of history, were it not for the fact that none of the existing accounts has a connected and logical story of the great flood and all fail to convey a clear and adequate understanding of this greatest disaster, in the toll of human lives, that has ever befallen this country

of Pennsylvania. It had a population of thirty thousand. Comprised of independent boroughs (Conemaugh, Woodvale, Millville, Prospect, Grubtown, The Seven Wards [Johnstown], Cambria City, Morrellville, and Coopersdale), the city was built on the low flats along both sides of the Conemaugh River for a distance of five miles. The buildings were mostly frame houses, with a few public buildings of brick and stone. The borough of Johnstown, at the convergence of the valleys of the Conemaugh River and Stony Creek, was the business center of the entire city and the most densely populated. Just below the borough of Johnstown the valley narrows, and a massive, stone, arched viaduct carries the Pennsylvania Railroad across the Conemaugh River and valley.

Conemaugh Borough is the most easterly of the boroughs of Johnstown and the farthest up the valley of the Conemaugh River. Above Conemaugh Borough, and farther east, the valley narrows into a deep, rocky gorge for ten miles to where the South Fork Creek empties into the Conemaugh River. At the junction of these streams is the town of South Fork. About two miles up South Fork Creek was located the reservoir which caused the flood.

The city of Johnstown in 1889 was one of the most prosperous in the State

This reservoir was constructed in 1852 as a storage reservoir for the old



Pennsylvania Canal. When the Pennsylvania Railroad was built the canal was abandoned. In 1879 the reservoir and a large adjacent acreage were purchased by the South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club which repaired the dam and named the reservoir Conemaugh Lake. It was two miles long with an average width of one-third of a mile, and was seventy-two feet deep at the embankment.

For several days prior to the great flood there had been unprecedented rains in the region of Johnstown. The total precipitation varied at different points from 4.3 inches to 7.6 inches. All the streams were swollen by freshets and had overflowed their banks. During the forenoon of the day of the flood the streets of Johnstown Borough and the low sections of the other boroughs were inundated, the water rising above and overflowing the first floors of nearly all the buildings, compelling the occupants to move to the upper stories until the freshet subsided.

This condition had occurred several times previously during high freshets, so that the populace, though greatly inconvenienced, was not seriously alarmed; but the fact that people were marooned on the second floors, with the water surrounding the buildings to a depth of two to six feet, rendered their situation extremely perilous when the great flood came that afternoon.

By noon of that day the Conemaugh River was reported higher than it had ever been known to be before. Many telegraph poles along the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad had already been washed out and telegraphic communication was completely destroyed. The heavy rains had also caused a landslide in the gorge of the Conemaugh River a mile above Conemaugh, covering the tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad. A construc-

tion train and a gang of workmen were removing the obstruction. Meanwhile passenger and freight trains, from the west, were held on the side tracks at the Conemaugh passenger station.

The railroad and telegraph were thus out of commission. Telephones had not yet been introduced. Consequently, when the reservoir failed at about 3.30 P. M. it was impossible to notify or alarm the populace in advance of the flood.

Mr. John G. Parke, a civil engineer, was at the South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club on the day of the flood. When he saw that the rapidly rising water in the reservoir was near the top of the embankment and would certainly overflow it, he realized that the reservoir was doomed to fail. At 11.30 A. M. the water began to overflow at the middle section of the embankment where it had settled slightly. At 12 o'clock the whole length of the embankment was overflowing and the water still rising.

Mounting a horse, Mr. Parke thereupon rode down to South Fork, alarming the few farmers who lived in the valley and the residents of South Fork. He also dispatched two men to the railroad telegraph tower with telegrams to Johnstown and Cambria City, addressed to the railroad station agents, to the effect that the reservoir was on the point of failure and urging them to alarm all in the Conemaugh valley. Mr. Parke then returned to the reservoir and remained there until it failed.

Unfortunately, the wires were down and Mr. Parke's telegrams never reached their destinations. The inhabitants of South Fork, two thousand in number, heeded Mr. Parke's alarm and acted promptly. Hastily collecting their valuables and most precious possessions, they abandoned their homes and sought safety on the hills above the town. All were saved.

## II

When the water in the reservoir began to overflow the embankment it poured over the stone paving, or "rip-rap," of the down-stream face, which had a slope of three feet horizontally to two feet vertically. For an hour no material damage was observed. Then sections of the rip-rap in the middle portion of the embankment crumbled and rolled down, and the embankment behind washed rapidly away. By 3.20 P. M. it had undermined the crest or highest part of the embankment so that a small section 20 feet wide and 8 or 10 feet deep broke away. In a few minutes after that small start, a great mass or bulk in the middle part of the embankment washed out and rolled down, suddenly releasing all the water in the reservoir.

With the speed of an express train and a roar like Niagara the torrent rushed down the valley of South Fork Creek, overwhelming everything in its path. Three-fourths of the town of South Fork was swept away while the residents, assembled in groups on the hillsides above the town gazed helplessly and in despair at the awful spectacle of destruction. At the junction of the South Fork Creek and the Conemaugh River a lake and whirlpool formed. While part of the flood waters rushed up the valley of the Conemaugh River, eastward, for two miles, flooding the villages of Ehrenfeld and Summer Hill, the advance wave of the flood entered the narrow gorge leading to Johnstown.

This gorge, ten miles long, twists and winds and loops through the mountains in the wildest and most capricious manner imaginable. It was uninhabited except for the small village of Mineral Point, on a little flat three miles below South Fork. The steep sides of the gorge were heavily timbered and the slopes covered with

boulders of all sizes. The river bed was a succession of boulders and rocks and miniature falls.

The tortuous course of the gorge with the timber and the boulders offered enough resistance to the onward rush of the advance wave of the flood so that the water in the rear gained on the advance and, instead of distributing its volume and lowering its height, the torrent rose in the gorge to heights of 125 to 150 feet above the river, smashing, swallowing up, and sweeping along everything in its course. Thousands of trees were washed or torn out or snapped off and carried along on the surface of the swift current. Myriads of rocks, some of enormous size, rolled along by the irresistible force of the torrent, seethed and bounded in its bottom. The village of Mineral Point was wiped out in the twinkling of an eye. On through the gorge swept the flood, its surface covered with a vast accumulation of trunks of trees and the debris of wrecked buildings, increasing its height and impetus as it advanced. At its highest stage and maximum potency the torrent finally burst out of the gorge and bore down on the borough of Conemaugh with the savage onslaught, the towering energy, and the deafening roar of a gigantic avalanche.

Just above Conemaugh the valley widened, forming a flat, and in spreading over this, the height of the flood was reduced to thirty feet, but with its entire surface still covered with the hulks of trees and debris; the tree trunks and submerged boulders, serving as battering rams in the destruction, swept away everything in their course. Advancing with a velocity of fifty miles an hour, the flood tore through the densely built-up portions of the boroughs of Conemaugh, Woodvale, Millville, and Johnstown.

At Johnstown the flood with its freight of wreckage smashed through



the borough westward until it crashed against the steep hills on the west side, forcing some of the wreckage high up the hillsides. With its energy partly dissipated, it divided into two branches, one turning northward, parallel to the hillside, and the other rushing up the valley of Stony Creek three miles. A third section of the flood followed the natural course of the Conemaugh River to the railroad viaduct just below Johnstown Borough. This massive structure, known as the "stone bridge" withstood the onset, allowing a great mass of flood water and debris, freighted with live and dead humanity, to pass through the arches; but the arches soon became obstructed by the driftwood and the wreckage of buildings impinging and lodging against the piers, so that in a short time the viaduct developed into a dam and the level of the flood waters rose in the valley above the stone bridge until the bridge was overflowed. The reflex action of the Stony Creek portion of the flood, combining with the surge of the excess water that could not pass the stone bridge, formed an immense whirlpool, three-fourths of a mile in diameter, which swirled around the entire area of the borough of Johnstown to a depth of twenty-five to thirty feet. Here were enacted the most tragic and heart-rending scenes of the flood. Thousands of people who had survived the first onslaught of the flood floated round in the whirlpool, most of them on roofs and some clinging to other wreckage, shrieking and praying for help, while groups of other survivors rushed about the shore lines, frantic, but completely powerless to render aid except to those few who, by accident, chanced to float near. All the while a heavy rain was falling. Then night came on and enveloped the horrible spectacle in pitchlike darkness; but the wails and agonized cries of the terrified victims drifting round and

round in the whirlpool continued through the night.

The wreckage and debris that did not pass over or through the stone bridge continued to float round in the great whirlpool and gradually lodged and became compacted against the other wreckage in front of the stone bridge, while a still greater mass of the debris, aggregating thirty acres or more, was partly cast up on the hillside west of the stone bridge and crushed and consolidated against it.

Comparatively few of those who floated on or clung to wreckage survived. In the great majority of cases submerged obstructions were struck, precipitating the unfortunates into the muddy waters of the flood, where they were either drowned or crushed to death.

As a climax to this already appalling situation, an extensive fire broke out in the huge mass of wreckage that had accumulated on the hillside west of the stone bridge. A most piteous and horrifying spectacle was then unfolded. Many of the wretched waifs in that maelstrom drifted helplessly out of the darkness and were thrust with piercing shrieks into that ruthless pyre. The sight was unendurable. Strong men turned away, half crazed by their inability to render aid and prevent the horrible fate of those luckless victims. This condition lasted through the greater part of Friday night; but the fire continued to burn for four days, consuming hundreds of dead who were held fast in the grip of the wreckage.

Many buildings located on slightly elevated ground at the sides of the valley, and out of the direct course of the flood, remained standing, although surrounded by six to twenty feet of water. These buildings became refuges for many survivors who were fortunate enough to drift near them while floating on wreckage. The distress and suffering of the refugees in

these marooned buildings were excruciating because the buildings were constantly battered and shaken by large and small masses of floating wreckage which threatened their destruction at any moment all through Friday night. These refugees also suffered much physical discomfort from wet clothes, cold and exposure, many having lost their clothing in their desperate fight for life amidst the wreckage.

By Saturday morning the flood was largely dissipated; but there yet remained a great lake and whirlpool over the borough of Johnstown. This, however, gradually drained away through the stone bridge and the wash-out at one of the abutments of the bridge. All day Saturday, as the waters receded, much of the floating wreckage grounded, and all who survived and were still marooned made their escape to safety or were rescued.

The railroad viaduct, or stone bridge, played an important part in this catastrophe. The tracks were thirty-two feet above the normal level of the river. By developing into a dam, it successfully held a large part of the flood waters above it, and so distributed that portion of the flood which passed through or over it, that the loss of life and damage to property in the valley below the bridge was small as compared with what would have occurred had the flood continued uninterrupted and with full force down the Conemaugh and Kiskiminitas valleys. The bridge, doubtless, also saved the lives of many of those who floated on wreckage in the whirlpool above it. Practically all who passed the bridge and floated on down the Conemaugh valley were doomed to perish in the swift and turbulent current of the flood with its litter of debris.

As was to be expected, vampires and despoilers soon appeared in the devastated area, robbing the dead of their

valuables. These outrages stirred the surviving populace to quick action. Vigilance committees were soon formed which meted out quick justice to all these malefactors without the formality of a trial.

The work of cleaning up the city proved to be a much greater task than was anticipated. The disentangling and disposal of the vast mass of wreckage, driftwood, debris, and rubbish that was deposited by the flood kept 7500 men with power-wrecking equipment busy for over six weeks. Even this statement of the labor required does not adequately indicate the huge quantity of litter that had to be disposed of.

All round the shore line of what had been the great whirlpool, where buildings remained standing, the spaces between the buildings as well as the streets and sidewalks were packed solidly with wreckage and driftwood, varying in height according to what the depth of the water had been, from 4 feet to 20 feet. All the cellars of the buildings that were swept away by the flood were completely filled and many of the foundation walls overthrown so that the wake of the flood channel, extending for four miles through the heart of the city and averaging one-fourth of a mile wide, looked like the dry bed of a river with its boulders and silt. Enormous quantities of the wreckage were carried up the valley of Stony Creek and deposited on the hill-sides in the same manner as it was round the whirlpool. There were also large areas packed solidly with wreckage, probably the result of eddies in the current of the flood. One of these, a triangular-shaped mass of two acres or more, was in the center of the whirlpool. The largest deposit of wreckage, however, was in front of the stone bridge and along the hillside west of the bridge. This covered an area of 30 to 35 acres (approximately equal to



30 average city blocks), and was 25 to 30 feet high. This was probably the largest and most heterogeneous conglomeration of litter that was ever assembled. A staff representative of the *Engineering News*, who inspected it, wrote:

The spoils consist of: (1) Every tree the flood had touched in its whole course of 16 miles with the limbs and bark stripped off; (2) The wreckage and contents of all the buildings of a thickly settled district, 3 miles long and  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile wide; (3) Half the human beings, all the horses, cows, dogs, cats and rats that were in the buildings; (4) Many hundred miles of telegraph wire, some from poles along the railroads but mostly stock from the mills, coiled and woven throughout the entire mass; (5) 50 miles of railroad track material—rails, cross ties, etc.; (6) Locomotives, cars, tenders, steam boilers, highway bridges, steam engines, street cars, boilers, pig iron, brick, stone, machinery of all kinds.

The reader may form an approximate mental picture of this huge deposit of litter if he can conceive of every particle of space between the larger articles as filled solidly with the smaller sized contents of the homes, stores, and shops, such as broken and distorted gas stoves, bath tubs, sewing machines, picture frames, window sash, shutters, screens, furniture of all kinds, tools and implements, harness, plumbing pipes and fixtures, etc.; and mixed with and scattered throughout the entire mass, incredible quantities of bedding, clothing, carpets, curtains, dry goods stocks, hats, shoes, umbrellas, kitchen utensils, table linen, books, etc., *ad infinitum*; all of the foregoing packed, compressed, and wedged together so tightly that it was impossible to pull some portions of it apart by ordinary wrecking methods and blasting with dynamite had to be resorted to. Hundreds of human beings, dead and alive, were caught and held fast in the floating wreckage and thrust in this mass of litter.

The exact number of those who perished in the Johnstown Flood could never be determined. The loss of life as given by various sources of information, soon after the flood, varied from 5,000 to 15,000. The following year, after a great many missing persons had been registered and listed and the complete reports of the morgues, hospitals and physicians were available, it was deduced that the loss of life must have been over 7,000. This number of victims was substantially confirmed by the census of 1890.

The total property loss was placed at \$22,000,000.

### III

Shortly after the flood at Johnstown and while the newspapers were still publishing incidents and experiences that occurred there, someone, with a vivid imagination, wrote a poem which, in a thrilling manner, told of a man mounted on a black charger galloping at headlong speed in advance of the mighty flood, waving his hat and shouting a warning and alarm to all the people in the path of the flood in the Conemaugh valley. This poem struck a popular note and, with an illustration of the rider, was copied and published by practically every newspaper and magazine in the country. This poem made such a profound impression on the public mind that, although a pure fabrication, the rider became indissolubly associated with the Johnstown Flood. People who remember nothing else about the flood recall the rider. Even in the Johnstown Flood scenario or exhibition, shown on a large scale at Coney Island, N. Y., about twenty years after the flood, the rider was impressively featured, riding the whole length of the valley, shouting and alarming the populace, and only a few hundred feet in advance of the onrushing flood.

If there had been such a rider, the people of Conemaugh Borough at the upper end of Johnstown would have seen or heard him first; but no such rider appeared there in advance of the flood. As a matter of fact, there was no highway in or near the wild gorge through which the river runs for ten miles just above Johnstown; so it was a physical impossibility for anyone to ride down the valley at all, either before or after the flood had passed. Any horseman starting in the valley below Conemaugh Borough after the flood was in sight would have been overtaken and engulfed in it in a few minutes. It must also be borne in mind that in the boroughs of Johnstown for three miles up the Conemaugh valley, practically all the streets were inundated to a depth of two to eight feet by the then prevailing freshet before the arrival of the great flood. It is a matter of record that the flood passed down the valley from South Fork to the stone bridge below Johnstown in just 17 minutes. The distance is 14.7 miles. The velocity of the flood was, therefore, 51 miles an hour—much faster than the fleetest thoroughbreds on racetracks. Under all these circumstances it is manifest how utterly impossible it was for any horseman to perform the feat ascribed to the rider in the poem.

The ride of Mr. John C. Parke, three hours before the reservoir failed, as already described, doubtless inspired the poem that had such widespread publicity.

Another horseman, Mr. Daniel Peyton, was also eulogized as a "Paul Revere" of the flood. In one account of the flood he is referred to as riding a large bay horse from below Conemaugh into Johnstown, alarming the residents in advance of the approaching torrent. In another work a whole chapter is devoted to Mr. Peyton's ride.

Careful and extensive inquiry

shortly after the flood failed to establish the existence of any such person as Daniel Peyton, or any other horseman shouting alarm in advance of the flood. An unknown horseman was seen in Johnstown Borough by a few survivors, transferring people from their inundated homes to higher ground on that ill-fated Friday afternoon; but neither the horseman nor any of those transported by him had any knowledge of the coming flood.

It was most unfortunate and regrettable that Johnstown had been repeatedly subjected to false alarms about the South Fork reservoir. Whenever there was a high freshet, officious and meddlesome persons sent telegrams and letters to the borough officials and the newspapers, warning and alarming them of the danger if the reservoir should fail. These false reports, so often repeated, had a logical but evil effect on the residents. All such reports were finally ignored, and the few people who heeded them were ridiculed as timorous and cowardly.

No one had even a remote idea of the prodigious volume and the destructive effect that the resulting flood waters would have if the reservoir should fail. The great majority believed that by the time the water of the reservoir should reach Johnstown it would, in fifteen miles, become so distributed that it would probably add only a few feet more to the height of any existing freshet, and that everybody would be perfectly safe in the upper stories of their homes. All the residents of the Conemaugh valley had thus gradually reached such a frame of mind that no warnings of danger, as such, gave them any serious alarm. Nothing short of authentic and definite information that the reservoir had failed and that the flood waters were actually rushing down the valley toward them would have roused them from their ill-judged sense of security



and induced them to take any steps to insure their safety. Even had the telegraph been in commission, so that the failure of the reservoir and the start of the flood down the valley could have been announced before the fierce torrent reached Johnstown, it is probable that some of the residents, then marooned on the upper floors of their homes and confident of their safety there, would still have refused to leave their homes and make their way through two to six feet of muddy freshet water to more elevated ground. But the telegraph was out of commission three hours before the reservoir failed, and no one in Johnstown could possibly have known in advance that the deluge was coming.

Under these circumstances, to herald danger and alarm on horseback or otherwise without knowing that the flood was actually coming would not only have proved futile but would have been considered fatuous. After the flood arrived at Conemaugh, as already explained, it was too late to herald alarm.

There is yet one more phase of this subject that deserves mention. When the telegrams written by Mr. Parke were handed to the operator at the railroad telegraph tower near South Fork she fainted. Whether the information that the reservoir would soon fail unnerved her, or whether she was overcome by the fact that the important telegrams could not be transmitted because the wires were not working, will perhaps never be known. After she revived she accepted the messages, expecting, no doubt, that the service might be restored at any moment so they could be forwarded.

It is interesting to speculate on what might have happened if the telegraph operator had candidly told Mr. Parke's messengers that the service was out of commission at the moment and asked them to inform Mr. Parke,

but had added that she would send the telegrams as soon as the service was restored. When the messengers returned they told Mr. Parke how his telegrams had affected the operator. When Mr. Parke returned to the reservoir, at 1.00 P. M., water was pouring over the embankment to a depth of twelve to eighteen inches. He then stated to those present that it would be only a matter of an hour or two until the reservoir would fail, and that it was humanly impossible to prevent the impending disaster.

Mr. Parke's prompt action in alarming the residents of South Fork and preparing telegrams to Johnstown and Cambria City proved that he was a man of energy and sound judgment. Had he been informed that his telegrams were delayed, convinced as he was that the reservoir would surely fail, there can be no doubt but that he would have made an effort to warn the people of Johnstown also.

There was a direct road over hills and through dales from the reservoir to Johnstown Borough. It was a short cut, the distance being only 8 miles, while the course the flood would follow was about 15 miles. Already mounted on a good horse, Mr. Parke could easily have covered the 8 miles to Johnstown in 40 to 45 minutes, arriving there before 2.00 P. M. In the two hours that would have been available before the flood arrived, by dispatching messengers in all directions, an authentic alarm could have been broadcast and ample opportunity given the entire population to seek safety.

Thus, to the lack of frankness on the part of a telegraph operator may be attributed the loss of a priceless opportunity to have alarmed and saved thousands of people from violent death; and this beneficent and multitudinous salvation would have been accomplished by a *genuine* ride that would have been unparalleled in history.

## IV

Whenever a serious catastrophe occurs an effort is always made to fix the responsibility for it, and to accomplish this every possible pretext is taken advantage of. In the case of the Johnstown Flood much aspersion and harsh criticism was heaped upon the South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club.

There was, in fact, no obvious or evident cause for the censure of anyone for the failure of the reservoir except, possibly, the original projectors of it in 1852; but at that time the population of the Conemaugh valley was much smaller, and it should be remembered that the reservoir was built for a public utility—the Pennsylvania canal—which contributed largely to the future prosperity of Johnstown and the surrounding communities.

The South Fork Club had constantly in its employ a force of workmen to maintain the property in good condition, and was zealous in its care of the reservoir, applying all the usual remedies for leaks and keeping the spillway always free from obstructions.

The water of the reservoir was impounded by an earth dam or embankment, without a concrete or other masonry core. It was 80 feet high above the original creek bottom at its center. Flood gates of masonry had been constructed at the lowest point of the embankment in the bed of the creek. Near one end of the embankment a large spillway, 72 feet wide, had been blasted through the solid rock of the adjoining hillside. The spillway was designed to carry away harmlessly four times the volume of any freshet water that it was calculated would ever flow into the reservoir. The spillway began to discharge when the water in the reservoir rose to within 8 feet of the top of the embankment. The spillway is a feature of prime importance in earth dams. Owing to the

easy and rapid erosion of earth, or ordinary soil, dams constructed of it must be provided with spillways of such ample capacity as will preclude all possibility of flood or freshet water overflowing them.

The thickness of the embankment and its up-stream and down-stream slopes were designed in accordance with good engineering practice at the time it was built. The best practice now, however, requires masonry cores in earth embankments impounding water over 25 feet deep, and less abrupt slopes than those of the South Fork reservoir. However, the fact that the water rose in the reservoir till it overflowed the embankment—that is, to a height of 8 feet above the level it was designed for—demonstrated its stability and security under maximum freshet conditions.

The direct cause of the failure of the reservoir was a cloudburst over the basin draining into the reservoir. This occurred during the morning of the day of the flood. According to reliable sources of information two and three-quarters inches of rain fell in twenty minutes.

Owing to the steady heavy rains for three days before the cloudburst, the water in the reservoir was already higher than it had ever been before, and the sudden addition of the enormous volume of water from the cloudburst overtaxed the capacity of the spillway. As a consequence, the water kept rising higher and higher in the reservoir until it overflowed the embankment. Failure was then quick and inevitable.

An excellent idea of the volume of water and the general character of the Johnstown Flood may be formed by comparing it with an existing example of a similar discharge of water. Accurate surveys and computations have been made of the discharge of water over Niagara Falls. The results of the



comparison with Niagara are as follows: Niagara Falls discharges the same volume of water in 36 minutes as was contained in the South Fork reservoir. The reservoir was emptied in 45 minutes. During the first five minutes and the last 10 minutes the rate of discharge from the reservoir was much less than during the 30 minutes of the main discharge. The Johnstown Flood was, therefore, very similar in volume to the Niagara River if it were suddenly turned into the Conemaugh valley for 30 minutes. Because of the much steeper grade of the Conemaugh valley—296 feet in 14.7 miles—the current of the flood was twice as swift as the Whirlpool Rapids, and the flood being freighted with enormous quantities of driftwood and submerged bowlders, it was capable of inflicting vastly greater destruction. Indicative of the strength and impetuosity of the flood, 22 locomotives weighing 96,000 to 120,000 pounds each were dislodged from the tracks and some of them swept a quarter of a mile from their original positions, some completely buried in sand and gravel, and two of them actually disappeared and were never recovered.

## V

At the time of the flood, my home was with my parents who lived near Cresson, Pa., about twenty-five miles east of Johnstown. Occasional visits to Johnstown before the flood had made me fairly well acquainted with the city. It was while returning home, after a year's absence on a Northern Pacific Railroad survey and a hunting trip in Idaho, that I chanced to be in Johnstown on the day of the flood. I arrived there on the Atlantic Express of the Pennsylvania Railroad from Pittsburgh at 9.00 A. M. As the express did not stop at Cresson, I changed to a local train, the Mail. We proceeded only as far as East Conemaugh,

the eastern limit of the built-up section of Johnstown. There the train was side-tracked to await the removal of a land-slide over the tracks a mile above. Neither the conductor nor the station agent would venture an opinion as to when the tracks would be cleared so the train could proceed.

The delay was tedious. It was still raining hard. The Conemaugh River, to the right of the side-tracks, was high with muddy water from the freshet and rising fast. The telegraph poles along the line of the railroad were washing out and falling, one by one, into the river as the wires snapped and recoiled.

At noon, I borrowed an umbrella and went to a near-by restaurant for lunch. The conversations everywhere related to the unprecedented rains, the high freshet, and the danger if the South Fork reservoir should fail. The mental atmosphere was ominous, but no one seemed to be seriously alarmed.

After noon the Conemaugh overflowed its banks. Soon the highway bridges across the river, near us, were swept away by the high water. The conductor of our train showed the passengers a telegram he had received which stated there was danger of the failure of the South Fork reservoir. This was promptly discredited by some of the local passengers who said it was "the same old story."

The drenching rain made the idea of leaving the train impracticable unless a person were willing to take a wetting on the plausibility of a report that was repeated on the occasion of every freshet occurring in that section. The consequence was that everybody remained on the train and three hours later considered all the reports of danger from the reservoir as unfounded.

During this interval two of the side-tracks nearest the river were undermined by the freshet waters and sank in the river. There were not many

passengers in our coach; a few local passengers, some members of "A Night Off" company which played in Johnstown the night before, and a few others, among them Mr. John M. Pardee, a salesman for Logan, Gregg & Co. of Pittsburgh.

About four o'clock, while trying to interest myself in the newspapers, I heard the repeated shrill whistle of the locomotive of the construction train approaching and, knowing it was no ordinary signal, I gave the alarm in our coach, saying, "That means business. We'd better run for the hills." Unaware how imminent the danger actually was, I ran forward to the baggage car and unchained my hunting dog, Brush. When I returned to the coach all the passengers had left. Seizing my bag I, too, made a dash for the hills which fortunately were near at hand.

As I jumped off the coach I looked up the valley and was almost paralyzed by the sight. I saw what appeared to be an advancing rotary wave of black water, 40 feet high and not over 300 yards away. In that hasty glance I saw huge tree trunks, lolling in the air, as they turned endwise and disappeared. With Brush ahead of me, I sprinted up the steep grade of one of the streets of Conemaugh Borough, the loud roar of the oncoming flood lending wings to my flight. As I ran I glanced back occasionally, as I wished to see the flood pass the street; but between glances the advance wave of the flood rushed by, carrying the houses away at the lower end of the block I was on and beyond it, and backed up into the street to within 30 feet of where I was running, covering ground I had passed over less than five seconds before.

I suddenly found myself in a crowd of greatly excited and half-crazed people. The scenes and tumult of that moment cannot be adequately de-

scribed and can never be forgotten. Men, women, and children were running round in the greatest confusion; some were calling loudly for absent ones; children were screaming and crying; many women fainted and were carried into the nearest houses; some of the survivors were so terrified that they continued running up the hills until they fell, exhausted. The shrill whistles of locomotives and mills, the ringing of church bells, the shouts of the survivors, and the agonized shrieks of those caught in the raging waters mingled with the roar of the onrushing deluge. No nightmare ever approximated to that frightful reality.

The whole Conemaugh valley was instantly transformed into a mighty river, turbulent, red with mud, and its surface covered with an infinitude of debris. Distributed in the great mass of driftwood was the wreckage of numerous buildings that went whirling along in the swift current.

The buildings that remained standing at the higher levels in Conemaugh Borough obstructed the view up and down the valley, so I quickly sought a point of vantage in a large vacant lot on the hillside, nearby. From there I could see down the valley for three miles to where the river made a bend to the right round the hills on the east side of Johnstown Borough. The flood had already swept round the bend and must have advanced with a velocity of about a mile a minute. What had lately been a densely built-up area of happy homes and busy mills, constituting the greater part of three boroughs of the city, was then a seething river,  $\frac{1}{8}$  to  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile wide. Most of Johnstown Borough was out of sight round the bend below the hills, but the complete obliteration of everything in the path of the flood in the three-mile stretch of the valley that was in plain view led to the inevitable conclusion that the same devastation would be



visited on the borough of Johnstown also. Knowing that thousands of people were marooned in the upper stories of the buildings in the vast area swept by the flood, the realization of the enormous loss of life that certainly ensued was horrifying and sickening.

After the first violent onset of the flood had passed Conemaugh and those overwhelmed by it had been carried away and hopelessly lost, the interest of most of the survivors and spectators on the hillside was centered on the railroad trains. Some of the passengers either preferred to remain on the trains or had not been notified in time to leave them. The tracks on which the trains stood were twenty feet above the general level of the valley. A fortunate circumstance was that the locomotives all faced up-stream. These, with some freight locomotives, formed a barrier which did not give way to the first onset of the flood. A mass of driftwood soon accumulated about them which formed a small island and broke the force of the current at that point. This undoubtedly saved the second section of the Day Express, which occupied the most elevated track and contained many passengers. Some of the passengers were on the roofs of the coaches.

One train was a little farther west (down stream), and the last coach was bobbing around like a cork. Three men were kneeling on the roof of the next coach. The end coach soon worked loose from the coupling and disappeared. The coach the men were on then waved about in the current and finally got loose, rolled over, and was lost in the mass of debris. The water was up to the ventilators in the roofs of the coaches and the entire train, including the locomotive, was finally carried away.

Our train, the Mail, containing no passengers at the time, was also washed down stream; the coaches disappear-

ing, one by one, as in the preceding case, followed by the locomotive.

After half an hour, I observed that the flood was subsiding. It reached its highest stage during the first five minutes and remained at that level for about twenty minutes. All the while a steady rain was falling. The few remaining houses on the higher levels were crowded with the survivors and the homeless. Many, unable to get under shelter, were drenched and joined the multitude wandering about, each individual inquiring about absent ones.

Realizing that there would be insufficient shelter and food for the survivors, I concluded the best plan would be to make room for others and start for home. I made a search for someone to take me to Ebensburg, eighteen miles distant, where a branch railroad, high above freshet damage, connected that county seat with the Pennsylvania Railroad at Cresson. I was joined by Mr. Pardee and two other gentlemen before we finally found a man who agreed to drive us over in a two-horse farm wagon.

We got started about 7.00 P. M. The roads were all but impassable. The freshet had washed out deep ruts in them and, in many cases, gullies across them. Bridges had been carried away. The night was pitch-dark. The steady rain persisted. We had no lantern. When we came to swollen streams the driver would wade into them and feel with his feet to learn if the bridges were still there. If not, a place had to be found, above or below the bridge, where the team could ford the stream. It was more comfortable to walk and wade across the swollen streams than to be jolted in the springless wagon and shiver in our wet clothes. At last, about 1.00 A. M., we arrived at Ebensburg.

The proprietor of the hotel where we applied for accommodations had re-

tired. He finally appeared with a lantern. Seeing us wet and bedraggled, he hesitated to admit us. When we told him about the Johnstown disaster he was incredulous and held up his lantern to scrutinize our faces to make sure we were not lunatics. By showing him we had money to pay for lodging and food, we prevailed on him to take us in.

Brush enjoyed every minute of that disagreeable night trip. He had been confined in baggage cars for nearly a week en route from Idaho. The grime and soot of travel had given his white spots a decidedly dark cast. After six hours of freedom, capering and ranging playfully about in the rain and darkness, he arrived in Ebensburg immaculate and in fine fettle.

The next morning I took the train for Cresson; I was at home by noon. The information I gave was the first news of the disaster at Cresson.

Early the next morning (Sunday, June 2), with a horse and buggy and a week's supply of food and provender, I started for Johnstown again with my brother, to learn the fate of a relative and friends who lived there and to render any assistance possible. When we reached Johnstown, late that afternoon, the city was in a state of complete chaos. Every house within two miles of the flooded area was crowded. We finally found Mr. S., one of the parents of the family we were seeking, in one of the improvised hospitals. His head was heavily bandaged and he was half-crazed over the unknown fate of the rest of his family.

He told us that when the freshet

waters overflowed the first floor of their home on the previous Friday morning he took his family to the Hulbert House, thinking they would all be more comfortable there until the freshet subsided. About four o'clock, when they heard loud shouts from the street, they started to go from the second floor to the third floor of the hotel. He had his little boy by the hand, his wife led the little girl, and the nurse carried the baby. In an instant, before he could even glance back at the others, he was engulfed in water. He kept hold of his boy, but they were in a space completely filled with water and could find no opening to get air. Finally the struggles of the little boy ceased and Mr. S. also lost consciousness. When he revived he was on the roof of a building near the shoreline of the flood. A stranger on that roof saw a hand protrude through an opening that had been broken through the roof of the hotel after it collapsed, and fortunately the roof drifted near enough so the stranger could reach his hand and pull him out of the opening and up on the roof of the other building while still unconscious!

Although all of the S. family were in the Hulbert House when the flood struck it, only the children and the nurse were found in the ruins of the hotel. Mrs. S. was discovered a week later in the valley of Stony Creek, more than two miles from the Hulbert House. This wide separation of the members of the S. family was typical of hundreds of families that perished. Only about half the victims of the flood were ever found.





# THE ÉLITE IN A DEMOCRATIC SOCIETY

WHAT IS ITS FUNCTION?

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

IN A society which counts its population by the million it is evident that the masses have rarely the leisure to plan, and never the authority to determine, the essential contours of their lives. Leadership a democracy must have, since save for great occasions like war and revolution, the multitude is enfolded in its private life, content for the most part that initiative in thought and policy should rest elsewhere. It may indeed be stirred to gusts of indignation by grave public misfortune; but so long as life flows smoothly upon a fairly even keel it watches public affairs as a drama in which it is not expected to play an active part.

There are, of course, innumerable causes, historic and psychological, why this should be the case. That it is a public misfortune it seems difficult to deny. For the inertia of the multitude is the foundation of public wrong; and the effort required to stir it from its somnolence lies at the root of the distortion of public opinion. Nor is this all. The complexity of the modern world, its very vastness also, make the grasp of public issues a matter of profound difficulty to any who do not make their understanding a matter of professional preoccupation. The proper nature of a banking system, the rights and wrongs of Japanese policy in the Far East, the necessary foundations of a creative internationalism, the reasonable limits of a tariff-schedule, these

do not yield their secrets to the popular intuition of right and wrong. Yet they make their impact, they call for imperative decision, at a moment in history when their consequences upon the multitude are more direct and more profound than at any previous time.

None of the specifics by which it has been proposed to remedy this disharmony has so far proved a way of salvation. Much was expected from the coming of a free press; but its transformation, in the past thirty years, from a profession to a department of big business, has in large part deprived it of that independence essential to the task of enlightenment. Even more was expected from educational progress, but, so far at least, our systems have failed to cope with the power of propaganda to defeat their purposes. Much hope has been placed in the organization of the electorate by political parties; but history has made it evident that these are so generally concerned with the promotion of particular economic interests that, even at their best, they become in some sort what Halifax called a conspiracy against the nation. And the vaunted rule of experts has failed us, for the effective reasons that they have neither title to prescribe the goal at which to aim nor wisdom enough to see their own specialism in its proper perspective. The expert we need should be an expert in life; and

life itself is too manifold to submit to the narrowing discipline of expertise.

In a fundamental sense there is no escape from the dilemma we confront save in the creation of a society where men have an equal interest in the result obtained. That is the only true democracy; for it is the only one where men would have no interest in the destruction of freedom. For freedom begins only at that level of life where no man calls another master save as both share in a function which equally redounds to their common benefit. Such a society we have not yet known in history; and even where its outlines have been drawn the road to its realization has either, as with Marx, lain in the path of bloody revolution, or, as with Plato, deliberately surrendered the hypothesis of democracy and placed the common man in tutelage to the rule of the wise. It may be that Marx is right; though the price we may well have to pay for the application of his remedies is the temporary eclipse of civilized life. Certain it is that the Platonic hypothesis will not do; for our experience of an aristocracy in power is the inescapable lesson that all men succumb sooner rather than later to the poison of a self-perpetuating authority. The aristocracy of the future must be built upon the deliberate choice of the common man if it is to respect his needs and secure his sympathies.

## II

But it is legitimate to doubt whether the kind of aristocracy we require can be discovered among elected persons. The political career breeds for the most part a special race of men interested rather in the truths that may hope for acceptance than in truth itself. The ambition to conquer power is in general in inverse ratio to disinterestedness; and it is the association of this quality with the ability to command at-

tention of which above all a democracy has need. Our political systems tend, taken by and large, to give us the available men rather than the mind which creates and enlightens; and even under a dictatorship, once it has secured a measure of stability, its habit is to attract the men who can satisfy the dictator rather than those who can convince him that he is wrong. That is why Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Baldwin are the characteristic products of universal suffrage in one realm, why, also, Trotsky has been driven into exile in another.

The type of man we require, especially in a period so critical as our own, is the man who can act the prophet to his generation while rigorously maintaining his aloofness from power even though his influence may indicate his title to it. His business is the definition of the ultimate values toward which the society should move; and he should judge the transient spectacle of the arena from above the incidents of the battle. To accomplish his aim certain qualities alike of mind and heart appear essential. He must have great ends; but he should have impersonal benefit only from the attainment of those ends. He should be vowed to the ascetic life; for no man remains capable of the prophetic utterance who searches either for wealth or power. If he associates with the strife of parties it must be always in terms of a resolute aloofness from the desire for office; for the man who is a contestant for the prizes of political victory has thereby sacrificed his independence. He must be prepared, like all prophets, for the scorn of successful men and the ignorance of the multitude; the values for which he cares must be those of to-morrow rather than of to-day. He must be capable of *humility*, which is inseparable from the love of mankind, and of a noble indignation, without which no man can care



for freedom or seek for the righting of wrong. It is in the power of society to discover such men, their search for influence without authority, their willingness, not least, to stand aside from the common objects of ambition, that a large part of the future of democratic government depends.

We have had men of this kind before; and perhaps they may even be distinguished in our own day behind the miasma of contemporary conflict. In the eighteenth century there were Rousseau and Voltaire among the giants; and, of lesser stature, Mably and Paine, Quesnay and Priestley show that profound devotion to great causes which by its critical insight elevates the stature of a generation. In the last age, Owen and Marx, Emerson and Matthew Arnold, Carlyle and Ruskin and Whitman, performed in their various ways a similar service. They compelled the attention of their period to the essential questions of ultimate objective. They did not yoke themselves to the service of this small point and that. They did not bow the knee to the attractions of authority. They proclaimed the truth that was in them without regard to the consequences it involved. They spoke their minds with the one insistent purpose of reminding society not of the petty issues of the moment but of the direction in which its feet were set and the significance of that direction. It is a measure of the quality of their work that we still discuss, in different forms, the answers to the questions they were compelled to ask.

### III

My thesis is the simple one that the function of an élite in a democratic society is precisely the function that, in their different ways, these men performed for a previous period. It is to train itself to discover the essential is-

suues of a state or generation and, in season or out of it, to proclaim their meaning as they see it to their contemporaries. It is not an easy task; for it involves for the most part the work of pioneers in the proclamation of unpalatable truths. For no one can raise an essential issue in a society like our own without touching a vested interest; and in no previous society have vested interests been so well organized for their self-protection.

That is apparent on every hand. Marx was not an exile for nothing; it was not merely ebullience of high spirits which led the mob at Birmingham to wreck Dr. Priestley's house. When Ruskin deserted the criticism of art for the criticism of those social foundations of which he had come to see that art was but an expression the character of his audience completely changed. Rousseau was a hunted and haunted wanderer for all his life; and his fashionable supporters deserted Robert Owen once they perceived that he meant what he said. Our own day has seen significant incidents like the attack on Mr. Justice Brandeis' appointment to the bench; and a long line of dismissed teachers in school and college bears witness to the uncomfortable nature of innovating truth.

We have had men and women in our own day prepared for the consequences of this attitude in widely disparate fields. I know nothing more noble in the historic record—whatever our views of his philosophy—than the long years of hard preparation Lenin consecrated to the service of the Russian Revolution. To move singlemindedly on that dangerous path without hope or prospect of reward is, on any showing, an immeasurable inspiration. The men who battled for the national freedom of Czechoslovakia, the devoted band of women who fought for the political emancipation of their sex, the quality of effort Lord Cecil has brought

to the cause of peace, the generous humanity which Jane Addams has bestowed upon a wide field of social service, the critical imagination of men like Mr. H. G. Wells, or in the Dreyfus case of Emile Zola—these in our own time have set the stature of humanity. Nor may one forget here an effort like that of Felix Frankfurter and W. G. Thompson to save Sacco and Vanzetti from a death of which we are learning slowly to be ashamed.

The élite of a democracy is that band of men and women who give this kind of service as best they may. It is smaller than we should like to reckon; and it does not include those who associate their effort with the conquest of social prestige. For to win that prestige, whatever material form the conquest may take, is at once to dim the clarity of vision. The charity-monger, however devoted, cares for the patronage of the wealthy; the professor of "sound" views may hope for the politician's ear; the author who has won a sudden audience thinks of success rather than of insight. The root of any élite is its independence; and the foundation of any independence is the suppression of personal ambition on the one hand and the ability to be alone yet happy on the other.

The problem of independence is a graver one than we care to admit. The type I have in mind cannot be independent if there is care for wealth or place or authority. If there is care for wealth—since for the most part the sources of wealth lie in an acceptance of a social order it is the business of an élite to examine at its foundations. If there is a care for place—for the search after place involves invariably the adaptation of ends to means. Nor, finally, the care for authority; for that implies an unwillingness to sacrifice influence in the insistence upon truth lest the audience melt away through indifference or indignation. An élite

must be a band of Stoics; and the essence of Stoicism is to accept with calmness whatever the morrow may bring forth. But the only way of attaining that temper is to be independent of what the morrow may bring forth, to accept its consequences without repining as the price of the conviction to be uttered.

There is a special reason why the pursuit of wealth is incompatible with the function of an élite in a society like our own. For one of its first tasks is to grasp the problems of working-class life; and, as a general rule, the more distant it is itself from the conditions of that life the less able it is to understand them. Success is here a factor of definitive separation once it assumes a material form. It tempts the successful into compromise by preventing them from seeing the issues with the sharpness they in fact assume. It gives them the fatal opportunity to exalt the immediate issue above the long-range problem—politically, for instance, it becomes more important to win an election than to fight for a principle. All of us know the type of intellectual who writes a book likely to pay in order to win economic security, and who then finds its possibilities too pleasant to be willing to risk their loss. In a routine-ridden world the desire to be recognized as a "sound" person is as normal as it is dangerous to the ends an élite must serve.

For the type of critic whose value I am seeking to establish, life at the best is a battlefield where the first obligation is the offensive. Most men hate the discomfort of thought; and there are few alternatives they will not embrace rather than be driven to its exploration. They have not the leisure inquiry demands; they think it folly to shoot an arrow at the stars; the system in which they are involved will last their time. Who is there who does not know the unending excuses for



inertia? There is the haunting fear of insecurity; there is the duty to one's family; at the margin, there is the dread of the law and its consequences. For every reason to be vigilant there are a score which move men to acquiescence.

It is an attitude an élite must reject. To permit injustice to go unchecked is to make its victories more easy of accomplishment. To abandon the battle because the enemy is strong is to assure him the opportunity to consolidate his victory. To suppress the truth that is in one because it is unpleasant, or dangerous, or inconvenient is to offer oneself as a shield for falsehood. Men have suffered more from the silence of those who knew the truth than they have suffered from the deliberate infliction of wrong upon them. That kind of timidity is a betrayal more final than any other. For its author is then the accomplice in an act or policy of which he knows the shameful consequences.

There is no field of human activity where this is not the case. No great fight has ever been won save where men and women were prepared to be militant about the ideas they held. Christianity did not conquer the empire by hiding its light under a bushel; nor did men win the right to religious toleration by a meek acceptance of the penalties of the law. If it is said that it is impractical to be uncompromising in a world where compromise is the law of life, it is surely the answer that no social order will consider the need to compromise until it is persuaded of the seriousness of the challenge. The main cause of the drift of our civilization to disaster is the easy belief that at the eleventh hour some magic way of relief will be discovered. War is always unthinkable before it occurs; so we avoid the need to deal with the permanent roots of war. Prosperity is always just round the corner; so we do

not seek to grapple with the essential causes of unemployment. Men always achieve disaster by not preparing against its approach, and they then comfort themselves after it has come by proving its inevitability. Yet there are no inevitabilities in history; there are only causes and effects we may seek to alter by dragging their incidence to the light of day.

It is against this desire to temporize with essentials that an élite must be on guard. It must know wrong as wrong and evil as evil whatever palliating good or perspective of tradition may seem to surround them. No doubt it is a dangerous adventure; for to bring men back to the foundations of a social order is inevitably to invite them to its reconstruction. Yet it is the challenge of the best that is invariably responsible for whatever measure of achievement we accomplish. The critic who does otherwise ceases to fulfill the function of an élite. He becomes a lost leader; and it is the tragedy of his betrayal that the victory of his cause is involved in his personal disaster.

This is why I emphasize independence as the supreme quality of an élite. You cannot have the right to ask ultimate questions once you have obligations to an institution. The Churches cannot be Christian for fear of their propertied supporters and their own possessions. Political parties, like ecclesiastical bodies, seek the advocate rather than the skeptic. The professions hate an innovating reformer, and a nation finds it difficult to endure the patriot who, above all in war, denounces its objectives. The fundamental pressure of life is the urgency to go with the crowd, whereas it is the business of an élite to ask where, and why, the crowd is going. Once he is the servant of any save his own insights his power to achieve his end is gone.

One can see that in innumerable instances. The vision of Voltaire was

always limited by his fear of losing his property. The yearning for a good name made Emerson pleasantly ironical where he should have been passionately indignant. The unwillingness of the German socialists in 1914 to fight for their beliefs made the surrender to Hitler a natural outcome of that earlier acquiescence. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's refusal in 1929 to stand by the socialism he professed persuaded him without difficulty to the betrayal of 1931. Without the power to stand alone, no member of an élite can do more than pay lip-service to his ideals. For once he sacrifices that power he is unable at the critical moment to retain possession of himself. The pressure of an immediate solution which invariably seeks to postpone the issue will hold him as its captive.

#### IV

There is no special subject or vocation to which this temper is limited, in which, accordingly, the member of an élite may be found. Life is so various a thing that there is hardly an aspect of it which does not offer its peculiar opportunity. The problems of international government, the treatment of the colored peoples, the relations of a city administration to its citizens, the claims of churches, the issues of economic power—these are only the most outstanding of the contemporary affairs in which there is special need of this sort of light. And in our society there is a large number of men in a position, did they so desire, to act as the guardians of this critical spirit, to draw attention to its claims, to invite men to their enforcement.

A great industrialist who decided that a policy of ostrichlike acquiescence was no longer possible would meet to-day a public mood of which it would be difficult to overestimate the significance. An eminent churchman

who sought to redefine the social purposes of Christianity from an angle which recognized the gravity of the challenge to the existing order might well refresh the foundations of a dwindling ecclesiastical authority. A famous judge who admitted the wide abyss between modern law and justice might give a seriously needed stimulus to the reform of the law. The president of one of the major universities who was prepared to say with emphasis that their greatness was not a function of their size would find an eager audience among teachers who are a little weary of long subservience to rich alumni and powerful foundations.

The opportunity is there; what is required is courage on the one hand and profundity of belief in the critical temper on the other. Courage first, since to doubt is to refashion; and there is no vested interest which does not shrink from the price of reconstruction and resist it. No one can doubt the possibility that business man or churchman, judge or university president may well by such action call down a storm upon his head. Those who dwell at ease in Zion always resent a challenge to their comfort. They impute motives, and they move with swiftness to the attack. It is useless to open fire if the critic at the first counter-move proposes to abandon his guns. The kind of courage an élite requires is the courage that is not less persistent than profound. It accepts the consequence of its insight, and pays the price for it. It assumes without discussion the obligation to be broken rather than to betray.

But hardly less than courage is the critical temper; by which I mean that intensity of conviction is always accompanied by openness of mind. The fanatic to whom no evidence of a contrary sort affects his belief is unfit for membership of such an élite as I am seeking to describe. For he is by his very fanaticism the slave of his doc-



trine, and thereby he has relinquished his claim to be regarded as independent. And it is here important to realize that there is a passive fanaticism not less than an active, which in the result is infinitely more dangerous. The active fanatic, William Lloyd Garrison, for instance, or Samuel Plimsoll, carries with him his own corrective; for the narrowness of his perspective compels the observer to supply his own horizon. A passive fanaticism is that which is so completely the prisoner of an environment that it is unaware of the presuppositions of its own creed. Its exponents may even, as with the typical English gentleman, speak in the very accents of tolerance; they are prepared on inquiry to surrender all save the things their opponents seek to investigate. Such a passive fanaticism was supremely exemplified in Hegel who spoke the language of reason the more supremely to serve the Prussian monarchy; or in Chief-Justice Marshall who used a dominating intellect to serve a property-system the implications of which he had never thought it necessary to examine. A prisoner who is unaware of his fetters can never serve the cause of freedom.

I do not mean by the critical temper that constant suspension of judgment so rooted in doubt that it is never able to express the provisional conclusions it is necessary to make in life. The élite must believe that effort is worth while and preach the obligation to be active about the principles they profess. But they must insist upon awareness of their assumptions, make clear, that is, the fact that in all intellectual processes the choice of postulates is an act of faith it may be necessary to revise in the light of experience. For, at best, the things we affirm have a limited validity; and inability to adapt our postulates to the pressure of new facts is the prelude to inevitable death. The critical temper is, therefore, pro-

foundly aware that all our hypotheses are provisional; and it is prepared accordingly not only for a constant re-examination of fundamentals, but also for a generosity to opposing views. It seeks to persuade rather than to denounce, on the vital assumption that solutions made by reasoned consent are always better, where they are possible, than solutions imposed by force. So that an élite is capable of moderation even in victory since it realizes that the differences between men are not the result of deliberate perversity but of varying environments which beget needs between which conflict may prove inevitable.

At its highest expression, as in Rousseau or Marx, there is hardly, on a long-term view, any limit to the influence this critical outlook may hope to exert. The victories of Cromwell or Napoleon may have been more spectacular than this influence; I do not think they have been more profound. But it is not necessary to assume that it is futile, save in its most eminent form, to exert this kind of influence. Anyone who has seen in some social group the kind of impact made by informed and fearless sincerity knows of the difference it is able to effect upon those who come within the ambit of its authority. The little circle at Tew who found their inspiration in the character of Lord Herbert of Cherbury; the men and women whose lives are utterly different by reason of their contact with Hull House; the bare room in Bloomsbury where Marx sought to write the epitaph of capitalist society; the tailor's shop in Charing Cross where Francis Place consolidated the foundations of the British Labor movement; the library at Wisconsin where Charles McCarthy built the most creative experiment so far recorded in the history of an American State—these are temples of the human spirit, worship in which has had consequences not less

significant than the more dramatic spectacles of a battlefield or a legislative chamber. Each man, in his measure, may contribute his item to the account if only he be prepared to endure the pain involved in the effort.

He must not, let me emphasize, expect that either is likely to be evaded. If the pioneer is not necessarily a martyr, there is still a price to be paid for pioneering. It involves a self-imposition of a discipline for which few men have the requisite endurance. It means the capacity to hope when there seems room only for despair. It means the deliberate abandonment of that type of worldly wisdom which Mr. Lippmann has commended to America as the national equivalent of the Stoic temper. It replaces indignation against persons by anger against ideas. For the easy result which appeals to the populace it substitutes the long achievement which may have no immediate hope of success. It learns how to renounce without embitterment; it seeks to persuade without superiority. It is, therefore, an attitude which does not accept any of the practical man's criteria of success. Its life is that of the spirit; like Plato's guardian, it seeks to dwell upon the heights.

But its outlook differs from Plato's in two essential ways. It does not seek for the association of its insights with power. Rather does it repudiate the career of authority and search for the right to judge rather than the opportunity to perform. For it is aware that in a world like our world authority in itself, whether of material wealth, or public office, is poisonous to those who hold it. Realizing this, its effort is rather to build as wide an army as possible of men and women who can force the holders of power constantly to relate their prerogative to principle. This, it suggests, can most effectively be done where the ordinary man is

convinced that no personal ambition is served by the critic; and the best way to convince him is by having no personal ambition.

It differs, again, from the Platonic attitude in its emphasis upon the eminent worth of human personality as such. It is, therefore, in a final sense a democratic attitude. It believes that historic experience gives us the right to believe in the power of institutions to elevate the quality of ordinary men. If it seeks to convince them of the truths it has to offer, it is that they may enter into, and so enrich, the fabric of ordinary men's lives. Again it stands apart from the normal criteria of practical men because it believes that by so doing it gives proof of disinterestedness; and it is convinced that only by offering such proof can it infuse its ideals with the power of spiritual compulsion. It does not ask for converts in the sense of building a party which may hope one day for authority. Rather, it seeks to persuade men of all parties that only as its attitude pervades the society is there hope of a reasoned settlement of the issues between men.

Such an élite as I have described could grow without organization and influence without ceremonial. It would be a priesthood without a church, a religion without a theology. By harnessing the noblest of human emotions—the love of freedom—to the service of intelligence it would direct through society a stream of tendency which would seek insistently to place first things first. It would not clamor for recognition, which incurs the odium of vanity; nor would it search for security, which perverts all loyalty to ideals. It would need no funds and no officials. Its members could go quietly about their daily lives, an unconscious brotherhood who found one another only in the mysterious alchemy of kindred devotion.



## V

They would not be without their reward. "Fellowship," said William Morris, "is life, and the lack of fellowship is death." In the mysterious communion I have here depicted there is that out of which fellowship in its most intense form may grow. For its roots lie most profoundly in that adventurous quest where men set out upon a journey to which there is no end. The satisfaction of a great purpose served, the joy of digging for principles of final significance, the effort, if only in a humble way, to shape the large contours of a richer life, these are the rewards for which they may hope. To some they will come, as, above all, to Spinoza in that final ecstasy men know when at rare moments the secret of life itself seems to be revealed as the sun lights up the heights of some distant mountain range. But for most the reward will be the glory of the effort itself, the sense of duty done, of friendships gained, of truths, however small, wrested grimly from the raw stuff of life. And these, though impalpable, are the chief part of what endures in the human search for happiness.

One final remark is necessary. It is the fundamental assumption of this argument that the ultimate problems of social organization are intellectual

problems, and that it is, therefore, the function, as it becomes the possibility, of reason to solve them. The responsibility of an élite is, therefore, a momentous one. For its members ignorance is a sin, and passionate ignorance the worst of sins; and it is its primary task first to inform itself and, in the second place, to promote as an inescapable social duty the diffusion of knowledge. But in diffusing it, it is not to be a lawgiver; that is a function of control which risks the transformation of an élite into a body of Philistines. It is to be in the battle, but above it; to sound the call, but to refuse the command of the army. It must learn this art of self-abnegation, difficult though it be; for it must have caught the inner truth of Goethe's great aphorism that action is easy, it is thought that is so difficult.

If in our own time such a body of men and women could be found their contribution to the sum of social good would be great beyond measure. They would set the objectives of human effort; they would establish the standards by which practical activity might be assessed. They would not themselves seek to lead mankind into the promised land. But at least they would possess some small assurance that its tents had been struck and that it marched with hopefulness to the highroad.



# DUTCHY SCHMIDT

A STORY

BY GEORGE DAVIS

I WAS lying on the parlor floor when Mrs. Phelps, our next-door neighbor, ran to the back stoop to tell my mother that Dutchy Schmidt had just died. I heard Mrs. Phelps' strident call, "Oh, Mrs. Travis!", my mother's quick flight from the dining room to the kitchen, then silence. I understood: my mother had gone over to Mrs. Phelps' to hear the story. She was afraid that Mrs. Phelps might spout a version of it too brutal for my ears. She must think up some gentle way to break the news to me.

But I knew. What else would have brought Mrs. Phelps running to our back door that scorcher of a July afternoon? From moment to moment Dutchy's death had been expected; the town had scarcely breathed for twenty-four hours. In spite of the heat the men had donned their good suits and were using one excuse or another to hang round Main Street; the womenfolk were on the porches, sitting up straight in their favorite rockers, fanning themselves with cardboard fans given away by Harben's Grocery. Doc Carter had told the boys it could only be a matter of minutes. With Mrs. Phelps' half exultant "Oh, Mrs. Travis!"—I knew. Dutchy was dead.

I continued to play with my marbles. I had invented a game with them. The parlor floor was a kingdom, the marbles the inhabitants of that kingdom; two giant steel ball bearings I

had crowned king and queen, and some thirty-odd glass "puries" served as a rebellious nobility. There were revolutions and civil wars; troops sent careering through the countryside in my mechanical train; paper houses bombed: everything which an imagination fed on movie serials could devise happened—again and again. I spent hours thus—much to the disgust of my brothers and to the concern of my mother, who kept insisting that a great big boy like me should be chasing around outdoors. But the game was new and enthralling; Cowboy and Indian I could play any old day.

So, straining "purey"-princes through fingers stiffened by excitement, I waited. Wickedly. I shouldn't be having a good time, knowing about Dutchy.

"George dear . . ."

My heart pounded though I kept my expression calm and indifferent. Knowing wasn't the same as *hearing* about Dutchy. And I hated it that my mother should be telling me, though she only said "Poor Dutchy is gone" with wonderful quietness, and held a tiny blue handkerchief to her eyes and cried. She was crying because it was terrible that any boy had to die. My mother loves boys more than anything else in the world. And now Dutchy Schmidt was lying dead with a hole driven through his belly by the hoof of John Wieck's mare Jenny.



By and by my mother stopped dabbing at her eyes with her handkerchief. Her hands lay still in her lap.

I was afraid of the noise the marbles would make if I put them in their box, so I left them as they were. I thought perhaps I wouldn't pick them up until after Dutchy's funeral. And there was somewhere I had to go this very moment. Somewhere I didn't think my mother would want me to go. Maybe that's another reason why I didn't pick up the marbles: if I had, my mother would have known I was going out and asked me not to. I wasn't taking any chances.

Instead of leaving by the front door, I walked through the hall, the dining room, and the kitchen, then stealthily opened the screen door and galloped down the back stoop and away.

A group of four or five men and about ten boys had beaten me to it. None of them had the nerve to trespass on John Wieck's property, so they stood in a straggly line on the sidewalk, staring sometimes at the house, sometimes at the barn. Both buildings had taken on (it seemed) a sinister look. The blinds were drawn upstairs and down in the house, and we could make out a large padlock on the sliding door of the barn. No sign of life. Even the chickens had been shut in their coop.

John Wieck was a retired farmer, seventy anyway and perhaps older. He was said to be rolling in money, and certainly was stingier than all get out. He used to rant and rave about the school taxes. His daughter Anna was over forty and had never been to school. As a matter of fact, it was hard to tell Anna from her mother; both looked as if they had been left out in the rain: pinkish eyes, yellowish hair tied in unkempt knots, brownish dresses for Sunday, mother hubbards for weekdays, and both with what my brother Wilber calls "The

milk-pail slouch." John Wieck lorded it over them, of course; off the farm and here in Ayton, they were still working their fingers to the bone. As for John, rheumatism had crippled him up pretty much; he needed two canes when he walked.

That was why he had hired poor Dutchy Schmidt to bed and feed the two horses he still kept. Anna and her mother cleaned the chicken coop, but even old John saw some difference between farm and town living; he couldn't let his womenfolk pitch manure with neighbors looking on. Besides, Dutchy had cost him only fifty cents a week—more than John cared to part with; still, anybody else would have wanted at least a dollar for the job.

None of us on the sidewalk had ever paid any particular attention to that gray barn before. How we gaped now! It just didn't seem possible that Dutchy Schmidt was soon going to lie rotting in his grave because yesterday afternoon he had given John Wieck's mare Jenny a little jab with the handle of his pitchfork—

Or so old John claimed. Not a little jab, either, he had told Doc Carter, but a real hard one. He had made Doc go out to the barn with him and had shown him a mark on Jenny's flank, swearing that it was the mark of Dutchy's pitchfork. Doc had promptly called John a liar. "Pitchfork handles don't make marks like that, John Wieck," Doc had added, "and if you have a spark of decency in that old hide of yours, you'll do what every man, woman and child in this town expects you to do—take that damned mare out and shoot her." John had muttered that he'd see the town in hell first. "Oh, you will, will you, you old penny-hoarding bastard," Doc had shouted. "By Christ, we'll see about that! As soon as Dutchy kicks off—" And with that he strode

out, the way Doc Carter could stride when he was sore about something.

Mel Jackson was the one telling us all this, Mel, the laziest man in Ayton, who got up every morning at five so he could have a longer day in which to loaf. Well, the chances were that Doc Carter had sailed into old John in some such fashion—knowing John and knowing the Doc. “As soon as Dutchy kicks off—!”

Mel Jackson shook his fist at the Wieck house. “Dirty German murderer,” he said, with almost the effect of loudness. “If you don’t shoot that damned mare of yours, we’ll shoot it for you.” Somebody suggested that we wait until dark, then set fire to the barn. Teach those dirty Germans a lesson. (The War was still a few months off, but anti-German feeling was already running high.) In the house there, hiding behind his women’s skirts. Yah!

This was fun for a while, but too transparently smoke without fire to keep up forever. We kids were longing for rough stuff, but knew better than to count on Mel and his pals for it. “Pool-room riff-raff”—my mother’s never failing description of them—without even the gumption to play pool. If this was the best they could do—! And indeed it was, minus the say-so of Ayton’s more substantial citizens. A retreat toward Main Street was in order. We were very we-go-but-we-return about it: fierce backward looks, piping promises of future vengeance. Mel and his pals stalked; we kids swelled with pride. Wasn’t one of us responsible for all this grim agitation? Why, Dutchy had sat in the seat next to mine at school!

We turned into Main Street. Our little mob split up, Mel flopping into a chair under the Aytonian Hotel awning, Stu and Fred Brown joining the boys at Turner’s Garage, and we kids tagging back and forth. The 5:10 had

just come in with the Detroit papers announcing a great Allied victory. We wished we could rub old John’s nose in an account of it, the dirty Hun. (We had forgotten about Dutchy being German too.) Everybody was wishing Doc Carter would show up, but he didn’t. The talk began to languish a bit. It was getting near suppertime, and the impression appeared to be becoming general that a recess wouldn’t be a bad idea. Nevertheless, I lingered on among the more avid sensation-seekers, loath to miss the least flicker of drama. And I was richly rewarded: even as I reluctantly made up my mind that I must drag myself home or else miss supper, Mel Jackson came out of the silence with a thunderbolt:

“Yes . . . and when Doc was leaving, after giving John the old Harry, John yelled after him that all this trouble came from his hiring the son of a dirty low-down whore. That’s what he called Belle Schmidt.”

I don’t know whether John Wieck did call Belle Schmidt that, or whether Mel Jackson made it up to shock and delight the rapidly melting band in front of the Aytonian. If Mel made it up, it was proof that he possessed talent for something besides loafing. Belle Schmidt’s shame had been named, had taken its rightful place in our consideration of the tragedy.

Belle Schmidt fascinated even as she repelled me. Isn’t that the traditional thing for Bad Women to do? Because Belle Schmidt was Ayton’s Bad Woman. Our one authentic Jezebel. Our one Menace to the Home.

Belle wasn’t pretty. A sawed-off. Dark and dumpy comes near to describing her. A mustache, swollen ankles. She painted—I wonder, does she still?—her face an angry red, as if defiance were the thing, not coquetry. Her way with men was anything but flirtatious; she was more apt to snarl at them than smile. But she got them—that is



to say, she got Charley Benham, Buck Schliemeyer and Amos Harvey!—and, in addition, an occasional drummer and tramp mill-worker. If any other men slipped into her lair under cover of darkness they were damned cunning about it.

Belle's father had been a nice old man with a white beard—too short to look like God, but acceptable as, oh, a very minor prophet, though obviously he wasn't much in the prophesying line: used to love to gab about what a good girl Belle was. After she'd up and gone he learned what a fool he had made of himself and turned sour. Only called once a month at the post office, just to show folks how he felt about hearing from Belle. At that, she never dropped him a line. After five years she came back—she'd been living in Toledo, the town was given to understand; and she brought with her a monkey and a baby. Also, she said her name was no longer Belle Froelich; it was Mrs. Belle Schmidt. Old man Froelich wouldn't open his mouth to her, but found it in his heart to give her and her traveling circus house-room. The monkey was installed in the empty chicken run, and the baby—well, there was no killing Dutchy! I mean, that's what Ayton used to say. . . .

Well, the monkey died, and shortly afterward old man Froelich died. Belle and Dutchy were left alone in the world. Dutchy's father never showed up. People had their suspicions about the Mrs. part of Belle's name. Let them! was Belle's attitude; she didn't give a damn. And if she felt like whipping Dutchy until his bellowing had the neighbors holding their ears, that was her business too. Didn't he flourish on it? At twelve he looked sixteen—moonfaced, rosy, a good six inches taller than Belle. Not too tall for her to whack, though. Leather-thonged whip she had. Dutchy got a

taste of it when he didn't mind his P's and Q's—yes, and sometimes when he did. Belle was a devil.

Decent townsfolk, especially the women, thought Belle should be locked up until she learned how to behave. Some went as far as to say that a taste of the lash wouldn't hurt her. The sheriff did give her a real talking-to a couple of times. But Belle was Belle, and what was to be done about it? She was a Bad Woman, and as such she must at last face her Maker. Even I, a brat of twelve, appreciated that.

It seemed safe to enjoy wholeheartedly the fireworks of Dutchy's passing. Dutchy would want me to. Where, on the other hand, did I—and the other kids—get off in this present crisis? Dutchy's battered corpse had yet to be disposed of: that meant a regular funeral; it must even if his mother was Belle Schmidt. And a funeral meant a minister, and it also meant mourners; mourners meant "friends of the dead person"; "friends of the dead person" meant me. Me and the sixth grade anyway.

Were our parents going to let us see the inside of Belle Schmidt's house even for such a solemn occasion as Dutchy's funeral? No getting round it, Belle was every bit what Mel Jackson said John Wieck said she was. Were, then, our parents going to let their children enter the House of Sin? That was what little George was all a-dither to find out!

The Travis family were sitting down to supper as I hustled in. All except my oldest brother, Harold, who was visiting in Chicago. I slid into my chair next to my father. His gaze was vague and troubled. He waited until we were settled, then lowered his head and began: "Dear Father, we thank Thee—"

This was unusual: my father's cus-

tom was to say grace only for our Sunday dinner or when we had company. I listened uneasily now to the familiar words, heard my father's voice tremble with some deep emotion, chanced a veiled glance upward, to see tears glistening in my mother's eyes. What was the matter? Then in a flash I understood: this prayer of thanks was being offered humbly to God because Harold, Norman, Wilber, Frank, and George Travis *were*, just as Dutchy Schmidt *was* no longer.

A complete absence of play-acting, of it-takes-a-heap-o'-livin' hogwash. Simply, there we were, the Travis gang, as unlike one to the other as brothers can well be, but somehow held together, as we still are, by a common tie: the loving-kindness of our father and mother. I felt the shivers run up and down my back. Straightening with the amen of the grace, I saw that the faces of my brothers were set and stern.

The moment passed. My father served us our steak and mashed potatoes, and we dived in. Nothing wrong with our appetites ever. Only my mother picked spiritlessly at her food. And yet something was in the air; something which tightened the customary silence. The bread pudding had been reached before Norman came out with what he must have had in his mind all along:

"I heard at the post office that Mel Jackson and Stu and Fred Brown were up in front of John Wieck's this afternoon with a lot of half-witted kids, making a hell of a racket and saying they were going to burn John's stable down because of Dutchy. Had Anna and her mother scared out of their pants. If John had any guts he'd have shot them full of rock salt."

I got whom the dig was intended for. To this day Norman never comes right out with anything, but just the same—

"John acted exactly right," said my

father. "What have those hoodlums to do with the affair anyway? It would only have made matters worse to pay any attention to them. I've been talking with John—he called me in—and he wants to pay Dutchy's funeral expenses and give Belle a thousand dollars besides. I don't see what more he can do. A thousand dollars can't bring Dutchy back to life, but it's a lot of money for Belle. And how did she treat Dutchy when she had him? I'm not sure that he isn't better off dead than alive."

"Don't say that, Rob," said my mother.

I excused myself from the table before my mother brought in the tea from the kitchen, and sat in the morris chair by the window. It would soon be getting dark. Well, I could walk as far as Main Street anyway . . . see if any of the kids were hanging around the Aytonian piazza . . . maybe, if somebody would go along with me, find out if Belle Schmidt had put black crape on the door for Dutchy. . . .

No I couldn't. Not after Norman blabbing that about "a lot of half-witted kids . . . scaring the pants off Anna and her mother." I had to stay where I was. Couldn't even cross the street for a little while to help Jack Boyle finish building his Meccano der-rick. I was an outcast—and all because my father was Doctor Travis and not Doc Carter.

The one time in my life I had a friend die from being kicked in the belly by a horse the friend had to be a patient of Doc Carter's and the horse had to belong to a patient of my father's. That's the way it always was. Yes, and always would be. As long as I lived the Traveses would always be on the wrong side—the sissy side. Why did my father always have to have patients like the Wiecks? Because he liked them, that was why, just as he didn't like Belle Schmidt and Dutchy.



He didn't care a lift of his finger whether he ruined my life or not. All my friends would be going to Dutchy's funeral, seeing him lying in his coffin, seeing the inside of Belle Schmidt's house. I'd be the only one left out. And why? Because my father was Doctor Travis. Because I was George Travis.

If only I could change names with any other boy in Ayton! It wasn't my fault I was George Travis. I knew, I knew whose fault it was: those people behind me. They hated me. They were plotting this very minute to keep me from going to Dutchy's funeral. Well, I could hate back! I wasn't afraid to say it: *I hate my father and my mother and the whole Travis family, I hate my father and my mother—*

"But George must go, Norman. And I must take him. You don't have to tell me Belle Schmidt was a bad mother to Dutchy. Good or bad, she was his mother, and for all we know, may be crying her eyes out, wishing she had it to do over again. No, I must go and George must go. Please."

My mother had spoken. Her "Please" was enough. The family pushed back from the table. Frank helped my mother clear the dishes and wash them, my father and Wilber and Norman settled down to reading the War news. Dutchy was mentioned no more that evening.

I went out to the side porch and curled up in the swing. Usually I pushed it from time to time, less for the movement than for the creaking of the chains, but to-night I held it still. I was feeling humbled, horribly ashamed. Yes, in danger of eternal damnation. Oh, why was it, when one moment I loved my parents and my brothers the way the prayer told me I should, the very next I was hating them with all the breath in my body? Was it the Satan in me—the demon who had marked me from the first as evil and his own?

The afternoon of Dutchy's funeral was the worst scorcher of the year. The leaves on our maples drooped, the rambler roses against the woodshed dully released their warm pink petals. There was no escaping the sun.

The services were to be at four, but the members of the Boys' Class of the Congregational Sunday School were supposed to be at the Schmidt house no later than three-thirty. Dutchy had enrolled only two weeks before, so that he might go along on the Congregational picnic at Pearl Lake, an event which always took place the first week in August. Dutchy had been doing that every summer, then dropping out a couple of weeks after the picnic, showing up again at Christmas. On his own hook, of course; nobody had ever run after him. But neither had anybody tried to keep him out—not that anybody had been fool enough to believe for one moment that Dutchy had suddenly got religion, but that he had been better off in Sunday School than lots of places he might have gone (home, for instance!). Oh, a couple of old hens did set up a squawk every time he had re-appeared, complaining that repentance for the error of his ways hadn't returned him to our midst, and that because of—well, they were too self-respecting to say it—his presence in the Sunday School was a menace to the morals of our young people. But every year they had been talked down—though it took some doing!—by Reverend Trask and the more liberal church members. They argued that Belle Schmidt being a Bad Woman didn't necessarily make Dutchy a Bad Boy. Only an Unfortunate Boy. . . .

My father wouldn't let my mother wear black, so she had no black dress for the funeral. It didn't matter, really; her dark blue one would do just as well. Very few people bothered about black now, even when the death

was in their own family. And it wasn't the way one dressed that counted; it was the way one felt inside.

It wasn't hard to see that my mother felt awfully sad inside. She went upstairs right after dinner, and didn't come down until three. I was ready—Sunday suit, and shoes freshly polished—by one, anxious to be present at the pow-wow of the Travis men in the woodshed.

"Ready, son?" said my father.

He was sitting on the sawhorse and humming contentedly to himself. The expression on his face was grave, as usual: but the humming gave him away. Dear dad; it wasn't in him to feel downcast on a day when a patient of Doc Carter's was to be buried. He wasn't spiteful: simply, his opinion of Doc's gifts as a doctor was anything but high, so on days like this he hummed.

I nodded yes to the question and took my place on a pile of newspapers. My brothers gave me a brief ironical stare, which I accepted as their privilege under the circumstances. Wasn't I a Travis and attending the funeral of one of Doc Carter's patients? Wasn't I their youngest brother and about to walk in the front door of Belle Schmidt's? Yes, they had the right to look at me like that.

"All dressed up and rarin' to go," said Norman.

They laughed. I managed a sickly smile, to hide the sharp spasm of rage which leaped within me. Norman was the worst, but the others were always ready to laugh at his jibes. I had it on them this time though. I was going to Dutchy's funeral and they weren't. So there, the old fools.

After a moment, they went on with their talk. Frank had heard that Mrs. Thomas, the teacher of my Sunday School class, was sick in bed and wouldn't be able to go to the funeral. Funny, my father was the Thomases' doctor, and they hadn't called him in.

Funny, in a pig's eye!—the day Mrs. Alec Thomas walked into Belle Schmidt's house of her own free will the sky would rain little fishes. Only she didn't have the nerve to tell Rev. Trask where to get off. Not like old Aggie Hepburn, who was threatening to move over to the Methodist Church. No doubt about it, the Rev. was taking a terrific chance on the die-hards kicking up a stink about the whole business. Bunny Flanner's mother had announced in the post office yesterday that Bunny would *not* be among those present at Dutchy's funeral; she had always forbidden him to play with Dutchy when he was alive, and she saw no reason to act like a hypocrite now that he was dead. Good riddance of bad rubbish! said Mrs. James C. Flanner.

"If it were anybody but that she-rat and her rat-son—"said Wilber. "Why, Dutchy was a prize beside that nitwit. And give me Belle any day!"

"How about to-morrow?" said Norman. "Or I guess that's Buck Schlie-meyer's night."

"Nope, she's taking a week's vacation," said Wilber. "She's been needing it for a long time, and Dutchy's just given her a good excuse."

"Boys, boys," said my father, out of his humming.

He meant a little that they shouldn't be talking that way, but more that they shouldn't be talking that way in front of me. They grinned. I pretended to be deaf, dumb, and blind. They weren't going to get my goat this time. Let them make fun of Belle and joke about Bunny's old fool mother not letting him go to the funeral: I was going, and they were jealous. Now they were kidding about the coffin Belle had picked out for Dutchy—how fancy it was, with white satin inside. "Boy, I'll bet Dutchy looks sweet!" said Wilber, and they grinned again.

Before my mother came downstairs



they were pretty well agreed that the trouble at the church would probably blow over. Aggie Hepburn had to chew the rag about something, and everybody knew it. Rev. Trask was a fine fellow, popular all the way around, and, whatever people said now, afterward they would be glad that Dutchy had been done right by. As for Belle—no need to worry about her taking advantage of any chance to get chummy with our respectable Ayton ladies. They could fire ahead just as though Belle weren't there. Mrs. Trask would set the example for them, of course—and a funeral's a funeral. Well, to-night Dutchy would be lying in the cold, cold ground, and Ayton would be going its way and Belle hers. Back to her true-blue boy friends. Nothing would be changed in Ayton, absolutely nothing. That decided, the Travis men filed out of the woodshed and into the kitchen. My mother was waiting.

Nothing changed in Ayton? A fat lot they knew about it! . . . Walking with my mother to Belle Schmidt's house—and we walked slowly, on the shady side of the street, because it was blindingly hot, and my mother wasn't strong, and anyway it isn't nice to hurry to a funeral—I was awed by my knowledge of how much would be changed in Ayton by Dutchy's death. What exactly? I wasn't sure, but lots. Even if Dutchy had just died like anybody else, that would have been something, but to have been killed—! People can't be killed without its making a whale of a difference to everybody concerned. That was why the War was important: people weren't dying; they were being killed. Like Dutchy. And my brothers couldn't say that nothing was changed, because *I* was changed. I didn't know how, but I was.

Then, as my mother and I turned the corner which brought the Schmidt

house into full view, as we blinked at familiar figures unfamiliar on its porch, most of all as we tried not to see Ed Chester's black hearse out there in the road, I knew what was going to be changed the most in Ayton by Dutchy's death—Dutchy himself. After to-day, we weren't ever going to see Dutchy again. Dutchy wasn't ever going to see us again. I was sick and scared, but it couldn't help any. *Dutchy was no more.*

I dared look up after Reverend Trask began to speak. It was his voice, I think, half way between his church and his Boy Scouts' meeting voice, not too high and mighty sounding, which gave me courage.

There were only five of us from the Boys' Class of the Sunday School. Bunny Flanner hadn't come naturally, and Gene and John Kornman were missing, though they had a good excuse, living four miles out in the country. Mrs. Thomas was, as rumored, being sick at home. I was sitting between Everett Stocking and Allen Jesup, and on the other side of Allen were Merle Lynd, Bugs Sawyer, and Phil MacLean. We had been told that we were the honorary pallbearers, and were herded into the seats nearest Dutchy's coffin. Behind us sat our parents. In the entrance to the parlor, bald head bowed, stood Ed Chester, Ayton's one furniture dealer and undertaker; occasionally he would look out the front door to see if Jake Dill, his assistant, was on guard beside the hearse. Belle's neighbors had turned out nobly, filling up the sides and back of the parlor and overflowing into the dining room. Mrs. Trask—I couldn't see her, because she was presiding over the Congregational group, where my mother was; but she would still be wearing the expression which she had fastened to her face before leaving the parsonage. I had recognized it, guiltily, when she came in as the one

of her three expressions my brothers had named "Christian Charity." Mrs. Trask worked hard at being a real helpmeet to Reverend Trask.

"To these young boys sitting before me, it is a source of grief to have lost a dear comrade. To Franklin Schmidt's loving mother—"

On flowed the consoling words of Rev. Trask. With my own ears I had heard him say "To Franklin Schmidt's loving mother—" Had anybody else heard? Because that must mean Belle. Franklin Schmidt was Dutchy all right, crazy as it sounded. "To Franklin Schmidt's loving mother—" and no shattering sign of protest, neither from the earth below nor the Lord on High. It could not be—and yet it was, with all of us in the parlor part of the plot to say that it was.

It seemed thousands of years ago that I had heard Mel Jackson repeat what old John Wieck had called Belle. *A dirty lowdown*—no, no, I mustn't even let the word into my head now! It would put a curse on me. I must thing Lov'ing Mo'ther . . . lov'ing mo'ther . . . lov'ing mo'ther . . . all the while with the picture of what Belle Schmidt must be looking like driving spang between each syllable. Squat, hairy, painted, just as she always was, not a tear in her eyes, those hard staring eyes; Doc Carter in the seat next to her—"to keep her from hollering if the spirit moves her," I had heard him confide to Ed Chester before the service; and on the other side, of all people, her boy friend Amos Harvey, who had slunk in without speaking to anybody, even Belle. I had caught indignant looks passing between some of the ladies at the sight of Amos. Still, Amos had his own money and could do what he pleased; it wasn't the same with Charley Benham and Buck Schliemeyer. So here he was at Dutchy's funeral, glum, squinty, and stubborn. Maybe he was

going to catch it from Doc Carter later, but until then—

"If Franklin will never know the joys and privileges of man's estate, neither will he know its sorrows and penalties. He has left our midst before tasting the disappointments and disillusionments maturity oft brings—"

Dutchy up there in his coffin. Flowers heaped round him—white and red roses, mostly, and pinks, carnations, gladioli, peonies—the crushing funeral smell. I had and hadn't wanted to look at Dutchy, but Ed Chester had pushed us forward, the honorary pallbearers, so there had been nothing for me to do but look. Mrs. Jessup was saying to my mother how peaceful Dutchy looked. I couldn't look at his face; it was like the faces of the wax dummies at the County Fair. The Death of General Custer. His hands, though, were the same as Dutchy's hands had always been, big and rough. Dutchy hadn't been afraid of work. Only, Belle had put a gold signet ring on the middle finger of his right hand, and his thick silver watch in the palm of his left hand, with the silver chain and fob spread out on his blue serge suit. That watch had been Dutchy's chief treasure; it had belonged to his grandfather Froelich and had been brought from the Old Country, Dutchy used to boast. And now it was going into the grave with Dutchy.

I couldn't see anything wrong with the coffin Belle had picked out, but then I hadn't seen many coffins, except piled in Ed Chester's storeroom. This one looked as though it had cost a lot of money. Well, John Wieck was going to pay for it, and he was going to give Belle a thousand dollars besides. Not to mention his promise to sell his mare Jenny to the first tribe of gypsies which passed through Ayton (the Fate Worse than Death for horses in those days). Then Belle putting the ring and the watch in with Dutchy as well.



Yes, the parents of us other kids talked about how they loved us, but I bet none of us would cost as much to bury as Dutchy had. My watch was only a dollar Ingersoll. I was wondering how much it would cost my father if some day I should be lying in a coffin like that—

"Let us pray."

We bowed our heads all over again. Rev. Trask prayed. A little breeze poked through the screen windows, through the heavy smell of the flowers, and the sweat on our faces felt clammy but alive. Dutchy wouldn't be sweating up there. Rev. Trask said "Amen," and there was a rustle and a craning of necks. Mrs. Jessup and Mrs. Farmer rose to their feet, blushing, and murmuring "I'm sorry" right and left, got to the piano. Mrs. Farmer sat down on the brown plush stool. Mrs. Jessup twitched for a moment, then began to sing, Mrs. Farmer accompanying her.

*"Safely, safely gathered in,  
Far from sorrow, far from sin—"*

My, had Mrs. Jessup picked out that hymn with its "far from sin" line as a kind of dig at Belle? Or was it my own dirty mind which made me think such a thing? I looked from the corner of my eyes at Allen Jessup beside me and noticed that he was smirking with pride at having his mother showing off up there. I couldn't hide from myself the envy I felt. He'd be boasting about it all over town how his mother had sung at Dutchy's funeral, the dummy.

*"God has saved from weary strife,  
In its dawn, this fresh young life.  
Now it waits for us above—"*

I didn't care. Dutchy had been a closer friend to me than he'd been to Allen, and I could prove it. Why, last winter Dutchy and I had taken our sleds together to the grist-mill to get

corncobs to sell as fuel; I had held the gunny-sacks open, and he had dragged them out full of cobs to the sleds. Yes, and I was the only kid in Ayton he'd told about his mother hitting Buck Schliemeyer with a poker one night. And lots more, too. Only, I knew how to keep my mouth shut, which was more than Allen Jessup did.

*"Yes, I shall see Him face to face,  
And be with those I love once more—"*

Mrs. Jessup's warhorse, that hymn; she made her voice even shakier than it was naturally when she sang it. People weren't listening to her now though. They were sneaking last looks round the parlor, because of course they would never put their feet into it again. I was wondering if I was the only person there disappointed in it. I hadn't had very definite ideas about what a Bad Woman's house would be like, but Belle's house here didn't begin to fulfil them. Though maybe she had taken down some pictures for the funeral. Dutchy himself had once told me that his mother had a picture of a naked woman reading a book. But this afternoon Belle's parlor didn't seem different from anybody's parlor—except of course for Dutchy's coffin and the flowers and us as mourners. On the wall near the front door was the match-holder Dutchy had made in manual training while I was making my tie-rack—a big cat in sandpaper and a little cat in plain black paper, and DON'T SCRATCH ME SCRATCH MOTHER burnt in the wood base. Two ragged and dusty peacock feathers were crossed above a calendar from Galway's Lumber Yard. We didn't have peacock feathers in our parlor—but it takes more than a couple of old peacock feathers to turn an ordinary house into a House of Sin. At least I couldn't help thinking so.

Rev. Trask was saying the words which meant that in a minute we would

be finished here in Belle's parlor. Forever. I had a gone feeling in my stomach, but only partly because of the dead Dutchy up there. Dear Holy Ghost, forgive me my wickedness, but . . . I had so wanted Dutchy's funeral to be worthy of the son of Ayton's one Bad Woman.

The services were over. People were getting to their feet, and Ed Chester had left the doorway and was asking the pallbearers to come forward. Not us of the Boys' Class: we were honorary pallbearers and didn't count. I almost wished my father hadn't let me and my mother come. If we had just given out that the Travises had to side with John Wieck—but what was the use? People seemed to be glad nothing had happened. I heard Mrs. Jessup whisper loudly to my mother what a blessing Doc Carter had had the good sense to have Belle's hounds taken away for the day, so that there had been none of their outlandish howling. Why, it would have been perfectly safe for Anna Wieck and her mother to have been here—it was no fault of their own they hadn't come, but they had been afraid Belle might—

"Dutchy! Dutchy, my baby, they can't take you from me!"

Suddenly Belle was screaming. People were staring at her and still she was screaming. Doc Carter grabbed her arm, but she twisted away from him and plunged toward Dutchy's coffin.

The men surrounding it let her through with funny frozen twists to their bodies. Then Belle was leaning over Dutchy.

"They can't take you, Dutchy, do you hear? That's what they're here for, but they can't. I've been a bad mother, but if you'll come back to me, Dutchy, please come back—"

"Please, Mrs. Schmidt—" from Rev. Trask.

"Belle!" shouted Doc Carter. "Snap out of it!"

He had caught up to her, was trying to lead her away. Amos Harvey hadn't budged, but Doc was red with anger. He thought Belle was a son of a bitch to ruin the funeral like this. Rev. Trask's hands were in the air. Ed Chester was holding the lid of the coffin.

There was a wild rush of silence. Belle reached into the coffin and pulled out Dutchy's silver watch, the chain and fob dangling between her pudgy fingers. We were smiling with horror. It's an awful thing to—

"Take him. Take my Dutchy." She wasn't saying it to us, she was saying it to the watch. "I don't care. I don't. *I don't care.*"

She wound the watch and put it back in Dutchy's hand. She let Doc Carter lead her to the back of the parlor. Ed Chester and the men put the lid on the coffin. Dutchy and his ticking watch were carried to the hearse.





# ROCKEFELLER, RIVERA, AND ART

BY WALTER PACH

**A**N OLD FIGHT is on again; this time it has broken out in Radio City, New York. To read the newspapers one might think it was between Rockefeller and Lenin, but it goes much deeper than that. It is between art and the counterfeit of art. The conflict between the two affects the lives of all of us more than do the economic or political systems attached to the names of the great capitalist and the great Communist.

The present discussion turns upon a fresco by Diego Rivera in Rockefeller Center. When the Mexican painter began to accept commissions from rich Americans protests went up from the Communists, which confirms me in doubts as to their intelligence. The artist had already expressed in his distinguished paintings, as no other in recent times has done, the life and aspirations of the workers, manual and intellectual; but on a suspicion that he had "sold out" to capitalistic patrons the Communists repudiated him. Now that they are confronted by a thing so blatantly within their philosophy as a picture of Lenin on the walls of a capitalist's building, they begin to see Rivera as more useful to their cause—less purely "aesthetic" than they thought. What neither the critics of the fresco nor its Communistic defenders realize is that the significance of this vast work does not hinge on a particular detail. It resides in the artist's whole attitude toward life, life's purposes, and the means of fulfilling them.

And from this standpoint it may well turn out that Rockefeller and Lenin stand much closer together than people think. Both believe in eliminating waste through the concentration of effort. Both look toward a future in which mankind will benefit by unity of purpose instead of suffering the discord and confusion inevitable in the long past when races, countries, and even neighboring cities stood apart in mutual hostility, and spent incalculable time and strength on activities that were futile if not actually destructive. Rockefeller and Lenin are culminations, perhaps even definitive ones, of man's collective purpose to base his life on more reasonable conditions. Which system is to be in control of these conditions? I am sure I do not know. With diversity of opinion on every hand, I think it extremely probable that we have still got to go through a lot of experimenting, that we must arrive at modifications of both schemes before even the wisest of us can discern the controls for the unimaginable machine of the future world.

But while professing ignorance about the system to evolve for the America of the future and for the rest of the world, I do not see how the fiercest opponent of Lenin can deny that his ideas have their place in a great mural painting when the artist undertakes to depict "Man, at the Crossroads, Looks toward his Future."

Rivera, the Mexican who has done so much in renewing the ancient art of fresco, was charged with this impressive work. He made of it a splendid and dynamic exposition of the forces, scientific, mechanistic, and social, at work in American life to-day. It could not to his mind fail to include a statement about Communism. The need grew more specific as his picture developed, and instead of the abstract figure of a leader which he had sketched at an earlier stage of his planning he introduced a portrait of Lenin. It is unmistakable and important, but remains a small detail in the vast scheme, by no means a dominant one. Mr. Nelson A. Rockefeller wrote, asking the substitution of some other feature, one which should not offend the feelings of the people (they would unquestionably be a great number) who would resent the portrait of the Russian in the great building. It is on American soil, not that of Mexico or of Russia, and everyone will agree that it is *our* ideas that should be told of there. But at once the question arises—who knows those ideas in their fullness and their depth? One chief value of art in all countries has been its making clear—first to the people immediately concerned and then to distant ones—the thoughts of the given time and place.

Quite often it is the distant audience that first realizes how the artist has told the truth. And then the frescoes of Giotto are rescued from the whitewash with which they had been covered; the pictures of Rembrandt, Ruysdael, and Vermeer, most of which are in collections outside of Holland, recall the glorious period of that country. To-day we see Japanese collectors in London, Paris, and New York paying high prices for Japanese prints to take them back in triumph—prints which as mere sheets of paper had served as padding for cases of merchandise from the Orient. And one remembers how

much the French translations of Edgar Allan Poe by Baudelaire and Mallarmé had to do with our recognition of the poet's importance, how much the word of English critics counted in our acceptance of Walt Whitman.

Sometimes in their desire to produce art, artists try to say again the things which the past has said. If they are men of strong will and ideas they use the old forms in a way that makes of them a new creation, a new magic, as during the Renaissance. In other cases—as instanced by much of the art of our own period—the attempt to use the old forms results in the dull thing called the academic. It can be taught in schools and so is easily understood—save for the one essential point that the magic has departed. Even this becomes apparent as soon as these modern attempts have lost their first novelty; but as the word magic has gone out of use, people say that such work is oldfashioned, or highbrow, or anything else that relieves them of having to understand it.

Have you ever heard St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City referred to as a masterpiece of Gothic architecture, or even as a worthy piece of architecture? A standard only a little more severe than the average would deny that it is architecture at all. It is a vain effort to repeat the art of an age that worked with different materials and different ideas. The great Gothic period had ended before America was discovered: this building is as much of our time as the star-spangled banner carved in stone over its door. The credit or discredit for it belongs to those Americans who thought that they could continue the Gothic miracle by copying its forms; and so we might call their style the Pseudo-Gothic.

But we have made progress in artistic understanding, as one observes by looking across the street from St. Patrick's. Rockefeller Center might have



tried to imitate the buildings of some bygone time—and achieved such ineptitudes as those at New Haven described by William Harlan Hale as “Yale’s Cathedral Orgy.” The final touch of the architect in these was a telephone booth resembling a confessional. But, at the risk of forfeiting all the beauty of the past, the builders of Radio City started out to create some magic of their own.

An area that will house the activities of more than twenty thousand people, and that will be visited by twice that number daily, is being developed by a corps of men obedient to the drive of their epoch toward expansion and order. The isolated skyscrapers we formerly built express the first of these impulses, but only an intelligent coordination of forces could give rise to this composition of buildings and start a movement for order in the chaos of the modern city.

As one of the architects tells me, no one can foresee what result the future will witness in the great effort, for one model of the group is supplanted by another, as unpredictable conditions bring about changes in the vast ensemble. It cannot be judged to-day, for in the most literal sense of the words it does not yet exist. Great spaces are still empty, and recent weeks have seen opinions change in an amazing way through the mere removal of a fence—the wooden barrier which prevented one’s seeing the immense central shaft in its relation to the two low buildings on Fifth Avenue. At once there appeared a logic of proportion which was absent when the great obelisk was seen alone, causing one observer to turn its name into “Radiosity—to rhyme with monstrosity and atrocity.” As more edifices arise, the whole aspect of the place will continue to change, according to the architectural and philosophic control over the elements of the work.

Each of the many men who guide it will admit that he has progressively modified his plans in response to the needs of the complex scheme. It must take account of such forces as science, engineering, labor, commerce, finance, and public opinion as it expresses itself on the output of the radio and of television which will broadcast to distant places the sounds and sights of the theaters in the enterprise. Again, a war might cause changes, for Rockefeller Center being a kind of free port for the country, where bonded goods may be sent from abroad, some of the buildings are those of foreign governments, and the fall of one of them might carry with it results in our relationship with new rulers. And so an important element in the scheme is that great unknown we call the future.

But that is the thing America is always trying to peer into. Small wonder if we make mistakes—and if we are so undismayed in admitting them. We are not to be judged by partial results, but only when the whole of our achievement is viewed in perspective. At present no one can see more than details or fractions of details. It took time to build the great cities of the past, it took centuries for the Gothic cathedral to evolve; we Americans have a right to more time in working out our new forms.

Rights are earned by people, not just dropped down on them out of nowhere. We base the right of American art on its unbroken tradition of success covering thousands of years. The coming of the white man marked a great chapter in that history, but it is only a chapter. Long ago the soil of this continent brought forth architecture, sculpture, and painting that must be rated with the most important art produced in the Old World. And that art of the Mayas and the Aztecs stretches in space across the whole of

America, with magnificent examples of it in the United States. It continues in time, also, as our present-day Indians of the Southwest go on with painting, ceramics, weaving, no whit inferior to those of their ancestors.

But the main line of continuance between pre-Columbian America and that of our time is found in Mexico. It was Aztec workmen who built the splendid colonial churches in the land to the south of us, and their art is clearly seen also in the decorations. While Spain was naturally the country to which the earlier Mexicans turned for instruction as a rule, certain frescoes indicate beyond dispute that the walls of Italy were also consulted; and the fact may be partially explained by the use of a similar process of painting in the buildings of the time before Cortez. In a thousand ways the present art of the Mexican republic carries on the ancient traditions, and notable instances are the great murals executed by Rivera, Orozco, and others in public buildings of the capital, at Cuernavaca, Orizaba, and elsewhere.

These murals have been admired by thousands of visitors from our side of the Rio Grande, and now that our architecture has reached a point where we can think of other problems than those of pure construction, it was natural that we should address ourselves to a Mexican for a fresco. He is a master of the medium, and he is American in the broader sense of the word that denotes all the people and lands west of the Atlantic. Such was the genesis of the decorations painted by Rivera in San Francisco, the admirable ones he did in Detroit, and the fresco at Rockefeller Center.

Work on this last is halted, at present writing. No one knows what its fate will be. The request from the authorities of the building for the suppression of the Lenin head was met by a refusal on the part of the artist; he was handed

a check for the sum agreed on for the whole work and dismissed. A committee of American artists, writers, and scientists (the last named as representatives of a field which has benefited from the funds created for research by the Rockefellers) has protested against the action at Radio City, and discussions are engaged in as to what can be done.

The committee is in the position of sympathizing with both sides. Appreciating the public-spirited work of the Rockefellers at the Metropolitan Museum, the Modern Museum, and many other places, they realize the difficulties of the present undertaking and are eager for its success. But they also sympathize with the artist, whose rights they believe to have been transgressed. No man of interest in any field works solely for his hire, and in art especially the chief reward is always the satisfaction of work well done. This is denied to Rivera by the interruption of his painting, and if it be argued that he forfeited his right to complete the fresco by introducing into it features not clearly agreed on by his employers, then a judgment of that claim must be sought. No conception of such vast scope as Rivera's can be anticipated in its every detail; it grows as it develops—more even than does the group of buildings called Radio City. Had the contract been for a given number of square yards of housepainting, it would have fallen into one category of transactions—with a corresponding rate of payment. But a work of art was asked for, at a price based on creative ability and not merely physical effort, and that demands another point of view.

Rivera's fresco has to be considered as a whole, as a book has to be judged as a whole. To take certain passages out of the Bible, Shakespeare, or other classics is to convict them of obscenity. To publish a single detail of the pres-



ent work, the portrait of Lenin, was to give the idea that the painter is no more than a propagandist for Communism. Accordingly the first result of the newspaper notoriety, as stated by the General Motors Corporation, was the cancelling of its order for a decoration at the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago.

But Rivera's work has an interest far transcending its possible role as propaganda (the Communists, by the way, object to his advertising of capitalistic enterprises in his frescoes). Its prime interest is as art, and that justifies an intervention not only by other workers along intellectual lines, not only by educators concerned about their own freedom of expression, but by representatives of the public as a whole; for it is the ultimate beneficiary from the development of American art and thought. Therefore, the fate of this fresco is a matter affecting the ideas and so, to some extent, the future of every one of us. Two courses alone seem possible: either to have the artist complete the work or else to destroy it. Keeping it under a screen can be but a temporary expedient. Since no decision will be made in haste, a thorough examination of the case is possible.

At the outset I said that the opposing forces were those of true and false art. In view of the political aspect given to the matter, first by the objection to the Lenin figure and then by the Communist demonstrations in favor of it, this contention may seem difficult to sustain. But observe the following matters. Even before the work at Rockefeller Center was begun, opposition by artists to Rivera's painting had appeared. In Detroit certain people, imagining that a hospital scene portraying the vaccination of a child was a covert burlesque of classic representations of the Holy Family, demanded the destruction of the fresco. The silly charge, backed by references

to Rivera's Communistic affiliations, was passed over by the city authorities, and would scarcely be worth mention if it had not led to a declaration by an artist, Mr. Albert Sterner.

In a letter to the newspapers Mr. Sterner said, "The proposed obliteration of the Detroit decorations is after all a matter of opinion." So it was, and his own was indicated clearly enough when he went on to say that "Mexico and Paris and Berlin can and do insidiously inject these passing and foreign modes into the natural disposition of our expression."

The next manifesto by artists, the result of a protest meeting, was less explicitly directed against Rivera's work, but in his comment on it, Mr. Edward Alden Jewell, the critic of the *New York Times*, acutely pointed out that the painters and sculptors of the so-called National Commission for the Advancement of American Art, who came forward with opposition to the employment of foreign artists immediately after the incident at Rockefeller Center, were attempting to profit by the political objection to the work of the Mexican in that place. Next came the publication by the same "conservative" artists of a "Regret List," an expression of protest against awards to foreign artists of commissions, including the fresco at Dartmouth College now in progress of execution by José Clemente Orozco, also a Mexican. It did not refer to the employment of Sert, a Spaniard, or Brangwyn, an Englishman, in Radio City, perhaps because of a special feeling for the directors of that enterprise, or because the art of these two foreign painters was too acceptable to the protestants for them to include it among their "regrets."

Mr. John Sloan, at the request of a newspaper, made a rejoinder to the group, and since one of its members has subsequently said in print that American art has no more ardent defender

than Mr. Sloan, it is of interest to note that painter's comment on the action of the "commission."

They have taken a regrettable course for advancing American art in their opposition to the employment of the most purely and truly American artists (excepting our own Indians) that are now at work on this continent.

In my opinion American art can not be fostered by antagonizing even foreign art from Europe. I have had my own "Regret List" of American artists for many years. The roster of the National Academy of Design lists a large number of them. The purpose of my "Regret List" has been to call attention to mean and ignoble works and actions by self-seeking and self-styled American artists, for such works and acts have a definite tendency to retard appreciation of native painters and sculptors, and to bring their work into general contempt.

The use of the "Regret List" method against Dartmouth is, in my opinion, an action bringing justified contempt and ridicule on American art. The proposition to have art commissions award by competition is merely throwing the result into the arena of art politics—a practice that has had such miserable results in the past.

The artists of the United States, who have usually gone to Europe for their training, should not lose the opportunity for study that the masterly work of Rivera, and the powerful designs of Orozco, and other Mexican painters afford us. We who work in a money-seeking, over-industrialized environment must eagerly draw on the artistic wealth of these Americans from below the Rio Grande.

Having Mr. Sloan's reply to that arraignment of Mexican art as foreign which Mr. Sterner made, I may return for a moment to his disquietude about the "insidious" influence of Paris. It was not feared by Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, and John Paul Jones, when they sat to Houdon in Paris, nor yet by George Washington when the French sculptor made that portrait of him which millions of chil-

dren have seen in our public schools—without loss of their national character. The influence of Paris, the city of Delacroix and Barye, Renoir and Cézanne, among others, was not feared when the beautiful decorations in the Boston Public Library were commissioned from Puvis de Chavannes. He was the greatest mural painter of his time, as Houdon was the greatest sculptor of his time, and no other considerations entered in.

It was wisdom on the part of the Americans of other days which made them turn a deaf ear to such considerations. Were one asked to defend their course, one might point to the decisive role which French art played in forming that of men so alien in blood as Jongkind and van Gogh, the only Hollanders of genius in the 19th century, as again Paris has been decisive in revealing to the one great Spaniard of our time, to Picasso—and to the world—the essential quality of his extraordinary art. As important as purely American elements are to us, it is to Paris we must still look for the focus of the live movement of our time. The examples of the two great Dutchmen, of Picasso, and of the great Roumanian sculptor Brancusi all prove that Paris is to our period what Rome was to the time of Poussin and Claude Lorraine. It did not denature or even denationalize their painting. On the contrary it gave them the means of becoming the two incomparable French artists of their century; they have been the backbone of their country's art ever since.

Such reasons do not count, however, with people like those of the "National Commission" which publishes the Regret List of foreign artists here, like the objectors to the Radio City fresco who put the blame on Lenin, and like Mr. Sterner when he maintains that he is not concerned with the art of the matter. He writes, "The question of



Rivera's excellence as an artist is not here the point. Rivera's language is essentially Mexican."

But whether red herrings of Communism or of nationalism are drawn across the trail, it always leads us back to the matter of art, and that will be, as always in these questions, the deciding factor. If our people do not like Rivera and Orozco as artists they will reject them, just as a man at the Custom House recently forbade the importation into this country of reproductions after Michael Angelo. Had the vigilant officer admired the works in question, he would not have declared them obscene, as he did. One of the benefits of the free port of Rockefeller Center will be its immunity from such snooping, which might bring upon us more of that "ridicule and contempt" noted by Mr. Sloan, if Mussolini, in his proposed gallery of art in the Italian building, tried to sneak in a Michael Angelo on this trusting country.

Lest I seem to be on the verge of frivolous language here, let me show by two examples of which I was a witness why I am so sure that opinion on a given work is for or against according as the person judging it sees or does not see its value as art.

When the Armory Show of 1913 was at the Chicago Art Institute a campaign was waged against it on the grounds of indecency in its exhibits. (Any stick will do to beat a dog with.) Day after day I watched people trying to get up moral indignation over the "Nude Descending a Staircase." The title had been so promising—but those angles and planes of the cubistic picture simply resisted all attempts to turn them into pornography.

Finally one man solved the mystery. "It's a fraud," he declared. "I know dirty pictures when I see them—I've sold plenty. Now, you've got a quarter out of me, and one from all these other people that you've got to come

here through that stuff in the papers. But I'm not stung. I got my quarter's worth—down stairs—from those white figures of women and men. Say, they are great." In his search for the Paris importations he had read about he had found his way to the museum's collection of casts from Greek sculpture.

The same "artlessness" explains the action of the girl students at a Western college. They had requested the removal of a plaster reproduction of the Venus de Milo which had been installed in the room where they received the young men who came to call on them. The president of the college refused to suppress the offending image, which he defended as being a work of art. The girls replied that, even if it were, the presence of that naked woman inspired evil thoughts in the minds of their visitors and, still failing of their objective, went on a strike from their studies. At that point in the proceedings I left the town and never learned what the outcome was.

I am confident that Rockefeller Center can survive such incitements to Communism and other dangers as are contained in Rivera's fresco if that work is shown to the public. Or, to stick to practical matters like real estate, I believe that the prestige the buildings will gain through the possession of a great work of art will more than compensate for the loss of prospective tenants who could not bear to be under the roof with a portrait of Lenin.

I am less confident about the effect on American art and American thinking if this fresco is suppressed. Miss Suzanne La Follette, in the editorial pages of the *New Republic*, called attention to a serious consequence which seems practically certain to result if the decision goes against Rivera's work. American mural painting until now, as Miss La Follette says, and has reason to know from the studies which led to her

admirable book on our art, has been chiefly bathos—the insipidities of a time that had not yet come to understand the importance of a serious statement on walls that are to be viewed by all men. The easel picture, destined for a more intimate circle, may permit free and personal handling, lightness and spontaneity of touch. But the enduring and grave material of fresco, and the fact that it is addressing itself to masses of people, have given it a tradition of strong and weighty ideas.

If we now set the example of effacing or even concealing work because we do not quite agree (or even because we quite disagree) with what the artist has to say, we throw American painters back to the mumbled triteness that offends nobody and inspires nobody. As Miss La Follette continues, that is not what the Rockefellers have led us to think of as their ideal for American art, any more—one might add—than we had thought of them as people willing to rest content with their legal right to obliterate the great fresco. There is no law against destroying works of art, not even the works of the masters, when you legally own them, nor—what may be more important than Old Masters—the work of the men who count today.

The essential question before us is not one of law any more than of politics. It is one of art or the counterfeit of art, as I said at the outset. A group of men in Rivera's profession has attacked his work, another such group has defended it. Art must be defined in terms of thought quite as much as in terms of line and color. The idea indeed has always been seen as the thing which determines the nature of the form. When Rivera was asked to alter his work he replied that rather than sacrifice its integrity he preferred to see it destroyed. That is the spirit

in which we must hope to see American artists work.

The counterfeit of art is production lacking in that sense of the integrity of the work which makes a Rivera reject compromise with his idea, whatever the cost of his refusal. The weak emptiness of Ezra Winter's mural in Radio City tells of its failure to find a valid relation with life and with art. The pompous platitudes of Sert, in the same great group of buildings, have been published and can be judged; assuring us that all is for the best in the best of worlds, they continue the unworthy tradition running from Kenyon Cox and the men before him to the latest producers of commercial art. Whether they do courthouse stuff (figures of Justice, Wisdom, etc.) he-man stuff (Far North trappers and Far East pirate-fighters), or whether their specialty is that maid-of-all-work, the bathing girl, with her invitation to buy deodorants, candy, or what not, they inculcate an ideal of life as false as it is cheap, like the "happy ending" of the froth people consume at most of the movies.

There is no cheap art as there is no cheap truth. And the artist tells the truth. He is willing to pay a price to tell it, and I believe we are willing to pay a price to know it. It may be thought arrogant for me to assume that I know where truth lies in the present case. But I do not try to be the arbiter. I give certain reasons why I think Rivera should be asked to finish his work and the public to see it. If his art is not true the fact will transpire, and so we need not fear to look at the picture. What we should fear is the mentality described by Milton in the ever-young pages of the *Areopagitica*: that of the "gallant man" who thought to make the crows stay within the park by shutting its gates.





## A LITTLE FLYER IN INFLATION

BY ROSE WILDER LANE

FOR months we had been traveling in state, in private box-cars with bunks and stoves and often even food. We were accustomed to these luxuries, but the hotel overwhelmed us. The lobby was a splendor of polished woods and stone. The Tartar at the desk swung round a register for me to sign and smartly struck a bell. A uniformed servant carried our bedding rolls and duffel bags up carpeted stairs, and through an archway we glimpsed flowers on white tea tables and women in Paris clothes dancing with uniformed officers to the Viennese music of an orchestra.

Our rooms had rugs and armchairs and full-length mirrors and real beds; the tap actually yielded hot water. I turned from this miracle to hear a sound that had all the meaning of home. Peggy had opened a window, and the relentless racket of a steam-riveter gloriously deafened us.

Carried away by the eloquence of that noise, I exclaimed, "We must get some money!" Peggy shook her head, she couldn't hear me and, closing the window, she shouted, "There must be shops! Let's get some money, quick!"

It was five o'clock. The shops were still open, and our need for evening clothes, for shampoos and waves and slippers and sheer stockings was almost more than we could bear. But the December day was ending; five o'clock was too late to venture into hazards, though I had an automatic in my pocket.

Piteously we tried to cheer each other about our worn tweeds and disconsolate hats, until from the stairs we looked down on bare shoulders and pearl-studded shirtfronts going into the dining room. The orchestra was playing, "Three o'Clock in the Morning, tumty ti tum ti tum!" Peggy and I retreated and gloomily dined in my room. Early next morning I transferred a twenty-dollar bill from money-belt to purse and we set out determined to get some money without delay.

This was in Baku, eleven years ago. The independent Soviet Republics of Azerbaijan and Armenia were not yet drawn under the wing of Moscow, and the last stubborn chieftains of Georgia were still disputing their mountain peaks with the Red Army. I had never been in Azerbaijan before, but I knew how to get money. All through Armenia and Georgia I had had no trouble at all.

In the cities the banks were open and doing business, but no one was so foolish as to change money in them. Banks were doing a lawful business. I do not now recall the legal exchange-rate of the rouble at that time; no one who wanted roubles paid any attention to it. If there is anything to be learned by traveling it is that the peoples of this world are not all alike, nor even similar; but in one thing they are unanimous: they do not obey a law unless they want to. Money-exchange in the Caucasus was entirely in the hands of bootleggers.

You would think this would make some difficulties for a stranger, but it didn't. The procedure was perfectly simple. You walked down a busy street until you caught sight of a money-changer. I don't quite know how one recognized him; other men wore fine fur coats and looked at once satisfied and wary. But something marked him in the crowd; one always recognized a money-changer. I, at least, had never made a mistake nor heard of anyone who did. After all, in all human contacts there is something not to be quite explained.

Having seized with the eye upon a money-changer, you glanced about to make sure that the blue hammer-and-sickle of the Cheka was nowhere near. The Cheka guards hunted in couples, wearing khaki uniforms with blue insignia instead of red, and their appearance had the same effect upon a crowd that the shadow of a hawk has upon hens; it gasped, cowered, and was still. The Cheka was then stabilizing the rouble.

Nevertheless, there was the money-changer, and you approached and passed him. Passing, you murmured to no one in particular, "Dollars, Amerikansky. *Skolka?*" *Skolka* was one of my few Russian words; it means, "How much?" but you expected no reply. No one heard you but the money-changer and he remained completely impassive; you did not pause.

Neither did you hurry. In a few minutes he passed you and you caught the flicker of his glance. Then, always alert for the Cheka, you followed him discreetly, sometimes for hours, down furtive alleys and through swarming tenements and mazes of courtyards. In the oddest hidden places, behind blanketed windows and doors locked and barred and bolted, by candlelight, you came to grips with finance.

I suppose I liked to think that this was a little dangerous. There were

sometimes exciting moments. If one imagines that ten million dollars will buy a loaf of bread or a French gold franc, no doubt in America there are places, underground and beyond reach of the law, where a traveling Frenchman with his entire wealth upon him wouldn't feel quite secure. Our stalwart interpreter gave us respectability and prestige, but in emergencies he was as useful as a mouse. Being an American, however, was more protection than the automatic. Nothing ever really happened, and we emerged at last, equipped to buy a ticket to the baths or to see a moving picture show.

So we set out blithely enough that morning in Baku. Over the Caspian the December day was blue and white and warm as June. The Tartar capital vibrated with an energy we had not felt since we left New York. Everywhere the merry yellow people, smiling with their epicanthus eyes, were busy as bees. Baku was working twenty-four hours a day then, in eight-hour shifts. Ships from the Volga were unloading machinery and wheat, steel girders were rising into the sky amid the racket of riveters, the indescribable feeling of boom times was in the air. I said to Peggy, "I bet the rouble is falling like anything."

"Well," she replied pessimistically, "then prices are rising."

Downtown Baku was not greatly unlike Berlin; the massive Russian buildings had a German stolidity, and the crowds flowing along the wide pavements were colored only a little by Caucasian costumes. Street cars rattled by and automobiles passed. The jewelers' shops were entrancing.

It was perhaps an hour before we began to worry. Money-changers were numerous and to four or five I had murmured the magic formula, "American dollars, how much?" They paid not the slightest attention. Some walked away; two passed us without a



glance, and when we followed them one met a friend and sat down to have a drink, the other boarded a street car and was swept out of our ken.

The wildest surmises agitated us. Was there a Terror in Baku? A few Cheka guards strolled about as usual, and there was none of the unmistakable feeling of a city under a Terror. Could it be possible we'd lost the capacity to recognize money-changers? Or—but it couldn't be possible that dollars didn't tempt them!

"Dollars," I said persuasively to a sleek, plump back. No Cheka guard was in sight anywhere. "Amerikansky Washington dollars. *Der gelt* dollars *von* Washington. *Skolka?*"

Before we could pass, the man turned and beamed upon us. "Amerikansky dollars?" he said aloud, smiling broadly, and then spoke in some incomprehensible tongue. He may have come from Daghestan; his boots and headgear suggested that, though his coat was European.

Our Armenian interpreter shook his head helplessly. I was paralyzed by apprehension that the Cheka would come upon us. The man spread his hands in a gesture of baffled eagerness to be helpful. Peggy saw far down the street a glimpse of blue on a peaked khaki cap, and seized my arm. We left the man hastily.

It was a predicament. We must have money. Clothes seemed essential and Peggy had set her heart upon an aquamarine pendant, a bargain at only sixty-four million roubles. In any case, the hotel bill must be paid. We knew without inquiring that a bank's exchange rate would be ruinous. Unless we could find a money-changer we should not have money enough to get out of Baku. Nor, indeed, to stay there.

Cabling for help was useless. Even if cabled money reached us, it would be dollars, francs, or Turkish pounds.

Deserts and mountain ranges separated us from Tiflis—from the haven of Tiflis in the midst of the war, where there were money-changers.

We endeavored to be nonchalant. Our interpreter was so distraught that we knew he had the gravest fears for his salary. In low tones Peggy and I discussed the situation, without result. I approached another money-changer, who turned at once and watched us with interest, but did nothing at all.

When the massive buildings dwindled to tenements in meaner streets, we retraced the way we had come. It was now past mid-morning and our pooled resources were less than three million roubles, not enough for lunch. Our spirits were at lowest ebb. Anyone who had known our emotions must have known that we did not mean any harm to anybody. We only wanted to eat.

The sleek money-changer who had tried to talk to us was still idle on the corner. Pleased recognition beamed from his whole face and he fell into step beside me.

For an instant I was nonplussed. Leaning a little forward to look at me as we walked, he said, "Amerikansky dollars, eh? *Da-da-da-da! Da. Da!*" That was the true Russian manner of saying, "Yes"—like a tack-hammer. "*Da,*" he said again reassuringly. Then with effort he uttered triumphantly, "*Harosho!*"

"What does he mean, saying it's good?" Peggy demanded. "What's good?"

Whatever I might have replied was frozen unuttered. Two Cheka guards were approaching us. A certain silence accompanied their progress and I couldn't have said a word to save my life. The Daghestanese—if such he was—made a gesture of amiable salute, and the guards gave him friendly recognition as they went by. They did go by.

"Is he a plain clothes man? Is he arresting us?" Peggy breathed. I didn't know. He continued to repeat his four intelligible words until we arrived at the most impressive building on that imposing street. We knew it was a bank because it is a curious fact that in all lands banks resemble temples. We began to think that he was merely leading us to this bank, which we had no intention of entering. But now respectfully taking my arm, he conducted us round the corner to an entrance completely filled by a flight of marble stairs. He indicated that we were to climb these.

We did so, expecting I know not what. But the stairs led only to a shabby hall. A shabbier woman sat behind a worn deal table, and when we gazed at her in bewilderment she held up a listless finger.

Our interpreter came to life. "You pay her one million, madame."

"Of course, but what for?"

As usual a lengthy conversation resolved itself into three words, "For a ticket." The thing was inexplicable, but evidently we were not arrested. There was a murmuring and shuffling behind enormous double doors. I handed over the two million roubles, wondering what the woman's salary was. She had a job, but plainly she needed food.

She gave me two greasy red tickets and at that the Daghestanese, with the pomp of a major-domo, flung wide the great doors. There was a stupendous silence.

We were stunned. Imagine a dome so high that twenty-foot windows were small in its gray stone walls. It was a round room, the windows set in only half its curve, and oblong masses of sunshine slanted downward from them upon perhaps five hundred men wearing every gorgeous costume of the Caucasian peoples. Stricken dumb and motionless, they stared at us.

Only ragged porters, stooped under huge burlap bales, continued to move among them.

I glanced in appeal at the Daghestanese; he was enjoying the scene immensely. We never saw him again. Someone shouted, "Amerikanskaya!" Someone squealed, "Dollars?" and we were engulfed. We were the center of a frenzy, of a cyclone of colors, ravenous eyes, astrakhan caps, teeth gleaming in fierce beards, yells, struggles, scores of hands frantically waving paper money. The interpreter fought vainly to stay near us. "Washington dollar? Washington dollar?" was the motif of the clamor, and staccato offers in a dozen languages swept us like machine-gun fire. Then swiftly it was seen that we were dumb, and the air filled with fingers rapidly extending and closing.

It dawned upon us that this was a money exchange. We hadn't known there was one, but obviously we were in it. Then suddenly we realized that we had bought seats on this exchange. We were brokers.

I admit that this discovery affected us more potently than vodka had ever done. Not perhaps because we were brokers; perhaps because we were so unexpectedly brokers. Upon long and grave reflection we might have acted differently; at least I may hope so. But as it was, we had no sense whatever of social responsibility. We felt as one does at Monte Carlo when all the chips are on a number and the ball is rolling.

"Thirty-two!" Peggy yelled at my side. I had a confused impression that the best bid had been twenty-six, but without hesitation I cried, rapidly illustrating the words with my fingers, "*Trente-deux! Zweiunddreissig! Treedsach dvah!*"

It was fun. It was great fun. Power is an intoxicating thing. We had that day an absolute corner on the Washington dollar market in Baku. Whenever the excitement died ever so



slightly I had only to show an edge of that bill to renew the wild frenzy. We forced the price from an opening 22 bid, to 29. (Millions to the dollar, of course.) It was a rise of seven points, but there our bull movement encountered strong opposition from the bears. After perhaps two hours the quotation stood: 32 asked, 29 bid. So Peggy and I decided to have lunch.

Round an arc of the great room was a counter with samovars on it and little tables in front of it. We sat at one of these tables and ordered tea and cakes. The business of the Exchange continued, a slow swirl of brokers going by us like a merry-go-round. All the time we were asked, "Twenty-nine?" and steadily we replied, "Thirty-two."

The haughty, handsome Georgians retired with an insulted air. Armenians pleaded and raved and wept. Tartars smiled like eager children, and Russians spoke bluntly. One old Russian, at each refusal of his bid, stood and gazed at us, pulling his beard and saying to himself, "Such is the American woman. And our women dig potatoes."

A solitary Persian in most beautiful silk robes bowed and asked in Parisian French if he might see the bill. I spread it out to show the essential proof of its authenticity, the word, "Washington."

"How much are you asking, madame?"

"Thirty-two, monsieur."

"*Merci beaucoup*, madame." He did not bid, but stood at a little distance watching us reply to others.

One Armenian clung to us, weeping, begging, wailing some tale of a wife and many children who would be ruined if he paid us more than 29. We kept brushing him aside, not believing a word of it. Others tried to talk to us, but as usual the interpreter would let them talk for five minutes and then translate, "He bids 29. But this

Armenian, he says—" We supposed it was racial solidarity and didn't listen. The tea was good, and so were the cakes.

I looked up to see the Persian at my elbow. "You are asking, madame—?"

"Thirty-two."

"*Bon.*"

It was done so swiftly that we could hardly believe it. The Persian's secretary instantly materialized, and a porter with a bale of roubles. Bundles of 100,000 notes slid through the secretary's hands, Peggy counted them, our interpreter stacked them. By some means we had acquired a porter. With fine detachment the Persian was talking with me about Ispahan. It could not have been a minute till our porter knelt to make a bundle of our roubles, and the twenty-dollar note slid into the Persian's sash. The soft, catlike motion of his pointed fingers was fascinating me, when the Armenian screamed like a man gone mad. The dome rang to that terrible shriek.

Its echoes fell into ghastly silence; every broker's gesture was frozen, the porters were motionless under their packs, and a Cheka officer with four guards was standing over us. They seemed gigantic. Our porter collapsed like a rag on the bale he was tying.

The Armenian had disappeared. The Persian, his secretary, and his porter, had vanished. The swiftness of their departure astounds me yet; I don't know how they did it. We hadn't had time to move.

"You aren't going to take us anywhere without that money!" Peggy said defiantly; the Cheka officer replied in Russian that he didn't speak English. Our interpreter, whose face was the color of a tallow candle, booted our porter to his feet.

Our steps sounded abnormally loud on the parquet floor as we were marched away. The Cheka guards

held their rifles as if on parade, but I couldn't get out of my mind a sense of the glittering sharpness of those bayonets. We went through doors and down a corridor; the Cheka officer spoke to guards at another door; they opened it.

The effect was of a director's room. There were wood-paneled walls, curtains, rugs, and a massive long table. Three men in European clothes and astrakhan caps sat at one side of the table. At the other side we were lined up, the guards snappily military behind us. There was a clerk in the room; no one else.

The first question was in Russian, but one of our judges spoke French. We gave our names, nationality, ages, birthplaces, parents' names, religion. "Passports, please." We handed them over. "What is your business in Baku?"

"We are tourists," I said.

The sensation was enormous. "What!" exclaimed the judge, recovering. "We have tourists, then? In Baku? Now? Be serious, madame."

I have never been more serious in my life. It was of the first importance to convince these men of the truth that we were simply traveling for fun. We had entered the Caucasus under auspices which we must under no circumstances involve in difficulties with the Cheka.

Truth was never told more freely than I told it then. I began with our taxi's running into a caravan of frost-blinded camels in the winter fogs below Mount Ararat, which caused us to miss a train to Persia. I related all our enterprises and misadventures, the effect upon us of the Baku hotel, and everything that had happened to us that morning. I insisted that we only wanted to do a little shopping.

"It is true, sir, that if we could have found a money-changer, we should have broken the law, for we are too

poor to deal with banks. However, we did not find a money-changer. If we have broken any law without knowing it we regret it very much."

That was a venture to get a smile. It didn't get it. The judge said sternly, "You do not know that the Soviet government sets the rate of exchange on this bourse?"

I gasped. "No. What is the rate?"

"Twenty-nine to-day. Until you made it thirty-two."

Consternation overwhelmed me. The responsibility of meddling with exchange rates, which hadn't even occurred to me till then, rushed upon me with terrific force. I couldn't say a word. The judge leaned back and held an interminable conversation with the other two.

Then he began to tell me something of the effort Azerbaijan was making to stop the inflation, to stabilize the value of money for the Tartar people. "This is chaos, chaos!" I remember he said. "People cannot live without some fixed standard, a firm standard, of value." It was impossible to stop the bootlegging of money. This Exchange was an effort to control it. In Baku the money-changers were allowed to trade openly and to make their profits within narrow fluctuations. The rate was not fixed but a certain minimum was decreed below which the value of the rouble must not go. "Must not," he repeated. I had the impression of a whole people floundering as in a flood with no firm foothold anywhere, while these men tried to create one, and a twenty-dollar Washington bill was stronger than they.

The racket of the steam riveters came through the windows, and I surmised that Baku was booming because it was ruined. The Tartars had realized that a building is real, but that money is a matter of faith—as thirty-six inches are a yard only because multitudes



agree to use that measure of length and keep that agreement. In Baku that agreement was broken, faith was gone, and any tangible thing to eat, to wear, to shelter one's body from the weather was more valuable than any number of pieces of paper which were only symbols of a lost faith.

I was asked to promise solemnly never again in Baku to buy roubles at lower than the official minimum. I did so, and the Soviet officer opened the door. Peggy and I, followed by the incredulously recovering interpreter and porter, walked down the marble stairs and out into the afternoon sunshine.

Later I asked Peggy how she had happened to fix on thirty-two as the proper price of a dollar in millions of roubles. She started, and exclaimed, "The aquamarine! I'd forgotten all about it! Hurry, and we'll get it before the shop closes. You see," she explained while we hurried, "it's sixty-four million roubles, and that's exactly

two dollars, at thirty-two. So I thought we'd get roubles at thirty-two. It saves all that figuring, and we know where we are."

The jeweler was happy to see us returning with a porter carrying money. He brought out the sea-blue pendant and Peggy clasped its exquisite chain round her neck. But when we began to count out packets of roubles we found that the jewel's price was now seventy-five millions.

"The rouble has gone down," the jeweler explained. "It's now thirty-two to the dollar."

Peggy tried to argue. "But if the price was sixty-four, at twenty-nine, that's two dollars and twenty-some cents, but if you charge seventy-five million when the rouble's thirty-two, that's—Oh, I can't do it without a pencil! But anyway it's more, and I think it's outrageous!" And turning to me she said, "I told you prices would go up! You simply can't do a thing to beat these awful exchanges."





# JONATHAN DYER, FRONTIERSMAN

A PARAGRAPH IN THE HISTORY OF THE WEST

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

ELDERS JACOB GATES and Martin Slack brought to Hertfordshire tidings of the wrath to come. Curates, deans, even bishops were disturbed by the number of converts the American missionaries made. They were dissenters of a new and particularly objectionable kind, but their appeal was strong. Sermons were preached against the "Mormonites"; riots began to occur at their meetings; here and there an elder was drummed out of town or set upon with eggs or thrown into a horse pond. Employers were consulted, and some of them acted. Mr. Young Crawley, the coach-maker of Hertford, discovered that an eighteen-year-old apprentice in his shop was explaining the new creed to his fellow-workmen. Mr. Crawley took action in the name of an Englishman's religion, and Jonathan Dyer found himself without a job.

We are concerned with Jonathan Dyer not because he was persecuted for his faith but because that faith merged him with the strongest current in the New World from which the missionaries came. Baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints on the 27th of May, 1852, and discharged by Mr. Crawley almost at once, he did not at once yield to that current. He got work in a linseed-oil mill, where his skill with machinery brought him advancement, and he began to advance also in the hierarchy of his church. Jonathan became a

deacon, a teacher, and finally a full priest in the Order of Aaron. He converted his mother and two of his brothers but, as a proselyter in the villages of High Cross and Collier's End, found the opposition of the established church too vigorous for him. At Roydon, however, the Paxman family listened to him and were convinced. A daughter of the house was fair: during two years Jonathan found it desirable to visit Rhoda and instruct her in the Mormonite faith. Both twenty-two years old, they were married at Roydon on the 26th of April 1856. They resolved to live their religion: to leave England and, joining the current, move westward to Zion.

Jonathan Dyer's emigration is not explained beyond that sentence. He was a mechanic; he had no trouble finding work; he was not interested in the cheap land that tempted millions to America. He was an industrious, methodical, unimaginative young man—no restlessness for the road's end and the far slope of the hill ever troubled him. But for Elders Slack and Gates he would have stayed in Hertford, joined a workingman's library, and ventured no farther from home than a ride on the railroad would have taken him. The voice of the Lord called him eight thousand miles. Of America he knew only what the elders told him and cared to know no more. In a place called Jackson County, Missouri, the



Garden of Eden had been planted. The place was man's lost paradise and would be restored to him in the Last Days, tokens of whose swift coming were on every wind. Meanwhile the Saints were gathered in Deseret, "the land of the honey bee," their present Zion, somewhere in a vastness known as the Rocky Mountains. This too was a paradise, a land like Canaan, fertile and beautiful and walled away from the Gentiles. God's will was that the Saints should build up the kingdom there and await the Last Days.

Passage to America cost from three pounds six shillings to four pounds, exclusive of food. Jonathan's savings were perhaps two pounds. He borrowed two sovereigns from his wife's parents and the rest from the church. The priesthood would lend money for emigration, the notes to be paid from the borrower's earnings in Zion. Jonathan and his wife and his brother Richard were to sail in the *Horizon*, Captain Reid, in May, 1856, but the ship was full when they reached Liverpool, and they had to await the forming of another company. On June first, with one hundred and forty-three other Saints and lay emigrants to the number of three hundred and fifty, mostly Irish, they sailed in the packet *Wellfleet*, Captain Westcott. Storms sickened most of the Saints; their provisions spoiled; there were quarrels with the ungodly about the cooking arrangements. The superstitious Irish resented the Mormonite hymns. The Irish too were lousy and within a week had infected the whole company. On the tenth of July, one day short of six weeks after she was towed down the Mersey, the *Wellfleet* anchored off Quarantine at Boston. At once a negro sailor gave the pilgrims a symbol of the new civilization by stabbing the second mate.

The church thriftily kept on the eastern seaboard all immigrants for whom

work could be found until they had saved enough to pay their way westward. The boom times of the early Fifties slackened toward the prostration of the next year, but the country proved able to absorb the Dyers. Richard found work at Lexington, and the linseed-oil mill of Field, Fowler & Co., at Charlestown, took Jonathan in and made him foreman. The summer of 1857 brought distress to the Saints and to the nation. President Buchanan, a "mobocrat" and an enemy of God, rejected the counsel of Brigham Young, appointed a new governor of Utah Territory, and ordered an army west to escort his appointee. By the end of July the troops were marching, and soon afterward Col. Albert Sidney Johnston took command of them. The priesthood forbade women to cross the plains but welcomed men for the defense of Zion. Richard Dyer left his wife to the care of Jonathan and departed, writing back that it took him six weeks to cross Iowa, through sloughs sometimes so bad that they pulled the soles off his boots. God moved swiftly to punish a nation of mobocrats. On August 24th, the Ohio Life Insurance and Trust Company announced its insolvency. Its failure carried with it the financial structure of the United States. Banks failed everywhere, even in New England—it was believed that no bank was solvent. The stock exchanges followed the banks. By autumn unemployed men were rioting in the cities, farmers were abandoning their land, trade was prostrate, exchange was impossible. Windows were broken in Charlestown and mobs surrounded the closed mills or surged sporadically in the direction of bake shops. Field, Fowler & Co. shut down. Jonathan peddled crockery. The mill opened again, shut down, reopened. But Jonathan was able to pay off his loans, to assist the emigration of another brother, and to lend

the Boston branch of his church fifty dollars.

Wages were very low in 1858, and the mill closed once more. Jonathan moved to South Boston where he worked as a glass packer. The mill was running again by 1859, and Jonathan's first son was born. Jonathan now invented better valves and pistons for the mill's machinery. His employers promoted him and, the next year, sent him to Brooklyn to build and manage a new mill. The Brooklyn branch of the church received him as a man of substance.

Jonathan's first daughter was born in March, 1861, on the day before Abraham Lincoln became President of a nation careening toward certain destruction. Jonathan beheld passion, violence, and panic and he knew that prophecy was on the march. The nation which had spilled the prophet's blood must now meet its doom. On Christmas Day, twenty-nine years before, the blessed Joseph had foretold the rebellion of South Carolina, which Jonathan had now witnessed, and had said "the Southern States shall be divided from the Northern States"—which had come to pass. The world spun toward the Last Days. England too, Joseph had said, must join this apocalypse, and all Europe would follow till "war shall be poured out on all nations." Then famine and plague and earthquakes "and the fierce and vivid lightnings also," and at last the terrible day of the Lord.

Bishop Penrose had sung to the church "Thy deliverance is nigh, thy oppressors shall die, And the Gentiles shall bow 'neath thy rod." Jonathan's residence in Brooklyn, his journal says, had been the happiest year in his life, but it was time to enter on the kingdom. He sold all that he had and by the first of July reached Florence, Nebraska, where the ox trains formed. With Brother Hudson he

bought a wagon and two yoke of oxen. Ten weeks of bitter marching through the desert, up the nation's sternest trail, brought them to Great Salt Lake City. Jonathan lived with Richard during the winter, working as a teamster when he could, although "no money to be earned." (Life was not so hard for everyone in Salt Lake, that winter. "The Lady of Lyons" made a great success before crowded houses. Everybody was reading Mr. Collins's *Woman in White*. Tickets to the Territorial Ball sold for ten dollars, and the Governor presided at a dinner whose menu lists four soups, nine roasts, nine boiled meats, six stews, nine vegetables, and fourteen desserts.)

In the spring of 1862 the church rented him forty-odd acres in the valley of Easton, thirty miles north of Salt Lake City, where the Weber River breaks through the Wasatch. He had no voice in the selection of this land, but he wanted none—it was Zion and that was what counted. So a migration of eight thousand miles ended amid sagebrush on a southern slope above the Weber. The place possessed "a Dugout or a little room dug out of the bank. Quite a contrast this is to my style of former living in Boston and Brooklyn, where I lived in a large house, carpeted rooms, etc., and it has tried my faith very much." The words are the only complaint that Jonathan Dyer ever expressed.

He had entered on the kingdom. And . . . Jonathan Dyer, of Hertford, had begun the most typical, most fundamental of American experiences, life on the frontier.

## II

It is to be observed that Jonathan was a mechanic. He had grown up in a town, he knew the qualities of woods and the tools that worked them, he was adroit with machinery and had in-



vented valves and pumps, but he had never lived on a farm and was as unfitted as possible to exist by agriculture. Commentators too often forget that the frontier held many like him. We are familiar with the thesis—now favored because people who explain things feel that it has some bearing on these difficult times—that the free land of the frontier was a kind of economic safety valve or stabilizer. When previous depressions came, this theory says, the man who was thrown out of work when the factories closed was not desperate, since he could always go west and, starting over, be sure of a living. Just how he raised money for the emigration and just how city dwellers of mechanical training could expect to make their way in an alien trade remains unexplained. The theory also omits to explain why, if the frontier was a sponge that absorbed social unrest, so much of the social unrest in America originated on the frontier.

Well, social unrest did not affect Jonathan Dyer. Utah was not insulated from the nation, and many waves of resentment and discontent traveled across it during his lifetime, which covered the great revolution in our national life. They touched Jonathan not at all. Revolutions are always struggles between special groups; only propaganda tries to make them seem the will of the people in action. The people remain mostly unharried by them, neither willing nor acting, and in the end pay tribute to the old group, victorious, or to the new one which has cast it out. Even agrarian revolt has little to do with the agrarians in the mass. American history exhibits the farmers in revolt from the beginning up to now, and the farmers mostly have worked their land voiceless and unstirred, a mere name invoked by speculators who are their self-consecrated champions. They have paid taxes,

gone bankrupt for the profit of adventurers, and served as the stuff of financial and political exploitation. From Rome to the valley of Easton there has been no change.

Jonathan's dugout was in a hillside in the valley of the Weber, a valley which in two hamlets besides Easton held some two dozen families. The squalor of those first years is now difficult to appreciate. Life was possible only through the complete communism of the poor. After a year he had a house, a one-room cabin of pine logs brought down from the canyons of the Wasatch, since only soft poplars and cottonwoods grew in the valley. Its puncheon floor, built-in bunks, and rain-tight roof meant an advance over the dank clay of the dugout. Leantos were added in time, but a good many years were to pass before Jonathan could build a farmhouse. The cabin meanwhile filled with children: his generation all told was one son and seven daughters, of whom one died in childhood. It is the children who most readily reveal to us the conditions of the frontier.

Sarah, the girl who was born in Brooklyn, was nine when she first wore shoes; the earliest pair were kept for display at Sabbath school or on the clapboard sidewalks of Ogden, eight miles away; they were not put on till one got out of the wagon, and they were passed on to the descending series of sisters. Her clothes during that time, she remembered, consisted of apronlike garments cut from remnants which Rhoda had brought west with her, from the gunnysacking that also made containers for potatoes, and once from a bolt of calico. She had no underwear, as a rule, but in the winter Rhoda would manage to fashion for her, out of God knows what, garments which failed to beautify her but helped against the canyon gales. She anticipated the stockingless children and

adolescents of the 1930's—in that early time there were no sheep in Easton and no pennies to buy knitting wool in Ogden. No shoes in winter, eight miles from a town? Well, children have gone to school, gathered eggs and firewood, and played their games with their feet bound in sacking or rabbit skins. Of those games Sarah remembered most pleasantly coasting down the winter hills in a grain scoop. Once, disastrously, they caught a skunk in a figger-4 which had been set for rabbits. There was the river, the widening fields, the cottonwood groves—springs, ditches, hay stacks—spelling bees, quiltings, Sabbath schools. After a while rattlesnakes grew uncommon.

How did Jonathan bring them up at all? At the end of 1863 he writes, "I raised this year a good crop of corn, some wheat, and some oats." The sentence carries no overtone of the labor so strange to a mechanic. Jonathan would have had trouble forcing this harvest from the earth anywhere, even in Illinois bottom land, where the soil is forty feet deep and is watered by generous summer rains. But at Easton there were no rains and the thin soil was poisoned by alkali. The sagebrush was the index. Where sage grew, there other stuffs would grow also, after heart-breaking labor had cleared it away. Jonathan hacked at that hellish growth. Spines and slivers that no gloves can turn fill one's hands, the stench under the desert sun is dreadful, and the roots, which have probed deep and wide for moisture, must be chopped and grubbed and dragged out inch by inch. Then, before anything will sprout in the drugged earth, water must be brought. Through a dozen years of Jonathan's journal we observe the settlers of Easton combining to bring water to their fields. On the bench lands above their

valleys, where gulches and canyons come down from the Wasatch, they made canals, which they led along the hills. From the canals smaller ditches flowed down to each man's fields, and from these ditches he must dig veins and capillaries for himself. Where the water ran, cultivation was possible; where it didn't, the sagebrush of the desert showed unbroken. Such co-operation forbade quarrels; one would as soon quarrel about the bloodstream. A man was allotted certain hours of water. When they came, at midnight or dawn or noon, he raised the gates into his own ditches and with spade and shovel and an engineering sense coaxed the water to his planting.

During those first years there would be, besides the corn and wheat and oats of Jonathan's note, potatoes and a few other garden vegetables—carrots no doubt, for this was Utah, perhaps cabbages and surely squash. Brother Kendall, two miles down the valley, had been a farmer's man in England and could help Jonathan with the mysteries of cultivation. Brother Kendall or someone else had a cow to spare and chickens. There was thus milk for the children, and Rhoda churned cream for butter, learned to make cheese, gathered eggs and set hens, acquired the myriad skills of the frontier farm wife who as yet has had no celebrant in literature. There had been settlers at Easton since 1849, but they had not yet been able to harness the Weber to a mill. There was a small affair run by horse power (Jonathan improved the gears) and its crude stones ground the meal for the corn mush which Sarah remembered as the staple of her childhood. The oats, of course, were dedicated to the horses, the wheat to the chickens. Beef was out of the question—cows were too valuable to be slaughtered—but after a while there were hogs, which Jonathan killed and quartered. He had no



crop, he could have none till all his land was cleared. Sometimes he would go into the high canyons for several days and fill his wagon with wood. This could be sold in Ogden for the only cash that came to him; but everyone cut wood, and so it could not be sold for very much.

Still these years showed some progress. He began to buy his land from the church on generous but sternly enforced terms. He cleared it. He gridded it with ditches. He put down larger crops, began to sell part of them, bought horses and some cows. He lamented the failure of the church to organize Easton—sometimes a month went by without a service and there was neither juvenile instruction nor priesthood meeting. In view of the Mormon care to organize even the smallest and remotest settlements, this failure is strange. But they made out.

The break came in 1868. The crops were about three inches out of the ground when grasshoppers settled on them, as they had done before the historic miracle which Mahonri Young was to relate in bronze and granite. Three-quarters of the green shoots were destroyed at once and ruin seemed inevitable. But at once surveyors followed the grasshoppers to Easton, and suddenly most of the settlers there, Jonathan among them, were working for the Union Pacific Railroad, hauling timber for ties and construction or, as the year closed, rock and rubble for the grade. For the first time there was money in the valley; Jonathan could now drive to Ogden on Saturday night and bring back milled flour, a few groceries, farm implements, cloth, buttons, a mirror. Sarah's first shoes date from this time. She remembered also a strange pleasure surpassing anything she had imagined, rock candy.

By midwinter the rails came through Weber Canyon and the violent town

called Hell on Wheels erected itself at Easton. Jonathan says that there were "many bad men" in this company, who drank and gambled and whored to the disgust of the Saints, and says no more about them except that they burned his fences for firewood. The fences had already been pierced, for the roadbed ran straight across his land, and he worked among the bad men as a teamster and did not scruple to sell them produce. Sometimes he mounted guard with an enormous horse pistol to drive the boisterous Irish away. Hell on Wheels passed rapidly on, to Corinne, to Promontory Point, but it had raised the valley out of squalor. Also it had destroyed Easton by building a station two miles farther down the valley than the nucleus of houses that constituted "the settlement." The station was just a mile east of Jonathan's house. Its signboard wore a queer misspelled name which still remains, Uinta.

Sarah's first candles came now—tallow had been too precious for such use—and later there was the magnificent new "rock oil," much better than the rag floating in melted home-cured lard which she had known. This marvel came westward on the "U.P.," which also brought coal from Rock Springs, though Jonathan would not burn it for some years yet. Stoves came too, and many marvelous new things. All the children had shoes by 1870, and Rhoda could make excellent clothes for them. But the railroad's power was best shown by the impetus it gave religion. Jonathan had long since organized a Sabbath school. Now he could get books for it. The valley's new prosperity enabled him to raise, by dances and "entertainments," a fund which, sent to Chicago, bought "between 130 and 140, which proved a blessing for the children."

Now that all the children had shoes, Jonathan was clearly doing well. To

this time belongs a story which he remembered when he was nearly eighty. The Bishop of Uinta (the church "ward" was now organized) came to Brother Dyer and suggested that since the Lord had rewarded his efforts, it was clearly his duty to take another wife and raise up more seed for Israel. In the only rebellion against his teachers he ever experienced, Jonathan got out the horse pistol and ordered the Bishop off his land, and thereafter there was no mention of polygamy. . . . A grandson has seen the horse pistol but does not believe the story. These folk at Uinta were the humble of Mormonry, and the humble had little to do with polygamy. There seems never to have been a plural marriage in the valley. The story merely means an old man's memory that he had not believed in polygamy. He was one of many Saints who did not. But, be very sure, if the Bishop, a lineal descendant of Aaron, had commanded Jonathan to take another wife, then another wife would have come to share Rhoda's labors and add children to Jonathan's glory.

### III

What can be said about Jonathan Dyer? He was a first-class private in the march of America—a unit in the process that made and remade the nation. Yet History can make singularly little of him. You could not write the history of Utah or of the Mormon church without mentioning, for instance, the "New Movement" which, from the point of view of historical forces, must have shaken this commonwealth to its base. Its occurrence could be guessed from nothing whatever in Jonathan's life and from only a single line in his journal which says that it began in 1869. You could not write either of those histories without detailing the violent disturbance of the

public peace which was called the "Morrisite war"—the appearance of a false prophet in Israel and his suppression by Brigham Young. The prophet Morris and his followers pitched their camp across the narrow Weber from Jonathan's lower field and there, a few rods from him, they were at last attacked by the army of the Lord. After three days of rifle and artillery practice the false prophet and some of his flock were killed and their camp was scattered. It may be that bullets kicked up dust in the field that Jonathan was plowing, it may be that he climbed a cottonwood to gaze at the riot, but the event was worth in his journal only one sentence and an aphorism about the stubbornness of evil. Of the rest of history during his lifetime, nothing whatever appears. Mormon and Gentile battled for supremacy, polygamists were hunted down, at last the whole church was proscribed and its property was confiscated. And all this was less than a shadow to Jonathan, who notes the fall of rain, which counts in a desert, and the annual increase of his crop.

History, it may be, is not of the humble. Some millions of Jonathans were creating America. Over all the empty land such minute nuclei as his stood out. They grew by aggregation, while men made farms of what had been just wasteland, and then the land wasn't empty any more. The unit, the nucleus, the individual kept up his not spectacular warfare against anarchy, for self-preservation. What had he to do with the currents of national life? They weren't, for him, currents at all. They were waves perhaps, which flowed an unrecognized energy through or around him and on to his neighbor, lifting both and letting both fall back, their position in space unchanged, water still to be brought to the fields. Occupied enough with his own struggle for survival, incapable



enough of feeling himself a part of a nation, Jonathan had a further unawareness in his faith. It was, the Mormon faith, a superb instrument for the reclamation of the desert, for the creation of the West. It rewarded the faithful for industry and offered rewards for further effort. It identified with heavenly grace the very qualities that were most needed in a new country: unquestioning labor, frugality, co-operation, obedience. So long as the faithful worked to redeem the earth so long were they building up Israel and strengthening God's kingdom.

So, though Jonathan was a religious emigrant, there was not even much religion as philosophers know it in his life. The Sabbath school which he established became the best in Weber County; it was commended in Quarterly and even Annual Conference, and was permitted to march in Pioneer Day parades. Jonathan was some times called upon to advise other educators of the young. He was made a high priest. Sometimes he met dignitaries of the church and listened to counsel. He was never promoted above his sergeantcy, for in Mormonism as elsewhere the humble do not become leaders. He accepted the hagiology of his church and its dogmas and its expectations, but they were merely a background. He did not think about them often or very deeply. He was advancing Israel, making sure his glory, but—and this was what counted—his fields came under the plow and he was setting out fruit trees. If religion was just smoke on the horizon, politics was even less. The grandson who has been mentioned remembers asking Jonathan whether he was going to vote for a son-in-law who had been nominated for some office now forgotten. Jonathan was not, he said. The son-in-law had been nominated by the Democrats, and the Bishop of Uinta had told Jonathan

that it was best for the Republicans to be in power. Didn't the leading men in church and party know what was best? You will not write political history by consulting the ideas of the humble.

These were just smoke. It was real when Rhoda and all the children—five of them at that time—fell sick with smallpox. We have forgotten the terror of that plague. Neighbors whipped their horses to the gallop, passing by, averted their faces and held their breath against infection, burned smudges, wore amulets of vile smelling stuff. No one dared to come to Jonathan's help or even to bring a doctor from Ogden. Somehow he nursed his family through till Rhoda was on her feet and then he too collapsed. The well got contaminated one summer and they all had typhoid fever; there was help this time and they all survived. One year Rhoda's breast "gathered" and she had to drag herself about the grinding labor of a farmwife; she failed slowly, nothing could be done for her, but that also passed and she could go on. One summer, chopping wood, Jonathan cut a gash in his leg. For the rest of the year he could not work; Rhoda and the children shortened their sleep, carried on the irrigation, and brought in the crop. The menace of such accidents was constant. One Sunday noon Jonathan came back from Sabbath school and found that a mule had kicked his son, young Jonathan, in the head and "broke his skull." Jonathan went to Ogden, and by ten o'clock that night had brought Dr. Woodward back. For five hours, by the light of a Rochester lamp in the kitchen, the doctor operated on the boy. The doctor came twice more to dress the wound. Jonathan paid him: "cash, \$20; pig, \$4; corn and corn meal, \$2.70; wood, \$6" and, a month later, some more wood. The boy had recovered four months later. And so on . . .

"November 21st, [1872], This morning about 4 o'clock my wife confined and gave birth to a daughter; also I took a load of wood to Mrs. Savage."

All that was real and so was the earth. The desert yielded. There was never to be ease or luxury at Uinta—what would a farmer do with either? Education was impossible for the children. The little school at the "settlement" was like its equivalents throughout rural America, and when Sarah wanted to learn more she had to go to Ogden, where she paid her board by housework and walked three miles each way to Professor Moench's academy. The children had to strike out for themselves as soon as possible, Jonathan as a telegrapher down state, and Sarah as a waitress in a railroad lunchroom at Green River. But, if not ease, comfort came to Uinta and security and the rude plenty of the farm. The daughter whose birth is noticed came to a frame house painted green. There was an ell later. The dooryard had a small lawn—incredible in the desert—and mulberry and walnut trees and Rhoda's flower garden. The ditch that paralleled the railroad tracks in front of it flowed beside Lombardy poplars of Jonathan's planting. There were wells and springs of mountain water. Half a dozen cows and as many horses grazed in the west pasture; a few sheep were about, and annually Jonathan cured hams and bacon from his hogs. These hung beside home-butchered beef and mutton and the children tended sizable flocks of chickens, turkeys, ducks, and guinea fowl. Sheds multiplied, filling with cultivators, harrows, plows, and similar implements which the unseen America beyond the Wasatch was creating. There were hay sheds, chicken houses, a "warehouse" (for Jonathan was English and his wagons were "carts"), an embryonic machine shop, a cider press. The thrashers harvested Jona-

than's wheat; it was stored in a granary with his corn and oats and barley. Rhoda made cheese and butter; she "put up" vegetables from the garden and her jams and jellies are nostalgically remembered. She baked every day. There were eggs all winter long.

Is it clear that all this sprang from desert land, that Jonathan created it out of nothing at all? That is the point. Sometimes noticed, it is seldom realized in discussions of the frontier. Some people are pleased by the frontier's pageantry, and the literary are frantically ashamed of what they feel must have been its ugliness; but somehow the plain fact of creation gets overlooked. . . . In 1862 a hillside in Utah, sloping down to cottonwoods along the Weber river, had been no more than sagebrush. The sage, *Artemisia tridentata*, is glamorous in folklore, where it is called Heartsease, and it seems beautiful under distance to tourists of the tamed West, but it is the type-symbol of desolation. There was here—nothing whatever. A stinking drouth, coyotes and rattlesnakes and owls, the movement of violet and silver and olive-dun sage in white light—a dead land. But now there was a painted frame house under shade trees, fields leached of alkali, the blue flowers of alfalfa, flowing water, grain, gardens, orchards.

Especially orchards. Under the sagebrush roots the earth held the ashes of a volcanic age. When Jonathan brought water to it chemistry was set free. Something in that volcanic ash gave a superb flavor to fruit. All the Utah fruits are glorious, but especially the strawberries and apricots and apples, and most especially the peaches. One who has not tasted, fresh from the tree, a peach grown on the eastern slope of the long valley that holds the Great Salt Lake may not speak of peaches. All these fruits, together with cherries and plums and



pears, came in time to Jonathan's hillside. How should this Hertford mechanic learn to divine the hidden necessities of trees? The thing is impossible but happened. He was a farmer by virtue of blind strength and the mistakes of years, but he was a fruit-grower by divination. He walked among his orchards and could read their needs. So that as the years passed Jonathan Dyer's orchards became the greater part of his farm, and they were known.

This in what had been a dead land. Water flowed in his ditches, stock grazed his pastures, instead of desolation there were fields and orchards. The children came in at nightfall to a house built from his lumber. They ate bread made of his wheat, cheese from his milk, preserved fruit from his orchards. There had been nothing at all, and here were peaches, and he had come eight thousand miles. That is the point of the frontier.

#### IV

Uinta was eight miles over the hills from Ogden—four hours when the road was in its April state the time Jonathan drove in for Dr. Woodward, seventy-five minutes in a buggy behind old Prince when the grandson's memory of it opens, about 1903, and eleven minutes in 1933. Those figures speak also of the frontier. The 1903 memory preserves quiet and isolation—summer afternoons beside the beautifully sited canal in the shade of the poplars, a dusty road vacant of travel, sometimes a wagon climbing the immense hill which was named for Peg-Leg Labaume, sometimes rails humming before a U. P. train emerged from Weber canyon, no other movement except that of clouds and wind, no other sound but cicadas and the whine of Jonathan's mower in the alfalfa. The crest of Jonathan's comfort and success. The

fields were clean, the orchards combed and trim, the sheds plumb. Nondescript cows had given place to Jerseys; the hogs were now Poland Chinas. A greengage tree rose in the dooryard; it was followed by Japanese plums and other foreign fruits whose growth endlessly interested Jonathan. On Thanksgiving and Christmas when the children and grandchildren gathered, Rhoda would spend the day cooking great dinners, and every item of them had grown under her eyes. Home-butchered roast beef with Yorkshire pudding is remembered, suckling pigs with Jonathan's apples in their mouths, turkeys, butter and cheese from Rhoda's milk room, endless breads and biscuits and cakes from flour traded in grist a mile away. Winters were snug; spring plowing turned earth that was ignorant of alkali. This was Deseret, the land of the honey bee.

Yet even in 1903 its doom had been pronounced. A large wagon—Jonathan called it a van—from the Kasius Grocery in Ogden began to make weekly visits to Uinta. Jonathan and Rhoda were sixty-nine; soon it seemed foolish to butcher their own meat, churn their own butter, set rennet for their own cheese. For the rest of his life Jonathan was more an orchardist, less a farmer. Then another corporation asked for an easement over the farm, and steel towers rose carrying transmission lines from power plants deep in the Wasatch. Jonathan and Rhoda were alone. The four hours to Ogden had been difficult but not difficult enough, for none of the seven children had stayed on the land. None had remained in the Mormon church. None, even, had married a native of Utah. Three of them had moved out of the state. The twenty grandchildren were to be dispersed from San Diego to Boston, and though they were to take up trades as wide apart as boilermaking and novel-writ-

ing, not one of them was a farmer. They were products of the frontier—which had fallen.

The plenty of 1903 lingered on. But Jonathan and Rhoda grew old. A farm requires vigor and, though Jonathan's remained phenomenal, Rhoda's failed, and it was not always possible to find a granddaughter in her teens who would live with them and help. At last Jonathan began to show the strange mania that sometimes comes upon fruit-growers. He would suddenly notice something wrong about one of his fruit trees and decide that it must make way for a new, young shoot. He would get out his axe. The glorious orchards began to fall. So, a little dazed, uncomprehending, Jonathan made in 1917 the journey which during fifty-five years he had scorned to make—he and the rejoicing Rhoda moved the eight miles to Ogden to live with a daughter. The farm was sold. The buyer kept things as they were, but four years later some ass who had money to spare bought the place, leveled the orchards, let the fields perish, and began to raise silver foxes. He was a Goth plowing the land with salt.

Rhoda died in 1919. Jonathan lived four years more in a growing bewilderment. Sometimes he would disappear from the daughter's house. A grandson would know where to look for him, for the old man would start out unerringly for Uinta but would grow confused and wait wretchedly for a known face. When found he would explain that he was desperately needed at the farm. He had not seen it again when he died, and of the children and grandchildren only the novelist, a romantic, has traveled those eight miles.

What can be said in judgment of Jonathan Dyer's life? In terms of money, his estate, after the expense of six years away from the farm, was about six thousand dollars. He had come from Hertford and labored for fifty-five years to bequeath seven hundred and fifty dollars to each of his children. Or, in different terms, he had raised seven children who, with their children, had merged with the frontier into the republic. Not much else can be said: an item in the history of America had fulfilled itself. You must multiply Jonathan Dyer by several million, looking westward from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains, across a space which your oldest maps will call The Great American Desert.

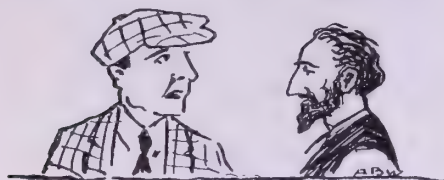
After that multiplication you see Jonathan Dyer as something else, and a carelessly parenthetical sentence in a letter from Ogden lights up with sudden meaning. "They are farming your grandfather's land again." So the fox farm has collapsed, with so much other obscenity that belonged to the boom years. There will be crops again on that hillside which slopes downward to the Weber. Alfalfa flowers will be blue in the north field once more and the canal will divert shimmering water to the kitchen garden. Perhaps other orchards will rise in the places where Jonathan's were uprooted; the volcanic ash will once more work its chemistry.

The earth was poisoned, and Jonathan made it sweet. It was a dead land, and he gave it life. Permanently. Forever. Following the God of the Mormons, he came from Hertford to the Great American Desert and made it fertile. That is achievement.





## The Lion's Mouth



### OASIS

BY R. HERNEKIN BAPTIST

THE carpet shop was beautiful to me, an oasis in the ugly African town where gold is mined. It was rich in color, walls and floor like a cave. The reflection of sunlight penetrated its depths with amber light which made the colors sing and glow. A silken bloom lay lightly over the colors: like the misty bloom on dark grapes. The walls were hung with beauty, the beauty of color, the aura, indestructible, of space, time, leisure, the benediction of serene human hands. Unhurried, craftsmen's hands.

Here was refuge. I stood and looked about me, felt beauty gently comfort me.

The owner of the oasis told me he came from Lebanon,

"Where the cedars grow," I said. The word "Lebanon" had a silken beauty, like the carpets.

"You have *been* there?" He seemed very surprised.

I said "No. But although a Christian, I was brought up hearing the words of the—we call it the Old Testament—for thirty years or so. The cedars of Lebanon have been a picture in my mind ever since I could listen. And there's another: 'The fir trees are a dwelling for the stork'—"

He was not listening. He had gone

to a desk in a dark corner. He stooped, searching, and presently he drew something from under a pile of bills and files and correspondence. He stood with a fine-looking old book in his hands. I looked at the pages. It was a mellow English book of the eighteen-thirties or so, redolent of a rectory study, on the ruins of old Judea. He laid an eager finger on a romantic, dimly beautiful engraving of a group of cedars on a hillside.

"They are still there. I know them!"

He told me of his brother who buys the carpets for him and now lives within a few hours of Bagdad. No two carpets alike—and because no two are ever alike, the women of the family often weep when they see one go from the walls. Even the men look stern when the gap is left. When a picture is old or familiar, or when the artist has taken many, many moons, even years, to complete a picture, the loss is like that of a friend who has your secrets laid away in his mind.

"Yes, my brother can go by motor car now to Bagdad. In the old days it was a ride of many hours. There are horses there . . . *horses*. One does not see horses here—not as we know a horse."

"You ride?"

I looked at him and realized that this man of the East was out of his element. He had a well-knit, slight but powerful frame. He could have been no more than forty.

"Ride? I—am a horseman!"

He turned, I thought, a contemptuous eye on the sleek car that stood

outside the shop. A native boy was putting a roll of carpets into it.

As if the sight had brought him back to reality he turned and laid the book again under the pile of bills.

I tell this story because it seems to me to contain a nation in a nutshell—in a few moments of time.

Bills and files—a deskful. But always—underneath—something of the spirit. Something soft, vivid, and beautiful. Something touching and melancholy and precious; remote and close as stars are remote and close. But also something immortal, indestructible. Again like the stars; or like the wind which bloweth where it listeth.

I met again that something immortal and precious a few months ago at Port Said. The boat had been crowded from an early hour with merchants and their wares. The decks were littered with color and texture and unfamiliar scents.

I went ashore in the afternoon but when I came back before nightfall there was a merchant among the others whom I had not noticed in the morning. His wares seemed more lovely than those of his neighbors. He himself was more diffident of manner than they. A hazy look, as of a man still rubbing dreams from his eyes, enveloped him. He did not seem to have the art of selling, could only look sadly at the crowd as they passed and re-passed his wares.

I said, "You're not selling these beautiful things, I'm afraid. Why don't you try to sell them? Look how busy the others are."

He said, "Sir, when one has just spent the Sabbath one does not find it so easy to begin selling. I am an Israelite. Only when my Sabbath is over could I come on board. These others—some of them are also Israelites—have sold much but they have

defiled the Sabbath. Yes, they have sold much. And now the people are tired of buying. They want the ship to go now. No longer do they give good prices as in the morning. Always I have loss when the ships arrive on the Sabbath. *Aye-yi-yi!*"

The merchant had a ruddy-brown face, irregular features and blue eyes. In Dublin you would not have noticed him. In London or Edinburgh you would have thought he might be Irish. At Port Said, among the dark vendors, you felt surprised at the unusual color-scheme of this Israelite.

"You see how it is, sir. I have nine sons. And having such a gift as nine sons, am I to spoil the blessing? Let my sons see me a Sabbath-breaker? Where then would be the blessing? There is something in life much money cannot buy. All the money I should make on this ship on the Sabbath could not buy me a good wife and nine sons. But it might lose them for me. That it might certainly do."

We both looked down at the beautiful silks and wools that were going unsold. I picked up a Persian coat of many colors: blues and greens and ivory and Indian red, softly exquisite; dull yet with a bloom on its surface.

I said, "I cannot buy anything myself this voyage, having just lent money to a son for a good purpose. But I will try to sell this coat for you."

I asked the price; it was two pounds.

I went to find the little peevish, surly Scot who sat next to me at table, always reckoning up what his honeymoon was going to cost him. He was a man torn before your very eyes between two passions: one the human, overwhelmingly masculine urge to rush home and wildly load his woman with extravagant gifts—the eager bridegroom who has been counting days for four years until this voyage should materialize. The other passion was that which is connected with Aberdeen. The



spending of a coin tore his very heart-strings.

"That feller's a miser all right," said his companion, the Manchester man, with contemptuous impatience. "But on the other side of the scale there's this so-called sex-madness weighing down the coins. I'm fair sick of him. If *you'd* had breakfast opposite a face like that for three years . . . him and his pencils and his note-books."

I had noticed the man reading, all through the Red Sea, *In Search of Scotland*. He was trying to plan a honeymoon tour. But he could not reconcile his desire to do the thing in style and keep an untroubled eye, an extravagant eye, on Beauty, with his fear of spending one penny that need not be spent. He was always, with pencil and paper, reckoning the alternative costs of rail and motor: of feeding picnic fashion on the roadside, or spending money on lunches at railway hotels. He would turn irresistibly, irritably, to the nearest neighbor and talk over these alternatives as if he were ridding himself of dangerous repressions. As indeed perhaps he was. That gray, crabbed little face was pierced by a pair of small, burning, deep-set eyes that seemed ever to be turned apprehensively toward remote horizons where pitfalls wait for Scotchmen in love.

I showed him the lovely garment. It became lyrical over its worth and cheapness.

He eyed it doubtfully, not looking at it directly but from round some invisible corner, as if he anticipated an enemy.

"But what's it *for*?" he said fretfully. "I've just bought some silk nightgowns for her to-day. One of the ladies told me they were a bargain and I *oughtn't* to miss them. Three at eighteen shillings each."

I was not, then, the only person on board who regarded him as fair prey.

His face was serious, worried, upset. He had, surely, been through temptation enough for the day.

"Is it—one of those fancy dressing-gowns they wear?"

I wondered whom he meant by "they."

"Good gracious no. She'd be an extravagant woman who wore this for a dressing-gown. But you'll take her to the theater sometimes, I suppose? Or a concert? Or the pier and so on while you're in England? Or perhaps a dinner with your chief after you get back to Kenya with your wife? Looking her *very* best—"

I began to feel that I was pleading for the bride as well as for the Israelite idealist.

I then had a brilliant idea. Pure, magnificent salesmanship.

"But what I should value it for would be for my wife to wear over an evening frock when it gets shabby. It's so lovely in itself that the dress really wouldn't matter. A coat like this will pay for itself over and over—keeping the dress-bill down."

He took the coat impatiently in his hands, felt it, held it to his ugly little hard face. Gloomily he felt its softness, as if he grudged so much beauty. Just as he felt hidden resentment against all the beauty held out by shopkeepers to entice careful men to squander. He resented Beauty. It disturbed and annoyed him.

"You think it might be a good investment?"

Resignation to fate struggled with grudging instinct.

"Of course it's an investment. In ten years' time it will be looking much as it looks now."

"Two pounds, you said—"

Like blood from a stone the words dropped.

"You are wise!" I said. "If I'd had a bean to spare I should never have let you have it."

This was true: I grudged letting such a coat get into infidel hands.

"Oh, well—where is the fellow?"

There was a snarl in his voice like that of a trapped animal. I led the victim to the place of sacrifice.

"This gentleman," I said to the merchant, "would like to buy this coat for a gift to his lady."

I retired and watched the slaughter from afar. When the purchaser walked away at a great rate with the coat scandalously crushed under his arm I again visited the merchant's corner. He was now beginning to pack up.

"The gentleman bought the coat, sir. A thousand thanks. It was a good sale to make so late in the day."

I spoke complacently, "Yes, I think I sold it for you. I wanted for once to see virtue actually rewarded. We are told that it is, but how rarely do we just catch Providence in the act. I wanted to see what it feels like to be a Providence that lives up to a reputation. Rewarded while you wait. Not when you're dead or too old."

"Sir?"

He gazed at me, puzzled.

We shook hands warmly like two business men who together have made a successful deal. I wished him and his nine sons and his wife all possible blessings.

But you see what I mean. At Port Said, whose renown is not that of virtue, there was again the same glimpse of that incorruptible treasure which lies below the Jewish genius for the marketplace. As long as the race retains those things of the spirit, so one is profoundly convinced, peace will be upon Israel whatever Israel may be called upon to suffer. And it is *not* the peace of the walled ghetto; mere physical safety. It is the peace within the Temple.



### THERE HE IS

BY CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN

MRS. SEEVER, using her very brightest telephone voice for Bill's boss, said, "Good-by, Mr. Jessup. Oh, *thank* you, Mr. Jessup, but I'm sure if Bill—if Mr. Seever just stays in bed his cold will be *perfectly* gone in a day or two." She hung up the receiver with a sigh of relief; she'd run right up in a minute—as soon as she had spoken to the washwoman downstairs about not doing those silks in too hot water—she'd run up and tell Bill Mr. Jessup said everything was fine at the office and he needn't worry and they'd just have a quiet day or two together until his cold was perfectly well. She congratulated herself on having persuaded her husband to stay in bed; there he was, up there, *safe*, and she had got him there . . .

Mrs. Seever smiled. This was the first time she had had her husband home on a week day all to herself, young Bill at school, and no visitors round and no golf to carry him off—the first time in her married life. Mrs. Seever often used that phrase, my married life; she liked the sound of it. A catbird called from the garden, through the open window drifted the scent of lilacs, at the gate the vegetable man's wagon came to a creaking halt. Something warm and comfortable rose and filled Mrs. Seever's neat blue gingham breast. She knew now what Mabel Allan had meant when she told Bertha the other day at bridge, "You know, I like it when my husband is sick. I mean just a little sick. There he is, up there in his room with his shoes under the bed. It gives me a sort of *safe* feeling."



The other woman had nodded assent. "It's the way I feel when I see Junior singing in his school choir. I sit there and I think—well, just what you thought. There he *is*, in a white bib and ruffle and he can't get out. We've had so much trouble with him and, my heaven! for once, there he *is*—"

Still smiling, Mrs. Seever moved toward the kitchen. She must tell the cook—

"Helen!" The voice floated down the stairs muffled, a little pathetic. Mrs. Seever said, "Coming, dear," and the telephone rang. She answered it, argued into it.

"Helen!"

Mrs. Seever dropped the receiver on the hook and flew upstairs. As she approached the conjugal door she slowed down, entering the room quietly, her face bright and composed. "Well, dear?" she said.

The face against the pillows was very red and looked swollen; the hair on its head stood up very wild. The room was in the kind of disorder only a man can achieve. Mrs. Seever gave a look round and put her hands on the rail at the foot of the bed and smiled at her husband. "How big you look, Bill," she said unexpectedly. "My goodness, you look *enormous*, there in that bed."

"What's that got to do with anything?" said Mr. Seever indignantly, and sneezed. "What did Jessup say on the 'phone? Did you tell him what I told you, about those Memphis orders? I've been yelling at you half an hour. What were you doing down there all this time?" He stopped and blew his nose. "I need a clean handkerchief. And some ice water. It's hot in here. Can't you open the window? . . . No! Not those tissue things. I won't use them. And I won't use paper cups either. Ugh! I hate your hygiene. No! Don't pick up those dirty handkerchiefs. You'll catch my cold."

Mrs. Seever moved about briskly and quietly, straightening the room. Mr. Seever's eyes, blue and watery, followed her about gloomily. Downstairs the telephone rang and rang again, and then, miraculously, stopped ringing. She must hurry and tend to that washwoman and tell the cook—but she must not appear hurried. In a sickroom one must never appear hurried. The effort of not appearing hurried brought a slight frown to Mrs. Seever's brow.

"Can't you look a little *cheerful*?" the voice from the bed asked. "Smiling faces! Cheer. That's what a sick room needs."

Mrs. Seever laughed. "Darling, it's grand to have you here, roaring round."

She gathered up five socks, a shirt and collar into a bundle, leaned down and blew some powder off the glass-topped mahogany bureau, and with her toe mechanically made one bedroom slipper under the bed lie parallel with another bedroom slipper.

"Don't *hum*!" the voice from the bed said plaintively. "Anybody'd think you don't care I'm sick, humming round. Be a little serious. Look a little concerned. My gosh, when you're sick I don't go humming round."

Hum? thought Mrs. Seever dryly. You, hum? You don't even know I'm sick when I'm sick.

But she leaned over and kissed her husband on the forehead. His skin was unpleasantly moist.

"I'll be back," she said, and moved out the door, closing it quietly behind her.

"Leave it open," said Mr. Seever. "Open it, Helen."

Helen opened it.

She came back later, and sat down and read the newspaper to him. Stock reports, market reports. Leather was moving down and was moving down

and was moving down. After awhile she looked over and Bill was lying there very quiet, his eyes closed. Mrs. Seever lowered the paper noiselessly to the floor—it took her some time to get it all down—and relaxed in her chair. It was eleven, but already she felt as if it were four; she had been up and down so much. George Gates had called and said the Poker Club was meeting to-night, and she had felt a little guilty, saying so cheerfully that Bill had to stay home. The office had called three times, and she had been up and down with messages. She had cancelled a luncheon engagement for to-morrow and a tea for to-day, but of course, she told herself, she hadn't minded that. The rest of the day she would spend quietly with Bill. It would do them both good.

She looked at her husband. How very limp his body lay under the bedclothes. Body! What a dreadful word. His face wasn't red any longer; it had gone quite white and glisteny. Little beads of moisture stood up against a gray pallor. He looked dreadful. Suppose he really were sick! Suppose he got sicker and sicker. Pneumonia. Pleurisy. Double pneumonia. A hot pain shot through Mrs. Seever's chest; she leaned forward, her eyes wide.

"Bill!" she whispered.

The form on the bed jerked uncomfortably. "Ouch!" it said. "My God, what's the matter? Don't hiss at me like that."

"Ah-h-h!" Mrs. Seever breathed a long sigh. Not dead. Not dying.

"I was almost asleep." The voice was reproachful. "I was drifting off."

Mrs. Seever jumped up remorsefully. "That's just what you need, dearest. A nice nap before lunch. A nice little nap. I'll open the window and make you all comfy."

She went to the window and pushed.

It had rained last night; the sash was swollen. It stuck, and it kept on sticking. Mrs. Seever twisted her body sidewise and down, got under the sash and pushed. She grunted. She got farther down and pushed harder. Bill Seever, from the bed, wondered vaguely why the Lord had made women so *much* that way. Of course, it must be useful for sitting down, but it did seem a little excessive—

The window flew open with a bang. Air, chill and easterly, blasted through the room. Curtains blew, papers fluttered.

"There!" said Mrs. Seever triumphantly. "Now you can go to sleep."

Mr. Seever shivered, crouching under the blankets. "Sleep!" he roared. "Shut it, quick! Shut that damn freezing awful window."

In the afternoon he really did sleep. When he woke he asked for food and Mrs. Seever brought him something hot in a fragile flowery cup. There was a spray of forsythia on the tray. Mr. Seever smelled at the cup and waved his hand. "Broth! Take it away. Bring me a chop. Meat. Potatoes. Something strengthening. If I lie here not eating I'll get weak. Well no, I can't say I'm hungry, but my heaven, woman, I need something strengthening."

She went away and Bill Seever lay there, waiting for her and feeling weaker and weaker. He had not eaten anything all day but some orange juice. He put his hand down under the bedclothes and felt the muscles of his leg. Flabby—God, he was getting thinner and thinner. He would look awful, a big man like him, thin and fallen away. His clothes would hang on him like old Jed Brown's that tottered round the office forever and ever. All right for old Jed to look like that; he would never have got on anyway—but if he, Bill Seever, began to look seedy it would be a serious matter.



Part of a salesman's business to look big and prosperous.

He coughed and laid a hand on his chest. Here he lay, pale and shaky, a spot of color burning on each cheek.

Mrs. Seever came in with a tray. "Open the window," he said to her. He coughed again, hollowly. "Isn't fresh air supposed to be good for the chest? Don't they drink milk, too, and eat egg whites? Have we any egg whites in the house?"

"Egg whites?" Mrs. Seever set the tray on the bureau. "Whom? Good for whom? I just *shut* the window five minutes ago. You said you were chilly. You said you wanted a chop. You want an eggnog now? The brandy's nearly gone. Hadn't we better save it for an emergency?"

"Emergency!" Bill Seever sat up very straight and glared at his wife; then he sank back on the pillows. "Listen, Helen," he said, weakly. "I can't eat. I'm not hungry. Take that chop away, and you go with it. Don't be lurking in here talking about emergencies. I love you and all that, but haven't you some business to tend to downstairs?"

Mrs. Seever looked at him. Some business downstairs? The wash not dried, young Bill snuffling home from school with a beginning-cold, the cook in a temper, the telephone ringing, and he asks me if I haven't some business downstairs!

She set the tray down, bump! on a chair by the bed. Before supper she'd hang up the worst of the wash in the cellar. . . . The man in the bed was eating and sniffing. His face was red again. He was enormous, sitting up there. He'd fill three beds. Everything in the house gone to ruin and there he was, in bed . . .

It seemed to Mrs. Seever he had been there forever. Forever she had been running up with trays, running down to answer bells, running up again. There had been no other days, no other life than this; there never would be. The glad normal life, with husbands in offices, bedrooms swept, husbands on golf links—that was the estate not of earth but of heaven.

Who was it had said something about a husband, said it in a beamish, idiotic voice, "up there with his shoes under the bed all *safe*—there he is. There he just *is*." . . . Dimly Mrs. Seever remembered the morning, remembered the catbird and the lilacs; dimly she wondered why of a spring morning things seemed not what they were.

She picked up a tumbler half full of something and went out of the room, leaving the door open behind her.

"Close it!" said Mr. Seever. "Helen! Hey! Can't you please keep that door closed?"

Helen closed it.



## *Editor's Easy Chair*



### ALL ABOARD! CLEAR THE TRACK!

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

OUR national train is making good speed, the steam is well up in the engine, the trainmen are civil and obliging. There is a dining car and a lot of passengers who look out of the window and wonder where they are going. The conductors are affable and cheerful; but everybody knows it is hard to get real information out of conductors. The train stops at stations; some passengers slip off and try to pick up local information but do not get much.

How much are we learning about economics and finance and such things? There seems to be a school keeping for us in Washington, in London, in every newspaper office. Is there somebody who knows what all the legislation came to that was done between the fourth of March and the first of June this year? Is there somebody who thinks he knows what the new banking law is and how effectually it really provides against the closing of four-fifths of the banks in the country the next time we have a bad fiscal pinch? One hears from credible sources that the Federal Reserve member banks are to be required to safeguard the depositors of all the banks in the country, and that this is producing emotions of apprehension in managers of the great banks of the Eastern cities. They feel that if they have to stand behind the kind of bank-

ing that lately resulted in so many thousand closed banks their resources may not be equal to so large an assignment. They feel that if the multitude is to be invited to sit down, they, the bankers, must either learn to do a marvel with the loaves and fishes or move out of the picture. But this new plan does not begin to operate until the end of the year and something may be done to make it more acceptable to the still solvent bankers.

Crops are in the ground. The new laws doubtless came too late to affect this year's sowing, but next year will somebody expound to every farmer how much land he can plant? It sounds complicated, doesn't it?

Our future is obscure, our present course is incomprehensible to more than a very limited number of its observers. We can read the stock market reports and see whether stocks go up or down; we are used to that. We can stick postage stamps on letters, we know what the post office will do, and by an effort we can keep up with changes in the rate of postage. But when it comes to the gold in the dollar we do not know much about that. The gold standard is too complicated. Gold seems to be worth more or less according to how you feel about it. There is talk in the Book of Revelation about the Mark of the Beast and how you could not buy or sell unless



you had it on you. The British Israel people say that means the gold standard, which makes it still more interesting when we see our President flouting it and saying that in the United States it is proposed to buy and sell with dollars no matter how they look to Europe. The large issue seems to be whether mankind is to be adjusted to the continued use of gold dollars or whether the gold is to be adjusted to the continued use of mankind. All there is in gold is what we think about it. It is valuable only because we think it is. If you get a sufficient majority of the world's wealth to think alike about gold you may stabilize currency, which the experts seem to want to do; but our Mr. Roosevelt says we cannot wait for that—we have got to boost prices, and if the dollar falls down we have got to let it slide until things are moving much more freely than as yet.

There was a story in the newspapers somewhere the other day about a family that applied to a Brahmin priest to advise and assist them in the misery in which they lived. They told him how uncomfortable they were, how crowded and over-populated their dwelling was. He said, "Have you any animals?"

They said, "A cow and a goat."

He said, "Bring the cow into the house!"

So they went away and brought the cow into the house. Of course they shortly came back and said the presence of the cow in the house had greatly increased discomfort. But the Brahmin said, "Take in the goat!" They did it, being obedient people, but came back in a week and said, "This is torture. We cannot bear it any longer. Between the cow and the goat our habitation stinks to the skies."

The Brahmin said, "Turn out the goat!" When they came back and said

it made things a little better he said, "Turn out the cow!" When the cow went life was again sweet to them. They came back in thankfulness to be relieved from so much misery, albeit they had returned simply to the condition that they had been in before. But an operation had been done on their minds.

There is a great deal of philosophy in that story. Perhaps—very likely indeed—what is now proceeding is an operation on the minds of the American people to make them appreciate the blessings they had before they got in so many improvements. Prior to the present century they had attained to railroads, telegraphs and telephones and some bath tubs, but did not have motor cars, nor motor roads, nor flying planes, nor radio, and yet they lived. People now alive who lived then say it was not so bad as you might think.

Perhaps the telephone and the radio and the bath tubs and the car are the cow and the goat that have been let into our houses and given us the pangs of overcrowding, and presently the Brahmin may invite us to throw them all out and return to the simple life.

But probably that won't happen. Imagination is not strong enough to conceive of life in this present world without bath tubs, motor cars, and roads. We know that our fathers got on without them, but this world we live in is different. Nobody ever lived in such a world before. Its fixtures are a part of it, and it may be that everybody has got to have them. We have very limited notions of what our present world and our life in it are all about. It is full of things we have not digested. We sit on limbs, flutter our wings a little, observe curious proceedings going on, and wonder whether mating and a nest are going out of style.

Probably not.

SOMEbody said a good while ago that he did not care who wrote the laws of his country if he had the making of its songs. His remark was respected probably beyond its deserts and is still going pretty strong but needs to be modified to read: that it does not matter who provides the news so long as one can control the headlines. Songs have no great influence, though after all there was "The Sidewalks of New York," but the headlines in the newspapers have first shot at millions of minds. Habit prevails over experience to make people believe that what the headlines shout is the valid and important part of what is told beneath them in smaller type. Headline lying and exaggeration rank quite high among the current iniquities. It is not as bad as kidnapping but is of the nature of that offense. "Who steals my purse steals trash," but who steals the news from me ought to be examined by the grand jury and probably indicted.

Too many of the headline artists are hostile to language as well as often indifferent to truth. They make verbs out of nouns, they choose their words not for their sense but for the number of letters in them. If the number of letters is convenient the sense is forced in on them by Procrustean methods. They really do a lot of mischief to language and all for no better purpose than to make noise. Too many headlines! twice as many! four times as many! as there used to be in that division of the long ago which is known to us as "before the Great War."

However, the whole job of conveying impressions to the impressionable has changed since that time. The change has been very striking in the last four months since the new administration came in and the great avalanche of innovations began to roll down the hill. Theodore Roosevelt

used to put out discourse for the Monday morning papers. Franklin Roosevelt sometimes does the like but does it by radio on Sunday night. His ability to reach the voters from end to end of the country on the radio seems to be an important factor in his doing of his job. When Congress hesitated about the last item of the prosperity program it faced a veto and then an immediate radio appeal to the country. That was novel. When the Senate balked Mr. Wilson and would not back his program he went out bodily and tried word of mouth to audiences actually before him. The effort was too much and he broke down; but to him at that time the radio would doubtless have been vastly valuable. What he had to say would have gone much farther and at much less cost of physical strain.

WE DON'T realize even yet that we are living in a new world and what kind of a world it is. We don't know what is out of date about it, we don't know what will come back into use and what will not; for quite a bit of it has passed out of use.

There was something in the July number of this Magazine about the tourist cabins on the great thoroughfares that run across the continent—how many there are, how they are growing and improving in quality. It was interesting because it was evidence of a new kind of life. We do not know yet the whole or nearly all of what roads have done for us. The vast communication they have provided is not at all likely to go out of style. It has changed human life and, on the whole, we like the change and are gradually fitting ourselves to it.

The Romans built roads. They knew that if you expected to manage the world you had to have access to it. Their roads run about in Europe to this day, but they did not have the



motor cars which, after all, are a factor of note in our present economy. A farm used to have value because you could raise crops on it. It has some value for that purpose now, value that apparently at this moment is increasing, and needs to, for it had fallen low; but what gives value to a farm now is the road that runs past it.

Roads, however, did not save the Roman Empire, though it lasted pretty well, and they will not save us unless we use them to go somewhere worth reaching and get something worth having.

**A**T CHICAGO in June, at the Institute of Homeopaths, doctors discussed whether physicians should be given the legal right to dispose of incurable patients.

No! It is not a matter that can be handled by law. There are a good many such matters. The judgment of a wise and responsible doctor about who is incurable and entitled to release and about what new-born monstrosity should be eliminated is better and quicker than an application of law would be. Doctors make mistakes all the time. We have to bear with them and we do, without much grumbling, but there is no use of adding to them the errors of health boards.

Yes, doctors make mistakes, but the benefits to public health that have come out of laboratories and are coming out of laboratories all the time are beyond all praise. Miracles, so-called, which means mental or spiritual healing, are interesting and may be more interesting, and more widely applicable to relief of disease when they are better understood. Christian Science, the Unity Society, and various organizations of that sort seem to point to a wider field for mental healing and better jobs done in it; but so far the great benefits to public health have come out of the laboratories. Smallpox, yellow

fever, syphilis, rabies, diabetes, typhoid, and lately diphtheria have been chained up and kept under control and more relief is coming! Attention has been concentrated on cancer, and that may go next.

And yet to no less an authority than Edison is attributed the saying: "The greatest discoveries will be along spiritual lines. This is the field where miracles are going to occur. Spiritual power is the greatest of undeveloped powers and has the greatest future."

**L**IKE RAISINS in a pudding, good things are dropped every June into the Commencement speeches. They were this year, as when at Harvard President Lowell in his brief and simple afternoon valedictory talked about the pursuit of truth as the greatest delight in life and the thing that colleges above all else should foster. And it will last as a primary purpose if it is true (and it is) as he said that "truth that is held at any one time by any body of men is always more or less defective."

At that same Harvard gathering Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, in return for a new D.D., told attentive listeners in effect that we were all dressed up and had no place to go. Our means were enormous; but our ends much to seek. "The swiftest road to Hell," he said, "is to have everything to live with and nothing worth living for." Fatty Arbuckle, lately deceased, might have agreed with him. "Unless we can re-establish the spiritual ends of life in terms of culture, character, and social justice, our civilization will ruin itself with the misuse of its own instrument." So said the preacher, and President Roosevelt's blunt words to the London Conference suggest that he too feels that our ends need reshaping, and has a mind himself to do a bit of rough hewing preliminary to it.







MEXICAN INTERIOR

By Howard Cook

*Courtesy of the Weyhe Galleries*



# Harpers *Magazine*

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## OUR PERNICIOUS VIRTUES

BY I. A. R. WYLIE

SOMEbody has written somewhere that if there were no God, Man would have to invent him—the inference being that Man, essentially noble, needed somebody nobler to worship.

As usual, Man flattered himself.

What we really have to have, if we are to judge by our own conduct, is a defenseless scapegoat to whom on all occasions and without argument, we can pass the buck. And what we should have done without God in this capacity is interesting to imagine. Possibly we might have been less pleased with ourselves. Consequently we might have progressed farther. At least, whether we were Christians, Hottentots or Dervishes, we should have saved the breath, time, and energy that have gone into our litanies which, boiled down to their essence, amount to a reproachful plea to the Omnipotent that He should preserve us from His own incalculable and unreasonable temper.

"Preserve us, O Lord," we have wailed down the ages and in all languages, "from Wars, Pestilences, and Famines." And sometimes, in a burst of frankness we have added, "and from the consequences of our sins." For to do us justice, we rather fancied ourselves as sinners—or at any rate as victims of the Devil whose activities were clearly those of an *agent provocateur*. But never in our inordinate conceit has it occurred to us to plead that we be saved from our imbecilities, much less from our virtues, with which we are profoundly and unshakably satisfied.

Yet if we had any real honesty we should have had to admit from the beginning that God's interference in our affairs, for good or ill, is relatively rare. Only by the wildest stretch of dishonest thinking can He be made responsible for Wars, Pestilences, and Famines which were and are the result of our own gross mismanagement.



Grant occasional "natural catastrophes"—a typhoon or an earthquake. But their share in the burden of our miseries is as negligible as the share of miracles in the sum total of our joys. Most of us are unhappy. Very few of us can honestly claim to have been bothered by typhoons. Admit that death is at present, and perhaps fortunately, beyond our control. It is actually the least of our troubles. No, looking at the world and the conditions of life as a background to our activities, we ought to be fair enough to admit that we have been given every reasonable opportunity to be happy. That we have made such an unholy mess of them is a fact that we cannot bear to admit. We prefer to implicate God. (Even atheists snarl about destiny.) If it flatters our egotism to be humble, we acknowledge to a few sins and accept the illogical and unreasonable consequences as God's punishments. If we are of the arrogant type we assert, from no adequate evidence, that the Deity signals out His favorites by chastening and that the more we are chastened, the more obviously we belong to the Best People. But at any rate, whatever happens, God has always been at the bottom of it. Even as late as 1929 there were insinuations from the American pulpits that He was manipulating the markets and that by a few well-chosen words He might be induced to turn bullish again. The suggestion that God, if He had intervened at all, had lavished unprecedented superfluities of everything on the United States, and that the unprecedented misery and want was due to unprecedented dishonesty and stupidity, would have called out the whole American Legion.

Nevertheless, God and the Devil as general fomenters of misfortune had begun to lose prestige as far back as 1914, largely because a great number of people had ceased to believe seri-

ously in either of them. This was a bad break in the intellectual and emotional defense and had to be patched up somehow. A new scapegoat had to be found. For as long as the War lasted and we were free to be completely silly, the Kaiser served admirably in the role. Some people even went so far as to implicate the whole German people, but most of us felt that was going too far and made a dangerous precedent. After all, the Germans might turn out to be human and involve us in responsibility. It was much safer to fix our old superstition on one man who, when the time came, could be satisfactorily hung, drawn, and quartered. However, in four years a great deal happened to us and when the time did actually come for the execution the pitiful insufficiency of a neurotic middle-aged gentleman was too palpable. It was then we began to talk of our common guilt. This was a step but in the wrong direction. We were, in fact, continuing along the lines of our old superstition that it was our wickedness that had led to our downfall. And the Germans happened, at the moment, to be rather more wicked than the rest of us. It never occurred to us that what had really led the Germans astray was excess of virtue, and that what had undone us all was that we were all virtuous—after our fashion.

It is safe to say that if we had not been virtuous there would have been no War.

The Germans were very virtuous. They were brave. They were patriotic. They were faithful citizens. They were law-abiding. They were excellent parents. They were dutiful children. They believed in the sanctity of marriage. They believed in God. Those of us who, like myself, had lived among them for years knew that they were virtuous and, consequently, we never enjoyed the War at

all but worried our heads off trying to reconcile their virtues with the kind of things they were supposed to be doing. I do not know now, since Hitler, whether they did them or not. At the time I was passionately and most illogically convinced that they were maligned.

I say illogically, because in fact there was no contradiction between what we chose to consider as atrocities and what the Germans called virtue. What we did not realize was that German virtue had remained static since about the Middle Ages. Some of them went back farther, as they boasted, to barbaric times when to be a Hun was the *ne plus ultra* of manliness. To-day their chosen spokesman likes to refer to "barbaric severity"; and it seems generally accepted by all Germans that the older the virtue the better.

But we need not waste energy belaboring the Germans. What is wrong with them is wrong, in various degrees, with all of us. We do the things we do, not because we are wicked, according to our own standards, but because we are good. It was our virtues that landed us into four years of slaughter and ruin. If we had not been brave, faithful, patriotic, tenacious, and unselfish we should never have fought at all.

Wickedness can be dealt with. It is, in its accepted form, relatively rare. But virtue, in its accepted form, can be the devil. Because they were more virtuous than the rest of us—they said they were and they were right—the Germans nearly smashed themselves and the rest of us to pulp. What they needed and what we all need now to be civilized and survive is to bring our virtues into line with our guns, our airplanes, and our plumbing. If we do not hurry up, our next display of high-powered old-time virtue will finish civilization altogether.

## II

There were symptoms after the War that we had realized this. For one thing, it became disillusioningly obvious that virtue was going to be its own reward. And this, in spite of the copybooks, was not at all what we had been led to expect. Consequently we became what was called "cynical," but what in reality was thoughtful, about virtue, and some of us abandoned it altogether. We became internationalists, pacifists, and bigamists; we married and remarried or lived "irregular lives" with much fine abandon and bravado. All of this would have been excellent, symptomatically speaking, if it had not been for the bravado. The bravado revealed the weakness of our position. Fundamentally and in spite of ourselves, we felt that we were offending against and defying some fixed unchangeable standard of morality and decency. We were not convinced reformers, desperately trying to stir up virtue from its medieval stagnation. We were reckless sinners, consciously fallen from grace. Consequently as propagandists we were totally unconvincing, and we have now the disheartening spectacle of the younger generation which, as we are constantly assuring it, is to lead us back (and "back" is the right word) to the dear old days, turning more distressingly Victorian than the worst of the Victorians.

For one thing, patriotism is rampant as it never was rampant before in history.

As a matter of fact, history knows very little about patriotism. Contrary to the beliefs of Legionaries, Hitlerites, and D.A.R.'s all over the world, it is not an historical virtue. Nor is it, as those sentimentalists like to assert, one of the profoundest of man's noblest instincts. It is not an instinct at all. Before the seventeenth century hardly



anybody had heard of it, with the exception of the Romans whose dictum that it was sweet and beautiful to die for one's country would have been gibberish to the average Frenchman under the Bourbons or to an Englishman before Elizabeth. Men fought for kings, factions, loot, and very occasionally for principles. Even so the actual fighters were regarded as rabble, and it is significant that not until the nineteenth century when patriotism had become a mania did it occur to anyone to erect monuments to them.

The French, to-day well-known patriots, were actually exceedingly backward in accepting the idea at all and had to be fairly driven to it during the Revolution by the pressure of enemies who, on their side, were frankly acting from the basest possible motives. The English, being self-contained and relatively homogeneous, became patriotic much earlier, and we find references in Shakespeare to the superiority of the English and England over the rest of the world. At the time the idea served a useful and even noble purpose. It brought men together. It established their unity and common responsibility. It enlarged the loyalty to the family and the faction and fired the ideal with new enthusiasm. It was a stepping-stone. If we had gone on from there all might have been well with us. But, as usual, having discovered a virtue, we proceeded to embalm it. We had discovered patriotism, and beyond that there could not be and ought not to be any progression. We nailed patriotism to the masthead and anybody who refused to stand permanently at the salute was a black-hearted scoundrel.

But unfortunately whatever ceases to grow begins to decay. And the final stage of decay is senility, and senility is the last form of childishness. In regard to one of our most popular and accepted virtues, ordinarily adult hu-

man beings are less than half-grown—a misplacement of emotional and intellectual balance that amounts in effect and under certain stimuli to a murderous insanity. Once in a while one of us grows up and attains full stature. But to be sane among the insane is dangerous. Just before her death Nurse Cavell is reported to have said: "Patriotism is not enough"; and the words after much fierce controversy were engraved under her statue. If she had not been shot by the Germans these words would have landed her in an English prison.

The worst of patriotism is that it is one of the few virtues that are thoroughly pleasant. Everyone enjoys being patriotic. Patriotism provides an apparently legitimate vent for an otherwise controlled schoolboy passion for killing things and smashing windows. It justifies our otherwise unjustifiable conceit. (Even if a man is bowlegged, knockkneed, and weak in the head, he can still feel superior as an Englishman, an American, a Frenchman, or whatever, by accident, he happens to be.) In times of crisis to stand shoulder to shoulder with all the other best people who happened to be born in the same place and defy all the inferior people who happened to be born somewhere else produces an intoxicating glow and an inexplicable sense of godliness. One can understand, for instance, why the Germans at the moment of writing and in spite of their manifold afflictions, are really happy people. Drunk with *Vaterlandsliebe* and *Deutsche Tugend*—German virtue, of course, superior to anybody else's virtue—they can forget what they want and believe what they want—which is the whole end of drunkenness. Unfortunately when Germans begin to talk of *Vaterlandsliebe* and *Deutsche Tugend* it is high time for the rest of us to hunt up a nice bomb-proof shelter.

But I am not trying to be superior. We are all tarred in various degrees with the same brush. I am so pleased with myself for being English that I go about the world in a state of speechless superiority. But I am just grown-up enough to realize that I am suffering like most of my fellow-countrymen from a protracted emotional adolescence. The only thing that comforts me is that, unlike the Germans, we English do not suffer in addition from an inferiority complex, so that at least there is no need for us to make periodical exhibitions of ourselves. We might even claim that we are almost adult enough to be satisfied with being superior without forcing the fact down our neighbor's throat at the point of the bayonet. This is an advance. But so little is it understood by the old-time virtuous that they regard us as effete scions of a once virile race. It is a dangerous mistake. Sufficiently provoked, we can become as virtuous as the worst of them. At this moment let someone insult my King and Country and I shall dig out that half-knitted sock that fortunately for some honest warrior was never finished during the Great War. But I hope I shall remember to the last stitch that I am not right in my head.

The intelligentsia who have been looking at patriotism down their noses for some years may regard all this as beating a dead donkey. But the donkey, most surprisingly, has survived their disapproval. It is very much alive and much more dangerous. A hundred years ago the range of its destructive capacities was limited. The worst that one virtuously patriotic people could do to another was to defeat and decimate it. Now it is possible to wipe out a whole civilization. It would be truer to-day to say that it is not only possible but, if the donkey is not permanently put out of action, inevitable. An honest patriot to-day

may feel as virtuous as he pleases. He is none the less an anachronism wandering about a powder-magazine with a torchlight. Torchlight is a dramatic and spectacular method of illumination. But we can no longer afford to risk it. And it is not enough to be academically disapproving. However much we may yearn for it, here is one old-time virtue that we have got to extinguish in ourselves before it extinguishes us. The virtue that must replace it if we are to survive is not internationalism, which is an unworkable compromise but, in a new sense of the term, "worldliness." From the point of view of an Einstein we shall be still sufficiently parochial. And if we must defy and insult somebody with our superiority let us worldlings get together and insult the universe. In which case we shall continue to be ridiculous. But at least, for the time being, we shall be harmless.

Love of one's country, that is to say, love of the soil where the individual has his roots, is bound to survive in us long after the political and aggressive aspect of patriotism has been suppressed—always supposing it has been suppressed in time to leave us either roots or soil to love—which, like the bomb-proof shelter, is very unlikely. It seems a harmless enough survival, and I should hate to try to eradicate it from myself. None the less it is a limitation and a hindrance. I am aware, at this moment, looking out at a lovely American countryside, that my yearning for England, and another spring, is spoiling the American apple blossom for me. I am also aware that my yearning gives me a ridiculous satisfaction—a sort of moral uplift, as though there was actually something virtuous in an attitude of heart that makes travel to the average traveler almost valueless. I tell myself with conviction, but without warmth, that I am an ass. These American apple



trees, planted in a world so minute that the universe can be scarcely aware of its existence, should be as much mine to enjoy and love as any Kentish orchard. And I can only hope that my successors will be sufficiently grown-up citizens of the world not only to know it, as I do, but to feel it as, at my backward stage of development, I do not.

But I am not really hopeful. At this time, perhaps because of some dark impulse toward mass suicide, there is a violent recrudescence of the belief not only that one apple blossom is superior to another but that there is inherent virtue in proving it with general death and damnation.

And much the apple blossom knows about it all.

### III

Physical courage and patriotism are closely allied virtues. One might say that the latter is the best-known excuse for a display of the former, so that they should be deflated together.

I have never understood why physical courage should be so valued and rewarded in our modern life. It is as common to the human race as the sex impulse. I myself have never met a physical coward, man or woman, and I am convinced that what we call cowardice is merely a symptom of indigestion or malnutrition and has as much to do with character as a cold in the head. I see, therefore, no more sense in shooting wretched soldiers for lack of courage than for pinning medals on the bosoms of the more fortunate whose glands happen to be functioning nicely at the right moment.

I do not mean that men are not afraid: I mean that it is not natural for them to give way to fear and that they not only overcome it more easily than they give way to it but that they distinctly enjoy the process. I can speak from experience, for I am as near being a physical coward as anyone I know,

and I have lived through more air-raids than I can remember. Houses have been blown up within a stone's throw of my own and I have shivered in my shoes. And since it was the other fellow who was blown up, I know I would not have missed the experience for the world. But I do not expect the Victoria Cross on that account. Nor do I see why other Londoners who prowled about the streets looking for Zeppelins and Gothas should plume themselves. The old lady I knew who came up to town regularly on moonlight nights for fear of missing a bombardment, if somewhat gladiatorially minded, was at least honest about it. She said she had never enjoyed anything so much.

And it is my conviction that the vast majority of men who survived the War sound in limb regard it as the best time in their lives and that those who did not survive paid the gambler's price for doing what they wanted to do and for displaying a quality in themselves which the human race has managed to regard both as exceptional and universal. All English people, for instance, know that Englishmen are brave. Yet if an Englishman has an exceptional opportunity to display bravery he is given the Victoria Cross. We all thirst for such opportunities. As children we imagine them. As adults we are dangerously likely to create them. Hitherto the best, most dramatic opportunity has been war. But even war is becoming too modern for this most cherished and most primitive of our virtues. The next great victory will be won not by brave men with bayonets, but by some bespectacled gentleman who will have the promptitude and moral courage to press an electric button and reduce a nation to the ashheap. Whether that nation will bear the reduction with bravery or not will not be of the slightest possible significance.

When saber-toothed tigers ravaged the forests physical courage was a utilitarian quality without which men could not survive. There are no saber-toothed tigers on our streets today—if motorists are excepted; and the actual calls upon the individual's physical courage are so rare that the average man goes through life without knowing whether he is brave or not. For the exceptional man who cannot rest till he finds out, there are still records to be broken and, eventually, one of them will take a trial flight to the moon. Whether these exceptions add greatly to the sum total of our knowledge and happiness need not be discussed. The point is that these men are doing what they want to do, and that without forced cultivation there are enough of them for all useful purposes. It might be fairly added that a great many serve no useful purpose at all. Like gangsters, they are simply exhibitionists. If we could get it clear in our minds that physical courage is much more commonplace than physical cleanliness and, in modern life, much less necessary, we should regard such people as we would regard a man who insists on cleaning his teeth at the dinner-table—as being offensively ostentatious.

This is not to underestimate or disparage a quality that has conquered our world for us. But that conquest has been made. Now we have to go on to the much more difficult conquest of ourselves. And we need other weapons. Our over-evaluation of physical courage, like our over-emphasis of athleticism, is an obstinate clinging to bows and arrows in the teeth of modern artillery. The present-day battlefield has no use for the athlete and the old-time hero. We need men and women with good health and strong nerves—not overstrained record breakers. We need intellectual and moral heroism. And the curse of our

deification of physical courage is that a display of it, in the individual or in a nation, can disguise a total bankruptcy in the essential virtues. If we had any sense of what really mattered we should regard the soldier as a self-confessed failure and a martial nation as a nation of failures. For both are shirking the real business of life, which is to live and make life possible. It was a well-known phenomenon in the last war that men welcomed it as an escape from their own incapacity. Modern Germany, led by Hitler, deifies the fighter and seethes with the desire to fight, not because she is a nation of heroes but because she is a nation of potential suicides who have broken under moral and emotional pressure and who know no way out save through destruction. Modern war for bankrupt and defeated nations is a definite suicidal escape which our over-valuation of physical courage allows us to glorify as noble and heroic.

The modern heroic man, like the modern heroic nation, is too proud to fight. When Wilson made that announcement to the world he made himself the laughing stock of all barbarians. But he gave the modern man a banner to nail to his masthead, where, like his predecessors, he will probably keep it till it falls in tatters.

Meanwhile the ideal of ourselves that we have got to recognize and accept if we are to escape from the morass into which our old-time heroes have led us, is the moral hero—the intellectual and spiritual adventurer. Unfortunately, as a race, we are out-of-date. We may pride ourselves on our airplanes and radios, but in character we are wandering somewhere in the Dark Ages, and though we pay lip-service to moral and intellectual courage, much as the early Britons accepted Christianity, we secretly cling to our old gods. They demand less of us. It is much easier for us to face machine



guns than a new idea and to follow a shining knight in armor than a thinker with a new vision of human relationship. And, as it is essential for us to think well of ourselves, we make a virtue of our cowardice. We deify the knight and beat the modern fighter and hero into silence. We dig a grave for him.

It may be argued that this is nothing new in our history, and that somehow as a race we have managed to survive. But to-day the situation is unparalleled. We have piled up such destructive forces against ourselves that a single false step may mark the end of our whole civilization. The results of a revolver shot at Sarajevo—the gesture of an old-fashioned patriotic hero—should warn us that we have no time to spare on out-of-date ideals, no space in which to play round with spectacular and deadly virtues. If we do not bury the knight-in-armor in the grave we are digging, it is he who will bury us.

#### IV

One of our most highly prized virtues is fidelity.

We are immensely pleased with ourselves when we are faithful. Susan Glaspell in one of her best novels asked why, and probably received small reward for her temerity and certainly no intelligible answer. Yet it was a useful, thought-provoking question.

Fidelity, like most of our popular virtues, had an early highly utilitarian origin. The family and the tribe if they were to survive had to hold together. To the feudal lord, who depended for his life on bullying or bribing sufficient numbers of vassals and adherents to serve under his banner, the idea of fidelity, nicely tied up by the Church with promises of Heaven and Hell Fire, was a veritable godsend. Bribery and fear were, after all, unsatisfactory because there was

always a chance that someone else could bribe higher and threaten worse. But fidelity, once beaten into the vassals' wooden heads, was bribe- and threat-proof. The first man to make use of the phrase "faithful unto death" set the fashion in ideal living and dying for untold luckless generations of physical and moral serfs. If he had said "stupid and stubborn as a mule" he probably would have said what he really thought.

Heads of families, with vast properties to bequeath and protect, naturally encouraged and, when they could enforced, the ideal for the same excellent reasons, so that wives and children who had ideas of their own as to what they wanted to be faithful to went to the block or the dungeon. Thus little by little the blight of a thoroughly third-rate virtue spread over men's thought, and to this very day an English Tory will boast that he is a Tory because his father was one; an American Republican is a Republican because he always was a Republican, and long-suffering insufferable people cling to other long-suffering insufferable people because, though thoroughly wretched, they believe that their clinging is a virtue and will redound to their everlasting credit.

We have, in fact, accepted fidelity as a virtue in itself without considering why and to what we are being faithful. And consequently we waste our energy and our time over it. Which is tragic, because we have neither time nor energy to waste. However obstinately we dig ourselves in, life moves us relentlessly on. It knows nothing of permanence. Its basic principle is one of continuous change and it is faithful to nothing. We ourselves are not physically the same people from one day to another. So that our determination to stay fixed in our loves, opinions, and faiths is a defiance of life. And to glorify such a

defiance for its own sake is another example of our pernicious habit of glorifying our most dangerous imbecilities. It is one thing to hold on, even at great cost, to what we honestly love and reasonably believe in. But there is no "virtue" in acceding to accepted standards in doing what we want to do. What we usually mean by fidelity is holding on to someone we have ceased to love, a religion we have outgrown, a political principle we have never reasoned about at all, and our country—right or wrong. We distrust and repudiate the man who changes his politics, his friends, his wives, and his religion. We should be morally outraged at the suggestion that he might be too honest for us.

The faithful mind suffers long. It suffers such things as the Albert Memorial and that lumbering old stage-coach, the American Constitution, which is allowed to block modern American traffic because fidelity has made it sacrosanct. One day some natural force, with no morals, will set us free from these afflictions. But so long as we respect ourselves for no better reason than that we cling to corpses we shall endure what future generations, themselves no doubt suffering from some new form of the old blight, will regard as ridiculous and horrible. Meantime we hamper the forces of progress within ourselves and in our public life till an explosion becomes inevitable. We might be saved from these periodic cataclysms if we could only convince ourselves that our convictions have no permanent value and should be periodically overhauled and discarded and that any man who at sixty believes and loves what he loved and believed at twenty is an imbecile. If that fact were accepted, our politics, our art, our private and public life would keep pace with our headlong scientific and material infidelity to the past.

It is true that we have made some progress. People are not as faithful as they were. An English nobleman can turn socialist, a socialist can attend a king, men and women can escape from the trap laid for them by one of their most ephemeral impulses without bringing down their world in ruins. But we still regard these manifestations as a decadent falling away from higher standards, which is bad. The sense of sin must be eradicated from our conscience before we can be effectively unfaithful to what was once right and has become wrong, to the person we were yesterday and are not to-day. We have got to learn a new fidelity to ourselves as we are and may be to-morrow.

It is not a question of an irresponsible giving way to every stray impulse, but of the sober acceptance of change as the law of life and of getting into step with the law. It is the reduction of fidelity as a virtue in itself to the place of a vicious and obstinate hindrance from which we have suffered long enough.

## V

Some old-time virtues have gone by the board already. The year 1929 gave thrift a death thrust from which it is never likely to recover. Trade Unions already limit a man's industry, and it is certain that in the near future an incurably hard worker will have to be put in prison as a public menace. Chastity and temperance can be left to their fate. Thanks to their inflated importance in the public conscience, they have caused untold and unnecessary misery in the past, but they are now subsiding to their rightful status as private and personal matters relating to good taste. If good taste could be substituted altogether in their place and could be effectively taught, we should be spared drunkenness, promiscuity, and bungalows.



But there are other virtues that are still dangerous either because they are outdated or because they are and always have been camouflaged aspects of our worst failings. Unselfishness has come near to being a vice and has been saved only by what older people called the selfishness of the modern generation, which would be better described by the French as sacred egotism. It was a common spectacle in the immediate past, and especially among women, to see one generation delivering itself up in masochistic slavery to the sadistic tyranny of another and glorifying itself in the process. That phenomenon is growing rarer and, thanks to Freud, who has delivered mankind from so many of its vices and unmasked so many of its virtues, we at least recognize it for what it is.

But charity is still with us. Charity was and is the Christian shortcut to heaven. That heaven might be an actual place in the hereafter or a state of mind in the present. In either case the road to it was paved with human misery. For without misery charity could not function and the poor, so it was argued, were a divine institution established by God so that the elect might exercise their virtue.

It is perhaps the greatest tragedy of Western civilization that the Christian religion, as interpreted by Christians, based itself not on the ideal of pure justice but on suffering, mercy, charity, and vicarious atonement. Mankind was prone enough to sentimental evasions and to emotional debauches in which it could commit atrocities with one hand and acts of mercy with the other. Hence the fact that though Christianity has been the cause of more wars and more cruelty than any other of the great religions, it yet claims love and mercy as its peculiar characteristics. It explains the conduct of the soldier on the battlefield where he will

endeavor to destroy his enemy by every hideous device at his command and then risk his life to save whatever might be left of him. This is considered noble. It is really worse than idiotic because it disguises the original atrocity just as charity, less and less successfully, disguises the injustice that we mete out to our fellow-men.

To be fair, it must be said that we are slowly bringing ourselves to face the truth. The poor are beginning to refuse charity as an outrage. The rich are recognizing that they can no longer use charity as an atonement or as a means of stimulating a pleasant emotion in themselves. In the present crisis the so-called dole in England is a blundering but definite acceptance of a new principle. And, incidentally and significantly, it has saved England from a revolution.

We need justice. We need toleration, honesty, and moral courage. These are modern virtues without which we cannot hope to control the forces science has let loose amongst us. With them we could reshape our world in splendor. But recent events have revealed all too clearly that in finance, in politics, in our courts of justice, in our international relationships, these virtues are so rudimentary in their development that to speak of them savors of cynicism. Our leaders speak of them all the time, but their conduct renders them meaningless. They have behaved, and as in the tragic-comic instance of Germany, they have led their followers to behave, like stupid and savage children, dressed as adults, with bloody adult weapons in their hands and adorned with haloes.

Can we discard our childish values? Can we acquire virtues and ideals that accord with our material stature? Can we grow up? Above all—can we grow up in time? On the answer to that question hangs mankind's future.



# THE HEMLOCK TREE

A STORY

BY VINCENT SHEEAN

**R**OLFE was no specialist in simple pleasures. He went trout fishing just as he rode horses and swam and played tennis, mechanically and from an unacknowledged sense of obligation. His secret impatience with these forms of amusement manifested itself now and then in a little spurt of argument with his friends, a weary little flash of disagreement. But in the general way his was no rebellious spirit; he was content to accept the routine of supposed enjoyments offered a man if he happens to have been born a Rolfe of Westmoreland County in Virginia and has enough money to fill the part.

To go trout fishing in unfamiliar country—to stand for hour after hour nearly waist-deep in the swift cold stream awaiting some lapse of intelligence among the wary fish—had been a recurrent experience to Rolfe for nearly thirty years. But, as he told himself in frank irritation, even with this overrated pleasure there were limits to a man's endurance. To fish all day in considerable discomfort and then get lost, totally, hopelessly lost, was Rolfe's idea of a limit overpassed.

"This is the last time," he vowed to the pine trees and the deeply setting sun, "that I'll ever try it unless there's a macadamized road and a comfortable car two inches away. From now on," he swore to the inattentive ears of his horse, "trout and I are strangers. I'll

stay at home and do jigsaw puzzles."

He came over the ridge and looked down into a narrow hollow. The horse, aware in some obscure equine sensibility that this might be a good place to rest, lifted his head and sniffed. There was a cabin in the hollow, near the top, and there was wood-smoke coming out of a wide stone chimney.

"There's no sense in this," said Rolfe aloud. "Might wander around all night. Let's see if we can't get some food and a bed and somebody to put us on the road to-morrow morning."

The horse's agreement with this program seemed complete, for he set out on the downward road with heightened spirit. The road was little more than a path, except that some intrepid flivver wheels had at some time or other struggled over it. It ran steeply down the side of the hollow, twisted through the brook at the bottom, and rose again steeply on the other side to the very door of the providential cabin. As Rolfe passed through the brook he looked up hopefully and was surprised. For the cabin was by no means an ordinary mountain shack, all picturesque filth and neglect. It had been placed with some care for its position: it stood just at the head of the ravine, with a bank of flowered hillside behind it and a great shade tree—a tree which surely must have been, at some remote period,



returned were no longer quite like their fathers; but in this heavenly hollow, among these Larkins, it was hard to suppose that war had ever stretched its avid fingers.

Among the Larkins . . . The name suddenly acquired weight and significance in his mind, and he almost dropped his pipe in surprise. The Larkins! Why, this must be the very family—it would be in this very part of the hills of Floyd County that the Larkins dwelt in their sinister celebrity. Of course! No Virginian needed to be told who the Larkins were: they were as famous in their way as the great families of the lowlands, the Randolphs and Cabells and Byrds to whom Rolfe traced his own relationship. Only that day Major Trumbull had been telling some long tale about one of the Larkin feuds, in which seven murders had been expiated at last, after an orgy of perjured testimony and intimidation, by a riotous hanging. The Larkin Trial—that was it: the Larkins and some other mountain clan, Draper or some such name, brought to trial by due process of law at Christiansburg, until the sleepy little mountain capital had been invaded by the whole population of the blue hills round about, and martial law was proclaimed, and the militia brought in . . .

Rolfe got up uneasily to knock his pipe out against the hemlock tree. He was not a timorous man, but it did not make him happy to reflect that his host for the night was a resolute and acknowledged murderer. Even though these people used murder purely in the service of the higher virtues—justice, or loyalty, or independence—the thought did not cause Rolfe any particular pleasure. He thought of his host's double-barreled shotgun, poised so suggestively in the crook of his right elbow, and wondered how often the weapon had done service in the linger-

ing disagreements of this romantic glen. The sun had altogether gone by now, and in the red glow of its departure even the wild honeysuckle on the hillside took on a savage and sinister look. Rolfe knocked his pipe all out, slowly, and stood looking at it stupidly. If he had known a little earlier . . .

But it was too late. His own muddleheadedness had got him into this; and now there was nothing to be done but stay the night. He was in no conceivable danger, and the sensible thing to do was to forget, if possible, that he had ever heard the name of Larkin in his life.

A slight noise behind him made him turn jerkily. It was only the girl—a Larkin, of course—the same barefoot girl whose heels he had seen vanishing into the cabin as he came up the glen. She was beside him now, putting out plates and dishes on the pine table under the hemlock tree. She did not even look up at him after the first frightened glance, but performed her duties hurriedly and then ran into the cabin again. She might have been fourteen or fifteen, perhaps a little more; a stringy, dark-eyed little creature in a clean print dress. Her skin was a fine, even brown, her hair as black and smooth as paint. She would have looked coarse and gipsyish in town clothes. In the rudimentary garments of the hill people she was as natural as the wild honeysuckle and had something of the same growing grace. Rolfe tried smiling at her when she came out again.

"I hope I'm not making you a lot of extra trouble," he said.

She mumbled a phrase or two which defeated him altogether; he was never an adept at understanding the speech of the mountain folk, and her accent was thickened by shyness and alarm.

"How many are there in your family?" he asked, determined to extract a word he might recognize.

"Five," she said, leaning suddenly on the table and looking up at him. "Five is all 't is. Four's daid."

To this unexpected statement she added not a word but vanished into the cabin again.

Rolfe had seen the strongest resemblance between her look—an urgent appeal, it was—and the look of her brother, Bud. But an appeal for what? The thing was grotesque. Were they all out of their minds, he wondered. Or did they think he had something which might relieve their mysterious necessities? He gave it up and wondered how long it would be before supper appeared.

He had not long to wait. An oldish young man who looked like Bud—another Larkin, no doubt—came up the glen and lounged into the cabin. The toothless one, old Larkin, came out toward the hemlock tree, followed by the young man and Bud and the girl. The girl carried a brown jug which she placed on the table. Old Larkin took it and handed it to Rolfe with a glass.

"Drink, stranger?" he inquired. "It ain't the same kind of liquor y'all drink down in Richmond, but I reckon you've tasted it before now."

His conversational powers seemed exhausted by this lengthy speech; he fell back into silence. Rolfe poured himself a drink of yellow liquid and swallowed it, choking down the desire to cough. The stuff was raw corn whiskey, fiery and irascible in the throat. Jug and glass passed from hand to hand until every person at the table had had a drink. The girl, who was last, put sugar and a little water into hers. They all sat down at the pine table and the food, at last, arrived.

It was brought out by the girl and her mother, whose acquaintance Rolfe thus made for the first time. She was a dry, hard, silent woman, as thin and

inexplicable as the rest of them, incredibly wrinkled. She did not speak to Rolfe or look at him until they had all begun to eat. Then he occasionally caught her eyes upon him; the same burning look was there, the look of urgency and appeal. He had seldom been so uncomfortable in the entire course of his experience; what on earth, he asked himself impatiently, could he do for or with such people?

Supper consisted of the favored greens—"poke salad," it was called—with corn bread, hominy, green onions, and a cold smoked ham, from which old Larkin cut great slabs as needed. The food was plentiful, coarse, and very good; Rolfe discovered in himself an enormous appetite, and consequently the total absence of conversation did not embarrass him. From time to time old Larkin or the woman or the girl would push more food at him, urging him with word or gesture to eat more. But aside from this there was no talk at all. The oldish young man, addressed as Steve, was the most silent of the whole silent family. Rolfe found time to wonder what was going on in Steve's long wooden head, but there was no clue afforded. Occasionally the expressive dark eyes of the family—such eyes as Rolfe had seldom seen before—hinted at conflicts of a desperate and impossible urgency; there was sullen terror, the plainest sullen terror, somewhere in the relationships between them. Rolfe, made a little nervous by his recollections of dire tales he had been told, tried to imagine what might be behind those glances, but when he failed to do so he admonished himself severely.

"This is all imagination," he told himself. "These people are like all the rest of the backwoods mountaineers, shy and distrustful of strangers. They don't talk, even among themselves. Why should they talk to me? Forget it, Rolfe, forget it. You'll be



down in the valley to-morrow morning."

When the meal was ended Mrs. Larkin and the girl carried the dishes away and did not come out again. Old Larkin and his son Steve lighted corn-cob pipes. The boy, Bud, sat there looking at the crumbs of corn-bread on the pine table. Old Larkin made an attempt to speak about the weather. Rolfe, seizing the opportunity, talked with enthusiasm for about five minutes. When he had finished and looked round for encouragement, the same stifling silence had descended again. He gave up, filled his pipe, and leaned back against the hemlock tree to smoke it in peace.

The brown jug went the rounds twice; old Larkin took what Rolfe would have considered a tremendous swig out of it. The older brother, Steve, in the half-darkness which had now gathered could be seen to fix his eyes on the younger brother, Bud. Rolfe had noticed that glance before: a melancholy, puzzled look, containing something deeper and more incurably mournful than mere trouble or dismay. No such glances between the Larkins were ever returned: their eyes seldom met; whatever was at odds between them could not be communicated. The whole thing filled Rolfe with an overwhelming desire to go to bed and sleep. In the morning, he told himself, the behavior of the Larkins would seem altogether different.

It was quite dark now, and the new moon would be rising before long. Old Larkin got up and knocked his pipe out.

"Come on, Steve," he said, moving toward the cabin. "Bud—upsta'rs, and stay thar!"

Larkin and Steve went into the cabin and came out with their shot-guns. The boy stood beside the door for a moment, watching them turn

down the hollow to the brook. It was too dark for Rolfe to see any of their faces, but he imagined that the boy was going to speak to him. He half rose, but nothing happened; the boy slipped silently into the cabin, and the two elder Larkins disappeared into the hollow.

"Fine madhouse I've landed in," Rolfe said to himself. "A nest of homicidal maniacs or half-wits. Why the devil don't they give me a place to sleep and let me forget 'em? And where am I to sleep, anyway? Damn, damn, damn. If I ever go trout-fishing again . . ."

A long time passed, nearly an hour. The only sounds Rolfe identified in the darkened hollow were the leafy whisper of the pine trees and the splash of a spring over rocks. A lamp was lighted inside the cabin and made a square of dim light in the door. Rolfe, leaning against the hemlock tree, began to doze. He was awakened by the sound of weeping from inside the cabin. It was not loud weeping, nothing but the quiet, hopeless snuffle of an animal in a corner. He was wide awake in a moment. There were three people in the cabin, the old woman, the girl and the boy. Which one of them could be weeping, and why?

He got up and moved uncertainly toward the house. He could not stand much more of this, he told himself; he would go inside and ask Mrs. Larkin for a place to sleep, and then the crazy lot of them could weep and wander all night long without disturbing him.

But before he reached the cabin the girl—Nancy, they had called her—slipped out and stood before him. It was still dark in the hollow, although the sky was growing lighter over the ridges on both sides. He could barely see the girl and her shining eyes turned up to him.

"Give my brother your horse," she said in a clear whisper. "They won't do anything to you. You can say he stole it."

He stared down at her, tried to make out her features in the darkness.

"What on earth are you talking about?" he asked in an ordinary tone of voice.

"Sh!" she said. "Don't talk out loud."

She moved into the full shadow of the hemlock tree and he, now definitely convinced that they were all insane, followed her.

"Why should I give your brother my horse?" he asked in an undertone.

"Hit's Bud," she said. Her whisper, barely audible to him now, sounded desperate: she was having trouble to breathe. "My Daddy and Steve and all of them, the Larkins and Drapers, are over yonder, other side of the branch. Trying him. They say—they say he—he's the one that told about the stills and got the money. If he had your horse he could get away."

"Ah," said Rolfe. "So Bud wants to run away; is that it?"

"No," the girl said, gasping now. "I don't know if he will. I reckon he might if I told him he could take your horse. He's got to. He's got to do it."

Rolfe was silent, trying to understand. Her thin hand reached out toward his sleeve.

"Hit's four Larkins been killed," she said, bringing her face as close as she could up to his. Her eyes looked enormous and shiny. "Four brothers. And hit's five Drapers been killed. Nine in all. Seven shot, and two killed by the law. And now they say 't warn't no other Larkins nor Drapers that did it ever, only Bud. And spent the money on girls and movies and liquor in Christiansburg. He's got to go now. He's got to go quick."

"I see," said Rolfe slowly. "He's to run away on my horse. You don't

give me much choice, do you? . . . Well, I don't know. You sound scared. He can take my horse."

"Gawdamercy," the girl said violently. He could tell that she was weeping now; her hand on his sleeve was shaking.

"You'll git the horse back," she said. "And nobody'll do nothin' to you. We'll say he stole it. I reckon they'll believe that all right."

She vanished into the cabin again.

Rolfe returned to his place beneath the hemlock tree and sat there again for a long time, motionless. But this time he was in no danger of falling asleep. The situation did not appeal to him in the least. If it was true that the boy was an informer—had actually, if he understood the story at all, brought on the whole long war between the Larkins and the Drapers—it was impossible to refuse the girl's request. But what to believe, what not to believe, among these incomprehensible people? He did not relish the prospect of facing old Larkin and Steve in the morning. He wished he had told the girl that her brother ought to stay at home and take his punishment. After all, whatever his father and brother might possibly do to Bud would be nothing in comparison to what they might do to a total stranger who had interfered in their domestic arrangements. A little rough treatment was no more than the boy deserved if his sister's incoherent story had any sense at all. But it had been, in spite of that, flatly impossible to refuse her; all the feeling of anxious entreaty which had bothered Rolfe through the evening, as he imagined it in the eyes of the old woman, the girl and the boy himself, had been concentrated into her few whispered sentences. In the leafy stillness of the glen, with the new moon rising coolly over the hills, things suffered a fantastic enlargement and distortion. In



the daytime Rolfe would simply have laughed at the girl, refused her request, sent her about her business. Now he obeyed almost without question, and sat there waiting to see his horse—his only means of transport into the sanity of the valley—led off into the dark by a frightened mountain boy.

But the boy did not come. The minutes ran on interminably and nothing happened. There were the faintest sounds of talk from inside the cabin, perhaps from the upper room which Rolfe guessed must exist above the kitchen. But no figure appeared in the dimly lighted doorway; the snuffling in the kitchen which must come, he decided, from Mrs. Larkin, resumed after a while, and the moon rose high. By now it was possible to see the whole exquisite contour of the glen, its dark shimmering chalice turned up to the light of the moon. Up from the depths somewhere there appeared, at long last, the figures of old Larkin and his son Steve, walking slowly towards the cabin. They approached it without haste, almost unwillingly. Rolfe thought the face of the son looked stunned, insensible. Neither paid the slightest attention to the unwanted guest beneath the hemlock tree. Old Larkin entered the cabin and bawled Bud's name twice. There was a silence; then the clatter of shoes on wood, and the boy appeared in the doorway. He looked questioningly at his brother, and all three of them turned down again into the hollow. The only words Rolfe heard were old Larkin's. "Come on, Bud," he had said.

The thing had by now decidedly unnerved Rolfe. He began to walk back and forth in the moonlight in front of the cabin, smoking his pipe jerkily. What were these madmen doing, or about to do? What could he do, or should he do? What evil chance had thrust him into their

affairs anyway? And above all, where was he going to sleep, to forget them?

The girl stepped out of the door and stood beside him.

"Don't say nothin'," she whispered to him. "Don't tell my Daddy or Steve what I said to you a while back. Don't say nothin' to them at all."

"I thought your brother was going to take my horse," Rolfe said irritably. "What's the matter with you people anyway? Where have they all gone?"

"I don't know," she said vaguely, her young eyes fixed on him. "They've . . . gone . . . Bud wouldn't take your horse. He wouldn't go away. He 'lowed he'd better stay. You won't say nothin' to my Daddy and Steve?"

"No," said Rolfe shortly. "I won't. Where am I supposed to sleep anyway? I've had a long day and I'm tired."

"I don't know," said the girl, expelling her breath in a sigh that was half a moan. "I reckon you'll be sleepin' upsta'rs. You wait until my Daddy comes back. And don't say nothin'."

She stood there a moment, slim and brown with her black hair painted shinily round her face: she had a kind of archaic and nymphlike beauty for a few seconds in the still moonlight. Then she was gone again, a terrified little mountain girl with bare feet, and Rolfe resumed his restless walking to and fro.

For a while he considered the advisability of taking the course Bud had refused: of looking for his own horse—odd how it seemed like stealing his own horse—and escaping from this accursed hollow over the farther hills. The place itself filled him with unreasoning apprehension. He smoked pipe after angry pipe, and was wider awake than ever. The monotonous whippoorwill down in the glen, the screech owl in the pines, the clamorous tree-frogs near and far, seemed to him

to have acquired deafening power. What had been a singularly silent evening now shrieked along his nerves with all the night noises of woods and mountain. Pretty soon, if he did not get to sleep, the mocking bird would wake to its indefatigable complaint, and a dozen midnight creatures would begin their declamation. As he turned the corner of the cabin a wandering breeze brought him a whiff of the odor of wild honeysuckle, and it affected him like ether.

"Calm, Rolfe, calm," he admonished himself. "You're being a fool. There's nothing at all the matter, nothing at all."

He came back to the front of the cabin, and just as he reached it a sound—two sounds—echoed mournfully from the far hillsides. He stiffened in horror, stared into the calm moonlit blackness of the glen.

"What's that?" he said aloud. His voice sounded half-strangled. "What's that?"

The voice of the girl came almost from beneath his feet. She was crouched in the doorway in the dark; the lamp inside had gone out.

"'T warn't nothin'," she said. "'T warn't nothing at all. They've chopped down a tree, maybe. They work—they work at night, sometimes."

She ended her words with a kind of choking noise, like a sob.

"A tree?" Rolfe echoed. "Sounded to me like a shot—two shots. Now see here. I want to know what's going on. Do you know what that sound was?"

"They work at night," she said painfully, speaking aloud for the first time since supper. "Yonder. Hit's—hit's a still yonder. They chop trees. 'T warn't no shot you heard. My Daddy'll be back soon."

She got up slowly, like a little old woman, and went inside the house. Rolfe heard her murmuring inside somewhere, and then all was quiet

again. He returned to his place beneath the hemlock tree and stared fixedly into the moonlit obscurities of the hollow. He did not know what he had heard, or what he would say to the wandering Larkins when they returned. If he could find a bed and sleep, no doubt it would all seem very different in the morning; but now it was all he could do to keep hold of himself, to keep from venturing off with or without his horse into the hills, away from these terrors and these mysteries.

In another half hour old Larkin and Steve came up the road through the hollow and walked past the hemlock tree to the cabin door. The old man looked bent and tired, the younger scarcely able to carry his gun. Neither paid any attention to Rolfe. He moved out of the shadow of the hemlock tree and spoke.

"Where am I—"

He was going to ask them where he was to sleep, but they both turned on him at once, their guns ready. When the old man recognized him he made a weary gesture with one hand.

"Come in, stranger," he said. "I reckon we nigh forgot about you. Come in."

Rolfe preceded them into the cabin, which he now entered for the first time in all these hours. The room was square, large and gloomy, with the remains of the fire glimmering faintly in the great stone chimney at one end. The old man turned up a lamp by the door, and Rolfe saw a table, two or three pine chairs, some guns, a rifle and a mandolin hanging upon the wall, a double bed in a corner.

"Sue!" the old man bellowed. "Whar that jug?"

The old woman, who had been half asleep in the chimney corner, awoke and reached for the brown jug. Larkin took it, drank deep, and passed it to Steve. Rolfe was about to ask



something—anything—to put an end to his uncertainty, when the figure of the girl became apparent to him in the chimney corner. Her eyes, glittering in the lamplight, were fixed on his. They were imploring. "Don't say nothin'," he seemed to hear. He turned toward Larkin and tried to speak quietly.

"I was wondering where I was supposed to sleep," he said.

The old man wiped his toothless mouth with the back of his hand.

"Upsta'rs, I reckon," he said. "With Steve. You take Bud's place. He ain't comin' home to-night."

The old man's dark eyes were a warning and a defiance. Rolfe did not accept their challenge. He turned toward the staircase indicated to him—a thin, ladderlike structure, leading straight up in a corner of the room to a square hole in the ceiling. Steve shambled over towards this now and began to climb.

Rolfe followed him.

## WITH MATHEMATICAL PRECISION

BY JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

*WITH mathematical precision  
The stars traverse the midnight dim,  
Until in punctual division  
The sun bisects the eastern rim.  
Systole and diastole  
Mark all the rhythms of the sea.*

*Impartially, each accurate arc  
The unburied pendulum will retrace.  
The planet lost in outer dark  
Knows a sure path through cosmic space.  
Seedtime and harvest ever must  
Mark the mechanics of the dust.*

*Even my veins an orbit show,  
My pulse beats with the pulsing sea;  
With all things else in ebb and flow  
Shall not my own come back to me?  
O desolate fane, where no fires burn,  
Your sun shall rise, your gods return!*



## WANTED: REAL BANKING REFORM

BY GUY GREER

**W**HEN the banking structure of the United States collapsed last March there was suddenly created a singularly favorable opportunity to rebuild, out of the debris of the forty-nine assorted systems which had broken down, a genuinely national commercial banking system. With the shock of the moratorium fresh in the minds of the people and of their representatives in the special session of Congress, it would have been comparatively easy to accomplish reforms in banking legislation which have been urgently needed for over a generation.

But the opportunities inherent in the dramatic circumstances of the time were lost. Emergency measures of inspiring boldness were taken by the President and approved by Congress to patch up temporarily the forty-nine broken-down systems (the national system and the forty-eight State systems); but then, instead of passing the laws necessary for the development of a single system adequate for the needs of the Nation, Congress again resorted to patchwork. The Glass bill, for all the revolutionary implications of its provision for the insurance of bank deposits, leaves the basic elements of weakness in our banking structure essentially the same as before. It does indeed strike a lusty blow at some of the most spectacular abuses which have occurred in the employment of bank credit for speculation and in the prostitution of some of our great metropolitan institutions from well con-

ducted banks into vociferous peddlers of securities. Moreover, it greatly enhances the effective power of the federal government to supervise the operation of banks, and it even provides for the creation of conditions whereby all banks may be expected eventually to come under federal regulation and control. But the rank and file of the thousands of institutions throughout the country, of the kind which have been mainly responsible for our banking difficulties, have been left structurally and functionally about the same as before the moratorium was declared or the Glass bill was passed.

We still have in operation some twelve to fifteen thousand banks (the exact number depending upon how those in the hands of conservators, or otherwise restricted in their transactions, are classified), and from seventy to ninety per cent of them are located in towns and villages which are too small to support institutions of a size adequate for safe operation. Facts and figures to prove this assertion are plentiful in our actual experience of the past twelve years or so, and some of them will be presented a little further on.

In each of the forty-eight States the State system is in competition with the national system, and there is little uniformity among the different States as to banking legislation—except that nearly everywhere the standards are uniformly low. This fact has not only



prevented our national banking standards from being improved but has resulted in their being seriously impaired. Banks not willing to submit to federal laws and federal supervision have been able, almost over night, to leave the national system and become State institutions. Even membership in the Federal Reserve System has been entirely voluntary; for national banks have been able to withdraw merely by giving up their national charters and becoming State institutions, while State banks have joined or remained in the System only when they have chosen to do so of their own accord. Consequently, neither the Comptroller of the Currency nor the Federal Reserve Board has been able to exercise more than a limited degree of control over the conduct of banking institutions. To exercise stringent control would simply have meant to lose banks from the national system.

Commercial banks, in full compliance with the law, have commonly engaged in business outside their proper scope of operations. This is particularly true in their use of funds which have been assembled as deposits payable on demand or short notice, to make long-term capital loans. The old prohibition in the national system against loans secured by real estate mortgages has been abandoned, to enable national banks to meet the competition of state-chartered institutions. With the principle of long-term loans sanctioned by federal legislation, the banks in fact have gone far beyond the intention of the law, making ever larger amounts of long-term loans in the guise of short-term advances which by prearrangement are renewed over and over indefinitely.

Undoubtedly the Glass bill, while it does nothing to curb such practices among the smaller banks, is designed to correct some of the most flagrant of the evils which have become com-

mon among the larger institutions. It attempts, among other things, to accomplish the complete divorce from commercial banking of the business of dealing and speculating in securities. Effective one year from the date of its approval by the President, all securities affiliates of member banks of the Federal Reserve System must be given up; and even private bankers engaged in underwriting and selling securities will no longer be allowed to accept deposits. Moreover, private bankers accepting deposits in any case will have to submit to the same sort of national or State banking supervision as incorporated institutions. To curb the use of commercial bank credit for speculation in securities, the bill also endows the Federal Reserve Board with substantial powers to limit the amount of credit which can be extended by member banks against stock exchange collateral.

But the most important changes which are calculated to result from the Glass bill are in connection with its provision for the insurance of bank deposits. Briefly stated, the plan which has been enacted into law is to place the assets of all the banks in the country behind the deposit liabilities of each individual bank. The insurance applies to all deposit accounts in member banks of the Federal Reserve System (and temporarily to those in all other institutions entitled to the benefits of the Act), as follows: amounts up to \$10,000, to the extent of 100 per cent; any excess over \$10,000, up to \$50,000, to the extent of 75 per cent; any excess over \$50,000, without limit, to the extent of 50 per cent. The plan becomes effective July 1, 1934, but an interim plan for the insurance in full of all deposits not exceeding \$2,500 takes effect as of January 1, 1934.

All member banks of the Federal Reserve System are required to join the insurance system, which is to be

administered by a corporation acting as a federal agency. Non-member banks are permitted to join on the same basis as member banks, for a period ending July 1, 1936, after which date they must become Federal Reserve members or renounce their right to insurance.

Funds to meet the cost of paying off insured depositors, if and when bank failures occur, are to be obtained from assessments on all participating banks, in successive levies of one-fourth of one per cent of their total deposit liabilities, sufficient to raise any sums which may be required. Thus every bank in the insurance system must operate with a contingent liability for the safety of every other bank in the system.

Now to a casual observer this arrangement, based on the principle of mutual insurance, would appear to be altogether admirable. It appears somewhat less admirable, however, when one recalls that the basic weaknesses in the banking structure which have been chiefly responsible for the failures of the past are to remain substantially the same as before, and that the well managed banks will be unable to exercise any effective control over the conduct of those institutions which are incompetently or recklessly or even dishonestly managed.

Bankers, especially those responsible for the thousands of institutions too small to operate with earnings adequate to meet their expenses, will continue to be under strong pressure to seek larger profits through unsound practices. These unsound practices will still be permitted by law. Meanwhile the insurance system will remove what should be the strongest deterrent against recklessness—the fear of loss of the depositors' money. The soundly managed banks, while unable to discipline the unsoundly managed banks, will be forced to stand behind them.

Under such circumstances, is it unreasonable to suspect that many bankers will conduct their institutions with even less prudence than they have done in the past?

It is true that, so far as lies within the supervisory power of the federal government, the insurance system is accompanied by measures to guard against these dangers. The Comptroller of the Currency, for national banks, and the Federal Reserve Board, for State member banks, are authorized in their discretion to remove officers and directors of institutions which engage in unsound practices. Moreover, after the insurance system becomes effective and all insured banks have become members of the Federal Reserve System, no insured institution can escape federal supervision by becoming a State bank.

But it is extremely doubtful whether any kind of supervision of thousands of banks will suffice to compel all of them to adhere to sound practices. Only sound management in the last resort can insure sound banking; and unless the federal agency charged with administering the insurance system is prepared to step in and itself take over the management of a multitude of institutions, it is difficult to see how sound management of substantially all banks can be counted upon. Obviously the corporation provided for in the Glass bill is not designed to assume any such responsibility; although, if the deposit insurance provisions of the law are to remain indefinitely in force, it may be obliged eventually to go into business on a huge scale as a great national branch operating bank.

The most reassuring aspect of the Glass bill is that through the insurance plan it holds out the hope of eventual unification of all commercial banking under federal control. Possibly this will provide an opportunity for the



gradual development of a genuinely national system. It would be the part of wisdom, however, not to wait until the course of events—perhaps another complete collapse—forces a drastic change in the present chaotic structure, but rather to plan now the kind of system which will be required and to pass the necessary legislation to bring it into being.

## II

For although a unique opportunity has been lost to rush such legislation through Congress along with the rest of the emergency program of the special session, fundamental banking reform must still somehow be accomplished. We shall have to go on using the banks now in operation, since we cannot do without them; but out of them we shall have to construct something which for the first time in our national existence can be properly described as a banking system.

There is reason to believe, moreover, that it must be a system essentially new—not only new to the United States but in some respects new to the world. For not only must it be adapted to the conditions of our own economic organization, but since that organization itself is in process of being profoundly changed, it must be adaptable to the economic society of the future. And while the exact form of that society cannot as yet be accurately foreseen, the experience of the past is sufficient to make clear in broad outline what the commercial banking system must be and what it must do.

Its primary function must be to create (through short-term loans) and to safeguard the principal medium of exchange of the country, namely, deposit currency. Even now this is the primary function of commercial banks, although in this country they have been so preoccupied with other activi-

ties that they have performed it very badly.

Deposit currency, it should be understood, is simply deposits subject to check. When checks are drawn the currency circulates, just as cash money circulates when it is being spent, but not otherwise. The total amount in existence at a given time is the total amount of deposits subject to check at that time; just as the total amount of cash money available is the amount commonly referred to as in circulation (although, of course, it is not in actual circulation if it is being hoarded in a vault).

Banks create deposit currency on a large scale by making loans. That is, banks extend loans to customers, who rarely carry away with them the actual cash but leave the amounts borrowed on deposit, to be withdrawn by check at their convenience. Their checks, when paid over to others, are usually again deposited in banks. Their deposits, meanwhile, permit the banks to make other loans, creating other deposits to be used for still other loans, and so on. (Essentially the same thing occurs when the banks buy securities and pay for them by crediting the sellers' deposit accounts.) The only theoretical limit to the process is the amount of cash that must be kept on hand, or (in the United States) on deposit with the Federal Reserve Banks, to meet current demands.

The amount of cash considered necessary for this purpose is known as the reserve requirement. In this country it is prescribed by law, in terms of a percentage of deposits, and it serves as a definite limit upon the amount of loans the banks can make. As fixed in the Federal Reserve Act, it now permits member banks to lend about ten times as much as the amount of their actual cash on deposit with the Federal Reserve Banks (the familiar fact of ten dollars of credit for every dollar

of cash). By a recent amendment to the law, however, the Federal Reserve Board is authorized in an emergency to raise or lower the reserve requirement against member bank deposits, in order to control directly their lending power. Thus, if the reserve requirement should be increased, the power of the banks to extend credit would be decreased in much greater proportions, and vice versa. Similarly, any development, or any action of the Federal Reserve System such as the purchase from or the sale to member banks of government bonds, which brought about an increase or a decrease in their reserves would serve automatically to increase or decrease their lending power.

When a bank loan is repaid, that particular amount of deposit currency is wiped out of existence, and presumably also the transaction for which the loan was made has been completed. But new loans are constantly being made for new transactions, so that, in theory at least, a sufficient amount of deposit currency is always available to meet the country's needs for circulating media.<sup>1</sup>

In the United States checks are used in normal times for the settlement of something like ninety per cent of the dollar value of all transactions involving money payments, while the deposits against which the checks are drawn have themselves been created in somewhat similar proportions by bank loans. Thus the banks are charged not only with safeguarding the principal circulating media of the country,

but with actually creating the greater part of it.

There is now no essential difference between the role played by deposit currency and actual cash money, except that the volume in use of the former is about ten times as large as that of the latter. Such being the case, it is vitally important that the commercial banks should not be allowed to fail and thus destroy the deposit currency in their keeping; even more important, in fact, than that the integrity of the institutions charged with the issue of cash money itself should be preserved. The commercial banks exercise a national function of the utmost significance, and anything which may prevent them from exercising this function soundly endangers the whole national economy.

### III

A commercial banking system responsible for the soundness of the greater part of the money we use must be limited in the interest of safety to the performance of a few kinds of operations demanding great skill. These, unless carried out on a large scale, do not yield enough profit to pay operating expenses; and consequently, only those institutions which are of substantial size and are at the same time advantageously located can hope to continue in business. If smaller institutions persist in trying to do so they are forced to resort to practices outside the scope of their proper functions, or to take undue risks in their ordinary operations, in order to be self-supporting. The results are manifest in their frequent failure.

This fact is strikingly illustrated by the actual experience of the banks of the United States in recent years. According to figures compiled by a special investigating committee of the Federal Reserve System for the five years 1926-1930, over 47 per cent of all national

<sup>1</sup> Deposits created by the process of making loans or investments are sometimes referred to as "credit currency." When this expression is used, it should be understood that the total amount of credit currency outstanding at a given time is included in the total amount of deposit currency. Also, the term credit currency is sometimes used in connection with the selling of goods or services on credit, without reference to the banking system. In this case, of course, the amount of it outstanding is not included in the amount of deposit currency in existence; although in practice the banks are usually called upon to make loans to the sellers while they are waiting for bills to fall due and be paid, thus creating deposit currency.



banks operating with not more than \$5,000,000 of loans and investments (corresponding to banks with from \$400,000 to \$600,000 of capital stock) operated with net earnings (after deduction of losses) of less than 6 per cent on the investment of their stockholders. That is, even when engaged in all sorts of non-commercial banking operations which led to their frequent failure, nearly half of all the smaller national banks in the country were running during this prosperous era with net earnings manifestly inadequate to build up reserves for periods of depression. During this same five-year period, on the other hand, only 29 per cent of the national banks operating with more than \$5,000,000 of loans and investments—as against 47 per cent of the smaller ones—earned less than 6 per cent net on the investment of their stockholders.

Comprehensive figures on the same basis for State banks are not available, but the evidence at hand indicates that the contrast between the earning power of small and comparatively large institutions is fully as great among State banks as among national banks.

Let us see, now, how the generally inadequate earnings of small banks have forced them into practices which have impaired their safety. During the eleven years 1921–1931, over 98 per cent of all the State and national bank failures in the United States were of institutions operating with not more than \$5,000,000 of loans and investments. These figures, of course, are partly explained by the fact that the vast majority of all the banks in the country fell in this class. But that this is not the whole explanation is shown by the fact that the ratio of failures was much higher for the smaller than for the larger institutions. During the period 1921–1931, 31 per cent of these smaller banks failed, whereas

only 11 per cent of the larger ones failed.

These data are sufficient to show unmistakably the proneness of small banks to fail. It is true, of course, that large numbers of them have managed to survive, and that an appalling percentage of the larger institutions have failed. The small banks have their vigorous defenders. Not long ago a prominent member of Congress, who has been largely instrumental in banking legislation, assailed the writer of this article with the following indignant retort:

"Why, dammit man! I know personally any number of little cross-roads banks that are so much better run than the Blank Blank Bank of New York City that there's no comparison."

No doubt the Congressman was stating a fact. But what he and some of his colleagues have not taken into account is the much more important fact that in the modern economic organization of society we cannot afford to have any bank failures at all. The large banks, most assuredly, must be made to mend their ways; but the small ones, even though some of them have been well and safely managed, cannot be allowed to continue in business if their very smallness makes it certain that substantial numbers are going to fail. This would perhaps not be so if they were grocery stores or butcher shops, where failure would be disastrous to only a few people at most; but bank failures paralyze the economic life of whole communities, not only through the loss of money accumulations but by the destruction of the deposit currency which is the principal medium of exchange in all business activity.

An indispensable condition for a sound commercial banking system, then, is that it be composed of institutions of substantially large size. Just how large, is a matter of opinion; but

the experience of this country in recent years (not to mention the experience of Canada) would indicate that a minimum capitalization of from \$300,000 to \$500,000 would be desirable. This, of course, would necessitate the elimination as independent units of from 85 to 95 per cent of all the banks now operating in the United States, these smaller units being transformed into branches of larger institutions.

A system composed only of large banks, however, will not of itself be sufficient to insure immunity from failure. This is amply demonstrated by the record of failures in recent years among large institutions. The Congressman quoted above was well within his rights in implying that many of our large metropolitan banks have been badly managed; so badly managed indeed, that in all probability many of those which have escaped failure would have succumbed had they been obliged to meet the conditions which the small crossroads banks have had to contend with.

But the large banks which got into difficulties and failed, or barely escaped failure, did so solely because of the kind of business they transacted. They deliberately extended their activities beyond the proper function of commercial banking, not because they were driven to do so by the necessity of obtaining adequate earnings but because of the inordinate greed of their managers for profits. They used the funds of their depositors for speculation, whether in the form of purchasing high-yield but low-grade securities, or of making long-term loans against real estate mortgages or lending too freely to their own officers and directors, or of trafficking in stocks and bonds through their own securities affiliates.

A second indispensable condition for a sound commercial banking system, therefore, is that its functions be rigorously defined and adhered to. In

other countries, notably Canada and England, this has been largely attained through the operation of large banks over long periods in accordance with firmly established traditions. In this country, however, no such traditions have been established. There are honorable exceptions scattered about here and there, not only in the large cities but in the smaller centers; but unquestionably the overwhelming majority of our banks not only engage in every sort of business permitted by law but through their legislative lobbies are constantly endeavoring to have the restrictions of the law relaxed.

Under such conditions the functions of our commercial banking system will have to be defined and enforced by law. Manifestly, moreover, it will have to be federal law and made applicable to every commercial banking institution in the United States. Our experience with forty-eight separate State systems, each competing in laxity with the national system, has made it clear beyond question that all commercial banking must be brought under federal control. For, quite apart from the fact that many of the States would undoubtedly continue to offer inducements for the operation of banks under their own laws rather than those of the federal government, the commercial banking system, with its responsibility for the trustworthiness of our principal medium of exchange, must be, above all other economic agencies, an instrument of the nation as a whole.

#### IV

A commercial bank should be defined by federal law as any institution which accepts money from the public in the form of deposits. Other institutions should not be allowed to accept deposits as such; nor should they be permitted to use the word "bank" in a



corporate or firm name. Thus a bank should always be understood to mean a commercial bank. All deposits should be legally on the same basis, and subjected to reserve requirements in proportion to their actual rate of turnover rather than to any classification the banks might wish to make as to those which are payable on demand or after notice. The banks should be allowed to pay interest on deposits only to the extent necessary to procure the funds needed for their legitimate operations, and the Federal Reserve Board should be vested with authority to impose limitations on the rate paid. (For reasons that will become clear later on, the Board should also be empowered to limit the interest rate charged for loans.)

The guiding principle of all banking legislation should arise out of the fact that the banks are the custodians and the creators of deposit currency. Everything necessary for the proper performance of this function they should be permitted to do. Everything which would impair their efficiency or endanger their safety in this role should be prohibited.

This means in practical application that they should operate as strictly commercial banks. Unfortunately, the word "commercial" as applied to banking cannot be rigorously defined. In a general way every banker knows what it means; that is, he knows that a commercial bank is an institution which accepts funds from the public in the form of deposits and invests those funds in short-term loans for commercial purposes. But over such questions as exactly how long a short-term loan may be and precisely what kind of transactions are commercial there may be endless disagreement. The Federal Reserve Board has attempted to settle these questions by its definition of the requirements of paper eligible for rediscount—that is, the notes and other

credit instruments which may be turned over by member banks to the Federal Reserve Banks in exchange for cash. And its definition has been based squarely upon the suitability of the paper in question as collateral for the issue of Federal Reserve notes, which for all practical purposes are exactly the same as deposit currency.

Most of the bankers of the United States apparently believe that they should be permitted to invest a portion of the funds entrusted to them in securities, on the theory that these can always be readily sold for cash and will, therefore, constitute what is called a "secondary reserve." But the secondary reserve theory, so far as the banks of the United States are concerned, has been thoroughly discredited during the past few years. When it has become necessary for banks to realize on their securities, their precipitate action in trying to sell them in large volume has demoralized the market. Bank assets have thus suffered such severe declines in value that many institutions have been rendered insolvent and forced to close their doors. No doubt this is to a considerable extent explained by the fact that their holdings have been made up of too large a proportion of low-grade or speculative securities. But absolutely all long-term securities are to some extent speculative. So also, of course, are short-term commercial notes, but clearly the element of speculation here is much less than in the case of stocks and bonds. Consequently, in accordance with strict commercial banking principles, the banks should not be allowed to own as investments any long-term securities whatever.

In this country an exception will no doubt have to be made in the case of government securities, so long as our national debt remains so large as it is and continues to increase. This will be necessary in order to find a market

for government bonds. It may even be desirable, in order to enable the Federal Reserve System to maintain flexibility in the credit structure, by buying or selling government bonds in order to increase or decrease the lending power of member banks. But the fact should be frankly recognized that this class of business is in violation of the basic principles of commercial banking and is to be engaged in only with the utmost circumspection. Moreover, if the banks are to buy government bonds, they should be absolutely guaranteed against loss when forced to make use of them before maturity. And since there is no other practicable way to do this, short of making the bonds redeemable on demand by the Treasury, the banks should be given the right in times of emergency to pledge them as security for loans from the Federal Reserve Banks, up to their par value. (This is even now permitted, temporarily, under the Glass-Steagall Act of 1932.)

Short-term loans on securities, or call loans, should perhaps be prohibited on economic and social grounds, in order to curb the practice of margin trading in the stock market. They need not be prohibited in the interest of safety, however, *if the amounts outstanding are kept within reasonable limits*. Generally they are about the safest loans a bank can make, provided the securities in question are listed on an organized exchange. As already pointed out, the Glass bill contains a provision whereby the amount of such loans by member banks can be limited by the Federal Reserve Board. But so long as they are permitted at all—inasmuch as they do in fact constitute deposit currency—there would seem to be no sufficient reason why they should not be made eligible for rediscount at the Federal Reserve Banks, to the full extent that the member banks are permitted to make them.

Long-term loans against the security of real estate or other capital values, however, should be absolutely prohibited. And to make sure that the banks do not make them in the guise of short-term advances, they should be forbidden to renew any note more than twice, or any number of times which would extend the entire term of the indebtedness for a period of more than one year.

The sole test of what a bank's assets should consist of is whether they constitute a proper basis for the issue of deposit currency. The types of paper eligible for rediscount at the Federal Reserve Banks now include notes of customers for loans used in commercial transactions or in industrial or agricultural production, of not more than three months' maturity, although an exception is made in the case of loans for agricultural purposes extending the maturity to nine months. Included also are such classes of obligations as commercial paper and bankers' acceptances, which are themselves evidences of commercial transactions.

These several kinds of assets have been found by experience to be suitable as a basis for the issue of note currency. And since deposit currency ought to possess exactly the same qualities of absolute soundness, it follows that the characteristics of the assets securing it should be the same. As already suggested, it may become feasible or desirable that the eligibility requirements of the Federal Reserve Banks should be somewhat broadened to include certain classes of loans not now eligible. Power to make such changes as may prove to be necessary should be vested, with adequate safeguards, in the Federal Reserve Board. But the banking law should leave no doubt that the banks are forbidden to invest any of the funds they have assembled as deposits in anything whatever which



cannot be converted, through the facilities of the Federal Reserve Banks, immediately into cash.

Banks of adequate size operating under such conditions, if managed with a reasonable degree of intelligence and skill, could not possibly fail. They would be able at all times to meet every dollar of their deposit liabilities, no matter what happened. Checks legally drawn against them would have exactly the same characteristics of trustworthiness as Federal Reserve notes, and our deposit currency would be beyond question sound.

## V

Now it is to be expected that the average banker in America, or even the average citizen, envisaging a banking system limited by law to the functions described above, will begin furiously to ask questions. How, the banker will want to know, is a bank to find the means to invest all the funds likely to be at its disposal, and how in blazes is it going to make any money? What agencies, the citizen may inquire, will assemble the savings of the country and attend to their investment? Who will make the real estate and other capital loans and who will buy the bonds? And, finally, who will carry on all the manifold functions of the trust companies which have been so widely taken over by the banks?

To the bankers the answers to their questions will not perhaps be universally pleasing. As already emphasized, they should seek deposits, without payment of interest unless necessary, only to the extent that they require them for their legitimate business. If additional funds are entrusted to them for safe keeping, they should collect from depositors such monthly or quarterly fees as are required to pay the expenses involved. They should do this in any case where the earnings

realized from a particular deposit balance are not sufficient to cover the expense of keeping the account. In all probability, under such conditions, the banks will not be burdened with more funds than they can use for commercial purposes; but if they should be, they will be in a position to reimburse themselves for the trouble and expense of storing the money and carrying on the bookkeeping operations required.

Banks as custodians and creators of deposit currency must be operated in the public interest, rather than for the purpose of making money for their owners or managers. They should earn the proper and necessary expenses of the efficient operation of the system, but no more; and their charges for interest on loans and for other services should be publicly regulated accordingly. Bank managers and employees should receive ample salaries, in keeping with the ability, training, and skill required of them; and they should enjoy the benefits of generous pensions upon retirement, based on the length and value of their services; but they should never be allowed to expect to become rich. As for the stockholders—if the banks are to be privately owned—they should receive a modest but sure return on their investment. Banks of adequate size, managed with skill and judgment, may be counted upon to operate as strictly commercial institutions with earnings sufficient for all these requirements. By building up reserves in times of prosperity, they should be able not only to maintain salaries throughout periods of depression but to continue their dividends as well.

As for the non-commercial banking operations now commonly carried on by banks, these, with the possible exception of trust functions, should be transferred to other institutions.

Savings should not be assembled in the form of deposits, but only against

the issue of some kind of certificates, with or without maturity dates, which in case of necessity could be sold in the market or pledged as collateral for loans, but which would never be repaid by the issuer before maturity. Mutual savings institutions, for example, should be allowed to continue in operation much as at present, except that they should no longer be referred to as banks and they should receive funds only against the issue of certificates of convenient maturity. If there is need for such institutions in regions where they do not now exist, it is perhaps to be expected that they will be organized.

Building and loan associations, also, may be expected to continue as at present and greatly to expand the extent of their operations. They should be compelled by law, however, to stop the practice which has become common in some states of accepting deposits, or of selling their shares in all sorts of small amounts redeemable on demand, in such a way that they compete with the banks.

Another class of institution which may be expected to play an increasingly important role in the assembly and investment of savings in the future is the investment trust. Probably it will have to be brought under much more rigorous regulation and control than in the past; but it is the logical agency for the assembly and investment of funds in somewhat larger individual amounts than those commonly accepted by the mutual savings institutions and the building and loan associations.

All these non-banking institutions, as well as the life insurance companies and perhaps others not mentioned or not yet in existence, are the proper agencies for the assembly of savings. They are also the proper agencies for making real estate and other capital loans, as well as for buying stocks and

bonds—those which are not bought by individuals or other investors. Doubtless all of them should be subjected to a more thoroughgoing supervision in the public interest, and in order to obtain uniformity in their legal regulation, they should probably all be required to operate under federal law. This question, however, is beyond the scope of the present discussion, which mentions these non-banking institutions only in order to show that they might be counted upon to take over all the non-banking functions now performed by banks.

Trust business has but little to do with banking. It has become allied with banking, partly because the banks have wished to obtain the profits of it, and partly because the public has become accustomed to go to the bank to attend to any kind of business involving finance. The functions of trust companies, however, are more closely related to those of savings institutions than to those of banks. Logically, therefore, they should perhaps be allowed to combine with savings institutions. There would be no great disadvantage, however, in allowing them, for the time being at least, to continue in alliance with commercial banks. There is no evidence that their operations have been to any considerable extent responsible for the practices which have led to bank failures.

## VI

Inasmuch as a good many of the foregoing assertions have been made somewhat emphatically, it is necessary to take account of a school of thought, sometimes referred to as the "New Economics," which challenges the whole theory of allowing banks to perform currency functions. To deal briefly with this question will require a few paragraphs of rather highly technical discussion of monetary theory.



Professor Frederick Soddy, winner of the Nobel Prize in chemistry in 1921, has recently written two of the most brilliant books on the subject of money which have appeared in a generation (*Wealth, Virtual Wealth, and Debt and Money Versus Man*). He argues convincingly that the power to make or destroy money with a stroke of the pen, as the banks do by the creation of deposits arising out of loans and the subsequent collections of the loans, is a power which cannot safely be left to the discretion of private interests animated by the desire to obtain profits for themselves. Banks, he contends, should be allowed to lend only real money, not to create it; while the issue of money should be a function of the economic community as a whole.

Now it is possible to agree with Professor Soddy's main thesis, and still maintain that a properly regulated banking system is the best mechanism obtainable whereby a national monetary system can be administered in the public interest. If the lending activities of the banks are limited to operations arising out of the production of goods and services and to those facilitating current trading transactions, then the purchasing power created by the banks will correspond exactly to the needs of the economic community.

Professor Soddy makes much of the fact that if a sudden increase should occur in the volume of credit extended for purposes of production, the money involved would almost immediately be distributed in the form of payments for raw materials, wages, rents, interest, and the like, and become effective purchasing power; whereas the goods in production would not be ready for sale until a later date. The time-lag here involved would indeed result theoretically in a rise of prices, which might not be desired. But this could occur in practice only on the double-barreled assumption that the entire

output of goods and services had been consumed up to date, and that the holders of the new money which had been put into their hands would immediately rush off to buy goods and services with it. Admittedly, in times of widespread unemployment and depression the latter part of the assumption might prove to be true; but even during such periods as the present the stocks of goods on hand and the services potentially available at a moment's notice are likely to be ample to meet any sudden increase in effective demand. It is true that an uncontrolled inflation of bank credit would in all probability be accompanied by a rise in prices—if not of commodities, then of securities. But even in this eventuality the inflation itself would be caused not by any unusual willingness on the part of the banks to lend, but by the over-optimistic desire of the borrowers to borrow.

Striking proof of the inability of banks to cause a rise in prices by their readiness to extend credit, is furnished by the experience of this country during the past four years. Ever since the autumn of 1929 our banks have been eager to lend large amounts at low rates of interest: yet until March of this year, prices, with a few slight variations, dropped low and lower. And then, after the middle of March, adding insult of injury, the stubborn price level began to rise, while for month after month the total volume of bank credit outstanding in the country refused to increase or actually decreased. The rise occurred, of course, because the purchasing power in circulation began to circulate faster, under the stimulus of speculation, which was intensified after April 19 by our departure from the gold standard and the fall in the foreign exchange value of the dollar.

Another phase of Professor Soddy's argument is more difficult to answer.

He points out that when banks for any reason refuse proper credit demands or require the premature repayment of loans, the result is certain to be a slowing down in the processes of production, accompanied by unemployment and probably a disastrous fall of prices. This is undoubtedly true. But it is equally true that intelligently operated banks practically never—except in order to counteract what appears to be dangerous inflation—begin the process of refusing credit and calling loans until a fall in prices has already occurred. In other words, they try to protect themselves as best they can when some force wholly beyond their control—usually the lack of such a distribution of the purchasing power in the hands of the public as will maintain effective demand for goods and services—provokes an alarming fall in prices against their will. Then, unfortunately, they do sometimes become unduly frightened and call loans needlessly, thus making the ensuing depression much worse. No doubt adequate regulation of banking in the public interest might do much to counteract this, although it should not be expected that the banks alone will ever be able to cope with the powerful forces of economic maladjustment which bring about depressions. All that any public agency charged with the administration of a trustworthy monetary system could do, however, the banks can do, through the action of the central banking authorities in pursuance of sound public policy.

Any other arrangement than the commercial banking system for providing the modern economic community with a circulating medium flexible enough to be responsive to its needs, would require the invention of a new and elaborate organization, without the benefit of any historical experience whatever. Admittedly, this would be an insufficient reason for not trying to

invent it if the traditional system could not with certainty be made satisfactory. But there is excellent reason to believe that, even out of the present lack of system in this country, a banking structure can be created which will function with as complete satisfaction as could reasonably be demanded of any institution operated by human beings. Moreover, if properly regulated in the public interest, it may be expected to function with less cost to the economic community than any new arrangement that could be devised.

## VII

The exact form of the legislation required to permit, and to compel, the development of the kind of banking system which has been sketched in the foregoing pages, will depend upon whether it is to be privately owned and operated, as at present, or owned and operated as a federal agency. Let us assume, for the sake of convenience, that it is to be privately owned and operated. If, nevertheless, public ownership should be deemed necessary or desirable, essentially the same legal provisions, suitably modified to take account of the different structural organization, could be made to apply.

In the first place, as a condition precedent for all genuine banking reform, federal legislation should be enacted to compel all banks to operate under national charter, or at least to join the Federal Reserve System under such conditions that the federal government could regulate their organization and operation quite as effectively as if they were national banks. That Congress has the power to do this, under either the currency clause or the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution, is made clear in a recent opinion of the General Counsel of the Federal Reserve Board (see *Federal Reserve Bulletin*, March, 1933).



Possibly, as a practical matter, it might be preferable to obtain the desired result through the taxing power of the federal government, rather than by direct action. A prohibitive tax, effective two years from the passage of the law, might be levied on the checks of banks not operating under national charter or as members of the Federal Reserve System, just as the State banks were rendered unable to continue the issue of currency notes shortly after the establishment of the national banking system in 1863.

In the second place, a minimum capital requirement of, say, \$500,000, should be established for all national and State member banks in operation after two years from the date of passage of the law.

In the third place, national and State member banks should be immediately authorized, with the approval in each case of the appropriate federal authorities, to establish and operate branches both within and beyond the limits of the towns or cities where their head offices are located. This will be indispensable in view of the future minimum capital requirement, and it should be made effective at once in order to permit the larger banks to begin building up their branch organizations. At the same time it will make possible the elimination of group banking by holding companies, which in some instances in the past has been an obstacle to effective banking supervision. Provision should be made, however, to insure that before new branches are established in any town or village such local banks already there as are not of sufficient size to continue in operation under the new law, must first be acquired and transformed into branches.

If it be considered necessary to guard against the banking power of the country coming too much under the control of the chief financial centers, the operation of branches by any one bank might be limited to prescribed areas, defined perhaps by a radius of one hundred or two hundred miles from the head office, but without reference to State lines. Probably it would be better to limit the spread of branch operation in another way, namely, by allowing banks to operate branches within Federal Reserve districts. This would tend to cause the development of several additional banking centers throughout the country, which would take away some of the financial power now concentrated in New York and Chicago.

Finally, the National Bank Act and the Federal Reserve Act, prescribing the conditions of organization and the functions of banks, should be drastically revised. The changes required need not be detailed here, since in general terms they have already been indicated. All the provisions of the Glass bill for the separation of the investment business from commercial banking should be retained and strengthened. The law should then be rewritten as a single comprehensive code, with the primary purpose in view of providing for a unified banking system which will be in effect a national monetary system, absolutely safe as far as depositors are concerned and at all times responsive to the needs of the country for a circulating medium.

With such a system in operation, all such measures as the guarantee or the insurance of bank deposits, or other efforts to patch up an inherently defective mechanism, would become unnecessary and irrelevant.



## THE SINGLE WOMAN'S DILEMMA

ANONYMOUS

IT HAPPENED years ago, but I can still see a strange woman walk into my living room, her eyes accusing me before she had said a word. I knew in a flash who she was and why she was there. She had discovered that her husband was something more than a friend to me. She was tearful and a little incoherent, but she was a thoroughbred and she had come to say that she would give him a divorce if that was what we wanted.

I, who had always had a sister feeling for my sex, was in the uncomfortable position of having hurt another woman. But had I hurt her or had she hurt herself? Her husband was on the staff of a Boston hospital, where I was doing research work in bacteriology, and we had gradually become close friends. He was a sensitive, highly organized creature, with an unhappy look about his eyes. In the course of time I understood why. His wife was an intensely neurotic person, bordering on the pathological, and life under the same roof with her was becoming more and more of a strain on him. He was too fair to blame her for a nervous maladjustment which was perhaps not her fault, but he was human and he sought my understanding and companionship. There was a strong pull between us—call it a biological accident if you like—and each of us knew that the other was at loose ends emotionally. I know now—and did even then—that we should never have been happy married: our ways of

thinking and ideals clashed at almost every point. But he had very endearing qualities and a personality that could not be ignored—and I thoroughly respected him. He was romantic about me, probably because I represented all that he did not have in a wife—feminine strength and self-reliance.

It was his great need, I think, that destroyed my defenses. What there is of the maternal in me responds more readily to men than to children. So I had no compunctions about letting him love me—and loving him in return as best I could. He was not all that I wanted in a man, but my emotions and my affections were deeply involved. The one touchstone that I have always applied to my relationships with men comes from the Latin of an old hymn, "*quaecumque sunt vera, quaecumque sunt bona*"—"Whatever things are good, whatsoever things are true." There were good things and true things in my attachment to him, and it gave me an undeniable sense of living. So far as his wife was concerned, I was honestly convinced that I was taking nothing from her that she had not lost long before I knew him—although perhaps you will say this was rationalization on my part.

Of course I could not justify myself in her eyes without wounding her still more. So our interview was short and painful. Paradoxically enough, the fact that I did not want to marry her husband hurt her almost as much as



the fact that he and I were intimate friends. Deep down, she did not want to give him up, but so easy a victory was not to her taste. She had a great deal of pride, and soon after we had our talk she went away for the summer with their child. Things were never the same again for Robert and me. I had told him from the beginning that I would not marry him; if he got a divorce it must be to gain his own freedom, not to win me. Manlike, he had insisted that we belonged together and that if he were free he would be able to capture me for good and all. So when the crisis came he was terribly hurt, and I finally had to send him away. Since then he has moved to another city and he and his wife are no longer living together.

Doubtless I should not have been quixotic enough to give up Robert if I had really wanted him. But if I had taken him I should not have felt that I was destroying anything of value, for the health had gone out of his marriage. Conventionally minded people would say, I suppose, that this friendship started me on my downward path. I was only twenty-five at the time and until then I had never thought that I wanted anything but "honorable love." I was born a very forthright person, so open and honest that I am almost ingenuous. My family, not without reason, have always called me *Candide*. I have a strong strain of the Puritan in me, and my youth in a New England town did nothing to erase it. Like the average American girl of my decade I looked forward to the day when my knight would come riding and I should live happily ever after, with the blessing and the sanction of society.

## II

Neither the reading I did nor the four years I spent at a State university taught me much about men and

women. The *Madame Bovarys* of literature seemed to me coarse and cheap, and the *Anna Karéninas* glamorous but unfortunate. The subterfuges that went with extramarital liaisons appealed to me as intolerable, and in my innocence I thought there were but two kinds of women—good women and loose women. In college my friends and I naïvely believed that you could tell the loose women by the paint on the lips and the rouge on their faces.

As it happened my knight did not come riding. At college the frivolous girls who could dance well were always at a premium, and my studious inclinations made me seem a little queer. All of the boys were younger than I intellectually and they were as uncomfortable with me as I with them. I much preferred talking with the professors, although I am sure my grave conversation could have been no treat for them. I must have matured very late, because I knew nothing in those days about feminine wiles and graces. My last year in college I fell in love with a boy who was as much of a student as I, but the accident of the War kept us from making what would have been a very bad marriage. It was nothing but puppy love, and the provincial life he has been contented to lead since then would never have satisfied me.

It is commonly assumed that the War changed the morals of young people here as well as in Europe. I doubt whether in this country it was the War so much as the new literature. I cannot name any one book that influenced my thinking about sex; yet I am sure that Freud and Havelock Ellis played their parts. Havelock Ellis's writings made me see for the first time that the miracle of sex can exist quite independently of the institution of matrimony, and be none the less beautiful. Freud I did not read in

the original since he was not in favor at the Boston medical school where I studied. But his influence had begun to seep through English and American contemporary fiction. An open-minded person in her twenties could not help but be impressed by the role that sex plays in the lives of men and women and the disasters it causes when it is suppressed and thwarted. I was too cerebral a person to believe in sex-expression for the sake of sex-expression as Sherwood Anderson's women characters seemed to. I wanted my feeling for a man to be complex, to blend the physical, mental, and spiritual—a trinity which has become trite and sophomoric but which still has a meaning for me, although I know now that it is not easy to say where the flesh leaves off and where the spirit begins.

Medical school completed my education in biology and when I knew Robert I was ripe for an emotional excursion. It was a fortunate experience, for we both brought deep feeling to it, and we were honest and decent with each other. The first experience that a girl has in love may shape and determine her emotional life for the rest of her years. I remember a girl, another medical student whom I met on a steamer once and with whom I became great friends, as you are apt to on steamers. She was unmarried, just as I was, and a very courageous person; but she liked and trusted men less than I do, because the first man she had ever loved—she was only eighteen and he was married—had dropped out of her life without a word of explanation. Evidently his courage had failed him and he took the easiest way out; his caddish action had left her with the feeling that there was something lacking in her, that she was not completely desirable as a woman. To give yourself with the faith and abandon of youth and to discover afterwards that

you were not appreciated or valued must sear the soul.

The danger of being badly hurt, I suspect, is what keeps a great many women virtuous. The unmarried women I know fall into three categories: the women over thirty, that is, who can no longer look forward to marriage as a probable future. At the top there is a very small group who live in the realm of ideas and do not seem to need to center themselves on any other person. Then there are the women like myself who recognize that men—or a man—are important in their scheme of things and who are not afraid to live accordingly. Finally there are the women—and they form a large proportion of the single women—who pour out their affections on some other woman or some member of their family. Not nearly all of the women in this group are Lesbians, but many of them have quite innocently chosen a homosexual pattern of life. It is not hard to understand these feminine liaisons. Most of us are so human that we want to have some one person in the world to whom we matter more than anyone else. And being females, we prize above almost everything else security of affection. If I lavish my affection upon another woman and receive a great deal of hers in return I can be surer of her constancy than I can of a man's—provided that she has either voluntarily or involuntarily ruled men out of her scheme of existence. I know that in fashionable Lesbian quarters jealousy among women is rampant and there is frequently more agonizing over a faithless girl-friend than men have ever caused women. But the more normal women who move in twosomes often stick to each other throughout a lifetime. It is a kind of offensive and defensive alliance which they form against the world, and no doubt it yields them great consolation, comfort—and even



richness. Many of these women, we must admit, have been given no choice, if they work in a woman's world or if the fairies forgot them at birth. They may lead far more tranquil lives than I do, and yet I don't envy them, for I believe that God made us, man and woman, to know each other.

Let me hasten to add that I have had a few very great friendships with men into which passion has never entered. I should not care to know many men in the Biblical sense, for I am an eclectic person. Whoever gives easily gives not very deeply. Yet I know that the lightning may flash and kindle a relationship that will burn bright and clear for a few short hours, until the business of living resumes its relentless course. Such a memory is the most precious thing that a woman can have. The ecstasy and the wonder, untarnished by any tinge of disillusionment or by humdrum contacts, live on and become more real than reality. Knowing another person, catching a glimpse of the soul, is to me the greatest privilege that God, if he exists, has vouchsafed us. I have been stunned by a sudden gleam of spiritual beauty in a few of my women friends, but I have never had the privilege of knowing them as completely as I have known a few men, and I doubt if I ever could; for passion breaks down the otherwise impregnable defenses of the soul.

### III

But if the single woman chooses to know men well life becomes a very real dilemma for her. Tragedy is just round the corner, and privation will be her daily bread. I say privation, because the girl over thirty who has vulnerable emotions is far more likely to find herself falling in love with a married man than with an eligible bachelor. Most of the men who have the ripeness of years and the person-

ality to attract her have already taken on responsibilities as husbands and fathers. The few who are still foot-loose are likely to lack vitality: they are not ready to give of themselves with both hands: if they were they would have married. Besides, they are so sought after socially and so free of obligations that they are apt to have become very selfish.

Sooner or later, therefore, every unattached woman has to ask herself the question, can this man who is married and whom I find so attractive give me the affection and the kind of companionship I want, and can I accept his love with a clear conscience? There are as many answers to the question as there are men. My affair with Robert taught me that love can cut across conventional relationships, but it was not a typical affair because his marriage was already badly shattered. Unlike him, most married men of the educated class in which women of my kind move feel definitely committed to their marriages, divorce statistics notwithstanding. There are those who lightly and selfishly cast off one wife for another; but they have too little character to interest me. I believe theoretically in the freedom of the individual, and yet I recognize that—men or women—we cannot commit ourselves in all seriousness to matrimony and put down the roots which that signifies without assuming a very real responsibility toward the other person. I can see no reason why that responsibility should be shrugged away when romance vanishes, as it is almost bound to when imprisoned within four walls. Unless there is a growing incompatibility, friendship between a man and wife can take the place of romance and make the marriage well worth continuing, even if there are no children to consider. The institution of marriage, imperfect as it is, is the best solution that society has found over a

period of many centuries; and I should consider myself a destructive force if I were to break up anyone's marriage.

Yet I believe that love is one of the laws of life, and one of the few blessed mitigations of the travail that is the share of all of us. I believe too that a vital relationship which springs up between a man and woman has an entity all its own. If we kill it at birth or suffocate it in the manner of mothers who are ashamed of the creature that has sprung from their loins we are committing a kind of murder. I will admit that my belief, honest as it seems to me, may be rationalization, growing out of my situation and my instinct for self-fulfilment. The great majority of women who are securely married—or who think they are—like to believe that husbands and wives have vested property rights in one another; they are struggling to preserve their favored position just as I am struggling to fulfil myself.

My answer to the school of wives is that we ought to be so complete in ourselves that our amour-propre does not depend upon the absolute possession of another person. I will grant that if our egos are to flower naturally we need to know that we are loved or have been loved. But that is a very different thing from basing our self-esteem on the conviction that we alone are loved. To want to be the only one loved is like crying for the moon, that is if the other person is at all complex and responsive to human contacts.

But—you will ask—does not any woman delude herself in thinking that it is possible for a man to love two women at the same time? Does he not deceive one or the other about the reality of his affection? Many men, no doubt, are incapable of a real attachment to more than one woman at the same time. But a highly civilized man who has not too small a heart can

care greatly about more than one woman. I am convinced of it, because I have seen it happen more than once among people of my acquaintance. Keyserling, whose symposium on Marriage bears rereading, has said that a highly "orchestrated" person is capable of any number of different attachments, no one of which need impinge upon the others. Not many of us have so many facets that we have much to give to more than a few people, but we must recognize the existence of such natures.

It may be true that I take something from a wife whose husband is in love with me if he sees me in the same romantic light in which he used to see her. My feeling is that the Lord gives and the Lord takes away. If she has lost something through the years, she has also gained a great deal, provided their marriage has developed depth and breadth. She has a lifelong companion and she has the gratification of a home and children. With all of my passion for adventure, I would change places with her in a minute.

Believing as I do, on the one hand, that the institution of marriage should not ruthlessly be destroyed and, on the other, that love has certain inalienable rights, there is only one course for me to pursue when I find myself caught up in a strong emotional feeling for a married man who seems worthy of my love. I must swiftly reconcile myself to half a loaf or less than that, and do all in my power to shield his marriage against the hint of scandal. I have come to see that subterfuges and deception are often necessary, often kind. Life is cruel enough—if only because human beings develop and change; and I see no reason why any of us should make it more cruel than it need be for other people. I should be afraid to walk to my happiness over the coals of another woman's misery.



Don't think that it is easy for the woman on the outside to be content with only a share of a man's affection; and a very small share, perhaps, of his time. It is almost impossible for a girl who is still young and unformed to adjust herself to such an exigency. But as we grow older we learn that we stand to lose much precious companionship with men if we do not adjust ourselves, and I can truthfully say that I have known a few women who have loved with great wisdom and self-restraint. A Frenchwoman once said to me that the women of her acquaintance who are involved in affairs with married men are constantly scheming to get them all for themselves. I wonder if her remark does not point to a fundamental difference between French and American women. Is the Frenchwoman so intensely passionate, so blind to reality that she cannot put herself in the man's place? The essence of love, as I see it, is to want happiness and peace of mind for the person you love as well as for yourself. That is the only wise course, furthermore, for there is no surer way to lose a man's love than to force him to go against his finer instincts. I should shrink from the defeated look in a man's eyes if I made him, either through persuasion or the spell of the emotions, give up a wife to whom he felt bound by ties of loyalty.

I respect the institution of marriage but I do not grant that it has all the prerogatives which it arrogates to itself. Certainly the concept of monogamy needs to be reëxamined in the light of present-day social conditions. In past centuries men enforced monogamy as best they could upon their wives—with the help of the *ceinture de chastité* when worst came to worst, so that they might be sure their progeny was their own. Now that contraceptives have very nearly eliminated this hazard, and strictly monogamous rela-

tionships are less essential to the survival of an ordered society than formerly, the great majority of married women perpetuate the shibboleth through sheer wish fulfilment. But they cannot be completely honest with themselves.

For men are not the only ones whose fancy wanders. If a woman is normally sexed and if she has any flair for discovering other human beings, at some time or other in her life she will feel herself pulled toward two men simultaneously. If she is married she may resist the newer attraction, either for her children's sake or merely because an extramural affair is more difficult for her than for her husband. But the very experience should prove to her that more than one close relationship with a person of the opposite sex can have its validity. It is unfair perhaps that married women are so much less free to seek and profit from adventure than their husbands. But they may find an emotional compensation in the closer bond which they enjoy with their children.

As Charles Morgan very penetratingly said in *The Fountain*, women are far more inclined to set up their own moral standards than men are. Every woman of character has her own code, which may or may not correspond with society's code of morals, but which she must live by if she wants to preserve her integrity. My code, so far as wives are concerned, is that I will not try to break up another woman's marriage and that I will not deceive the wife of a man I love any more than is absolutely necessary. I should prefer not to know her, merely because I like to be sincere and frank with people. I have sworn, too, that I will never permit myself to have an intimate relationship with a man if I have been friends first of all with his wife. In that case I should owe her my first loyalty.

## IV

So much for the other angle of the triangle. The next question is what does the unattached woman stand to gain or lose personally if she throws her cap over the windmill and becomes deeply involved with a married man? It is a dangerous business, I'll admit, but then all of living is dangerous unless we choose to paddle our canoes in the brackish backwaters instead of in the main stream where the current is swift and strong.

If I had a daughter I should teach her from her earliest years to analyze and judge men. There is little but grief for the woman who gives her love to a man of no character, a man who is not essentially decent. The misery of marriage with such a man may be more long drawn out, but the hazards of a free liaison are even greater. Men who—like the married man in Rachel Crothers' "When Ladies Meet"—evade vital issues and lie to their current innamorata, can put a woman through hell. In the play of which I speak the young woman who is involved happens to be a person of real strength of character, and so she comes out the richer for the experience. But loving a caddish man has wrecked a good many women's lives; many of them, I don't doubt, would have been better off in a nunnery. The bitter price which a woman may have to pay may range from humiliation at being deserted, to an unwelcome child with no one to father it, since contraception is not yet foolproof and human beings are careless.

I have seen women, too, racked by close relationships with men who may be decent enough but who are hopelessly weak. I am thinking of the kind of man who gets the jitters about whether he is doing the right thing, who wavers back and forth because he is afraid of his wife, and yet returns

again and again to throw himself on the mercy of the other woman. Such men, to my way of thinking, should be shot at sunrise, for they are not playing fair. Unattached women, who themselves have plenty of strength of character, often lavish their maternal affection on such men and get very little in return.

The woman who ventures to love must have the strength to go on alone when the clock strikes twelve and the ball is over. That it should end is no sign that it was not worth the candle or that it was a tawdry thing. I think of a woman who had a romantic passage of a month's duration with a man when they were both on the other side of the world and he was far from his family. He has not kept up the friendship, even by letter, because he is afraid that it might impinge upon his family life, and he has a child to whom he is passionately devoted. The world would say, I suppose, that his feeling for her never went very deep. Yet she was not hurt, because she understood him; he is a high-strung person, very much the poet, and happens to be unable to lead more than one life at the same time. His child is his great passion, as he told her in the beginning. He may have shown a limited capacity for love, but his honesty was his saving grace. For a short time they came very close together, he gave of himself, and he valued her. Almost never in a love-affair are the odds even; sometimes it is the man, sometimes it is the woman who is the more deeply committed. But a woman loses none of her integrity, no matter how much she loves, so long as she is sure that the man respects and values her. And she learns as the years go by to bid her pleasures good-bye quite philosophically. For she has discovered that it is only a long-standing attachment which wrenches the heart when it comes to an end.



It is the long-standing attachment which has become part of the warp and woof of living that presents a real problem to the single woman. Just as any kind of friendship grows richer over a period of time, so a relationship with a man ripens and becomes increasingly rewarding with the years if it has the seeds of harmony in it. But it also becomes increasingly absorbing, and unless a woman takes care, she soon finds herself centering her life and plans round the man whom she loves, even though he has no choice but to revolve around another axis. She is excluded from many social affairs, since he is not free to accept invitations with her and since women without escorts are often not desired. She must entertain alone too, with no man of the house to shake up the cocktails. In a word, she can take no comfort in the outward and visible signs of a man's love. Always she must be on her guard to let the world think that she lives chastely and solitarily if she would protect the interests of the man she loves and those of his wife.

But these are minor privations. More fundamental is her sacrifice of all hope of marriage and the possibility of bringing children into the world. She may tell herself that she will not let this free liaison prevent her responding to another man who is eligible and desirable if such a one should come into her life. But if she loves deeply and still passionately she will not be psychologically prepared for another love. So she must resign herself sooner or later to the prospect of a lonely old age, with neither husband nor children to cherish her. Worst of all, she must forego the joy of facing life shoulder to shoulder with the man she loves, and the satisfaction of making the greatest of all experiments in living.

Absorption in one's work or profession is no adequate substitute for all

that a single woman gives up, but I believe it is her only salvation. Heaven help those who have no such anchor to windward. The only safe thing for a woman to do is to promise herself that no love short of marriage shall swerve her from the main stream of her work. Were a woman to give up all of her interests as well as her professional future for the sake of remaining near the man she loves, she would have let love cripple and maim her. Wisdom does not lie that way.

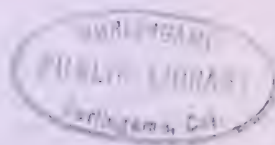
I speak feelingly, because I am about to leave for the Far East to do a two years' piece of research. I leave behind me a man whom I love as much as I could ever love any man, I believe. We are not far apart in age; we follow each other's work with the keenest interest; we have the same tastes, the same standards of human conduct, and we like to be foolish in the same way. From the beginning we have been at peace with each other and I think each of us knows that it is the mature love affair of our lives, the *coup de foudre* from which we shall not recover. He is the most generous man I have ever known and the justest, although I suppose the moralists would say that a man who divides himself between two women cannot be just. He is able to do so because he has a great capacity for love and friendship and because he is enough of a realist to know that while marriage may lose its romantic quality, its essential values—at least in his own case—are not to be denied. He believes too, as I do, that no two relationships are equal to each other. I have a relationship with him that his wife could not have, and she has one with him that I could not have. The glamour of our intimacy has never worn off, probably because we see so much less of each other than we want to see. We suffer intensely when we are separated for any length of time. Yet I am going off to the Orient for

two years. He would not have it otherwise, and I would not, because my work is my other great passion, and a strange new world beckons me from across the Pacific.

Since love without benefit of clergy is so full of hazards and pain, you say, would it not be better for the single woman to set about finding herself a husband and put just one price on her virtue? Husbands, unfortunately, are not to be found for the asking, not if a woman has fastidious standards of taste and character. Like most presentable women, I have had my chance to make a "good" marriage. The man had plenty of character but very little imagination, and I should have been bored to death; so I have never regretted my decision. Those of my friends who have made what I call compromise marriages do not seem to me particularly happy or blessed, and I have the feeling that they have paid a high price for a certain kind of security.

The only other alternative is for a woman to do without love in any form. Probably those rare individuals who are able to live in the world of ideas—in Santayana's "ideal society"—are the happiest people of all because they are the least dependent on the

whips and scorns of fate. I think of a friend who has not been well for years and who leads a very quiet life, far removed from the worldly interests that she is so capable of enjoying; she is becoming more and more of a mystic, and I believe her when she says that her outer life may be dull but that her inner life is intensely exciting. She and another friend who has much the same kind of nature give an immense amount of love to other people, their families and their friends. They do not seem to need to love a man in order to love generously and wholly. But I frankly admit that only a man calls forth all that I have to give. These mystics and large-souled people are farther advanced, I suspect, in the scale of existence than the rest of us who are still bound to the earth and the flesh. But if we are so bound I see no profit in pretending that we are not. If we turn away from love we become harsh and withered. But if we accept it courageously it will sweeten and mellow us. For my part, when I come to die, I hope that I shall be able to repeat the words of the late Comtesse de Noailles: "Life has greatly tempted me, and as I was brave, I turned aside neither from the risk, nor the joy, nor the pain."







# ARE THE TROPICS UNHEALTHY?

BY EARL HANSON

THE tropics have been a bugaboo since long before the days of Copernicus, when nobody was thought to be able to live in them at all. In those days the world was considered much smaller than it is to-day, and much nearer the sun. The burning tropics were comparable to the frozen north, as regions where human life could not exist. But in the fifteenth century Prince Henry the Navigator upset that idea, by sending ships farther and farther south, till they came to a place where the sun stood vertically overhead at noon, without disastrous effects on the crews.

Since that day our ideas about the tropics have had their ups and downs. To-day we look on the equatorial regions as areas where dark-skinned natives can get along quite well, but where the white man has his difficulties. Except perhaps in such spots as the Panama Canal Zone, where millions have been spent in making over the country and where employes are picked men, carefully supervised, the white man has not yet really learned to colonize the tropics and exploit them as he does the temperate regions. After almost five centuries of effort, he is still afraid of the effect of the tropics on his health; for example, British residents in India consider it an absolute necessity to send their children to school in England, largely because of the unhealthful effects of the climate, mentally, morally, and physically. And it is generally agreed that pioneer work

cannot be carried on in the equatorial regions without the help of the natives.

I must admit at once that the tropics are much too diversified to be spoken of with one collective word. There are highland and lowland tropics, deserts, jungles, and mountains, hot tropics and relatively cool ones, trade-wind belts, seashore regions, islands, and vast inland stretches that are sometimes accessible by rivers and sometimes not. Each has its particular health problems. In this article I shall confine my discussion to those regions in which white men have still been unable to establish themselves without going to seed or losing their health—which amounts to the same thing. Specifically I might mention that my own experiences and observations took place in the Amazon Basin and on such rivers as the Rio Negro, which is considered one of the most unhealthy rivers in a region which is commonly considered the most unhealthy large region on earth.

After three years of residence and travel in other and more pleasant parts of the south-tropical zone, I entered the Amazon Basin on my last expedition with my full quota of ideas on what the tropical climate does to a man's health and energy. I left the Basin almost a year later, pretty well run down, and thoroughly torn up by malaria and other forms of tropical disease. In the meantime I had seen a great many white men who eloquently gave testimony to the correctness of

our current ideas. In the language of my lecture manager who wrote a circular about me, I saw white men rotting like the vegetation—though I also saw others who staunchly refused to rot. Most of my observations showed that the white men along the many thousands of miles of Amazonian rivers that I covered were not a healthy lot, taken by and large. But I also came away with one large question in my mind and with sufficient evidence to make the question seem reasonable. "Are *the tropics* unhealthy, or are white men in the tropics unhealthy because of the foolish way they try to live there?"

If the tropical climate and environment are unhealthy for white men, then certain conditions must be present to make them so. Glancing through the discussions of climatologists, geographers, and medical men found in my own very small library, I find mention of enough of these conditions to serve for the present discussion. Ellsworth Huntington talks at some length about the debilitating effect of a warm, moist, and monotonous climate, and is concerned about native women who expose themselves and thereby ruin the moral fiber of white men. C. T. Loram, writing about Africa, talks about "the debilitating influence of a tropical and sub-tropical climate, the prevalence of insect-transmitted bacterial diseases, and the depredations of stock-consuming wild beasts" that "make farming impossible in the pioneer belts without the help of natives." Robert De Courcy Ward lists the physiological effects of the tropics as follows: increased respiration; decreased pulse action; profuse perspiration; lessened activity of stomach and intestines, and tendency to digestive disorders; an ill defined condition of debility; increased activity of the liver; surexcitation of the kidneys. Also he goes on to say that an anæmic

condition in the moist tropics is widespread.

Using myself as a test case, I can testify to the correctness of most of the effects enumerated by Professor Ward. I know I came out of the Amazon Basin somewhat anæmic, though I ascribed that condition to the malaria bugs in my blood stream that took a great delight in destroying red corpuscles. Looking over the rest of Ward's dreadful symptoms, I suspect that I could add a few of my own to them.

But my own experiences with bad health are of small consequence for the purpose of this discussion. I was an inexperienced newcomer to the jungle rivers who had not yet learned how to take care of himself before he became ill and who, when he did fall ill, was a victim of the bad living conditions found among the region's inhabitants, every bit as much as of the climate. What does count is the fact that I saw a good many men in the region who had lived there for many years, who had been born there, and who were obviously not healthy. They seemed completely to bear out all the things I had learned about the tropics before I went to the Amazon Basin.

But other things beside climate and environment may be inimical to health. Let us look for a minute at the conditions which make for good health in our own country. An old German doctor once told me his opinion on the subject, summing up the fundamental necessities for health as being only two: "*Viel Lachen und ein guter Stuhlgang.*" Much laughter and good elimination. Although I am no medical man, I am arrogantly inclined to agree with him. And I venture to go farther and enumerate four fundamental things that should carry with them that mental and physical health that distinguishes a normal human being from a man who has "gone



to seed in the tropics." I list them in the order in which it is convenient to discuss them, which does not denote any precedence in possible importance.

First we have the matter of proper psychological adjustment, of which the ability to laugh is almost invariably a symptom. It is a vague, indefinable quality that might be called adaptability, but that invariably goes hand in hand with a sense of responsibility and a man's desire to do his share of the work of his world. The precise relation between psychological adjustment and physical health has not yet been determined, but most physicians and all psychiatrists seem to agree that such a relation exists. The next fundamental need for health, preached by every instructor in grammar school hygiene, is exercise, found either in physical labor or in active play. If my reader agrees with me so far I think he will also agree with me in the claim that no matter how beautifully a man is adjusted mentally, or how much jumping round he does physically, he cannot remain in good health unless he feeds himself with the properly balanced diet. Finally we come to a fundamental health need that applies more to masses of men than to individuals, and that grows in importance as the masses grow in volume. It might be expressed in the simple word sanitation, which is meant here to include medical care and instruction as well.

I doubt if any doctor would disagree with me when I offer the opinion that any community in the United States with proper sanitation and medical supervision, where the inhabitants were individually protected against illness by proper psychological adjustment, proper exercise, and proper diet, could hardly help being pretty healthy, granting good human stock and livable climatic conditions. If we were magicians, we could then easily test our

case against the tropics by moving this whole Utopian community a few thousand miles farther south, taking care that absolutely nothing is changed except climate and environment. If the health and the energy of the inhabitants then began to run down, we might reasonably blame that fact on the only new thing that had been introduced into their lives, the hot moist climate.

We cannot perform this feat of magic. But I hope to make it clear that the nearest thing to moving such a community to the tropics has been achieved many times already, with distinct indications that we have been taking far too many things for granted about the effect of hot climate on the white man.

## II

I wonder if any investigation has ever been made of why so many white men go to the tropics in the first place. Granting the obvious fact that our own civilization has been expanding and pushing outward for centuries, and that there has been distinct need for white men in almost all parts of the world, I am here concerned with individual reasons. Faced either by necessity or by a strong desire, a man leaves his home. The question is, why does that particular man go south rather than, for instance, to Saskatchewan? Might it not be because he has heard beforehand that in Canada he would have to pit himself against a supposedly inhospitable climate, with rigorous winter cold, while he has always heard that in the tropics he can live without much work or discomfort? Scientists back him up in this peculiar opinion. In his book *Climate*, Ward quotes an old expression of a widespread point of view as follows:

"A nature too rich, too prodigal of her gifts, does not compel man to snatch from her his daily bread by his

daily toil. A regular climate, the absence of a dormant season, render forethought of little use to him. Nothing invites him to that struggle of intelligence against nature which raises the forces of man to so high a pitch, but which would seem here to be hopeless. Thus he never dreams of resisting this all powerful physical nature; he is conquered by her; he submits to the yoke, and becomes again the animal man, forgetful of his high moral destination."

The idea is wrong in substance and vicious in effect. There is not a climatic region in the world where a man does not have to make intelligent efforts to adapt himself. If he fails to make those efforts we can hardly blame the climate for the fact that after a few years he is no longer much of a man. And if our scientific ideas are calculated to lure the weakest and most poorly adjusted among us into a region, it seems hasty to blame the region for their eventual decay.

There are a good many of us who would gladly forget our high moral destinations if we could live in peace and comfort without doing any work, but when a man moves himself and his family and belongings thousands of miles just so that he may escape a little work and what he considers the discomforts of winter, the chances are that he never had a very high moral destination to begin with. He went to seed long before he went south, and the fact of his moving is a symptom rather than a cause. He is headed for disaster no matter where he is. And as we lack what the scientists call a control, we must in all fairness hesitate to ascribe his disaster to his new climatic environment.

We must also rule out his children as evidence. With all the fuss we make to-day about the importance of early environment on psychology, we must admit that the children of these

men did not have parents who were able to give them a proper start and a proper attitude toward themselves and their lives.

The men who went to the tropics for the purpose of engaging in man-sized jobs are easily spotted, since they are almost invariably more healthy and more alert than the others.

A little more than a year ago I descended the Brazilian Rio Negro from Venezuela to the city of Manaos. I found the health conditions appalling. The white population was generally listless, whining, and addicted to patent medicines. The Venezuelans had warned me that the Brazilian Rio Negro was an unhealthy stretch of water. The condition and the complaints of the Brazilians, not to mention my own sad state, bore this out.

On this trip, however, I formed the highest respect for the Salesian fathers, self-sacrificing missionaries who had come largely from Europe many years before in order to carry their gospel to the Indians and establish hospitals and schools on the river. These men had often suffered from tropical ailments, but in many years of residence in one of the most unhealthy spots of the Amazon Basin they had never developed that apathy and listlessness which mark the man who has gone to seed. From sun-up till sun-down they labored both physically and mentally, erecting their own buildings, teaching in their schools, preaching in their churches, and curing the sick in the hospitals. They retained that curiosity about their world which marks the alert man. Purely for amusement they kept meteorological records and studied and reported ethnological facts.

These men had been ill; many of us become ill at times even in more favored climates. But they had not let their illnesses ruin their spirits. From the fact that they were still able



to labor, that they delighted in laboring, that they were still able to laugh, they distinguished themselves from other white men on the river.

It is always dangerous to draw conclusions as to cause and effect from a mere juxtaposition or synchronization of facts. Let it be enough here, to state that these missionaries had not moved from Europe to the South American tropics in order to escape work. They had moved there to find it. They knew very well before they left Europe that they were going to pit themselves against a bad stretch of country.

Moving down the river, we come to the city of Manaus. This city to-day is not considered particularly unhealthy. It is spotlessly clean and its inhabitants lead what we in New York would consider normal lives in spite of the fact that they live in what we consider an abnormally unhealthy climate. Being in a city, they cannot give in to the temptation to live without work. They live by office work and recreation just as we do. Bananas do not drop into their open mouths. Bananas and all other foods have to be bought in the stores and the markets. This means that a man has to work whether he likes it or not, and if he would rather live without working he has to move out of town and squat on some river bank. The mere fact that Manaus is a modern city with no great plantations around it (the jungle comes right up to the city limits) acts as a selective factor that tends to weed out the men who would heed the false lure of an effortless life.

What is the result? There is a small colony of Englishmen who moved to Manaus some twenty years ago in a desire to make themselves rich on the rubber boom. The rubber boom collapsed and left the Englishmen stranded high and dry so far as any easy wealth is concerned. But they

carry on their business, working hard, living in normal pleasant homes, getting their share of recreation, and laughing at any idea that the tropics themselves are unhealthy. They have their bouts with malaria, which to them seem hardly more serious than our own bouts with the common cold. They pick up a touch of hookworm now and again and knock it out much more rapidly than we are able to knock out a touch of the flu. They maintain a city club and a country club. Every Sunday they move in a body to the country club to play tennis and then go swimming in a pool of their own construction. I can testify that there is nothing effeminate about their games of tennis, nothing whatever to show the effects of that increased respiration, decreased pulse action, and ill-defined condition of debility ascribed to the climate. They spurn cork helmets and indulge in one of the most strenuous outdoor games known to man without even shirts on their backs, getting a tremendous laugh out of the fears and the solemn preachings of those of us who consider their climate unhealthy and their sun dangerous.

These are men who are obviously endowed with something like normal psychological adjustment.

All through the Amazon Basin one finds individuals and groups of men who would rather work than escape from working. They are invariably more healthy than their fellows. On the lower Beni River, very near the area that has the record for high mortality among white men in the Amazon region, one finds the settlement of Cachuela Esperanza, which distinguishes itself from all its neighbors by being clean, neat, healthy, and as active as any factory town I have ever seen in the United States. It is dominated by Señor Nicolas Suarez, who established himself on the river in 1883

and is still going strong, a grand old war horse well along in the eighties, full of vigor, health, and new ideas. He too distinguished himself from his fellows by moving to the jungle regions in order to do things rather than to escape from doing them. Numerous similar examples could be quoted here if space permitted. There was old man Stone, for instance, the American who pulled the town of Itacoatiara up by its bootstraps during the sixty-odd years that he lived there after having been disappointed in the Californian, Australian, and Peruvian gold rushes; he was in his nineties when he died. There is the Englishman, Mr. Massey, who is bodily lifting the city of Iquitos out of the depression dumps to-day. There was the Portuguese Lobo d'Almada, for seven years governor of the Rio Negro territory late in the eighteenth century, who through his own efforts and enthusiasm made the Rio Negro a better place for the white man than it ever was before or since.

One is tempted to wonder what men like these could do in the Amazon Basin if they had good material to work with, if they were surrounded by the kind of pioneer stock that moves to the Peace River Valley rather than by the kind that picks the tropics for a nice lazy life or is brought up by parents who had the idea of a nice lazy life. One suspects that a lot of the tropical debility and the surexcitation of the kidneys would begin to disappear.

### III

Turning to the question of physical exercise and physical labor, we find a curious state of disagreement among the scientists. On the one hand they tell us that exercise is essential to health and on the other hand they tell us that it must be indulged in very carefully in the tropics, because there it is apt to be dangerous. Before start-

ing on my last expedition, I was warned so often about the danger of "overdoing," both by word of mouth and the printed page, that I could not have carried on my work if I had followed all this sage advice. On every hand white men are urged not to exert themselves unduly in the tropics, to take things easy and never to miss the afternoon siesta. In other words, men are urged to indulge in that very physical inactivity which would be a great danger to health even in more favorable climates.

While I was working on this article, I discussed its subject at the Explorers' Club of New York. Five tropical veterans were in the group with which I took up the matter and all five of them agreed that a man not only can work in the tropics, but he had better keep himself pretty active if he wants to stay healthy there. Some of them reported that all the octogenarians they had ever met in the tropics had been men who all their lives had shown an arrogant contempt for the sun and for the funny notion that a man must take it easy in a hot climate.

I discussed the point with Mr. Desmond Holdridge of the Brooklyn Museum, who has spent a good deal more time in the Amazonian tropics than I have, and who made me jealous when I traveled with him there by his boundless energy and vitality. As might have been expected, he gave a snort of disdain at the very thought that the white man can't work in the tropics. Holdridge could work there; so could his companion, Emerson Smith, and so could I. But we were temporary visitors. Holdridge pointed out that the white ranchers on Marajo Island, at the mouth of the Amazon River, are strapping, big, active people, as fine examples of good mental and physical health as one could find anywhere. Why should they be so different from white men elsewhere on the Amazon?



Perhaps the difference lies in the fact that the Marajo men are ranchers, while most of the others, with the exception of those who live in cities, are either planters or traders. Most of the planters' and traders' work is done by native peons, and what little they do is done in sheltered offices or shops. Indulging in the kind of business that can be carried on largely by supervised native labor, they find it unnecessary to work and are, therefore, firm believers in the idea that a white man cannot labor in that climate. But the men on Marajo Island are cattlemen who cannot keep track of their possessions by walking a few steps in the morning, poking about a bit, and pointing majestically with their sticks to work that has to be done. If a cattleman wants to keep track of his herds roaming over endless plains he has to spend most of his time in the saddle and to lead an active outdoor life no matter what the climate and no matter what the weather.

Marajo Island should be carefully studied by all those scientists who are convinced that the tropics are unhealthy unless they are transformed through the expenditure of millions of dollars as was the Panama Canal Zone. The white ranchers of Marajo Island are not newcomers. They are descendants of the colonizers who established themselves there some three centuries ago. With their lands they inherited the idea that it is *not* necessary for native races to make every physical effort for them. Might not that have some bearing on their superior health?

By and large it is perfectly true that white men in those regions need dark-skinned laborers. But whether that need arises out of physical or psychological conditions is a question that has yet to be answered. If a man moves to the Equator with a fixed idea that he will die if he tries to work and that he must let the natives do his labor for

him, and if he finds plenty of natives whom he can hire cheaply to do his labor, the chances are that he will spend the rest of his life without ever having an opportunity to change his opinions. His son will have the same opinions drilled into him very early in life and will inherit the same native labor supply that his father found before him. He too will be quite honest in thinking that the white man cannot work in that region, and the fact that he has to keep dosing himself with patent medicines all his life will prove to him that the tropics are essentially unhealthy.

Earlier in this article I quoted C. T. Loram on the impossibility of doing pioneer farming in certain parts of Africa without the aid of the native. Mr. Loram goes on to say, "Besides, he [the native] is there. Why not use him?" Might not that be the nigger in the woodpile?

There are hundreds of whites in the Panama Canal Zone to-day who would be justly offended at any implication that they do not work. Their lives are often as active as those of people living in New York. Their experience and that of employes of the United Fruit Company are slowly breaking down the belief that white men cannot work in the tropics. Another experiment, far greater in scale, and promising to be far more conclusive in the evidence that it will some day offer, is the white-Australian policy. Australia has decided not to allow the importation of colored labor. The Australian aborigines are too few in number and too poor as labor material to count very heavily as a laboring class. For years a number of white men on the sugar plantations of tropical Queensland have indulged in the luxury of doing their own physical labor and have not only not broken down in health but seem actually to have benefited to the extent of being

stronger and more alert than other settlers in similar regions.

The use of native labor has effects on the white man more insidious than the simple one of keeping him from doing any work. The moral effect of having everything done for him by somebody else is recognized to be of doubtful value; this is undoubtedly one of the reasons why Englishmen in India send their children to England fairly early in life. The condition also breeds a great deal of race prejudice which is probably detrimental in many ways. In New York and London and on our Western plains a man is allowed to be himself and to do and live about as he pleases. In the tropics he must above all be a white man and maintain the superiority of the white race, largely by a careful refusal to do any work.

In the Amazon Basin the Indians do most of the labor while the white men keep shop, do office work, and shun the sun and fresh air. One apparent result is that an unhealthy Indian is just as much of a rarity in the Amazon Basin as a healthy white man.

#### IV

Regarding the third of the fundamental necessities for health enumerated earlier, I can speak only for the part of the Amazon Basin that I visited. But here the testimony was eloquent. In December, 1931, I ascended the Orinoco River. I passed above the Maipure rapids and came to a stretch of country in which the collapse of the rubber boom has put a stop to practically all commercial traffic with the outer world. Most of the white men who were in this region ten years ago have left it by this time. The few remaining ones are practically self-supporting and can produce virtually nothing that they can ship to Ciudad Bolívar in return for goods.

What goods still can be imported are so limited in quantity that foodstuffs are ruled out. These whites produce their own food by farming, hunting, and fishing. They grumble about their isolation, but put a certain amount of gusto into their grumbling. They seem comparatively healthy, do a great deal of laughing and joking, and are on the whole much more lively than any similar group I found anywhere else on the jungle rivers and away from the cities.

Negotiating the Yavita-Pimichin portage to the Rio Negro and the Amazon Basin, I descended the Negro and eventually crossed the Brazilian border. Here my transport troubles were over because here I could do away with native dugouts and Indian crews, and travel on the launches and steamers that make regular trips on the river between Manaos and the Venezuelan-Brazilian frontier. I had expected the Brazilians to consider themselves much better off than their Venezuelan neighbors to the north. Instead of that I found that my new friends did more complaining than the others, and that they did little but whine about their hard lot and about the unhealthfulness of the Rio Negro.

About this time I caught malaria and began to develop a terrific craving for fresh foods, which were unobtainable. There was plenty to eat on the river but it almost invariably consisted of beans, rice, dried fish, and dried meat, with only a rare turtle or fresh chicken thrown in as an insufficient and tantalizing bit of relief.

Here the white men did not have to plant or hunt things in order to keep from starving. The general social scheme was as follows: The whites were business men who staked the Indians to run into the jungle and gather rubber, balata, palm fibers, and Brazil nuts. The presence of commercial transport allowed these products to be



shipped to Manaus in return for such foodstuffs as could withstand the lack of ice without being as expensive as canned goods. The result was obviously malnutrition. It may seem rash for a non-medical man to make so definite a statement, but I find myself borne out by the observations of Dr. Alexander Hamilton Rice, although on a different river. In 1924 and 1925 Dr. Rice led an expedition to the Rio Branco which devoted much of its energies to a medical survey of that region. Of the settlers on this river (which is an affluent of the Rio Negro) he wrote, "The deleterious effects of the present ill-balanced, malnutritious dietary are very apparent in the general adynamic condition of the majority of individuals presenting themselves for medical examination, advice, and treatment."

In other words, the people have lost their energy through eating the wrong things. They suffer from something like the ill-defined condition of debility ascribed by Ward to the tropics in general. But a man who does not feed himself correctly is apt to become adynamic no matter where he is.

Going back to the few examples I have listed above of white men who refrained from going to seed in the tropics, I might here add the following observations. The Salesian fathers on the Rio Negro and the Benedictines on the Rio Branco plant and eat fresh vegetables. The Englishmen in Manaus buy fresh meats and fresh vegetables; I can testify that it was always a treat for me to be invited to take a meal in the home of an Englishman during the four periods that I spent in that city. In eastern Bolivia, near the mouth of the Beni river, the Bolivians and the Swiss who make Cachuela Esperanza and Riberalta such delightful places are able to obtain a steady supply of fresh vegetables, grown by Japanese colonizers who do

not refrain from work for the sake of maintaining some kind of racial supremacy. The healthy cattle ranchers on Marajo Island, I am informed, live on a well balanced diet of vegetables, meat, milk, and cheese.

To a man who travels in the Amazon Basin it becomes apparent that the same race prejudice that keeps white men from doing any work also tends to keep them from eating any vitamins. The Indians till the soil and grow vegetables. The mark of the white man as a civilized being is his commerce; the more he disdains local products in his own daily life, the more he depends on commercial products brought in from the outside, the more civilized he is—and the more enervated he becomes.

From the rubber days, too, the Basin has inherited a great deal of enforced malnutrition. The Amazon rubber business is virtually dead to-day, but a few short years ago, when it thrived, the rule was very often enforced that no latex gatherer was allowed to plant a garden. The workers were forced to buy *all* their supplies, including food, from the parent companies. The food was almost invariably of the dried variety, with perhaps a few cans of salmon or sardines thrown in.

## V

Sanitation and medical supervision vary greatly in the tropics. In the parts of the Amazon Basin which I visited they were on the whole somewhat primitive. Listing the exceptions first, I might mention that Cachuela Esperanza has a splendid hospital and fine sanitary regulations, under the charge of a Swiss doctor. Manaus is the cleanest city I have ever seen, not even barring Berlin. The Catholic missions on the Rio Branco and the Rio Negro maintain their own hospitals and pay careful attention to

sanitation. These are exactly the places where people live approximately as they do in the United States and where people show no obvious indications of bad health.

Elsewhere conditions are pretty bad. On the Rio Negro I had malaria and was out of quinine. When I tried to buy quinine (except at the Salesian hospitals) I invariably found it badly adulterated and so old and hard that it would have done me little good even if it had been quinine. I found men suffering from daily fevers and chills who did not even know that quinine cures malaria. Most of the inhabitants, moreover, were still firmly convinced that drinking water causes malaria and had not the slightest conception of how the disease is transmitted by mosquitoes. Those who had malaria and knew of the virtues of quinine begged the stuff from me but were satisfied with one or two capsules, which they expected to perform the miracle of curing them immediately. The Salesians informed me that one of their great difficulties was that if they gave a patient a supply of quinine with which to cure himself he generally threw it away as worthless after the first few pills or capsules had failed to cure him.

Superimposed on this ignorance was a profound belief in every kind of nerve tonic and sugar pill, a belief that is not entirely lacking in our own enlightened civilization.

The doctors found in the Amazon Basin are only too often not of the highest type. Fine professional men like Dr. Alfredo da Mata of Manaus are the exception rather than the rule. My own two experiences with Amazonian doctors did not fill me with confidence. The first one examined me for malaria with an X-Ray machine and informed me that I did not have malaria—when I was actually very close to the blackwater fever

stage. The second one examined a ringworm and very profoundly diagnosed it as syphilis. After that I did my own doctoring.

The matter of liquor for medicinal purposes is almost too well known to need discussion here.

We all know about the Englishman in the tropics who places so great a faith in the daily sun-downer and sun-upper and several-in-betweeners as essential aids to health in that climate. He is not alone. A great many of the European and American old-timers consistently maintain that a man can not stay healthy in the tropics without plenty of alcohol to make the blood circulate a bit faster. It is this peculiar kind of hygiene, forcing a man to circulate his blood with stimulants rather than exercise, that makes me question whether the tropics are one-tenth as unhealthy as the wisdom of the old-timers there. An old friend of mine, who spent some twenty years as a medical man in the Congo, recently told me that there the white mortality was appalling only as long as the traders lived according to the health rules known to every "old-timer." They worked as little as possible, and then only till two in the afternoon, because white men must not overdo in that climate. After that they got drunk because men needed stimulants in the enervating temperature.

## VI

The physiological effects of any given climate should be most marked among the people who have lived longest in the climate, who have had a chance to evolve the technic of living best suited to the climate, and whose general health conditions might, therefore, be assumed not to include the effects of any serious errors in this technic. This, in South America, means the Indians. Ward states that



the tropical climate produces a tendency toward anæmia. The same thing was recently told me by a medical man whose position gives him great responsibility in guarding the health of many hundreds of white men in the tropics. He put it into fancier words. He said that the tropics have a tendency to reduce the hæmoglobin content of a man's blood. The implication is that some mysterious quality in the climate, over and above the malaria bug, tends to make a man anæmic. If this is true, the Indians of the South American tropics should be the most anæmic people there. But I have yet to hear of a single investigator who has ever concerned himself with determining the hæmoglobin content of the blood of wild Indians.

Carrying the argument farther, if the tropical climate has the physiological and psychological effect of being enervating and making a man lazy, then the Indians should be the laziest people in South America, having been exposed to that climate the longest.

Ellsworth Huntington makes a strong case against the tropical climate, and in support of it he makes the following astonishing statement: "It is literally true in South America, for instance, that the more an Indian is paid the less he will work." He goes on to explain that the Indian is concerned only with the immediate needs of the day and has so little forethought that if he can earn enough money in one day to keep him going the rest of the week, he will work only one day a week.

Huntington's statement came as a surprise to me, since I read it after I had spent three years in engineering and construction work in the Atacama Desert of Chile. Here I had found that my best workers had invariably been full-blooded Indians from a few

lost villages on the Chile-Bolivian border. These men had responded very well to all offers of contracts by which they could double their earnings through doubling their efforts. That rules out at least a few mountain Indians from the generalization. But since Huntington was discussing tropical climate, it seems fair to assume that when he talked about South America in the statement given above he meant the tropical lowlands of South America. Even here it seems to me he is unfair to the Indian. He is obviously talking about Indians working for white men, under conditions imposed by the white men, conditions under which the white man himself has not yet found it too easy to remain healthy and energetic. Moreover, the Indian is working for money, which is the white men's standard of values and not his own. He is working for a people in whose society he can never climb very high because race prejudice bars the way. He is working for a people who took away his lands and then added insult to injury by demanding that he do their labor for them. If we find him not too good a workman, might it not be every bit as scientific to blame that on his lack of incentive rather than on the dreadful climate?

If we turn to the wilder Indians of the Amazon Basin, or at least to those semi-civilized ones who do not live in such close contact with the white man's world that they are reduced to a state of peonage, we are apt to find an entirely different story. But here I have to give warning that the Amazonian Indian cannot be sweepingly referred to with one word. There are some four hundred different tribes in the Amazon and Orinoco Basins. Their cultures vary from that of the extremely primitive Makus on the Waupes River to that of the highly advanced Indians of Carib stock in the

southern part of Venezuelan Guiana. Some of them are fine strapping energetic fellows. Others, like the Makus, are pot-bellied, savage runts, fit only to be the slaves of neighboring tribes.

My own experience has been with Christianized agricultural Indians on the upper Rio Negro. I used some of these as canoe men on my last expedition and found that they were invariably better than the whites and the half-breeds on my payroll. They worked harder, were less inclined to give in to the constant nagging of clouds of insects, and could at all times be depended upon to keep up the morale of the expedition with their jokes and their hearty laughter.

I spent two days in the Indian village of Maroa. It distinguished itself from white settlements in the vicinity by being well built, well kept, and immaculately clean. The inhabitants were exceedingly friendly and charming, though few of them were to be seen during the day, when most of the men were out working in the gardens and fields, while the women were down by the river washing clothes. At night they flocked to the guest house to listen over my radio to music from Schenectady. Much to my surprise these extremely musical people preferred grand opera to anything else I could give them. Robert Marshall, in his *Arctic Village*, tells of a similar surprise, when he found that the Koyukuk Eskimos preferred classical phonograph records, while the white men liked jazz or sentimental ballads.

The village of Maroa had that same air of health, contentment, friendliness, and hard work that once intrigued me so greatly in small villages in Iceland. It was more primitive than any Icelandic settlement, but that is not a sign that it is stagnating. It is a sign that it is cut off from the rest of the world through the lack of transport facilities and through such physical

barriers as rapids and rivers. This very primitiveness forced the Indians of Maroa to work all the harder. Converted to Christianity and something resembling a civilized life by the Jesuit fathers of several centuries ago, they consider themselves civilized beings rather than savages. When they want to obtain such civilized appurtenances as soap and matches they have to pay tremendous prices, which means ten-fold labor. Other things which they need and which are not brought from the outer world, have to be manufactured with great effort. In New York we can buy a cooking pot in a ten-cent store. The Indian woman has to do a lot of work to make one. This may mean that she is backward in the scale of civilization but it also means that she cannot afford to let the tropical climate rob her of her ability to work.

The only man who was having a nice easy time of it in Maroa was the one white resident of the village. He was an Italian who was drawing a salary from the Venezuelan government for acting as civil administrator, a job that involved the tremendous labor of keeping vital statistics in a village of some three hundred inhabitants and of seeing to it that the other citizens kept the guest house clean and in good repair for the use of such occasional visitors as myself.

How many times have explorers returned from the field with a conviction that the "savages" were healthier, saner, and more hospitable people than their immediate white neighbors? It happens again and again. Might not the reason be that the savages know more than the white men do about how to keep in good health in their particular regions?

Under no conditions could I pose as an authority on South American Indians. But when I discussed some of these people with my ethnologist friend, Desmond Holdridge, he con-



firmed my own observations. He has done a good deal of traveling in some of the jungle and plains regions of South America that have never been visited by any other white men. He tells me that all of his friends among the agricultural Indians are fine healthy specimens with a great sense of humor. Only those jungle Indians who do not practice agriculture are sickly and surly. This is not surprising. As a rule the jungle contains little food for man, and anybody who wants to fill himself there must be forced to stuff all kinds of peculiar and unnourishing things into his belly. It is in the jungles that one finds Indians who are dwarfed in stature, with enormously distended stomachs, not on the plains or on the river bank clearings where decent fresh food can be planted, and is planted by those people who are not hampered by race prejudice or any notions about the impossibility of working in such a climate.

In the days when the north was con-

sidered unhealthy for explorers, the Eskimos were considered peculiar beings who were protected against cold by abnormally thick layers of fat, and against their meat diet by large intestinal capacities and active peripheral circulation. These ideas were published in Ward's *Climate* in 1918 and were taught at Columbia University in 1931. I have never heard of any Eskimo who was ever dissected for actual proof, but Stefansson has at least proved that a white explorer can get along splendidly in the north if he has sense enough to learn things from the natives. Without in the least changing the climate, Stefansson made the Arctic a thousand times healthier for white men than it had ever been before. In view of this, one is led to wonder if some day some tropical Stefansson will not come along and sweep away nine-tenths of the dangers of the tropical climate through the simple expedient of giving "the natives" credit for a few grains of sense.



# SENTIMENT AND THE SOCIAL ORDER

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE TEACHINGS OF PARETO

BY BERNARD DE VOTO

**D**URING the past academic year a group of Harvard professors, most of them scientists, met regularly every week to discuss a work on sociology that has been repudiated by most sociologists who have heard of it. Ostensibly, they were auditors at a seminar offered by the department of sociology. Actually, the half-dozen graduate students who constituted the seminar were out-numbered, out-talked, and sometimes out-shouted by the listening psychologists, anthropologists, and mathematicians, by a historian, a novelist, and a politician who were regular attendants, and by casual physicists and other learned gentlemen who occasionally dropped in, having heard that something important was going on. The professor in charge of the seminar was a biochemist. His assistant was a practicing lawyer. Both freely confessed their ignorance of sociology.

The seminar was discussing a single book, the *Traité de Sociologie Générale* by Vilfredo Pareto. First published in 1916, this enormous work has made a quiet but impressive progress on this side of the Atlantic. The Harvard seminar has been paralleled at Yale, where, however, the study has been conducted in a more orthodox manner, under the guidance of a sociologist who was a pupil of Pareto's. Elsewhere in America, I believe, there has been no organized, detailed study

of Pareto, but his work has caught the attention of many scientists and students of jurisprudence and government, many of whom feel that its importance cannot possibly be overstated. A good many men whose opinion is entitled to consideration assert that the *Traité* is the most important intellectual achievement of the twentieth century. When it is considered that the twentieth century has seen the development of quantum mechanics and the "new physics," with the profound modification they have made in the thinking of everyone—even of those who are ignorant of them—the significance thus attributed to Pareto is seen to be tremendous. In the opinion of these men, Pareto has made possible exact knowledge about society for the first time in the history of thought, and in so doing has rendered obsolete many of our accepted ideas about the social order and the problems that relate to it.

Vilfredo Pareto, the son of a Genoese patrician who had been exiled for his republican opinions, was born in Paris in 1848. He attended the Polytechnic Institute of Turin, graduating in 1870, and for twenty-three years was a practicing engineer. He was a profound mathematician—and he suffered from insomnia. The insomnia is important, for it allowed him to acquire an erudition which has probably had no equal in our times. History, folk-



lore, jurisprudence, physical and biological science, religion, philology, and military history and theory appear to have been wholly at his command, and he was especially learned in the civilization of Greece and Rome. It was as a mathematician, however, that he became interested in the efforts of Walras to establish the science of "pure economics." Mathematical analyses of economic material which he made in support of Walras led in 1893 to his succeeding to Walras's chair of economics at the University of Lausanne. For some years he worked to establish and elaborate his studies of economic equilibrium, but he became increasingly dissatisfied with the economic approach to the study of society. He demanded an instrument that would deal more comprehensively, and more precisely, with social phenomena. The rest of his life was spent in the effort to develop such an instrument, an effort which culminated in the publication of the *Traité de Sociologie Générale*.

On the occasion of his Jubilee at Lausanne Pareto said, "The principal end of my studies has been to apply to the social sciences, of which economics is only a part, the experimental method which has given such brilliant results in the natural sciences." What does the assertion mean? How can the experimental method be used in the study of society where there are no laboratories and where experiments designed to analyze, synthesize, or even examine the phenomena in question cannot possibly be made? The best way to answer such questions is to examine the prime fallacy of sociology—of general or systematic sociology, the sociology that deals with society as a whole.

That fallacy consists in regarding as logical movements social phenomena which are in part automatic or instinctive, and in much greater part

non-logical or even irrational. Consider, for instance, the abolition of slavery, the development of universal suffrage, or the movement for "Women's Rights." A historian, whether he believes that the abolitionists were fanatics or inspired statesmen, whether he regards the emancipation of the negro slaves as the victory of one economic system over another or as the triumph of justice and freedom over a relic of barbarism, is prone to write of it as a reasoned and controlled struggle carried on by logico-experimental means. It is possible to write the history of the income tax in America as a reasonably logical conflict between opposed interests, because the interests involved are primarily economic, and men usually act as logically as they know how to advance their economic good. But historians usually apply the same concepts to abolition and the crusade for Women's Rights, and when they do they go enormously wrong. For the phenomenon is definitely more complex than the economic interests it includes. It involves sentiments and passions, social institutions in process of development or decay, educational ideals and delusions, religions, superstitions, myths, haphazard associations of mass pressures, and profound inability to distinguish between actual and theoretical ends and between actual and illusory results. Yet in history such a movement is usually presented as simple, unified, and logical.

Yet historians on the whole are better fitted than sociologists to deal with complexities and with the irrational. Take, for instance, a problem from the common ground of sociology and anthropology. You will find ingenious explanations of the religious codes of the American Indians, explanations which attribute to them a sound, logical, and even experimental adaptation to the conditions of the Indians' life,

whereas they are, to all knowledge outside of sociology, grotesque ignorance grotesquely interpreted. The fallacy here usually springs from the fact that such a code usually contains both experimental knowledge and utter nonsense; and it is easy to assume that the second must somehow be as rational, given the Indian's point of view, as the first. An Indian religion, let us say, prohibits both the drinking of tea made from shrub hemlock and the eating of jackrabbit flesh. It explains both taboos on the ground of offense to a manitou, probably adding legends to the effect that the progenitor of the tribe was a jackrabbit and that one of his acquaintances saved his life by means of a shrub hemlock. Sociology has been prone to accept both taboos as equally logical in fact for the religion, as unquestionably they are equally logical to the Indian. But there is this important difference: if you eat jackrabbit flesh nothing important will happen to you, whereas if you drink hemlock tea you will die. And the person who accepts both ideas as scientifically valid is making a serious error in judgment.

The fallacy, tempting at this level, has proved irresistible on the level of systematic sociology. On that level there has always been some key-idea or dominant principle by which the outlines of society have been discovered and its structure and mechanism made plain. In effect, such social analysts as Comte, Spencer, and Marx, when faced with society's refusal to eat jackrabbit on the ground that to do so would make an ancestral rabbit angry have asserted that the abstinence was experimentally justified, the explanation logically sound, and the whole prohibition an integral part of Progress, Evolution, or Economic Determinism. They have, that is, explained the profoundly non-logical in terms of the logico-experimental.

Faced with the overwhelming evidence of common sense that man is mostly an irrational animal, they have insisted on interpreting his institutions as rational. The same mistake shows in all the branches of thought that stem from the study of society. It is almost invariably made by social philosophers, reformers, begetters of political theory, intellectuals, literary men, and liberal clergymen who have substituted belief in humanity for belief in the Virgin Birth. The fallacy shows plainly in the proposals of liberal journalists for a controlled society and in the manifestoes which literary critics issue to one another to unite for the sake of instituting a new order. It shows just as plainly in the thesis, antithesis, and synthesis of Hegel, in the Progress and Humanitarianism of Comte, and in the evangelical aspects of Marx's work. Confronted by the overwhelming preponderance of humanity's non-logical actions, such thinkers as these insist on explaining them as logical actions. Clearly, theories based on such explanations must be grossly erroneous and must lead to grossly erroneous results.

The first of the revolutionary steps of Pareto's general sociology then is its determination to examine the non-logical actions of mankind as non-logical—as actions, that is, which transcend logic and are not controlled by experiment or verified experience. The term, it must be pointed out, carries with it no overtone of derogation or opprobrium. Non-logical actions may be beneficial to society or to the individual, and they may achieve the same ends as logical actions. Only a few activities of mankind, in fact, are logico-experimental. Science is, and so is most applied science. Skilled artists, skilled craftsmen and mechanics, workers in professions whose data are experimental, mathematicians and technical logicians, players of games



which involve both technic and a stated code of rules—such people as these, when working strictly within the limits of their specialties, are dealing with exact knowledge, and their behavior is logico-experimental. But into all other phases of existence must necessarily enter, in varying degree, ignorance, guesswork, uncontrolled theorizing, emotion, passion, superstition, mythology, mass or individual belief or hysteria, and other elements which transcend logic and exact knowledge. Clearly, these qualities must be determining forces. They must be important in the structure and mechanism of society. Just as clearly, to assume that passion and superstition, for instance, are exact knowledge, operating logically, is absurd and even grotesque. The necessity is to study them as what they are, not as what they may be assumed to be becoming, what they may be when Progress is complete, what they would have been in happier circumstances, or what they probably will be in Utopia. The necessity, that is, is to study passion and superstition as integral parts in the structure of society, as conditioning influences on society. The next necessity is to determine whether scientific methods of study can be applied to them.

## II

In general, the method of science is to collect as many data, as many relevant facts as possible, and then to study the facts to see if they present uniformities. Statements of uniformities in the relevant facts are scientific laws—and, conversely, scientific laws are only statements of uniformities in the facts. A "law" of science has no mystical sanction. It implies no metaphysics whatever: the world of science is the tangible world of objective fact, the world of sensory impression and perception that can be weighed, counted,

and measured. A scientific law means only that the uniformity it expresses has been observed *up to now*. If tomorrow's observation shows that some falling bodies do not act in accordance with the formula  $\frac{gt^2}{2}$ , then the "law" of gravity will be amended to account for the new data. Similarly, as Pareto says, science to-day rejects the theory of the Greeks that to sacrifice to Poseidon insures safe navigation; but if data demonstrating that it does insure safe navigation are discovered to-morrow, then science will incorporate the theory in its results.

Having undertaken to study the non-logical actions of mankind, Pareto applies to them a rigorously controlled method of analysis, to determine whether they exhibit any uniformities. It is the first of his great achievements that he does isolate what appear to be uniformities, continuities, in the chaotic flux of social phenomena. We may summarize many hundreds of pages in his text by saying that he finds certain kinds of uniformities, not in social actions but in the sentiments out of which actions rise. It is best to leave the term sentiments undefined and to illustrate what he means by examining some of the uniformities that he finds.

Certain Christian sects practice a rite known as baptism; they explain it by saying that it effaces original sin.\* We have here a threefold phenomenon, the actual rite, the sentiment which produces it, and the explanation of it given by those who practice it; but in this isolated instance the sentiment can hardly be separated from the explanation. But wider observation reveals a similar fact: certain non-Christian sects also use water for purification. Is the phenomenon confined to the association of water and moral purification? Obviously not, for wide-

\*For this first illustration I select the one used by Dr. L. J. Henderson in his article, "The Science of Society."

spread instances show that many other substances are used for the same purposes, among them blood, incense, certain herbs and minerals, and substances associated with certain events or places. These instances are obviously related in some way to the others noted, and the relationship extends to certain kinds of taboo. When these taboos are violated various operations must be performed to remove the stain caused by the transgression. We have here a number of diverse ceremonies which are explained by their practitioners in a still greater variety of ways. Yet analysis reveals an element that is constant through them all. "This is the sentiment that by means of certain practices the integrity of the individual, which has been damaged by certain real or imaginary causes, may be reestablished." (Henderson.) Such a sentiment may be seen operating as a part of certain sacraments, certain phases of social etiquette, certain attitudes of society toward criminals, certain police and fraternal regulations, etc.

Consider a simpler example of a widespread phenomenon. In time of drought the Moqui Indians perform certain exercises, dancing, chanting, fasting, etc., to bring rain to their crops. Marcus Aurelius had a sorcerer who was able to produce rain by rites and prayers which certainly differed from those of the Moquis. Mark Antony could produce rain by ceremonies of his own. Certain Christian saints as well as certain heretics under the spell of the devil had the same power—and it is in general a faculty of magicians, pious people, and infidels of all religions. Prayers in time of drought are printed in the manuals of several contemporary Christian sects. Various American towns and counties have hired gifted men to produce rain by firing cannon, discharging electricity into the air, dusting

clouds with powder, and similar rites. We have here a group of greatly diversified ceremonies. Theories, usually very convincing, explain the import of these ceremonies, but they differ widely, whereas a common, or constant, element appears in them all: the sentiment that by means of certain combinations the production of weather may be controlled.

In each of these two groups of phenomena we have found a constant element, the sentiment out of which both the actions and the explanations rise. The *expression* of such a sentiment is what Pareto calls a "Residue." He finds that such "Residues" are strikingly constant—that is, uniform—in time and in society. The actions to which they give rise vary with conditions, and the explanations to which they also give rise vary still more; but the Residues, the manifestations of the sentiments, change so little and so slowly that they may be considered social uniformities. They are the continuities of society. Embedded in the constantly fluctuating mass of non-logical actions, they constitute the fixed element.

No attempt to deduce Pareto's meaning from the word Residue should be made. A Residue is not something left over when an operation has been performed or when something else has been taken away. It is a word used to designate an observed phenomenon, which might easily be called A, X or anything else so long as Pareto's rigorous definition is observed. Nor is there validity in an objection which some psychologists have made. Pareto is not constructing a new and, from the psychologist's point of view, absurd theory of instincts. With the origin, nature, and mechanism of the psychic *states* to which the Residues correspond he has no concern whatever. He begins where the psychic states which produce the Residues issue in society.



Furthermore, one must constantly guard against thinking of the Residues as entities. They are no more entities than the "force," "weight," and "heat" of physics, the "fatigue" of physiology, or the "instinct" of psychology. The theory of the Residues, like that of heat in physics, is an abstraction from facts, in other words, a scientific hypothesis. It is a scientific *as if*: the data show that men behave *as if* the hypothesis adequately described what is happening. A scientific theory is "true" if it leads fruitfully from known facts to new facts, as Pareto's does with magnificent success. The theory serves as a conceptual scheme by means of which society may be studied.

Having found uniformities, Pareto proceeds to classify them, in order that they may serve as an instrument of analysis and reference. His classification of the Residues is purely tentative, and is likely to be altered or even superseded as more exact knowledge of the phenomena is developed, but it will be the basis of any later classification. Confronting the almost innumerable data which enable him to isolate the Residues, he constructs a classification on the strict principles of taxonomy—by grouping together things which are most like one another and less like other things. In this way he establishes six classes of the Residues, all but one of them being subdivided into genera of which many show a further division into species. Mastery of the entire classification in detail is essential to an adequate understanding of Pareto, but a statement of it is impossible here. The names which he gives to the six classes, however, may be stated—with the caution that they supply few clues to the contents of the classes. They are: Residues in which the "instinct of combinations" is manifested; Residues which show the persistence of aggregates; Residues which express the need of manifesting one's

sentiments on an individual or a collective basis; the Residues related to sociability; Residues of the integrity of the individual and of his belongings and affairs; and the sexual Residue. According to Pareto's analysis of society, all the myriad sentiments which are manifested as Residues in the non-logical actions may be referred to one or another of these categories.

Thus the Residue observed in the efforts to produce rain already noted is referred to the first class, the instinct of combinations, together with an immense variety of other Residues which, before analysis, one is surprised to find related to it. It does not seem at first glance, for instance, to have much in common with homeopathy or with the expectation that war or pestilence will follow the appearance of a comet. Nevertheless, analysis shows that the same sentiment of the efficacy of combinations operates in all these phenomena. The relation of these Residues to the granting of indulgences for the performance of pious rituals and to the effort to maintain or destroy the gold standard as a means of curing the depression is not at once apparent. Yet a sentiment of the mysterious powers of things and acts is apparent in both and proves to be another form of the instinct of combinations. The Residue shown by the various rites of purification is of the fifth class, the integrity of the individual, which includes Residues at first glance even more incongruous. The sentiments which oppose alteration in the social equilibrium belong to this class—and also those which produce operations to protect the honor of an individual in a duel or of a nation in war! In the fourth class, the Residues related to sociability, appear such seeming incongruities as the sentiments which impose fashions and those of neophobia which distrust novelty and change. Intimate linkages bind these sentiments to those

of pity and humanitarianism, those which seek to share one's goods with or sacrifice one's life for others, and those of asceticism which operate in many aspects of censorship and prohibition.

In an aside Pareto remarks that the art of government consists not of attempting to alter the Residues, which is impossible, but of skilfully utilizing the existing Residues. The significance of his remark is illustrated by the striking betterment of the national morale that followed the inauguration of President Roosevelt. Unquestionably, the panic of the nation was in great part allayed by the President's inaugural address and the speed with which his government undertook to act. The restoration of confidence and courage was apparent long before anything that the government did could have produced any actual effect, and for some time continued out of all proportion to the effects when they began to appear. Clearly, the phenomenon belongs among the non-logical actions. A number of Residues are discernible in it, but the outstanding one was obviously the one at which most of the President's address was directed. The burden of his speech was, "We must have action and action *now*." This spoke directly to a deep-rooted human characteristic, faith in the efficacy of combinations. It is seen in every emergency, personal or public. Let a man suffer from a toothache or a business from a deficit, and everyone shows an instinctive desire for action. Something must be done—anything whatever, so long as it is action, is better than quiescence. A great part of the hope that followed March 4, 1933, was due to the President's utilization of this Residue. A different class of Residues was dominant in the similar phenomenon following the formation of England's coalition government in the summer of 1931. Much of Mr. Mac-

Donald's skill consisted of his appeal to the Residues of the second class—to the aggregates of patriotism, to England and the Englishman as abstractions, to sentiments of race and history and tradition.

The Residues of these two classes are the ones to which Pareto devotes himself when he undertakes to determine the function of the Residues in society. Such a simplification is necessary because two variables are enough for a first approximation: it is similar to Marx's reduction of sociology to a struggle between two classes, in spite of the fact that there are many classes, many struggles between classes, and many intra-class struggles. But it is a more realistic simplification, for, as Pareto abundantly demonstrates, the instinct of combinations and the persistence of aggregates are by far the most important Residues in the social equilibrium.

In general the instinct of combinations may be said to include the sentiments of experiment, of alteration and novelty, of change, of performance, of shrewdness and farsightedness. It includes the magical operations of all kinds. It includes the tendency of speculation, both economic and social. It includes most of the sentiments manifested in expansion, research, investigation, exploration, and development. It is, in a highly figurative sense, the group of sentiments most easily called centrifugal. They result in new combinations, new alignments, new organizations, new series or constellations or arrangements. A child at play, a scientist investigating unknown phenomena, a witch-doctor invoking demons, the celebrant of a ritual, a ruling class developing an area of power, stock-market operators forming a pool to anticipate the profits of a new process or tariff, a class working for a change of government—may all be studied as, in part and in vary-



ing degree, exhibiting this class of Residues.

In the same figurative sense, the Residues of the persistence of aggregates may be thought of as manifesting centripetal sentiments. As the instinct of combinations manifests magic, so the persistence of aggregates manifests religion. The term comprehends the non-logical associations and projections of routine and habit, tradition, piety, veneration, reverence, and social identity. Such sentiments include the phenomena imprecisely alluded to in such phrases as "social consciousness," "class consciousness," etc. Patriotism, provincialism, emotional and intellectual etiquette belong to this class. These Residues are perhaps most powerful among the *rentiers*, or fixed-income classes, whereas among the *speculateurs*, or those who profit from economic instability, Residues of the first class predominate. Theology and metaphysics deal primarily with these Residues, which are also manifested in the transformation of ideas or desires into religions. Thus the religions of monarchy, democracy, Fascism, socialism, communism, progress, humanitarianism, etc., are not distinguishable, except in exterior form, from other religions. They represent the formation of aggregates and are manifested in Residues of the second class.

The reader should not try to differentiate the first and second class as respectively progressive or radical sentiments and conservative or reactionary sentiments. A Tammany sewer-contractor, a Southern cotton manufacturer, and a Western dirt farmer may all vote the Democratic ticket but cannot all be called disciples of Thomas Jefferson. What is the dominant sentiment of a revolutionist, for example? Is his most active Residue of the first or the second class? If primarily he is a revolutionist because

he hopes to better himself in another order or because he suffers from the present order, the Residue comes under the instinct of combinations. Clearly, such a sentiment differs from that of a revolutionist who is moved primarily by class solidarity, a sense of justice, or a passion for humanity. Such sentiments are religious and so come under the persistence of aggregates.

### III

It has already been said that the theory of Residues is a conceptual scheme whose purpose is to make possible a more precise way of thinking about society. The Residues are not the "energy" of society: they are devices for perceiving it as a thermometer reveals heat or litmus paper reveals alkalinity. They are abstractions, whereas the actual sentiments which they manifest are in a relationship of mutual dependence with many other social phenomena. It is time to consider other aspects of that complex relationship.

Some Christians perform certain exercises and avoid certain activities on Friday, saying that it is a day of bad augury because of the Passion of Christ, which occurred on Friday. In this statement, which is the principal and which the accessory fact? An enormous number of widely separated data show that many people believe in days of bad or good omen and explain them in various ways. The Romans held the 18th of July to be a day of evil augury and explained their belief by saying that their defeat at the battle of Allia, 390 B.C., occurred on that day. Many Mormons felt sure that our declaration of war against Germany must be righteous because April 6, the day on which it was made, was also the day on which their church had been established. Clearly, the constant here is a Residue of the combination of days.

Let us, however, examine the variable element, the explanation.

Among the subdivisions of the Residues in Pareto's classification appear the need of logical explanation of the sentiments, the persistence of abstractions and uniformities, and the transformation of sentiments into objective realities. Merely to mention them is to suggest the enormous energy devoted to explaining our behavior in terms of logical theory, principle, belief, doctrine, dialectics, and philosophy. It is a commonplace of psychology and common sense that we do things first and find sound reasons for doing them afterward; and the commonplace is true on a wider scale in history and politics. Yet a principal occupation of the human mind is to provide logical, pseudo-scientific, or philosophical justifications. The Romans did certain things and avoided doing certain other things on July 18. That behavior was non-logical, but it was humanly necessary to give it a logical varnish and this took the form of explaining the evil augury in terms of the battle of Allia.

To this element of belief, explanation, justification, dogma, theory, and persuasion in social phenomena, Pareto applies the name Derivation. Here again, etymology must not be invoked. A Derivation is not a derivative of anything. The word is a label used to designate a strictly defined thing, and such a symbol as B or Y might be used quite as well. The Derivations are the explanatory, theoretical, justificatory, persuasive, and doctrinal elements in social behavior.

It is fundamental in the structure of society that the Residues change very slowly. Furthermore, the Residues within a given class, the species and genera, change more rapidly than the class itself, and the proportionate intensity of the Residues in a given social group changes more rapidly than the

proportionate intensity in a nation or race as a whole, whereas the Derivations change with much greater rapidity, and may change almost overnight. Consider President Roosevelt's attitude toward stabilization of exchange at the London economic conference. In May he declared it to be the most important problem the conference must deal with, the one to which all other problems were subsidiary and must be subordinated. In July he declared that stabilization of exchange was a subordinate and subsidiary problem which must not be allowed to interfere with the important work of the conference. Mr. Roosevelt's dominant sentiment, we may assume, was his desire to hasten recovery in the United States. Unquestionably this sentiment did not vary in nature or intensity during those two months, but his explanations of it achieved complete contradiction. It is a commonplace that perfectly sincere people, whose sentiments do not change, may hold contradictory beliefs on the same subject at different times or even at the same time. Critics and historians who try to determine the "thought" of an author, a political party, or a group of lawmakers constantly founder on that rock—no one has a "thought" but contradicts himself, as circumstances determine, without in the least altering his basic sentiments. We are familiar with the liberal who preaches boycott as a substitute for war, only to denounce a proposed boycott on the ground that it will produce war. Many pacifists believe in shedding blood to oppose bloodshed. Many publicists feel that it is cruelly wrong of mill owners to use violence on strikers but that strikers who use violence on mill owners or on strikebreakers are not doing wrong. These people are not contradicting themselves in the realm of basic sentiment, out of which both behavior and



its explanations issue, but only in the Derivations.

Residues and Derivations are thus in a relationship of mutual dependence. A source of immeasurable error is the tendency to mistake the Derivation for the Residue. The importance of the Derivations in society is secondary and accessory. There has been no political party in America, for instance, and no section of the country which has not at some time used the doctrine of States Rights to defend its interests against those of other parties and sections. Discussion of the principle of States Rights as a fundamental force in American society mistakes the transitory and ephemeral, the exterior, for the genuine sentiment it is employed to mask. Furthermore, different Residues may give rise to the same Derivation. Both monopolists and industrial democrats may argue for a given kind of tariff, and a study of the Derivation in itself would be hopelessly misleading. Again, a single Residue may give rise to many Derivations, and an attempt to operate on any one of them, or on any group, or on them all, would fail of its purpose since the Residue itself is not dependent on the Derivations. This, in fact, is the common mistake of reformers. In an effort to protect the sanctity of the home, let us say, an organization of moralists busies itself with suppressing obscene books. It is likely that both the loosening of the marriage tie and the spread of obscenity which they put in a cause and effect relationship arise from a Residue which is not affected by action on either. The Lord's Day Alliance has tried to halt a decline in attendance at church services by forbidding Sunday sports. Obviously, the decrease in Sunday worship and the increase in Sunday sports are not effect and cause; both are symptomatic of a change in proportion and relationship among the Residues. Atheists who try to under-

mine orthodox religions by pointing out the absurdity of their doctrines make the same mistake. So do governments which try to extirpate by force the expression of opinions which they consider undesirable. Hitler's and A. Mitchell Palmer's proscription of "red" doctrines, and Russian proscription of "counter-revolutionary propaganda" are socially absurd; they attempt to influence the Residues by operation on the Derivations, which is impossible.

Pareto's analysis of the Derivations is the third great achievement of his treatise. It is, incidentally, the portion of his work that the lay reader is likely to find most brilliant. It is less important, however, than the analysis of the Residues, for the material is familiar and he is not breaking new ground. In the long run these chapters prove less serviceable than the earlier, more difficult ones, but they do display Pareto's analytical and corrosively skeptical intelligence at its most powerful. It is here that the believing mind, with its faith in "institutional" ways of thinking, invariably rejects him, for his exposition of fallacious thinking is fatal to belief. Here, also, the reason for his excommunication by the sociologists becomes plain. Specialist sociology works almost wholly with the Derivations; it is interested in the exterior form of society, whereas Pareto is interested in the fundamental structure. The difficulty can be solved by calling Pareto's field something other than sociology. It is here, too, that the tender-minded have discovered what it pleases them to call Fascism in Pareto. Finding him without dogma, they insist on reading their apprehensions into him. Very little of what he wrote touches on Fascism; that little is all later than the *Traité* and most of it is unfavorable to Fascism. And to find Fascist dogma in the *Traité* itself is equivalent to finding a

defense of the Immaculate Conception in Willard Gibbs's *Statistical Mechanics*, or a tract on Christian Science in Newton's *Principia*.

#### IV

The determination of the Residues and Derivations is only preliminary or prefatory matter. It occupies over half of the eighteen hundred pages of the *Traité* and it is indispensable to Pareto's purpose. But that purpose is to determine, as precisely as possible, the true structure of society. His basic question is: what structure does society take under the pressures that act on it and what are the conditions of that structure? Among those forces are geographic and climatic conditions, logico-experimental knowledge and activity, and "the interests." The immediate meaning of the last term will suffice here: think of a person's interests as an American, a citizen, the head of a family, a worker or business man, a Republican, a taxpayer, etc. Behavior on behalf of "the interests" approaches logico-experimental behavior and can be studied in economic terms. Geographic and climatic conditions are approximately constant during a given period in a given society. But also the Residues and Derivations are forces acting on society and must be studied in relation to the other forces. How do they act? What is their part in the structure of society? What is their importance as conditioning influences?

All these forces act on society in different degrees at different times under different conditions. The important fact is that they act with varying force but act together. They are complex variables; they are mutually interrelated forces. It is in an effort to deal with them as such, an effort to determine their functional relationships, that Pareto achieves what may be the

most far-reaching result of his study. That is the shift of social hypothesis from the conceptual scheme of biology to that of physical science.

The dominant social thinking of the nineteenth century, which still persists, was biological. Whether avowed evolutionists or merely partisans of evolutionary progress, whether Hegelians, Darwinians, or Bergsonians, all the leading social analysts of the last ninety years have tended to think of society as an organism and have seen in it a process of development. The evolutionary bearing of such theories as those of Spencer and Marx, for example, is obvious. In the light of Pareto's analysis, fatal errors in such ways of thinking are just as obvious—and one category of the Derivations includes the vitiating metaphor contained in them. Furthermore, no evolutionist, however rigid a determinism he has assumed, has been able to free his sociology from the concept of purpose or aim. In every system appears some faroff, more or less divine event toward which society is shaping. The purposiveness of Marx's historical materialism is flagrant and predominant. Again, evolutionary sociology employs the causal hypothesis—Marx's logic is a straightforward sequence of cause and effect. Twentieth-century physics, however, has led science away from causal explanations—the scientific thinking of to-day finds cause and effect relationships too unrealistic to be useful. Finally, evolutionary sociology has reduced the variables of society to unities and has described them in much too simple terms.

The concept of society as an organism is metaphorical and unrealistic; the concept of cause and effect is unrealistic and too simple. For them Pareto's application of physical science to social analysis substitutes the mathematics of complex variables and a conceptual scheme of mutual dependence.



The determinism of society is the determinism of a physical equilibrium. The concept of cause and effect disappears. No social phenomenon of any importance exists of which it may be said: this, *a*, is the cause or the effect of *b*. It is seldom, if ever, possible to say of any social *a* and *b*, even, that they are reciprocals. Statements of that sort, however effective in non-logical ways, lack experimental validity. The relationship of *a* and *b* becomes a valid idea only when they are seen as parts of a mutual relationship *a, b, c, d, e . . .* which constitutes a physical system in a condition of dynamic equilibrium. No member of such a series is the cause or effect of any other. Each is at once a cause and an effect of all the others. The relationship is such that action by or upon any member produces action by and upon all other members, action which in turn becomes a determinant and a resultant in infinitely complex ways. Prediction or even analysis of such action is not possible except by enumeration and measurement of all forces and relationships involved. Furthermore, a condition of dynamic equilibrium makes impossible the concept of purpose.

Analysis and description of the social equilibrium, the functional relationship in society of the Residues and Derivatives, occupy the remainder of the *Traité*. It is a complex and delicate analysis, which frequently requires the use of mathematics. Space cannot be devoted here to a study of the equilibrium, but something of what the term implies may be suggested by the recent history of the saloon in America. Prohibition was, like all great social movements, a non-logical phenomenon. The familiar mass pressures and hysterias are discernible in it, together with the conflicting interests, the religious zeal of both sides, the immense variety of Derivations displayed by its advocates and its opponents. Mean-

while the sentiments of both sides were constant, comparatively simple, and clearly referable to a few well-known Residues. Consider the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment as a force brought to bear on a society which was in a condition of equilibrium. (It may as readily be considered the augmentation, to a degree that altered the equilibrium, of a force already a part of it.) The conditions of a dynamic physical equilibrium are such that when force is brought to bear on it, it at once begins to react in such a way as to resist the alteration. Pressure rises to meet pressure; a deflected pendulum tends to resume its original path. The force of alteration may succeed or fail. If it fails, the original state will be resumed. If it succeeds, various states will exist in succession, in proportion to the force of the disturbance, till a new equilibrium more or less like the original one is attained. In America before Prohibition the saloon was a socially sanctioned institution. It was outlawed by the Eighteenth Amendment. It immediately began to appear as the speakeasy. As the various forces in a relationship of mutual dependence worked toward resolution, the speakeasy received a social sanction, and more recently, the beer saloon has received legal sanction. Prophecy is unwise as yet, but since twenty States have already voted Repeal, it seems likely that some legal sanction will be extended to other kinds of saloons. Through all this the exterior form of society has varied a great deal, but the basic social relationships have been very little changed. Such changes as have occurred have shown a constant tendency of the equilibrium to resume its original relationships more or less exactly.

The illustration of the saloon is a small and simple item, one which has been still further simplified for use here. But the systematic sociologists

have shown themselves unable to describe precisely even such inconsiderable social phenomena. For the study of more complex phenomena, such as the constitution of social classes and the nature and direction of social trends, systematic sociology has given us no language except that of wishfulness and no knowledge except that of metaphysics. Social thinkers have necessarily been social philosophers, not scientists, and though philosophy may inspire emotion, it does not produce knowledge. The work of Pareto is designed to make possible scientific knowledge of social phenomena. In giving to social thinking instruments for analyzing the action of the sentiments on the equilibrium, he has made

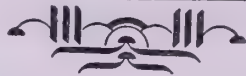
possible a greater realism, a greater objectivity, than was possible before him. No rapid progress in the use of his instruments is likely or even possible. Humanity does not relish objective study of its institutions, and the phobia seems peculiarly strong among those who deal with social change. The wishful, the hopeful, and the evangelical will be certain to oppose him with all the devices of propaganda and obscurantism. Yet metaphysical thinking has been slowly crowded out of the physical sciences, and we may expect the social sciences to follow the same course. If and as they do, the work of Pareto will have a permanent importance in the shift from fantasy to fact.

## ONLY THE YOUNG FEAR DEATH

BY FREDERICK FAUST

**O**NLY the young fear death.  
*A god has crossed their path, and they are sure  
 Of happiness, if it would but endure.  
 Only the young fear death;  
 For when companions vanish on the way  
 And leave us one by one,  
 Is it not better done  
 Than to come lonely to the end of day?  
 Only the young fear death.  
 The aged speak not of it. At the door  
 They stand with cheerful faces to the last,  
 Like men who on the homeward way have passed  
 The steps of darkness many times before.*





# ALL THE HONORS

A STORY

BY GORDON ARTHUR SMITH

SENATOR DACIER lay motionless in the bed and listened to his nurse, Miss Thornton, who was energetically cleaning up the room. She made no more noise than usual, but when she lifted and replaced an object she did it with a finality that always reminded the Senator of the last stroke of a hammer. Why, he wondered, why should she feel compelled to clink so many glass bottles against plate glass table-tops. She probably was not aware, for he had been either too proud or too patient to tell her, that every slightest noise made his heart jump. Oh, of course, she never by any chance made any good loud noise—she knew her business better than to do that—but the succession of little crystal and metallic clinkings was even more nerve-racking.

The Senator felt really too exhausted to remonstrate. He knew that he was going to die before very long, anyhow. Something or other followed by something or other, the doctors had told him, and then, most unfortunately, they found that his heart was in a grave condition. Well, that last he knew without being told; and he suspected, justly or unjustly, that if they hadn't bungled away so long with the something or others his heart would have been all right.

"They just drained the strength out of me," he thought, "and then they were hellishly surprised to find I

hadn't any left to go on with." All right then, he was dying, and nobody, not the doctors, not Miss Thornton, not himself, could do much about it. Just the same, he thought, Miss Thornton might keep quiet for a minute. A minute of silent prayer would do her good. He wished it were eleven o'clock on Armistice Day—but, no, he doubted if even that would immobilize her.

"Miss Thornton," he said, "why don't you cultivate repose?"

She turned her head to smile at him—a pleasant, well-ordered smile in a pleasant, well-ordered face.

"I'll be through now in just a second, Senator Dacier. We have to keep things tidy, you know."

He didn't know. If keeping things tidy hurt his heart and if his heart hurt him, he saw no reason in the world for keeping things tidy. But he was too weak to explain. He reached for the morning paper beside him and closed his eyes behind it because he didn't want to read; and although he didn't especially want to think, he had discovered during the eight tedious months of constant weakness and intermittent agony that it was possible to make his thoughts play fair. It was true that until he had dominated them and put them in their proper place they had given him some rather terrible days and nights. They had had a way of exaggerating all his little

peccadillos—of turning and torturing and magnifying everything in his past, like a clever prosecuting attorney aiming to fasten a crime on an almost guiltless person.

Almost guiltless? Yes, certainly, as men go to-day, or any other day for that matter. Active in politics for thirty-two years, he had never traded his vote for anything that in law could be construed as a bribe. He had, like many another shrewd man with powerful friends, made a modest fortune into one less modest; but, unlike many another shrewd man, he had never laid himself open to going to jail.

He chuckled a little. He chuckled at the idealistic jackass he had been in his youth. State Assemblyman Dacier, six years out of Harvard, if you please, believing rather uneasily that the will of the people was the will of God, had on two occasions ventured to vote for what he was convinced were vaguely inspired causes. He had voted against his own party—the Grand Old Party. . . . Well, really, as he looked back on it, they had been very lenient with him. But during the rest of his career he had never made another such slip on a vote of any importance.

And so United States Senator Dacier, dying in his bed at sixty, was a world figure, a statesman, as he couldn't help phrasing it, who had won the admiration and the respect of the Republican Party throughout the nation; and that party except for the unfortunate eight years of Wilson and the recent fiasco of last November, had been the will of the people and hence for the time being, the will of God.

Yes, that was the way in which he had taught his thoughts to behave. Better to think that way than to read the newspapers these dark days. Strange, unprecedented goings-on were being reported by the papers. The miserable ignorant masses had elected for president a Democrat who, as the

Senator interpreted it, had turned Socialist overnight.

"Pretty soon," thought the Senator, not at all gloomily, "this country is going to be run for the benefit of the lazy, ignorant, incapable poor. Thank God, I'm getting out!"

And he was very well aware that, had he been obliged to face an election last November, he would have been ignominiously kicked out. As it was he had two more years of office and perhaps only two more weeks of life. Couldn't last much more. In fact, almost any day now. . . .

Not for the first time he wondered what had become of Adele.

He had not been able to do much about Adele during the months in the hospital when the surgeons had been cutting things out of him. A good part of the time he had scarcely been conscious: intense pain—morphine—blessed blankness—and then more pain. But at his insistent demand Adele had been permitted to come once to see him. She was very lovely as always and, as always, quite unaffectedly cheerful; and never having known great physical suffering herself, she was never convinced that such a thing was not exaggerated both by the sufferer and, to a less degree, by those who ministered to him.

"You're all right," she had said, "in fact, you're looking fine. If they'd not fuss about you so much you'd be on your feet in two weeks."

The Senator, from whom they had but recently removed several feet of intestines, had been glad to see that she really believed what she was saying. He had not disillusioned her.

"You've been a ridiculous optimist all the ten—the twelve years that I've known you," he had said. "And you look plenty well enough. And you're still young. How old are you? Thirty-five?"



"Dear me," she had said, "I'll soon be forty."

"Well—" and he had spoken only with a great effort and because he had made up his mind that he ought to speak—"well, my dear, get another and a younger man. Don't hang round in the night air after sunset."

Then he had instructed her to call on Hershey, his lawyer, and, because the time was up and he knew himself exhausted, he had permitted her to go away.

That, he calculated, had been almost six months ago and he had not seen her since. They had insisted on conveying him in an ambulance from the hospital in Washington to his sister's house nearby in the country. To convalesce? They knew better. . . .

"Blah!" he said, more than half aloud.

"I beg your pardon, Senator?" begged Miss Thornton, alert to catch at a straw.

"Nothing. I said, 'Blah!' What I was thinking though was that hypocrisy is all very well as a design for living, but it has no place in a scheme for dying. And I'd like to see my sister if she's not busy."

The nurse looked at him dubiously. He might have been a very handsome man, she thought, before he had had all this sickness. And everybody told her that he had a great mind. Perhaps, she humbly thought, that was why, even after the months she had tended him, he was still able to puzzle her. Not that she much cared.

"I'll see," she said, and went to the hall in her rubber-soled shoes.

In three minutes she knocked and opened the door simultaneously. Good hospital training, that.

"Miss Dacier's come to see you, Senator," she announced with a sort of bright exultation, as if she had managed to bring in Joan of Arc.

"Hello, Hester," said the Senator.

"Sit down here and don't move anything in the room. All right, Miss Thornton—thank you."

The door shut and Hester, smiling, sat down on the chair indicated.

"Good morning, Henry," she said. "It's a beautiful day and the lilacs are coming out."

"As if I cared," said the Senator gently.

"No; I don't suppose you do. But you'll probably be annoyed because your bed is going to be wheeled to the window. Doctor Boughton's orders."

"Moving day, eh?" said the Senator. "Something more for Miss Thornton to do." And he added viciously, "I'd like to have Miss Thornton helpless in this bed so I could wheel her round—and give her alcohol baths."

"I see that you're feeling better," said Hester.

"Yes, perhaps I am. I'm better enough to have something on my mind. That's why I asked for you. I want you to consent to something that you won't like, but I warn you in advance that I'm going to have my way."

"Very well," said his sister; "what is your way?"

There was a pause. As he had well known, his way would be difficult to indicate—the more so because he was essentially a man who had always adhered to the good old outward conventions of conduct so long as they did not seriously interfere with his well-being. Nevertheless, he decided to come clean.

"There's a young woman who lives in Washington," he said. "Her name is Adele Bates. Do you know her?"

Hester smoothed back her smooth, closely coiled brown hair. "I haven't met her," said she, "but I haven't avoided meeting her. It was quite natural that those mutual acquaintances we have should not have thrown us together. . . . If you'd care to have

her come out here to see you, Henry. I've not the slightest objection."

The Senator gazed at his sister with that sense of uneasy awe that he invariably felt when another human being read his mind. Hester was very keen. He remembered now other occasions on which she had proved to be keen. "Deep," he thought, "but not forever solemn about it. She's a Dacier."

Aloud he said, "Thank you, Hester. You've made it a little easier for me to say that I want Adele to come here and stay in the house. Now wait—" he raised a thin warning hand. "I probably oughtn't to ask you to do this. It's your house, and you're my sister, and twelve years ago Adele was my mistress. I'm not going to pretend to you that we were just good friends—although we were that too and, thank God, still are. And I'm not going to excuse myself by pointing out the rather agreeable fact that my legal wife has seen best to save Humanity away from her home. Her work has carried her to far away places—which is entirely her own fault. And to be quite truthful, Hester, I don't in the least mind her saving young girls and bringing jellies to convicts—at a suitable distance from me. . . . Adele has more than filled her place. I want Adele here."

He was not exhausted, but he had cleared the hurdle. He closed his eyes and waited.

"If you'll give me the address," said Hester, "I'll write to Miss Bates to-day. You know, of course, that you are asking a great deal, not from me but from her."

The Senator held out his hand, she patted it reassuringly. "You're good, Hester," he said. "You're a remarkably good woman. I'm taking advantage of the fact."

"Time's up!" called Miss Thornton, like a bold, bright bird in the doorway.

Hester wrote to Adele that afternoon. Not being at all a fool, she had known long ago of the intimacy between the Senator and that rather mysterious Miss Bates, a woman who knew all of the amusing people in Washington and who yet never made the slightest attempt to step into a strictly defined social circle where she would have been perforce rebuffed. She was a woman who, the harshest of her critics had to admit, "knew her place"; and for knowing it and not showing the least concern about it, much was forgiven her.

But Hester was well aware that what she was about to do would create an open scandal where before there had been none; for Adele's presence at Senator Dacier's deathbed could be interpreted in only one way—"and the right way, too," added Hester to herself. Certainly the right way. A dying man summons the woman he loves. That he has a legal wife elsewhere is merely unfortunate for everybody. Hester smiled. "Legal wife." For years now the Senator had never referred to Florence Dacier otherwise. "My legal wife," in a tone of pity, of sarcasm, or of complete indifference. Florence, of course, should have divorced him. That was where Hester had been perfectly in accord with her brother and, indeed, on two occasions had ventured to tell Florence so. But Florence was a selfish woman and an earnest, ambitious one, who was determined to continue her career of helping fallen girls and neglected convicts with the prestige of being the important wife of Senator Dacier.

Hester sighed; and her note to Adele was urgent and cordial. . . .

Adele Bates in her very comfortable apartment in Washington read the invitation twice to herself and then, without hesitation, handed it to Carlos, who sat beside her. As he read it his face betrayed a frowning inter-



est that verged on anger. When he had finished it he tossed the note carelessly back to her.

"So he is at last really dying," he said, his English only touched with a Spanish accent. "We cannot truthfully say that we are sorry, can we, dearest one?"

"I can and do. He was a grand man."

Carlos shrugged his shoulders. He was five years younger than Adele and he treated her like a child. He liked to think that he did her thinking for her.

"Let us gladly admit that he was a grand man—a grand and stubborn man who has outlived his usefulness. It would be tragic for him were he to live longer. It has been tragic for you and for me that he has lived so long. . . . Now this invitation to attend his deathbed—of course you will refuse it, carissima. It is an insult."

He was not yet angry, but she saw that he was preparing to be. He stood up—tall, slender, dark, a most creditable example of a Guatemalan *mestizo*. The quarter strain of Indian that was in him was plainly and pleasantly evident. It had given him a grace of movement and a beauty of bearing and far-seeing black eyes. The rest of him, which was Spanish, was indolent and arrogant and perfumed.

"It is an insult," he repeated when he was on his feet.

He wondered why she remained silent. Was it possible that she did not comprehend that it was an insult? Women never saw eye to eye with men when it was a matter of insults; and, stranger still, they disagreed among themselves concerning them. The reason for this was, as he well knew, that no woman possessed a code of honor, however low, to which she was willing consistently to adhere.

"You will of course refuse," he said.

She uncrossed and recrossed her handsome legs.

"No," she said at last; "I guess that I'll have to go."

He glanced at her sharply, sat down again beside her, took her head between his hands and firmly turned it toward him. He kissed her on the lips, but if the kiss meant anything at all it meant simply that she must be good. Then he told her how and why.

"You do not grasp the significance of your going to the Senator's deathbed. You have not stopped to consider the only interpretation that the public could put upon your presence there—in his sister's house, remember, and at his command or request or prayer or what you will. Very well, then, let me explain. First let me ask you what persons may the public expect a man naturally to call for when he is dying? His wife? Certainly, but you are not his wife. His blood relative? Certainly, but you are not of the same blood. His doctor, his lawyer? Obviously, but you are neither. His trained nurse? Yes, but you are not she. His mistress, then? Yes, indeed! What more human and natural and comprehensible and touching than that a man should call out from his deathbed to summon his well-loved mistress? Oh, my dearest little naïve child, need I point out to you that if you accept the Senator's entirely selfish invitation you and he will be declaring to the world that you are precisely his well-loved mistress. You can go in no other role—or at least the eager public, if you go, will accept you in no other role. You will be cast to play that part for life. . . . There, now I think that I have made it all quite clear, have I not?"

She answered him absent-mindedly, as if all the time she had been many jumps ahead of his elucidations.

"But you're so silly, Carlos," she said; "it was always quite clear—I mean, what everybody would think."

"What everybody would at last be

completely justified in thinking," he corrected her. "There is a difference."

She smiled. "Not so very much," she said, too casually for his taste. "Not so very much after all. And the poor dear old Senator—at his age—with a mistress—oh, my darling!"

It was at this point that Carlos became angry. He perceived only too well that she was attaching no importance to her reputation, that she was recklessly willing to be publicly branded. Unfortunately this branding business would affect not only her own future, but his.

"And so you laugh!" he cried hotly. "And so you are able to laugh and to quibble. The poor old Senator, you say, at his age with a mistress, and you laugh. Yes, you laugh. Mother of God, you can laugh! Because of his age you are not his mistress—that is what you wish the world to understand, is it not? You would prefer perhaps to be known as the Senator's former mistress—the mistress of his youth."

"Oh, never of his youth," she put in; "let's say his prime. I never laid eyes on him until he was forty-eight."

"The mistress of Senator Dacier when he was forty-eight!" shouted Carlos. "Is that the way I shall say it? Eh? The mistress of Senator Dacier when he was forty-eight, the former mistress who continues to be so intimate with him that she is invited to close his eyes when he dies—yes, yes—and who continues to occupy the apartment for which he has always paid the rent—yes, yes, I say yes—and who is generously remembered in his will."

Adele, having had enough, stopped him short.

"He might change the will," she suggested brightly but pointedly. "Yes, yes, it's my turn to say yes—he might at the last minute change the will. Some people just won't forgive ingratitude, you know."

Well, she had known that this remark would be devastating; but she was enough in love to be ashamed for him when she saw how completely he could be stunned by a purely mercenary argument. He ceased at once to be vocal and she judged that he was probably trying to adjust himself to the new situation, weighing the value of her reputation against the value of the Senator's bequest. She tried to tell herself that this was not really as contemptible as it seemed; that he was bound to give due consideration to her future financial independence; that if the Senator should leave her penniless it was within the range of probability that she would starve. This preoccupation of his in regard to her financial future would have been excusable perhaps except for one damning thing: he intended to share that future with her. She had promised to marry him—she wanted to marry him—she was passionately in love with him. It was she, however, who had stipulated that they should not go through any public and formal ceremony during the Senator's lifetime.

She said to herself, "Perhaps I was wrong to have done that. Perhaps the Senator wouldn't have minded so very much."

She glanced at Carlos who was still weighing values. He looked sullen and discomfited. Poor boy, it was hard on him. He very likely would have to give up his career in the diplomatic service of Guatemala. Young diplomats do not marry other men's branded mistresses.

And then suddenly she was terrified. Suppose that he should decide to solve his problem in the way most satisfactory to himself—allow her to go to the Senator's bedside, remain until his death, and receive his gratitude, his blessing, and the legacy. Let her be publicly branded if that was necessary. All that Carlos would have to give up



in that case was legitimizing their present relations.

"Carlos!" she cried in alarm. "What are you going to do? What do you think I ought to do?"

He understood that, for the moment, he had triumphed. He was pleased to observe that she was now as anxious as he. That was better—that was as it should be. He was mollified.

"Beloved," he said gently, "the only unselfish advice I can give you is to go to the Senator. It means that I lose you, that of course we can never marry. But I am bound to put your interests above mine. You must, as you said, go to the Senator. You must not as you so wisely hinted just now, show yourself ungrateful to a dying man."

Exactly what she had expected. How well—how cruelly well—she knew him. How sickening that, knowing him, she should passionately adore him.

"You're pretty despicable, aren't you, Carlos?"

He looked at her soberly in the eyes.

"You should not say that, my dearest. I have never deceived you. If you consider me now despicable it means that you have always considered me despicable. . . . And yet you claim to have loved me."

He kissed her hands. "I am leaving you now. Whatever you decide to do I, at least, shall not consider you despicable. And I shall continue, carissima, to love you."

She admitted to herself when he had gone that the last thing he had said was true—whatever she decided he would continue to love her to the same extent he had ever loved her.

Adele's arrival at Miss Dacier's followed her prompt telegram of acceptance by only six hours; and Miss Dacier had herself driven to the station in the limousine to meet her guest. A little too urban perhaps, the limousine, es-

pecially on a lusty May day with all the lilacs in bloom; but Hester was over fifty and felt that she no longer had to pretend to enjoy too much open air.

The meeting of the women on the platform held no complications. Yes, Miss Bates had a small trunk and a hat-box. Adolph, the chauffeur, promptly attended to these.

"Of course," said Adele as they started away, "of course, Miss Dacier, I had really no idea how long I should be here. You won't think it presumptuous of me to have brought a trunk—even a small one?"

How beautiful she looked, thought Hester. How healthful and how young in comparison to poor, pain-shrivelled Henry. Probably not forty yet and appeared several years less.

"I'm afraid," said Hester, "that none of us knows how long. My brother has all of his mind left but scarcely an ounce of his vitality. There is nothing the doctors can do for him except to lessen his suffering as much as they can. I think, Miss Bates, that he needs you very much, and I needn't say that I am very grateful to you."

Adele hesitated a moment before she spoke. She might, she knew, do one of two things: she could pretend to ignore the manifest impropriety of her being Hester's guest at this very especial time, or she could face it frankly. But whichever course she chose, she knew that she must choose it at once. She was smiling a little when she turned to Hester.

"Miss Dacier," she said, "a lot of good people are going to pillory you for asking me out here. It's not done, is it?"

"No," agreed Hester, "it is not done."

"In fact it's scandalous."

"There will be a scandal," said Hester evenly, "and I wonder if you will mind my saying that I fear it is you who will have to bear the brunt of the scan-

dal. That is why I appreciate so deeply your coming to us."

Adele drew a breath of relief.

"I don't believe people can hurt me as much as you think. If they say that I must have been your brother's mistress—well, it's been said before. And of course the very fact that you asked me out here might tend to white-wash me. You see it could work two ways."

Hester said, "Yes, Miss Bates, it could work two ways but it won't. You'll be voted guilty and I shall be accused of aiding and abetting the crime at the last." She held out her hand. "Conspirators," she said, with a dim smile.

"By all means," said Adele, and shook the proffered hand warmly. . . . "What gorgeous lilacs you have, Miss Dacier!"

Hester was gratified. She had found likeable qualities in this Miss Bates.

Adele was allowed to see the Senator that afternoon.

"Ten minutes only," said a mystified Miss Thornton, outside the door, "and of course you know that the Senator must not be excited."

"Oh," said Adele, "I never excited anybody in my life."

Miss Thornton did not believe her, but she said to herself that it was none of her business. Just the same she had "heard talk."

Adele bent and kissed Senator Dacier, first on the forehead and then on each cheek. Then she sat down.

"Well, here we are, Henry," she said.

The Senator grunted. "Adele, you're the ace of trumps."

"Am I? I don't mind being the high card, but it isn't like you to be so humble."

"Hell," said the Senator, "they've broken my spirit."

He kept his eyes on her. What a very lovely woman she was, he thought. A small, blonde woman in a big chair. Plenty of brains too, but she didn't go

booming all over the country. His legal wife did that.

"If you want my opinion," said Adele, "I think you're looking pretty well."

"I know what I look like," the Senator told her calmly. "They won't let me roll myself over in my bed, but they hold up a mirror to my face once in a while. It's not encouraging. . . . Listen to me, Adele, and don't talk cheerful nonsense. I know I'm going to die any day and I don't mind in the least. Now, that's the truth. All half-way decent people ought to be very glad to die before they're murdered by the Communists. Even if they don't kill you they'll take all your property, my dear."

She laughed. "Not if I marry a Commissar, or whatever they call them."

"Good! you've brought up my first point. I *do* want you to marry, Adele, as soon as I'm out of the way. And you'd better marry a future Commissar because, as you know, you're going to be a woman of some property. That brings me to point number two. No, don't start a string of objections. I'm not leaving you any startling sum. In fact I've cut you off completely in my will. My legal wife gets her legal share, and Hester the rest. I'm not leaving you a thing—I'm giving it to you to-morrow. There, now, I've made clear the two things that were on my mind."

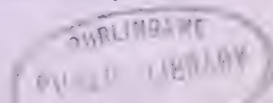
He was panting a little. It was quite plain that he must not be crossed.

"All right, my dear," she said. "It's nice of you to make me rich and to try to marry me off."

"No," he said, "it isn't. And until Miss Thornton comes in I love you very much."

She kissed him quickly on the lips. "Even after Miss Thornton comes in," she said.

When, a few minutes later, she was





alone in her large bedroom, so beautifully designed by and for a lady, she asked herself if she was not out of place in it. Miss Dacier's quietly expensive chintzes and old mahogany and clean-scented linen became almost animate accusers; and Adele who, as a rule, was far from being a woman given to imaginings, could not help admitting that she had brought along with her from that last sordid and unsavory conversation with Carlos a trace of the gutter.

Usually she tried to be honest with herself. Usually she could be honest with herself and not be ashamed. But lately, ever since her love for Carlos seemed to have become for her the most important thing in her life, she had begun to doubt her own decency. Could a woman pretend to be decent, she asked, and continue to be in love with a cad? Cad? It wasn't a pretty word, but gigolo, though more euphonious, amounted to the same thing and merely shifted the character from melodrama to farce. "Poor Adele Bates is madly in love with that cad," sounded a shade better, she thought, than: "Poor old Adele would do anything in the world for that gigolo of hers." But—honestly again—both of them were true.

And now the Senator was, unwittingly perhaps, making everything so easy for her. Carlos or no Carlos, money or no money, she would have accepted Miss Dacier's invitation. That much she sturdily insisted upon as a point in her favor. All right. But what really did she stand to lose? Her public reputation—yes, of course. As Carlos had said so fiercely, she would be "branded." And, as a sequel, she would lose all chance of a marriage to him. But would she? Hadn't she just now called him a cad and a gigolo? Well, then.

The Senator was going to give her a sum of money to-morrow—in cash, she

supposed, or stocks or bonds. He was not waiting until he died. That was thoughtful of him, for it obviated her name being publicized in his will. She had no intention, and she had never had any intention even before she met Carlos, of refusing this money. She had not greatly cared how much it was and it had never entered her mind to ask; but Hershey, the Senator's lawyer, had told her when she had gone to see him at the Senator's request. About one hundred thousand dollars. If she packed that up in her trunk and returned to Carlos to-morrow she had no reason to fear for the future. Her brief overnight visit to Miss Dacier's house might be pardoned by the gossips, or even never known. But wasn't a longer visit expected of her? Wasn't it really her duty to stay on and on, until he should die?

Duty—duty! Of course it was her duty. It was her duty but it wasn't obligatory. She was not compelled to be decent. She could grab her money and go.

"And, of course," she said to herself stoutly, "of course I'll do no such thing. . . . At least I hope I won't."

She went down to join Hester for dinner. They sat facing each other across a small table set bright with Dacier silver, on a porch off the rather vast dining room. Hester, who disliked outdoor discomforts, had managed somehow or other to make the porch bug-proof and draft-proof; and although the flames of the two candles swayed nonchalantly from time to time, they never were in real danger. It was peaceful, sybaritic, and unostentatious.

They talked a while of current politics, about which Miss Bates was by far the better informed; but they were both interested in what they then were saying and there was no effort made to avoid a more intimate conversation.

It was Miss Dacier who asked at length, "How did the Senator's condition impress you, Miss Bates?"

"It's hard for me to say. I'm afraid, Miss Dacier, that I'm the sort of person that can't think a case is hopeless unless I see desperate signs of it before my very eyes. If the Senator had had, let's say, a leg or an arm amputated I'd be more shocked—I mean that the full seriousness of it would come home to me. But when I see him lying there in bed with all his arms and legs, and his mind active and sharp as ever, and just as contented as ever to be discontented with the affairs of the nation—well, I don't know. He seems like a weak, emaciated Senator, but not—but not necessarily a dying Senator. Does that sound as if I were awfully thick-skinned?"

"No; it sounds perfectly reasonable. Of course you've not seen him during one of his attacks. They are rather terrifying. We don't think he can live through another of them, and that's why we are selfish enough to hope you will stay with us until it's all over. I'm not sure that my brother thinks of it quite that way; all I know is that he would rather have you with him now than anybody else in the world. Perhaps I ought to tell you that he has violently forbidden me to ask his wife to come here."

"Yes," said Adele reflectively. And then, with a smile at Miss Dacier, she said again, "yes."

They rose from the table and moved down the porch to take their coffee off cushions and rattan. The scent of the lilacs came to them on the mannerly breeze that Miss Dacier now permitted to enter.

Suddenly Adele said, "Miss Dacier, I'm going to be married. The Senator doesn't know it yet and if I tell him he won't like it. He won't like it mainly because he has no use for the man. As far as my getting married

goes, he's all in favor of it in the abstract, but . . ."

Miss Dacier looked at her closely in the very dim light, and when Adele did not go on to complete her sentence, she said, "I devoutly hope you won't tell my brother anything about it. I think that it might seriously upset him, and—and surely you don't think it necessary, do you? The time is so short now."

"It would not be at all necessary," answered Adele gravely, "except that to-morrow the Senator intends to give me a hundred thousand dollars."

How much of the true situation Miss Dacier grasped Adele never knew; but she hoped for the sake of Carlos that Hester could believe that this small fortune had not entered into his prenuptial calculations. All that Hester said was, "Oh, so that's why Mr. Hershey is coming out to-morrow." And she added after an interval, "I'm extremely glad, Miss Bates—sincerely glad. And although I think I appreciate your scruples, it seems to me that it only makes it the more important that you shouldn't tell my brother of your proposed marriage. Don't deal him that blow, I beg of you. He is in no condition to balance nice ethical questions—are any of us, in fact? Come, Miss Bates, a thing is either right or wrong to me only in the effect it will have on the Senator's peace of mind. Won't you agree with me?"

Adele nodded. "I'll agree with you, Miss Dacier. I won't tell Henry, and I'll stay here with him as long as you want me."

"I think," said Miss Dacier slowly, "that that is rather wonderful of you."

The next morning Adele was sure that it was quite wonderful of her. The maid brought in a telegram on the breakfast tray. It was brief—well within ten words—but it was ominous.

"Insist you return immediately. All Washington already gabbling."



There was no signature. There was none needed. She knew it was Carlos giving her her last chance to become his respectable wife. Poor Carlos—for even at his worst she thought of him only as “poor Carlos—” making his gentlemanly gesture, salving his strange conscience, and no doubt hoping that she would disobey him and, by so doing, not return empty-handed.

She had no need to hurry over her breakfast, for her appointment with the Senator and Mr. Hershey was not until eleven o'clock; there was plenty of time to bathe and to dress and to deliberate. There was time even to look through the Washington newspaper that the maid had brought in to her. . . . Nothing in the paper—that is, nothing that was personal to her or the Senator. Oh, yes, Mrs. Senator Dacier had made a speech urging everybody to give everything they had to the Emergency Fund. It was very noble of her. And the American dollar had dropped to about eighty-four cents. That wasn't so good. . . .

The Senator was propped up on his pillows talking to Hershey when Adele came into the room. He looked a very sick man in the morning light.

“You two know each other, don't you?” he said. “All right. . . . No, I don't feel rested this morning, so for God's sake don't ask. Hershey, bring out the tin box.”

The lawyer gravely did exactly that. From the box he took a packet of bonds and laid them on the bed.

“This,” said the Senator, “is a ridiculous proceeding. Are you sure you've counted them correctly, Hershey? Well, I'll believe you. If you believe him, too, Adele, there are a hundred and two thousand dollars' worth of bonds of the U. S. Government, payable in gold—in gold, mind you. Well, the Democratic Administration has recently decided that they just won't pay you in gold—that the whole thing was

only a joke on the bondholders. If they continue with that sort of financial wizardry it is quite possible that what I'm giving you to-day won't be worth more than a bunch of old newspapers to-morrow. However, it's the best I can do. If I were you I'd sell them right away and invest what you can get for 'em in a good honest oil stock or a silver mine in Nevada. Lone women ought to be very conservative about their investments, eh, Hershey?”

The lawyer smiled tolerantly. “I imagine,” he said, “that Miss Bates knows you well enough not to take you seriously.”

“Pah!” said the Senator. “I was never more serious in my life. No, Adele, I'm giving you the securities that people used to set aside for widows and orphans, and if the United States goes back on its word, it's not my fault. You will remember that I lived and died an honest Republican, and that honest Republicans haven't much to say this year.”

“I'll be voting for you in 1934,” said Adele.

The Senator's face relaxed into less querulous lines. He nodded at Mr. Hershey.

“She's all right, Hershey, isn't she? One of the Old Guard. Straight Republican ticket every time, God bless her! . . . I think you'd both better get out, now. Go down and talk to Hester. . . . I'm very tired. . . . Yes, yes, Miss Thornton, come in. The conference is over.”

Adele did not follow Mr. Hershey downstairs. Instead, with the tin box under her arm, she went back to her own room. Obviously one did not bring a tin box into Hester's parlor or even onto her porch. No, the tin box must be placed in her trunk and the trunk carefully locked.

The maid had not finished doing up the room, but Adele dismissed her. She hoped that maids did not know

that tin boxes usually contained things of great value. She felt a little guilty—as if she had stolen something.

When she had put away what she absurdly was beginning to think of as her loot she sat down at the desk to compose an answer to Carlos' telegram. As to what she intended to do, her mind was definitely made up. If the hundred and two thousand dollars was loot, she at least would sacrifice herself to earn it.

"Let them talk," she wrote on the telegraph blank. "Am staying indefinitely." And while debating whether to add more, she decided that that was enough.

The question then arose of how to dispatch the message with a fair amount of discretion. She wondered if Miss Dacier would be willing to let her drive herself to the station in the Senator's roadster, and her mind was about made up to submitting this request when Miss Dacier, herself, knocked at the door.

Adele saw at once that something must have happened of no picayune importance, for Hester was not only embarrassed but angry. Her usually delicately tinted face was flushed. Her usually firm lips were actually trembling. At that moment she reminded Adele of the Senator on the occasions when he let himself go.

"I'm sorry, Miss Bates, but I've got to talk to you. Something terrible has happened—terrible and inexcusable."

Immediately Adele thought of her tin box and its contents. That illogical feeling of guilt still was in her. She asked herself if there was going to be a row about that—if Miss Dacier, doubtless spurred on by Mr. Hershey, was going to protest against so generous a gift.

But she quickly learned that she had misjudged the Senator's sister.

"I am very much upset," said Hester in a tone that proved it, "I am very

angry. Just now I lost my temper with that—that damned woman."

Hester used her "damn" with the relish known only to those who are not habituated to the word. "That damned whited sepulcher!" said she.

"Good for you, Miss Dacier," Adele exclaimed. "Do sit down, and please don't try to keep calm."

Hester permitted herself a wry smile at her own wrath, but although she sat down, the wrath was by no means appeased.

"The Senator's wife has just arrived," she said—"the Senator's legal wife, as he calls her."

"Good God!" said Adele.

"Yes," said Miss Dacier, "good God. Good God from every point of view. It will kill the Senator among other things. I don't suppose she stopped to think of that. No, she heard things in Washington, she said. She heard things in Washington and she thought it time to assert her legal rights to come to her husband's bedside. She wants to assert her legal rights to kill him, because just the sight of her would send him into a rage—in fact just the knowledge that she was here in the house. And a rage would kill him."

Miss Dacier paused to catch her breath before she concluded with the rather remarkable statement, "I've locked her in the library!"

Adele regarded her with a look of amazed admiration.

"You've locked her in the library!" she repeated.

"Yes, and told the servants not to let her out. It's my house, after all. She might have remembered that it was before she drove up to the front door unannounced."

"But you can't keep her in the library forever, Miss Dacier."

"That," said Miss Dacier grimly, "is the trouble."

Adele had to think quickly. The way to her own instant departure was



clearly indicated. An instant departure was in truth being forced upon her. She went to Miss Dacier and patted the back of her hand sympathetically.

"I can't tell you how sorry I am about all the complications that seem to be piling up on you, Miss Dacier, and you'll understand, I'm sure, that I'm in no position to advise or to—well, I can't say what I think as freely as you can. The only thing I can do is to eliminate myself as soon as possible. It's out of the question, naturally, that the Senator's wife and I—the good old phrase is the best—that the Senator's wife and I should 'sleep under the same roof.'"

Hester nodded a gloomy acquiescence.

"Yes," she said bitterly, "she has made it impossible for everybody. All I can do is to apologize for her."

"There's no need of that, Miss Dacier. If you don't mind, I'll ring for the maid to help me pack. Do you know when the first train goes?"

Miss Dacier said ruefully that there was one in an hour, but she insisted that Adele drive in the limousine to the city.

"Just a moment," objected Adele. "I forgot to ask. Does Mrs. Dacier know I'm here?"

"She said she knew it. She said she had heard people saying so in Washington, and—"

"And she decided to dispossess me."

"That," said Miss Dacier, "is about the sum of it. You know that I wish to heaven you would stay in spite of her. But I haven't insulted you by begging you to do so."

Adele smiled and shook her head.

"One of the ladies has to leave, and in a case like this I think you'll find that it's not often the wife who goes.

. . . Legality has its privileges, Miss Dacier."

She was packed and ready to depart in twenty minutes. The tin box she had managed to squeeze into her small suitcase which she herself carried down the stairs to the hall.

Miss Dacier was waiting for her. In one hand she held a large key—to the library, thought Adele, and laughed aloud.

"Yes," said Hester with a valiant toss of her head, "I don't trust her. She would be quite capable of rushing in on the Senator the minute I let her loose."

She put her arm on Adele's shoulder.

"You won't mind if I kiss you, my dear?" she asked gravely. "It is very seldom, you see, that I have the privilege of meeting such a splendid person. Good-by, Miss Bates, and may God bless you and be as generous to you as you're being to others."

In the limousine Adele wondered if she was being in the least generous to anybody. At her feet lay the suitcase with the tin box and a hundred and two thousand dollars. In a little more than an hour she would be back in Washington. As far as Carlos was concerned she had but obeyed his orders and returned promptly. There was now not the slightest doubt in her mind that he would gladly make her his legal wife.

"Legal wife," she repeated. The words had a new and an unpleasant connotation.

"Legal wife?"

It gave her a little mental shudder; but once again she tried to be honest with herself. Was it the institution of marriage that had ceased to appeal to her, or was it the person called Carlos?

The latter, she thought; and she was rather inclined to thank God.



# THE N.R.A. GOES INTO ACTION

BY FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

WE CAN hardly remember those pre-election fears that, in spite of his intelligence, his political acumen and liberal views, Franklin Roosevelt's fault as an executive would be weakness and vacillation. When on the day of his inauguration and as his first official act, he issued the executive order closing all the banks it was the command "Attention!" so long waited for. It cleared the air like a thunder-clap. Now, something could be done. But what? What plan, what program should we set out upon?

In these autumn days in Washington, someone with a reminiscent turn of mind will ask, "Do you remember when we had all the plans?" For in the electric atmosphere that followed upon the thunder-clap there ensued those weeks now spoken of as "The Period of the Plans." Frances Perkins reported that into her office alone had come more than two thousand separate plans, and that an extra office force was necessary merely to open and classify them. During that period also confidence and hope were heightened by the daily interruption of the orderly proceedings of Congress "to receive a message from the President of the United States." These were the consecutive messages, short and simple and clear, in which he asked for immediate legislation on vital issues, and the granting to himself of tremendous emergency powers. He not only asked for power, but fully accepted the grave responsibilities conferred.

The thirty-hour week Black Bill had emerged into the light. A minimum wage amendment to this bill in the House gave it importance and a promise of efficacy, and brought it into line as an administration measure under the recommendations and amendments presented by Frances Perkins at the House Committee hearings on the bill. Industrialists, economists, financiers, and labor leaders appeared before the committee with their views on the workability of the short-hour minimum-wage proposal. For ten days these hearings held the center of the stage. We grew familiar with the phrases "putting a bottom to wages" and "restoring purchasing power." We also grew familiar with the phrase "Industrial Control," in spite of the administration's avoidance of the term. For the Perkins proposals, which would have imposed minimum wages and maximum hours on all industry, were moving in the direction of control; this revised Black Bill would have been, in effect, the Blanket Code we came to later—a Blanket Code enforceable by law. But this was going a little too fast. The psychology of the public was not yet ready for this drastic step. Nor, more importantly, was big industry.

It was at this point then, just as we had begun to have the naïve illusion that at last the government was about to separate itself from the financial-industrial power and exert its clear political prerogative, that industry



came forward, the President went half way to meet it, and the "partnership between business and government" began. Within the space of a few days the Black Bill was abandoned as an administration measure and the drafting of the Industrial Recovery Bill, by which industry was given the chance for voluntary self-control, was under way. In a great deal less time than it takes to remember the details that went into the making of it, the Recovery Bill became a law, Congress was adjourned, its members dispersed, and we found ourselves in the hands of a President with vast executive power, and a new figure in the center of the stage in the person of General Hugh Johnson, Administrator of the Act. This was June 16th.

The halcyon days of planning had come abruptly to an end. We were committed to a plan. With an effort we drew in our imaginations, which for weeks had ranged the empyrean, to the confines of this plan. Already its machinery, set up weeks before the measure became a law, had begun to operate.

But something else was also under way. Factories had opened, workers had been taken on, machines speeded up, the old "stretch-out system" employed, all in feverish haste to pile up stocks of goods before higher wages and shorter hours should be enforced, and still operating under the Hoover Share-The-Work plan by which three men often worked for the pay of one. Prices went up. The inevitable orgy of speculation began. The stock market boomed. In spite of the constant warnings of the administration that true recovery had not begun, newspapers ballyhooed this false recovery. General Johnson called it "the fear of inflation and a shot-in-the-arm recovery." He warned of the danger that over-production, taking place before the restoration of purchasing power,

would defeat the purposes of the Act. The newspapers, so long starved for good news, ignored these warnings and continued to salute the return of the good old days. America was herself again. And so, in bitter truth, she was. Big business delayed the preparation of codes. Perhaps, after all, the old laissez-faire policy might work.

## II

In Washington attention was centered on the industrial recovery administration. General Johnson, with his easy informal manner and straight-from-the-shoulder talk, had sold himself completely to the newspaper men. It was understood that the most powerful labor leaders here were also "sold on Johnson," believed he had really seen the light. He was a "big two-fisted guy, with a heart of gold." He frankly said, "We don't say this thing will work. We don't know whether it will or not. But it's what we're going to try. And it *won't* work unless everybody in the country gets behind it to make it work." It was the administration's plan to get at least four or five of the major industries, the employers of mass labor, to come in first with codes; the strategic value of this device was obvious. But in spite of many fine words about co-operation on the part of industry, the thing was easier said than done.

Only one important industry had submitted its code, the Cotton Textile Industry, which brought in a code within an hour after the Recovery Act was signed, on June 16th. And ten days later, the delay only occasioned by the administration's disappointed hope that other codes would come in, we sat in the auditorium of the vast Department of Commerce Building listening to the first public hearings under the Recovery Act, the hearing on the Cotton Textile Code.

This hearing was hailed as "the most important historical occasion since the signing of the Declaration of Independence," as "the bloodless revolution"; and General Johnson said that we were "about to be witnesses of what may prove one of the most momentous meetings of this kind that has ever been held anywhere. We have presented here from a great industry, with practical unanimity, a suggestion of a method whereby management in that industry and labor in that industry have joined hands in cooperation to pull this country out of the difficulties in which we have been for the last three years." His reference to "management and labor joining hands" was a little premature but could be forgiven in the emotion of that day. I hardly think he would use the phrase again.

These hearings on codes have subsequently become commonplace, going on half a dozen simultaneously in every available auditorium in Washington. Other hearings were to be more important, Steel for example, Coal, and Oil. But the Cotton Textile hearing had the importance of being first and setting a precedent, and no other public hearing can present so clear a picture of the forces at work in our industrial life. It was also the simplest in outline; the simplicity was false perhaps, but at least it enabled one to comprehend the industrial problem as a whole with some notion of the complexities involved. It could be seen with one pair of eyes. General Johnson had said, "We've got to do this job in a goldfish bowl." Later, when a half dozen hearings were going on at once, the goldfish bowl expanded to such proportions that it was more like trying to look at all the fish in the ocean at once. But this first hearing *was* the goldfish bowl, with the big fish and little fish almost indecently exposed if you followed the psychological and factual implications of the witnesses who

appeared. It was the gala performance with the full cast of stars, the authorities there in person. The later hearings were in the hands of deputy administrators, second companies of the original play, with members of the first company making only brief occasional appearances.

When I entered the Auditorium and saw the setting and disposal of the characters on that stage, my mind sought vainly and somehow frantically, as if it were important, for some precedent, some analogy for the scene. I think no one there that day escaped this curious experience. There was a strange excitement in the realization that there was no precedent and no analogy to rest upon. We were here embarked on something new. I confess that to this drama I responded with something very near to the emotion of patriotism, an emotion rare with me, perhaps because it lies so deep. Searching for an analogy, I could think only of "Soviet," and I can understand why one local correspondent has ever since that day referred to General Johnson as "Commissar." Perhaps it was only because the day was hot and they wore no coats, which reminded one of the Russian blouse. Perhaps it was the commanding presence of General Johnson, his heavy sun-tanned face, his rough and oddly effective voice, his forthright manner of down-to-business and no red tape and foolishness. He faced the audience from the center of the long table on the raised platform. At his right sat his chief legal counsel, Donald Richberg, with his documents spread before him. To his left and just behind him sat Alexander Sachs, the statistician with his loose-leaf books of figures in his lap. At one end of the long table sat Deputy Administrator Allen, rotund, black-mustached, looking like a prosperous young business man. At the other end of the table



stood the empty witness chair. In a wide semicircle behind the table were seated the three Advisory Boards, Industry, Labor, and Consumer. On the floor of the auditorium, press tables stood along the walls, and a long press table across the front, just below the stage. The room was dominated by Johnson, as a great actor dominates a theater.

The proceedings were hardly under way when the idea of a soviet faded from my mind. Too many familiar phrases and factors had entered in. We were on home ground again, but there *was* the sense of moving into another neighborhood.

Mr. George A. Sloan, President of the Cotton Textile Institute, presented and read the code prepared by a committee of the Institute, which provided:

A minimum wage for all unskilled employees—except learners during a six weeks' apprenticeship, cleaners and outside employees—of \$10 per week in the South and \$11 in the North.

A maximum work week of 40 hours for all employees, except repair shop crews, engineers, electricians, firemen, office supervisory staff, shipping, watchmen and outside crews, and cleaners.

A limit of the operation of "productive machinery" to two shifts of 40 hours each per week.

The provisions specifically required and worded in the Recovery Act giving labor the right to organize and bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing.

An agency for the collection of reports on the observance of the code, and for the recommendation of changes as need required.

I am told privately, and on good authority, that the difficulties encountered in the preparation and working out of this code between the units of the industry were "practically negligible." Whether this be good news or bad I do not know. When competitors get together with so much amiability one wonders why and how.

It was explained to me that the industry, with one or two exceptions, had passed into the hands of educated and enlightened men, technicians, with a social point of view, and these men naturally found it possible to move forward with the times.

After the formalities, in which General Johnson was introduced to tremendous applause, Donald Richberg outlined the procedure to be followed. Industry was to be heard from first, Labor and Consumer afterward.

Mr. Robert Amory presented the case for the code from the point of view of the North. The case for the Southern mills was presented by Mr. William G. Anderson, of the Bibbs Manufacturing Company, Macon, Georgia. Mr. Amory's statement was to the point and factual with the explanation as to how the figures were arrived at, all in the manner of the modern liberal industrialist.

It was Mr. Anderson, handsome, white-mustached Southerner of the old school, who brought us back so promptly to our familiar America. He obviously liked making speeches, was genial and friendly as if he felt the occasion were one for congratulations and mint juleps all round. It was a speech full of hearts and flowers and the romance of the South, a happy agricultural community where "we are all of one common blood and ancestry, and anything like class distinction is practically non-existent." He was the only speaker, North or South, who defended the principle of company-owned mill villages. He not only defended them; he grew lyrical in describing the life of the workers, who enjoyed the benefits of the services bestowed upon them by the generous mill owners. These benefits were used, of course, in defense of the differential in wages, ten dollars in the South as against eleven dollars in the

North. He entered here the still pleasanter field of statistics, statistics as thick as daisies, and twice as big. He was speaking of a certain group of mills "with which he was familiar," his own company. He deluged us with figures showing the value to the workers of the housing provided for them, at "nominal rental," and with enormous figures on other items, water and light, nursing services, coal bought from the company at reduced prices, free schooling, free group insurance, and co-operative insurance at a nominal rate through company arrangement; he arrived at a grand total of "savings to workers" of \$356,808.78, or \$2.16 per person per week. He said that all this "is a work in which the mill owners of the South take a great deal of delight and pleasure," and continually referred to all critics of mill villages as "thoughtless and uninformed writers and speakers." Carried away by his own eloquence, and repeatedly interrupted by Deputy Administrator Allen and General Johnson, who admonished him that he must follow the rules of procedure already laid down, which required witnesses to present only factual statements that applied to the whole industry, and not to indulge in general argument, Mr. Anderson seemed only inspired to higher flights.

He entered upon an extraordinary defense of the workers. He had heard, he said, President Roosevelt make a speech in the South several years ago on the subject of "social consciousness" which had impressed him greatly and it often came into his mind. He seemed to have got the idea that it was the mill workers who had been accused of a lack of social consciousness, and he flew to their defense with batteries of statistics on activities carried on and financed by the workers themselves—their clubs, their Girls' Reserves, their Boy Scouts, their contributions to charity. He told about

their good hearts and social activities; during the year 1932, it seemed, the workers made 45,604 visits to newcomers and to the sick and shut-ins; sent 5,803 bouquets of flowers, 5,911 trays of food, and made and distributed 4,011 garments to people poorer than themselves. "Talk about community consciousness," cried Mr. Anderson, "talk about starving people! There is no such thing, and these figures show it."

The press tables enjoyed all this very much indeed; whispers and notes went back and forth. "He's in the pay of the communists, he can't be merely A. F. of L." And one note, passed down the tables from hand to hand, recalled a speech made by Mr. Anderson before a Sunday gathering in which he was said to have recommended a budget of \$1.35 a week for a textile worker's family of four, and to have added that by increasing this budget to \$1.68 a week, "such luxuries as meat, coffee, and sugar could be included." (Meat, my masters, is a luxury!) This note added, "Company retired fifty per cent of its preferred stock in 1930."

He ended his speech with a fine flourish on the subject of child labor, saying "I am really sorry that this subject was introduced," and accusing the critics of "using this question of child labor as window-dressing to write and speak on." "The point," he said, "is purely statistical. There is no child labor problem in industry in the United States, as I will show by these statistics. The only real child labor problem we have in this country is found on the farms." And he proceeded to prove it by statistics, after "agreeing on what constitutes a child."

One wonders why the committee for the industry chose Mr. Anderson to make this speech. Perhaps it was a reward for being so good. But it did



more to prejudice the audience against the operators in the industry than all the labor speeches did.

There was suddenly something pathetic about the whole scene. My feminine heart was touched. These industrialists were like children, just so many little children (remember the children in Richard Hughes' novel, *The Innocent Voyage*—the charming little children who terrorized the pirate crew, and little Emily who murdered the captive Dutchman, and had the kind old pirate captain hanged for it without ever knowing she had done anything wrong or even odd?).

### III

Now followed the speakers for groups claiming special positions and, therefore, special rights, exemptions, or changes in the code. These claims threw into relief the intricacy of our industrial machinery—the difficulty of treating a given industry as if it were a unit separable from all the rest.

Mr. C. A. Stillman, representing the "Big Four" tire companies, Goodyear, U. S. Rubber, Firestone, and Goodrich, all owning and operating cotton textile mills for the manufacture of their tire fabric, asked that their tire fabric mills be excluded from the term "Cotton Textile Industry." He particularly objected to the code's limitation of the operating hours of machinery, since it disturbed the balance of the tire-producing capacity. But Mr. F. A. Seiberling, representing the independent tire manufacturers, who buy their tire fabric in the open market, objected to exempting the "Big Four," since this would give them an advantage over the smaller independents of approximately twenty-five cents per tire in manufacturing cost.

The Upholstery and Drapery Association, working on a code of their own, asked to be excluded from the

Cotton Textile Code for the reason that their looms work on silk, wool, and rayon, as well as cotton, and their labor is highly skilled. The American Knitwear Association, also working on a code, urged that major codes be put into effect simultaneously to avoid hard feeling in communities.

And now there appeared a succession of mill owners expressing widely varying points of view on the efficacy of the code, but all exhibiting the simple fact that no man, however liberal his general point of view, wants his business penalized by the code.

Mr. Watson of Johnson & Johnson, manufacturers of surgical dressings, operating mills both North and South with "model mill villages and cordial relations between managers and employees," objected to the limitation of machinery operation on the ground that it "penalized efficient mills with decent working conditions (which are a part of efficiency) in favor of inefficiency, and would result in a decrease of employment in efficient plants. The limitation of machinery operation to 80 hours per week (two shifts of workers at 40 hours each) had been put into the code for the purpose of stabilizing production and for the protection of small units with insufficient housing for more shifts of workers. But Johnson & Johnson claimed that the provision would not limit production, since there was nothing to prevent the buying of more machinery, and that it worked a hardship upon their company. Their mills, said Mr. Watson, producing a special product by a special and secret process, ran on a 48-hour shift for the workers but continuous operation for the machine. They used the most modern equipment, which "will be obsolete before it is worn out unless operated at full capacity," and the curtailment of its use would have the effect of taking business from the efficient plants and giv-

ing it to the inefficient ones with the cost passed on to the consumer.

General Johnson asked: "And if the more efficient plants turn out more units of production at less man hours, what happens to employment?"

"You are going," said Mr. Watson, "to limit man hours and raise wages, and we are going to pay them, and we have been paying them." He said they were willing to submit to any limitation of man hours, and a minimum wage of \$14 and \$15 with no exceptions below that minimum; but the shorter machine hours imposed by the code would mean in their mills alone the discharge of 500 workers and an increased cost of the product passed on to the consumer.

Mr. Henry Kendall, of the Kendall Company, also manufacturers of surgical dressings and textiles, did not agree with the Johnson & Johnson stand on continuous machinery operation, "though," he said, "it will work a similar hardship on us." He said he had been shouting from the housetops for years that the country is oversupplied with production machinery.

Mr. Kendall disapproved of the code's exceptions to the minimum wage and maximum hours, and especially urged that women and minors be eliminated from night shifts. On the long-disputed subject of mill villages, he said that the owners avoid municipal taxes by taking the mills into the country where they are subject to the much lower county tax (a point already brought out by General Johnson during Mr. Anderson's testimony), and that the cost of the services rendered to the workers was greatly offset by the reduced tax.

Now it appeared that the last two speakers, Mr. Watson and Mr. Kendall, were the liberals of the Industry. It may be, however, that the manufacturers of well known trade-marked goods, with established markets and demand

—Johnson & Johnson's long famous medical supplies, and the Kendall Company's Kotex and Kleenex, for example—can afford to be liberals. Neither of them, after all, had suggested giving up very much, but both did mention the "hardship" worked on them by the code.

But if Mr. Watson and Mr. Kendall appeared to be the liberals, Mr. F. C. Dumaine of the Amoskeag mills in New Hampshire, who now came to the witness stand, appeared to be the positive radical of the Industry. He delivered so wholesale a denunciation of the Cotton Textile Industry for its "reckless and unbusinesslike methods," its "ruthless competitive practices forcing wages and workers' living conditions down below all American standards," that we believed that he had really seen the light and was about to propose sweeping revisions of the code in the spirit of the Recovery Act. He even delivered his specific proposals—"a *national single shift* of 48 hours for all industry, and no regional differential in wages!"—in such ringing tones that we had the illusion that he was proposing something really magnificent. It was only later in a calmer moment that we realized that he had really proposed fewer workers, longer hours, and less advantage to his competitors in the South. It was then too that we recalled that he had said very softly and amiably that he "was willing to leave the question of minimum wages in the hands of the Committee, and so had nothing to say on that."

This completed the list of speakers for Industry. In the course of this testimony Senator Black of Alabama had appeared to plead that a simple code of 40 hours per week applied throughout the nation would not result in the re-employment of more than one million men, but a universal 30-hour week with a 6-hour day would re-employ more than six million men,



and had urged that it is useless to limit hours per week unless you limit also hours per day; and at the request of Senator Byrnes a committee, consisting of Robert Bruere, chairman, Major George Berry, and Mr. B. E. Geer, was appointed to investigate and report by July 15th on the "stretch-out."\* The "stretch-out" is the increase in number of machines tended by a single worker, often accompanied by the "speed-up" of the machine.

Also, on the second morning of the hearing, Mr. Sloan, chairman of the industry's code committee, had announced "a very important addition to the code." It had proved to be the addition of the clause eliminating child labor from the industry.

This clause had been added only after General Johnson had brought out by leading questions the fact that child labor would be "automatically" dispensed with in the industry, since its only advantage to the employer was low wage compared to the adult wage, and with a minimum wage in effect, the advantage to the employer would be removed.

It is ironical that in the richest country in the world, and after the very unsentimental reason had been so clearly stated, this announcement should have been the occasion for applause and compliments so fulsome that you would have thought the gentlemen of the textile industry had just sacrificed some dearly won advantage for the common good. The applause of the little row of welfare workers in the audience, who had spent twenty years and more in the vain

struggle to rescue children from sweat-shops, was somehow most ironical of all.

There had been few enough causes for applause and compliments, although the compliments of General Johnson to the industry for being first to come forward and submit a code were well deserved. And perhaps they deserved to be complimented on their lack of sentimentality; but it was amazing that in all the statements made by them there was no evidence that any one of these industrialists had grasped the fundamental practical purpose of the Recovery Act, which was to transform workers into consumers of manufactured goods. It was only from labor that we heard of this.

#### IV

Now it was Labor's turn to take the stage. (It is to be remembered that Labor neither signs nor has a direct hand in the making of the submitted codes. The codes are submitted by the industrialists, and the open hearing is Labor's first day in court.) And as with one voice the representatives of Labor protested that the 40-hour week was too long and the minimum wage of \$10 and \$11 was too low.

From the slightly bewildered speech of Thomas McMahon, President of the United Textile Workers, who had acted as Deputy Administrator Allen's Labor Adviser during the preliminary conferences on the Code; through the machinists' and electricians' organizations' clear-cut demands for a stated minimum based on normal wages for these highly skilled crafts, as well as their inclusion in the 40-hour maximum with pay and a half for overtime; to the dignified statements of President William Green and John Frey, both of the A. F. of L. and the administrator's Labor Advisory Board, submitting briefs to support their rec-

\* I have read the stenographic transcript of the open hearings held by the committee in Southern mill towns, at which workers appeared to testify, and I know what the stretch-out means. I know it out of the eloquent mouths of the workers themselves. These hearings took place on July 14th and 15th—two days before the code was to go into effect—and every worker questioned on the subject had either heard nothing of any change or had been told that he would have to speed up on the 17th or look for another job. The Committee's report recommended the setting up of machinery for complaint and arbitration, and this has been incorporated into the code.

commendations for a higher minimum and shorter hours—and the brilliant and telling plea of Sidney Hillman, President of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and also member of the Labor Advisory Board, to the rousing demands of Miss June Croll who appeared for the left wing textile group—Labor brought figures and arguments to support the contention that the hours and wages as proposed by the code would neither reabsorb a sufficient number of the unemployed nor give them a decent living wage, nor would they effect the purpose of the program from the employer's point of view: that is, the restoration of labor to its consumer role.

This bloodless revolution is being fought with figures instead of bullets, and figures are an ammunition free to the workers as to capital, which often seems to make of these hearings a statistical melee, with all sides dipping into the same arsenal of government statistics but aiming their guns at different points.

Mr. Green of the A. F. of L. quoted the President's statement of policy made on the signing of the Act,

that no business which depends for existence on paying less than living wages to its workers has any right to continue in this country. By "business," I mean the whole of commerce as well as the whole of industry; by workers I mean all workers—the white collar class as well as the man in overalls; and by living wages I mean more than a bare subsistence level—I mean the wages of decent living . . . the idea is simply for employers to hire more men to do the existing work by reducing the work hours of each man's week and at the same time pay a living wage for the shorter week.

He quoted cost of living studies, based on the latest figures of the Bureau of Labor Statistics for 1932, which showed that the minimum average for all regions of the United States, necessary to support a family of 5 in

health and efficiency, is \$31 a week, and that a bare subsistence wage is \$26.77, based on present living costs. If prices go back to the 1926 level, which is the goal the Recovery Act seeks to achieve, the minimum health and efficiency wage for this family would be \$41 per week. Therefore, a wage of \$10 or \$11 a week condemns two people in a normal family to work and still does not give them the bare subsistence wage, let alone the wage of decent living. The cotton textile industry, said Mr. Green, "has failed to contribute its proportionate share to the nation's purchasing power." It has the lowest average wage of any of the 104 industries reported by the Labor Department, except one—shirts and collars, which pays an average of \$9.50 compared to textile's \$10.40 a week.

As to the 40-hour week, Mr. Green said that the 40 hours, at the May, 1933, rate of operation, could put 69,700 men and women to work; a 30-hour week could put 210,500 to work; a 32-hour week, 175,300.

All Labor speakers warned of the danger that a minimum wage would become the maximum—that employers would lower wages in the higher brackets in order to raise wages in the lower brackets without increasing the payroll. Every witness for the industry, when questioned on this point by General Johnson or Mr. Allen, had said that it was their understanding and intention that wages in the higher brackets should rise in proportion to the lower brackets. But Labor seemed skeptical of this, without a specific provision in the code. Labor speakers also urged a "real minimum," since the exceptions to the minimum rate in the code gave no aid to the workers who most needed it, and afforded an opportunity for wide classification of workers into that rhetorical anomaly, the below-minimum class. (Call a man an apprentice or a cleaner and



you could still pay him any wage you saw fit.)

John P. Davis, Executive Secretary for the Negro Industrial League, made an effective plea for the Negro workers in the Southern textile mills, most of whom come under the classifications excluded from the minimum wage. He presented impressive figures as to the normal purchasing power of the Negro population in the South, and, noting the decrease in our export trade, suggested that it behooved the industry not to disregard the potential domestic market at its very door.

There was a ghost at this statistical feast, which now and then materialized sufficiently to be recognized—the ghost of our dear departed friend, Technocracy. It was not wanted there, but ghosts are unwittingly summoned, and it had appeared briefly and faintly once or twice in the testimony of the industrialists. It entered fully materialized—though it was never called by name—in the testimony of John Frey, speaking in his capacity as Secretary and Treasurer of the Metal Trades branch of the A. F. of L. Mr. Frey prefaced the submission of his excellent compilation of statistical data with a statement on the subject of the “economic maladjustment which developed during the years which we thought were the most prosperous.” He spoke of the machines’ enormous increase of production of goods per single-man power, and of the consequent creation between 1923 and 1929 of a permanent army of unemployed numbering between a million and a million and a half.

At this point he was interrupted by General Johnson who said, “Of course we are all zealous protagonists of the thesis you are developing and that was the basis of this law. . . . What you have said so far is part of our Bible.”

Mr. Frey returned, “As it is part of

your Bible, might I take one or two texts from it?”

Mr. Frey’s “texts” and General Johnson’s objections revealed one of the major difficulties of the N. R. A. program. As General Johnson has had continually to remind us, and as he repeated often in that hearing, “We are addressing an emergency.” And it is impossible, paradoxically, to take up so fundamental a problem as technological unemployment in the emergency program as it is laid down. There is no time to proceed on the basis of long-range economic planning. The emergency must be somehow met, and we must apparently assume that there is something like a normal to which we may seek to return. The immediate end—to raise wages and shorten hours in order to decrease unemployment and increase purchasing power—so that our present industrial competitive system may endure, must be achieved at once. If we are immediately to reabsorb enough of our unemployed to start the wheels moving again, we must halt the technological advance, and retain workers in the smaller and less efficient plants, despite protests such as those made by Johnson & Johnson.

Nevertheless, there is no such thing as an emergency program without a long-range effect, and these fundamental industrial problems cannot be kept out of the hearings. Mr. Frey contended that he was unwilling to commit himself to a statement that any condition justifies discontinuing machinery, or going back to older obsolete methods in order to carry on production. “I cannot conceive of our working soundly if in order to put everyone to work we discontinue our railroad transportation and have the transportation men trundle wheelbarrows or carry goods on their backs as they do in China. There is an answer to it, and that is that as improved methods

of production are introduced in industry, industry must match them by a continual reduction in the hours of labor."

Sidney Hillman, who followed Mr. Frey, said, "If we have got to make an error let us make it on the side of shortening the hours a little more and meet three months from now another emergency—that of a labor shortage. I think we would all be happy to see that." He added that in his own industry, the clothing industry, they looked forward to no re-employment on the 40-hour week. "We would need, on a basis of to-day, a 27-hour week to take care of the people put out of our industry." To meet the employers' objection that housing would not be sufficient in the mill villages if more workers were taken on, he suggested that "the government spend some money on this housing." As to the \$10 minimum, he called it absurd, and said, "We would have to build up a city confined to sweatshops to be able to supply clothing to people earning \$10 per week."

At this point, just as we had adjusted ourselves to Labor's point of view, a belated witness for industry appeared, Mr. B. D. Gordon of the Massachusetts Knitting Mills, who with his brother owns and operates four hosiery mills and 40 retail units. He argued excitedly against a higher minimum wage on the ground that "there would be no incentive on the part of the worker to produce sufficient merchandise in a given period of time. It is not human to rush, if there is not enough of an incentive for the extra exertion. . . . Minimum wages at a high level," argued Mr. Gordon, who apparently considered ten dollars a week an income at which ambition would stop, "can become of very sinister importance to the economic well-being of this country." He said that in countries where a higher minimum wage

had been tried this had been proved and that the worker as consumer "had not been able to buy back the goods thus produced at higher cost." (Which last is precisely the condition produced in this country because wages were so low, is it not?)

We seemed to be thinking in circles here, and were in exactly the mood for the comedy relief inadvertently afforded by the appearance of Miss Maud Younger of the National Woman's Party at the very moment when an amplifier was being set up, presumably for the weakened voice of the Consumer group about to appear. With the shifting of the amplifier, Miss Younger's voice was shifted so that the well-known Woman's Party plea for no exceptions for women seemed to issue from a little Spanish balcony over our heads, then from directly under the press table, then from the audience and now and then surprisingly from the vicinity of Miss Younger herself, like a ventriloquist's act, or as if the omnipresent Woman's Party addressed us from all points of the room.

After this the Consumers spoke, in voices greatly if artificially magnified. Miss Lucy Mason, General Secretary of the National Consumers' League, and Miss Margaret Wieseman, Executive Secretary of the Consumers' League of Massachusetts, both urged a higher minimum wage from the point of view of Labor as Consumer, and submitted briefs on living costs.

This concluded the full list of the witnesses scheduled to appear. It had all been most polite, and General Johnson had succeeded in maintaining an atmosphere of co-operation and good will, of sweet reasonableness and accord. But the hearing had left the auditors a little confused. So many conflicting conclusions drawn from the same set of figures had left us a little dizzy, in a kind of statistical daze.



The barometer of confidence in the success of the whole scheme had gone up and down so violently that we were exhausted by the strain and inclined to feel that anything so complicated could hardly work at all.

It was in this low mood then, exhausted by four days' heat and the mental strain, that we were rewarded by an unexpected epilogue, a final knock-about scene, which stands in my notes as "General Johnson meets General Croll." This was the appearance of Miss June Croll, good-looking girl labor leader of the National Textile Workers Union, a left-wing group then out on strike against the stretch-out in New England. Her delivery was excellent, her manner direct and sure.

She announced that the code provided only the illusion of higher wages and more employment; that it provided them "mathematically" but not in practical truth; that the minimum wage was to be paid for 40 hours of work a week, but that the 40 hours of work were not guaranteed. "*We want the work!* A minimum of 30 hours guaranteed, and a maximum of 40 hours per week." She announced, in short, that the whole code was an illusion.

This was a great relief to hear. The day was hot and we were tired thinking about it and now we didn't have to think about it any more. The whole audience seemed to be cheered by this news and sat back to enjoy Miss Croll, who was speaking out loud in church. Only the authorities and the industrialists attempted to retain an attitude of boredom and indifference. For this girl was considered a dangerous Red, and yet of all the witnesses at that hearing, and certainly in the light of later events, Miss Croll seems to have most nearly invoked the spirit and the letter of the Recovery Act. She asked for guarantees to the workers, and among her specific proposals was a

guaranteed yearly wage of \$720 to every worker, the responsibility to be shared by industry and the government through an unemployment insurance plan. If you will compare this figure with the cost of living figures given earlier, it will hardly seem so extravagant; it is approximately half of the decent living wage for an average American family—and remember that the children will no longer work.

Miss Croll's assertions that neither the code nor the Act would operate to the workers' benefit stung General Johnson to sharp rebuke. There was brush after brush between them, but Miss Croll stood her ground. She leaned across the table and challenged him to let her prove her assertion that labor would be forced to arbitrate and deprived of its right to strike, by reading a section of the Recovery Act, which General Johnson refused to allow her to do. "I am astonished," said Miss Croll, "that in this of all places I am not allowed to read aloud from the National Recovery Act!"

It was on this point of Labor's right to organize in unions of its own choosing and its right to strike that General Johnson for the first time lost his equanimity and found himself at a loss for words. He was probably aware of being suspect in this regard, and justly suspect from Labor's point of view. For his record as an open-shop exponent during his connection with the Moline Plow Company was well known. And the right he fought against then is the one acknowledged boon granted to Labor by the Act he is now chosen to administer.

Miss Croll was the last as well as the stormiest witness. The hearing concluded with the presentation of the Industry's revised Code, with several amendments as to the functioning of its machinery, and with the minimum wage lifted from \$10 and \$11 to \$12 and \$13. This minimum, according

to Doctor Sachs, the administration's statistician, will restore the worker's wage to its pre-depression purchasing power, with the expected rise in the cost of living also figured in. Also, according to Doctor Sachs' figures, the 40-hour week will absorb all unemployed textile workers, and a number of others as well.

It remained now only for General Johnson to submit the code to the President with his recommendations.

## V

Nine days later—the delay again occasioned by the disappointed expectation of other major codes, for Big Industry still held off—the President approved the Cotton Textile Code subject to certain specified conditions, the most important of which read, *"The existing amounts by which wages in the higher paid classes, up to workers receiving \$30 per week, exceed wages in the lowest paid classes, shall be maintained."*

This news was received with applause. The administration really meant business, the purchasing power of Labor was really to be raised. Now we could think of other things, and there was a great deal to think about.

The atmosphere was hectic in Washington. Newspapers announced daily, hourly, that the big codes were about to come in. In the offices of the Recovery Administration there was intense activity day and night. Steel, the giant of industry, "would have its code in by sundown." But the sun set and rose again and all waited upon Steel.

With this magnificently suspended interest, heightened by the immediate threat of the Blanket Code, on the 13th and 14th of July the Big Industries came in all at once "like an avalanche"—Bituminous Coal, Petroleum, Electricity, Women's Cloak and Suit, Lum-

ber and Timber, Shipbuilders,—and on the 15th last and greatest, the behemoth, Steel. Not satisfactory codes, and no commitments made, but codes.

The newspapers were filled for the next few days with the news of these codes. And in the midst of this news, upon which all attention centered, there appeared on the 17th of July, the date on which the cotton code went into effect, "the text of seven executive orders issued by President Roosevelt on July 15th." The first six of these were routine orders, and it was by chance only that we read them through. The seventh order, which looked at first and even second glance like the simple order finally approving the Cotton Textile Code with the President's conditions accepted by the Industry, carried a substitute clause for the President's condition concerning higher bracket wages quoted above; a long clause, intricately worded, which, although no official interpretation has been forthcoming, provides merely and simply that no wages in the higher brackets shall be *lowered* by the provisions of the code. The Code giveth, the Code taketh away. At least one illusion was effectively dispelled—the illusion of wage-raises all along the line. The Administration had apparently been forced to make a working compromise with the embattled industrialists.

With the appointment on August 1st of the administration's three members—without vote—to the Cotton Textile Industry Planning and Supervisory Committee, the first Industrial Code Authority was set up. The voting members are the committee of the Cotton Textile Institute, and the non-voting administration members are General Johnson himself, Deputy Administrator Slater, and Dr. Leo Wolman, Chairman of the Labor Advisory Board.



And this was chapter one of the story of the first and simplest of the industrial codes. If this is simplest, what of the others? They are not only more complicated, they are less pleasant to review. All of the issues implicit in that first hearing have been repeated and intensified. The issue of the small producer against the tendency of Big Business toward monopoly; the evasions of the provisions of the codes; the question whether the codes may not result in an actual decrease of employment and a lessening of purchasing power. And the issue of Labor's right to organize in unions of its own choosing for collective bargaining has been most clearly drawn. We have seen Steel and Coal stand firm against this right. We have seen the coal miners of Pennsylvania, striking for this right, repudiate the truce arranged by General Johnson and John Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers, and go back to work only upon the personal word of President Roosevelt that their right would be assured. The machinery of arbitration has been strengthened and elaborated, and with the setting up of the national arbitration board so respectable a citizen as Miss Mary Van Kleeck of the Russell Sage Foundation has resigned from the Federal Advisory Council of the new government Employment Service, assigning as her reason the very points

alleged by Miss June Croll, and protesting in particular against the personnel of the arbitration or "mediation" board.

Will this period presently be ended, and will it be remembered as "The Period of the Voluntary Codes"?

## VI

I am convinced that this Administration does not intend to fail. I am convinced that it is, and was from the beginning, prepared to take far more drastic action than has yet been taken; that it has pursued a brilliant policy of moving no farther forward than the moment and the psychology of the country are prepared for; that it has succeeded in synchronizing the "will of the people" and the act; that if the Recovery under the present set-up should break down, it is prepared, at the right psychological moment, to go as far as is necessary, or to complete control. And where does this lead us? Into Fascism, or away from it? Industrial control of government, or government control of industry? There are those who say that there can be no control without ownership. And the communists say there can be no planned economy in a competitive system; that too many blind forces are involved. And this may be so. But gently, gently. We go too fast.



# HOUSEKEEPING IN FIVE LANGUAGES

BY ALICIA O'REARDON OVERBECK

IN THE brief span of ten years—my husband is a mining engineer—I have kept house in five languages. Whenever I am granted the blessed privilege of setting foot on my native soil I am received by my friends with sighs of wistful envy.

"It must be wonderful to live the way you do, always seeing different places, always meeting different people! *We* sit here in the same old place year after year, seeing the same people, doing the same things, mulling over the same ideas. I suppose *you* speak all sorts of languages fluently. It must be so romantic!"

It has been my habit to assure my envious comrades, albeit with tongue in cheek, that the roving life was the life for me, that a wardrobe trunk and a dressing case were all the hearth and home I craved, that I adored leaping aboard a transatlantic liner with no more thought than they would take in catching a ferryboat.

Now I should like to cease my happy piping and say a few words on the trials of an itinerant housekeeper and on the disillusionment of too much travel. I should like to admit that I don't speak any foreign language fluently—languages, unlike measles, are not acquired by mere exposure—and to wax lyric on the smooth delight of every day and all day giving voice in one's native tongue. I should like to call attention to the advantages of knowing the customs of one's community: of being sure when to call and

on whom, of what to do if a neighbor dies or gets married, of when to arrive and when to leave social affairs, of how to address a dinner partner, even of how to hold a knife and fork in the approved fashion—in other words, of belonging, of being an American among other Americans rather than an outsider who is either tolerated or frankly not wanted.

On the fullness, the depth, and the breadth of these advantages I speak with a certainty that can be achieved only by one who for most of her life has been deprived of them. Since early infancy I have been springing hither and thither over the face of the earth; for a long stretch I lived in England and enjoyed the doubtful distinction of being known as "Young Yank"; and during the past ten years I have not only lived but have kept house in South America, in Sweden, in France, in Switzerland, and in Germany. It is these last years that have put the final stamp of approval on American home life.

The first six of these years were spent in the Bolivian Andes. At the time I felt that living in a tent, existing almost entirely out of tin cans, picking the ice supply from a nearby glacier, and having food deliveries cut off every now and then by an avalanche or by a flood made of life a pretty trying business. But to offset these disadvantages there were compensations which I did not properly value until I had to do without them. For instance, we always



lived in camps of the mining company employing my husband, and these definitely belonged to us. Our Company guarded us against any possible social or racial unpleasantness like a motherly hen with a brood of occasionally unruly but on the whole valuable chicks. Then Spanish is easy to learn and South Americans are easy to live with. They are *simpáticos*, to use their own words—socially minded, gay, and quick-witted. If the foreigner has habits different from theirs, they'll meet him half way. If the foreigner's Spanish is wobbly, they'll catch his meaning with an almost clairvoyant agility. Even my little Bolivian grocery boy unerringly felt that the *Señora* really wanted a can of crackers when she clamored for a can of hens, and that when she demanded a *hombre gallina* she had in mind a rooster.

Several years of European house-keeping have quickened my appreciation of Latin Americans.

## II

From Bolivia, just south of the Equator, we were suddenly swept to Northern Sweden, almost on the Arctic Circle. Our new home was in the camp of a large gold mine presumed controlled by the late Ivar Kreuger; and here we were not only the lone representatives of America but of the English language. Here we were indeed foreigners—outsiders—among a self-sufficient, intensely self-satisfied people. Here no one had the slightest intention of meeting us half way, or a tenth of the way for that matter; and it was up to us to find out how things were done and then do them.

My initial task was to set aside my painfully acquired Spanish and take on Swedish; and the Swedish tongue, I soon discovered, though agreeable to the ear, is a nightmare to learn. There is a story of one of our American dip-

lomats who, having mastered three words of Swedish during his first year in the country, asked a young thing of Stockholm to suggest three more with which he might wrestle during the second year.

"Suppose," she answered sweetly, "you devote the coming year to learning to pronounce your first three words correctly."

And I had to settle down on this language, to learn to say "Good-morning" and "Good-evening," "Thank you" and "You're welcome"; to learn the days of the week and the months of the year; to learn to tell time and to count (for the year and a half we lived in Sweden I never got higher than ten); to learn the names of meals and of the things that made up meals. It was tough sledding. Several times during the first months I uttered sentiments that caused strong miners to blush scarlet and elegant ladies to take to cover, and my shopping was a series of major disasters. One of the most disturbing of these was when my delicately voiced request for a roll of toilet paper produced for me a can of pineapple. The greatest drawback to a foreigner's ever really learning Swedish, I found as time went by, lay in the inability or the disinclination (I never discovered which) of Swedes to grasp what you are trying to say. I have slaved over a word, muttered it to myself for days, rehearsed it to my husband, only to find when I aired it in public that not a soul knew what I was driving at. I would be asked to repeat it, to spell it, to repeat it again; and eventually someone might, with a cry of triumph, seize upon my treasure, give it a tilt at the beginning or the end, or a kink in the middle, and with a complacent "*Ja-So*" signify that I was understood.

But if language was a serious obstacle to my joy of life, it wasn't the only obstacle. European social customs are as different from ours as night

is from day. Swedes, I found, were extremely punctilious in social matters and highly class-conscious. In our camp, which was being hewed from the virgin forest of that desolate tract of land which lies between the top of the Gulf of Bothnia and the mountains of Norway, there were only three women of my alleged social class and, despite the barriers of language, I had expected, from my previous experience of mining camps, to see a good deal of them. After I had been in residence for a couple of weeks and had not even laid eyes on these social leaders, although I was living but a stone's throw from the group of snug red-and-white dwellings that housed the elect, I began to wonder. Finally the mine superintendent enlightened my husband.

"You haven't called on any of us," he said reproachfully.

"But," answered my husband, "in America newcomers are called on. They don't start the calling."

"They do in Sweden," he was told. "The new arrival calls first, and then, if her call is acceptable, it is returned within eight days."

So, like a dutiful American wife, I put on my best and called at half-past four of a Wednesday afternoon, only to discover later that both the hour and the day were wrong. My husband and I should have done the deed together at half-past eleven of a Sunday morning. However, I called.

To the maid who opened the door I conveyed by a wave of the hand and three brisk snorts that I would see her mistress. After what appeared to be a stubborn mental debate, she signalled that I might enter and, on my passing into the hall, deftly stripped me of my fur coat, my snow boots, and my mittens, ushered me into the drawing-room, and indicated a chair. I sat on this chair for fifteen minutes, which I learned later was the prescribed time. Then my hostess appeared. We shook

hands, and she made a speech in Swedish, to which I responded in English. Neither understood what the other said, and as we sat facing each other beads of perspiration rose to our respective brows. At the end of a few dreadful moments, when the silence had grown so heavy that it seemed to be choking me, I pointed to a stand of house plants that filled the window, and by a series of gutturals tried to intimate that I liked flowers and that I considered hers particularly fine specimens. She got up, with evident regret picked the only geranium in bloom, and pressed it on me with what might have been a chortle and might have been a sob. At this crisis the door opened and the maid came in, bearing a tray on which was a decanter of port and two small glasses. My hostess filled the glasses, and I, feeling weak and shaken, was about to snatch mine, when I caught the eye of the lady—an eye humid with pain, reproach, and pity. Quickly withdrawing my hand, I smiled wanly, tried to look nonchalant, and awaited developments. Very slowly my vis-à-vis raised her glass to the level of her wishbone and bowed. I followed suit. Then she continued the glass to the level of her lips, smiled, and bowed again. Still I followed suit. At last she pronounced the single word "Skål" and looked at me so firmly that almost involuntarily an echoing "Skål" burst from my stiff lips. We sipped genteelly and, backing up on the bows and smiles, finally returned the glasses to the table. By a nice timing of sips, between which I sought with convulsive groans and wild jitterings to convey the idea that I was having the whale of a time, fifteen minutes were spun out, as I knew by surreptitious peeks at my wrist watch, and I was free to leave.

I called on the three socially worthy ladies that memorable afternoon. Then home and, in the words of the im-



mortal Pepys, to bed—to bed for several days to collect strength for the return visits.

This was the beginning of my Continental social education. One of the things I learned first was that in Europe—or at least in those parts of Europe in which I have lived—there is none of the easy, friendly, spontaneous social life to which we in America are accustomed. Even in our obscure camp the three women never “visited” with one another in our sense of the word. They gave dinner parties—and I might say exceptionally good dinner parties—or they issued formal invitations for afternoon coffee drinking; but they never dashed in on one another, or sat and sewed together, or exchanged the time of day over an impromptu morning pick-me-up. The men of the camp had a wider social life. In winter they spent long, hilarious evenings over their *eau-de-vie* and Swedish punch; in the early autumn, when the white nights were beginning to shorten, they had their crawfish feasts; any old time they had their *svenssexa*, or wake for a comrade about to depart for the bleak shore of matrimony—affairs which often lasted two or three days. But the women had no part in these festivities. The place for the Swedish woman is still the home, but from her fortress she holds a tight rein on a social life that bristles with stern formalities.

And I had to get a line on these formalities. I soon discovered that a rapid-fire exchange of high-power dinner parties was the mainspring of this social life. If you were dined you were supposed to return the courtesy without needless delay. Guests, I found, were expected to be punctual, and they appeared unfailingly on your doorstep five minutes before the appointed hour even if they had had to drive fifty kilometers over a sheet of ice with the thermometer forty degrees below zero to do

it. Also, even such travelers must not be invited upstairs to take off their wrappings or repair damages. Guests removed outer garments and adjusted toilets in the entrance hallway, which was equipped with a mirror, a hairbrush, and a comb, under the eye of the maid and of their fellow-guests. As Swedish women use no make-up, this was probably not the serious hardship it would be to us Americans.

The seating of guests was a problem fraught with difficulties so delicate as to make the most hardened female quail; and here in the wilderness no tittle of ceremony was overlooked. Hostesses made little charts of their tables, and arranged their friends with a scrupulous regard not only to rank but to age. Imagine the tact required to place satisfactorily Herr Candidate for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy Feldstrom, who was forty-two and a half, and Herr Teacher of Foreign Languages Lindquist, who was but forty-two; or the possibilities of disaster that lay in seating Fru Collector of Harbor Taxes Andersson, who had already become forty, below Fru Direktor Larsson with her paltry thirty-five years!

Formal meals were invariably started with a set speech of welcome from the host, which was answered by an equally set speech of thanks from the most important male guest; and at intervals during the long drawn-out eating bout gentlemen rose, tapped on their glasses for silence, straightened their waistcoats, and addressed the party on this subject or that. Swedes love to talk almost as much as they love to eat.

Drinking—a fairly important part of Swedish social life—was surrounded by an almost ritualistic ceremony. Under no circumstances could you touch your glass unless you either “Skålled” or were “Skålled.” Host and hostess could “Skål” their visitors at will, but guests couldn’t “Skål” their

entertainers (unless at an affair of no more than seven covers) until the meal was about to end or until sufficient alcohol had been consumed to break down inhibitions. Again the young must not "Skål" their elders.

Even after I had skirted successfully all the social pitfalls set for the unwary—after I had sat tight in the drawing-room and had restrained my urge to dash into the hallway and help unwrap and thaw out my half-frozen guests, after I had seated all the Herrs and the Frus, after I had prodded my unwilling husband to his feet and sweated through the speech on which I had been drilling him for the past week, after I had smiled through six or seven speeches of which I barely understood a word, after I had "Skålled" and been "Skålled" until my head was swimming and my tongue felt like blotting paper, there was still one thing needed to round out the evening. That was the *nattmat*.

I have a theory, a theory which I never had the courage to prove, that without the *nattmat* a Swedish party simply wouldn't end at all. It would go on and on and on through the ages, a slowly fading, paling orgy of fruit eating and punch drinking, until at last the tottering guests would lay aside their serviettes and their fruit knives and their glasses and slip off into the unknown. Probably to avoid this calamity, round midnight *nattmat* is served; and ladies and gentlemen who have been steadily eating and drinking for six consecutive hours fall to with actual ardor on the immense platters of steaming herring, the mounds of boiled potatoes, the wicked, golden snapps, the bottles of beer, and the other stout victuals that constitute this parting snack.

Along with the ceremonies connected with dining my new neighbors, other small matters slowly seeped their way into my consciousness. I noticed

that age in Sweden is regarded more as an accomplishment than as a weakness, and that it is perfectly good form to ask a lady her age and to congratulate her on her attainment. Birthdays are celebrated with almost ferocious enthusiasm. At forty flags are flown, bands play, and relatives come trooping in from distant parts for several days of Gargantuan eating and drinking. At fifty the victor is presented with a silver loving cup by his singing society or his sodality, flowers are pressed on him by his delighted friends, and he is photographed, grasping the cup and surrounded by the floral offerings, for his local paper. At sixty he (or it might be she) is again feted, but on a still larger scale, and again featured as news. And so he mounts on a rising tide of glory, until the hilarious birthdays are cut short by a nice, jolly funeral.

Another thing I noticed, although not until I was threatened with social ostracism, was that titles must be meticulously observed. Herr Direktor, Herr Professor, Herr Doktor, Herr Engineer were simple enough, but some of the lesser and longer titles were distinctly unnerving. If, for example, you had dealings with a gentleman in the wholesale way, you couldn't lightly address him as Mr. Petersson. He is Herr Grosshandlare Petersson, and his wife is Fru Grosshandlare Petersson. Furthermore, you must not accost him with a careless, "Well, how's the world, Herr Grosshandlare Petersson?", but shift into third and ask, "How does Herr Grosshandlare Petersson find the world?" By the time I had conquered the title and changed gears a dozen or more times, I was usually so exhausted that my conversation lacked both body and color.

In spite of this social starch, however, life in Sweden was tremendously comfortable. Because of the bleak, uninviting climate, the real life of the coun-



try centers in the home; and no pains are spared to make these homes places of beauty and comfort and convenience. Swedish women are wonderful housekeepers. They are clever and resourceful and orderly, and their standards of efficiency are closer to our own than those of any other people I have encountered. One of our camp kitchens was enough to make the heart of a good American housekeeper sing. The smart, white-tiled electric ranges, the porcelain sinks with right and left drain boards and shining nickel fittings, the tricky little cupboards, and even the occasional refrigerator couldn't be matched in the largest cities of France or Germany. Swedish servants, too, are excellent. They have none of the gentle, loving, feckless ways of my dear Bolivians, none of the kindly, cheerful friendliness of the Germans; but for cold hard work and bare, sterling qualities they can't be beat. And, once I had got used to doing without green vegetables for about nine months of the year, and had become accustomed to herrings in twenty different forms, reindeer meat, blood soup, and a few other trifles, I became positively addicted to Swedish food.

Indeed, aside from the language and the complicated social code, I had nothing to complain of in my northern *milieu*; and I was quite on the point of going Swedish, when, almost without warning, I found myself in Paris, boarding the Barcelona Express at the Quai D'Orsay, en route for the South of France.

### III

Setting up house in a small town in a section of France little frequented by outsiders was even more devastating than it had been on the Arctic Circle. I found that my store of literary French wasn't worth a tinker's whoop to me. I couldn't understand a word that was

said to me any more than anyone could understand what I said; so I had to start all over with that endless string of absolutely necessary words. Once more must I resort to grunts and hand-wavings, once more must I spend my days groping about in a blind alley of maddening misunderstanding; once more must I advance on my butcher and, beating my bosom and uttering the single word *agneau*, indicate that I would have a breast of lamb; or, throwing forward one leg, suggest that if he hadn't a breast, a leg would do.

I had a delightful fishmonger, too, but here again language did me down. One morning I said to him:

*"Je vois un poisson."*

*"Moi aussi, madame,"* he agreed.

I didn't like the answer. It didn't sound right.

*"Je vois,"* I continued, fixing him with my eye, *"un poisson de trois kilos."*

For a second he hesitated, then a roguish smile parted his fat, red lips.

*"Moi aussi, madame,"* he cried, wagging his finger at me playfully, *"de trois kilos."*

And he rested his hand on his plump hip, blew out his chest, and cocked his head on one side, waiting the next move in this new game.

*"Je vois"* I started for the third time. But my male offspring interrupted.

"Do you realize," he asked with chill scorn, "that you keep telling the man you see a fish? Try *'Je veux'* instead of *'Je vois'* and maybe he'll understand you."

One of the things I missed most in my new habitat was the order and cleanliness of Sweden; for those parts of the South of France that are not kept swept and garnished for tourists are, to be as polite as possible, mussy. Sidewalks are so dirty that the wise pedestrian keeps one eye on his feet and moves discreetly; houses are old and dingy and full of fine, robust smells;

beds are more than apt to have hereditary tenants; baths either don't exist at all or are queer, medieval affairs; water supplies break down under the slightest provocation; and kitchens are dark, obscure places—quaint, perhaps, but certainly not convenient.

The climate, too, was disappointing. Never, except possibly in Chile, in Southern California, or in Florida, have I suffered with the cold as I have in the South of France. During the entire month of May I wore my fur coat; all day and every day the wind blew furiously across the Languedoc plains, and it rained and rained and rained until my umbrella became almost as much a part of my arm as John Silver's hook. The natives said this was unusual.

So far as social customs went I had no way even of guessing at their nature. Small-town French are probably the most violently national, the most tightly narrow people in the world. Quite contrary to their universal reputation for lightness, chic, volatility, and carefree immorality, I found them a trifle dour, very dowdy, full of plain, hard, common sense, and almost fiercely domestic. In little French towns practically all business is carried on in small establishments with Mama at the *caisse*, Papa waiting on customers, and the woolly white dog or the somewhat puny only child well in the foreground to give the proper family touch. These people suspect and dislike all foreigners, but particularly Americans, whom they have heard of as rather crude, very gullible, dollar-rattling nitwits. Possibly had I stayed in France long enough I might have cracked this protective shell of reserve and distrust, and found these suspicious, close-fisted French Provincials kindly and decent and lovable. As it was I was grateful when another convulsive heave of fate cut my visit short.

#### IV

And with few regrets I quit France and started my third European adventure, this time in a Curing Station in Valais in the Swiss Alps. Here I was spared the agony of learning a new language; but I had a sick child to add to my housekeeping complications, and some of the familiar discomforts, which hitherto had seemed mere trifles, became real tragedies.

My little chalet, which clung like a brown beetle to the side of the giant ridge that rises from the floor of the Rhone Valley, was exquisitely clean—you can count on cleanliness in Switzerland—but it wasn't screened, and with summer coming on and every house in the neighborhood sheltering tubercular patients, flies struck me as undesirable. I consulted my landlord.

"We don't use screens," he assured me. "There are no flies in the Alps."

Well, there were flies—swarms of the fattest, most athletic flies I have ever met outside of Bolivia—but no one except myself seemed to mind. Screens are unknown in Europe.

"You mean those dreadful wire things you use in America?" asked a British neighbor, with a supercilious nicker. "My dear, put me behind one of those foul things, and I'd feel like a joint of beef in a meat safe!"

I had no refrigerator either, and each day was hotter than the day before. I filed another complaint.

"What would Madame do with a refrigerator?" my landlord besought of heaven with upcast eyes. "*Mon Dieu*, in Switzerland it is never warm except in the sun, and then with your food you do so." He placed an imaginary dish on the rear windowsill. "In the morning it is *ravissant* here—so fresh, so cool! In the afternoon"—he snatched up the phantom dish and made a dramatic leap towards the front window—"in the afternoon you



place your food here. *C'est épatant!*"

It didn't strike me as so wonderful, but there was nothing to do about it. Ice is not in common use in Europe. Approximately three times a week I forgot to move my larder, with the result that liquid butter dribbled down the neat sides of my dwelling and left permanent grease spots and my pitchers were full of sour milk. For milk in Switzerland, or anywhere else that I have lived in Europe, is not pasteurized or handled in a way that we should consider even half way sanitary; and naturally it sours while you look at it. A little boy brought the supply, hot from the cow, to my chalet every night and morning—brought it in an open tin bucket and ladled it out with a fine disregard of dust or germs or stray insects or odds and ends of greenery. When I think of the gallons of sour milk that I made into cottage cheese and economically ate in that Swiss village my soul revolts.

I wasn't impressed, either, now that I had to cook for an invalid, with the regulation kitchen outfit common to every furnished flat or house in Europe. I actively disliked the large black iron kettle, the thin frying pans, the drip coffee pot that wouldn't drip, and the melange of chipped dishes; and I wanted—with a sudden hot rush of homesickness—I wanted a Dover egg beater, muffin rings, pie plates, and above all a flour sifter. And I mean a real flour sifter—one that you work with a little handle and that puts the flour in the precise spot at which you aim; not one of the European brand, which is a mere wooden hoop screened at the bottom and manipulated by shaking, that powders your face and your feet.

As a matter of fact, I wasn't enthusiastic about anything in my Curing Station. The weather was even more disappointing than it had been in Perpignan; and the sordid ugliness of the

little makeshift town set in such peerlessly lovely surroundings, the bleak, grim commercialism of the natives, the meretricious swank of those unfortunate "Cures" who in order to live must remain year after year in the mountains, the pitiful clutching at gayety and happiness of the hopelessly ill oppressed and saddened me.

So I was glad to drop down to Lausanne and establish my fourth European home. Lausanne is to me one of the most charming towns in the world; but housekeeping in Lausanne might just as well be housekeeping in Baltimore. In practically every shop English is spoken, flats and houses are furnished with an eye to probable American tenants, and in the big grocery store that faces the delightful Place St. François almost every kind of American delicacy can be bought—such things as canned corn and baked beans and maple syrup and liquid vanilla and powdered gelatine. Socially, too, there is little difference from living at home. The English-speaking people herd together, and busy themselves with their dances and their bridge parties and their teas. The hotel- and shop-keepers delight in these highly profitable strangers; and the upper-class Swiss tolerate them much as the grand old families of a small town tolerate the obnoxious power house or the odorous mill that constitute their prosperity.

## V

At the present time I am keeping house in a smallish German town at the edge of the Black Forest. I have struggled with another language and have won through to my usual linguistic level. I have put in a summer without screens or ice and a winter without central heat. I have learned that even in quite large German houses bathrooms are not regarded as essential; and that the Saturday-night bath is

more of a fact than a funny fancy.

I have lived through a revolution and found it less dramatic, less spectacular than I had expected. In fact, had I not been advised by my home papers that it was a revolution I might never have guessed the truth. I have seen the flag of the Weimar Republic fall and the scarlet *Hakenkreuz* with its bold black swastika rise. I have stood in the front row of a silent, swaying mob at ten o'clock of a Saturday morning in April and watched the wrath of the new Fascist regime descend on German Jewry.

I have discovered that German social life is almost as conventional and difficult as that of Sweden. Strangers must call first—at half-past eleven in the morning or five in the afternoon—and indiscriminate or casual visiting is absolutely taboo. I sometimes wonder if this narrowing, this intense conventionalizing of social life hasn't something to do with the fact that Europeans seem to accomplish more and yet have more leisure than we Americans. With the aimless, ill-advised calls of our apparently unoccupied neighbors cut out, with that endless string of meaningless, unnecessary telephone conversations done away with, I believe most of us would have bigger and better days.

And all in all I have found that keeping house in Germany is so much like keeping house in any of my other European habitats that I have completely lost faith in that moth-eaten myth that travel broadens. It doesn't—it only disillusion.

The experiences which I have just described are specific examples of the material trials of an itinerant housekeeper. Here are a few of the more general, more subtle pin-pricks of life abroad.

One of the most annoying of these is the fervent, almost pious, European belief that "The American will pay."

The fact that Americans themselves have built up this belief by studiously over-paying and over-tipping, by demanding the best as exemplified by the most expensive, makes it only the harder for Americans who, not through choice but through necessity, must live in Europe.

This was first forcibly brought home to me one bitter March day in Sweden, when my husband's secretary and I had put on our skis and taken a run through the forest to have a look at the reindeer herds that were grazing in the district. Leaning against a tree was Nila the herdsman, a romantic enough figure in a blue-vizored cap with a huge scarlet pompon, blue, knee-length tunic girt in with a leather belt, blue breeches and puttees, and the inevitable skis. I instantly started to unfurl my camera, which I carried across my shoulders; and as quickly Nila turned his back.

"Tell him I want to take his picture," I instructed my companion.

Ensued a long and difficult conversation, and at last my Swedish friend informed me:

"He says you can't take his picture unless you give him money."

Nila squatted on his skis and watched us with his black, slanted, beady eyes. At last he raised a dirty forefinger and pointed at me.

"The American will pay," he said in broken Swedish.

The American did pay—only fifty öre, or about twelve cents, to be sure, but just that much more than he would have asked or expected from a Swede.

This belief in the tractability of Americans in matters of paying is an absolute creed in France. In Germany every American is considered rich and hell bent on parting with his riches. In Switzerland Americans and money are synonymous. I shall never forget a package of cigarettes that I bought in my mountain village. I



knew the standard price of the brand I had asked for—one franc fifty—and when I got only twenty-five centimes change from two francs I remonstrated.

"I charge one franc seventy-five," said the shopkeeper.

"The price is one franc fifty. I can get them for that next door," I answered, proffering the cigarettes.

He refused either to take back the packet or to give me more change. It had been a bad day for me, and possibly my temper was unusually edgy; but at any rate his insolent refusal brought to a head a white-hot passion of rage that had been simmering in my bosom for months. Smacking the cigarettes on the counter, I made a dart for the door.

"I shall consult the gendarme," I said.

My threat brought the man to terms. Slowly he counted out the correct change.

"Twenty-five centimes," he said bitterly, "and you an American! Now, madame, if you had been a Belgian, or a Frenchwoman—yes, or a Swiss! But an American!"

After three years in Europe I have grown used to our national reputation as easy marks, and it doesn't annoy me so much as it did, especially since I have found a way of circumventing it. Now on settling down in a new locality my first job is to disillusion the natives—the landlord, the shop people, the doctor, the druggist, and the dentist—to tell them that I am not the care-free, dollar-dripping girl of their dreams; but a stern, hard-boiled woman who expects justice. And the strange thing is that after such explanations, my new neighbors respectfully and almost affectionately take me to their bosoms and make me, so to speak, one of the family. The druggist produces domestic articles which are quite as good and less than half the price of the im-

ported and highly taxed ones; the butcher suggests economical and succulent cuts of meat; the market women instruct me in buying and preparing substantial native vegetables; the doctor ceases to prescribe expensive pills and draughts and potions and sends reasonable bills; the dentist foregoes the elaborate engineering feats he had contemplated performing on my teeth and confines himself to plain business.

Another pin-prick is that Europeans *en masse* are either less tactful or actually less kind than Americans. There are few of us, I believe, who would boldly and mercilessly explain to a foreigner in our midst precisely how little we thought of his country, his people, and his customs; but I have yet to meet the European with any squeamish hesitation about enlightening an American on the error of his ways.

"Naturally one wouldn't want to learn English from an *American!* *Mon Dieu*, think of the accent!" purrs a lovely Russian.

"My dear, I'd never take *you* for an American!" is the British idea of being complimentary.

"Legs Diamond and Al Capone!" The Swedish lady who had taken English lessons twenty years ago panted with her effort. "Do you know them? Do you see many bootleggers?"

No European thinks twice of inquiring why we hold our knives and forks as we do, why we all wear horn-rimmed spectacles, why we speak through our noses, why our men are henpecked, why we are all divorced so often, why we hang on to prohibition.

I was circulating between Sweden and Switzerland when the Smoot-Hawley tariff was passed, and what I took in the way of rebukes from indignant Swedes and infuriated Swiss still makes my blood boil.

By sheer bad luck I was in Paris

when the Hoover Moratorium was declared.

I've struggled with the war debts. My host at a large dinner party asks me, the only American present:

"Why should any European country pay America? Didn't she make enough money out of the War without wanting to be paid now? *Mein Gott!*"

The guest of honor at my own table—a creature bulging with my food and blushing with my wine—tells me he is anti-American, that he doesn't like Americans on any count. America was not only three years late getting into the War, but she did precious little when she did get in and, therefore, she should be happy to be allowed the privilege of wiping off debts.

I was in my little German bank when the news of "the fall of the dollar" arrived. Now I'm spending most of my time trying to explain just why, if America has more gold than the rest of the world put together, she should default on her gold payments. If I were entirely sure myself probably my explanations would be more satisfactory.

Trekking perpetually over the face of the earth robs you of all the romantic curiosity, the quick throb of wonder for what lies just beyond the horizon. You come to realize that in your tent within a folding of the Andes, fifteen thousand feet above sea level and a hundred miles from a railway, the thread spins out as relentlessly, as prosaically, and not nearly so comfortably, as though you were living over the drugstore on the main street of York, Pennsylvania. The far-flung corners of the earth, once you have scratched beneath the surface, resolve themselves into very ordinary places where men and women, fundamentally much like yourself, eat and drink, love and hate, live and die with no particularly stirring variations from rule. And in time the only spot that rises above the dead level bred by familiarity is a place called home—a place where you speak in words of choice rather than of necessity, where you are sure of manners and customs; a place where people and houses and streets have a sweet, warm friendliness.

Some day I'm going home—to stay.





## WHAT ALFONSO LEFT BEHIND

BY JOHN GUNTHER

**S**LIPPING down a Madrid side street on a dark night in December, 1930, was an odd-looking figure. Following him, you would have noted his hurried, furtive walk, his bulky body squeezing round corners. Closer, you would have seen an interesting face—big jowls, froglike eyes, a complexion like green dough. Also you would have seen a beard, which looked a little strange. It didn't quite seem to fit the face. And with reason. It was false. The heavy, hurrying, bearded gentleman, if you questioned him, would have had to admit being Don Manuel Azaña, an obscure civil servant and literary man. And no one would have believed it if you had said that in two years Don Manuel Azaña was to be Prime Minister of Spain.

That same evening another gentleman in a heavy motor car happened to pass down another Madrid side street. This second gentleman was tall, limber, with heavy pouches under his eyes and a queerly projecting lower lip. He was of distinguished lineage, this gentleman. Four or five hundred years of Habsburg and Bourbon ancestry had turned his blood quite blue. He was, in fact, the King. He stopped his car before a large crowd in front of a red-brick building. The crowd was laughing and shouting. "Why are there so many people here," demanded Alfonso, "around the jail?"

That same evening, inside the jail, a very curious meeting was taking place. It was a cabinet meeting. The mem-

bers were, in a real sense, ministers without portfolio. They had not been charged by the King to form a government. Quite the contrary. They were jailbirds—revolutionaries under arrest. But they were optimistic folk and they felt that it was only a question of time before they would be out of prison and in power. Why wait? They set up their government then and there—in jail. The prisoners, treated leniently, were not locked in their cells except at night; they had access to a common gangway. One revolutionary had evaded the police. He was Largo Caballero, a socialist leader. Hearing how smoothly the "cabinet" was working and anxious to get a job before the portfolios were all distributed, Caballero promptly contrived to get himself arrested, and so joined his brethren—to help upset the government which so conveniently incarcerated him.

Don Manuel Azaña continued his hurried, furtive way until he reached the house of a Mexican friend, Señor Martin Luis Guzman. Señor Guzman was a journalist, one of the members of the Madrid corps of foreign correspondents, the representative, in fact, of "*La Prensa*, San Antonio, Texas, Mexico." Thus he had equal standing with correspondents of the *London Times*, the *Berliner Tageblatt*, the *New York Evening Post*—and thus his house was immune from search. During these weeks Don Manuel Azaña found it convenient to be living there.

King Alfonso likewise continued his way across Madrid and, stiffly saluted by the regal guard, reached his palace. Walking through interminable marble caverns and up grotesquely monstrous staircases, he came to his room, a small, whitewashed cell in which were a telephone, a couple of chairs, and a forty-dollar department-store brass bed. He communicated with various secretaries. Henceforth visiting hours at the jail for those who came to see those ridiculous but confounded revolutionaries were to be curtailed. *Álcala Zamora*, the chief of the convicts, was said to have received seventeen hundred visitors the day before! All entered on the pretext that they were "relatives." Such nonsense was to be stopped, said the King.

But it was not stopped. Seventeen hundred people came to *Zamora*, but seventeen million might have come. And they did, metaphorically, when a few months later, the jailbirds were freed after a perfunctory trial. Don Manuel Azaña, a sort of contact man who had stayed outside, now joined the deliberations of his convict colleagues. Revolutionary agitation began in earnest. The King, badly advised by incompetent and temporizing officials, was flustered into calling municipal elections, the first elections of any kind that Spain had had in many years. Alfonso was paying the penalty of the years during which all expression of public opinion had been throttled by Primo de Rivera, his dictator. The elections went overwhelmingly republican.

The revolutionary committee, astounded at the extent of its own victory, met, of all places, at the house of a famous medical specialist, a research worker in ductless glands, Dr. Gregorio Marañón. Dr. Marañón had been one of the King's own medical advisers. The veteran Count Romanones, the politician closest to Alfonso and the

richest landowner in Spain, was summoned and told that the King must go. The man most directly confronting Romanones with this ultimatum was *Zamora*, the chief jailbird, who had been his private secretary many years before. Back at the Palace, Romanones gave Alfonso the message. And Alfonso went. A monarchy five centuries old fell, and not a shot was fired. The dynasty of Spain disappeared into the dust of history, like a pin dropping.

Almost the most interesting thing in Spain to-day is a calendar. It lies carefully preserved on a small desk in Alfonso's study, open to the week of April 13, 1931. There are blank spaces for engagements. But the calendar was empty of any scribbling. Alfonso had no dates that week. All that happened was that he got kicked out of Spain.

Why did he go without a struggle, so meekly? First, to avoid bloodshed. Second, to protect the person of the Queen. Third, because two of his sons were victims of haemophilia, a blood taint familiar to royalty. Abdication was impossible. Alfonso got out first. He left for Cartagena by motor car at night, swooping behind the funnels of the headlights across the peninsula of Spain. The queen went to Paris by train next morning. The night before she and the children had sat up all night. They kept all the lights on. Their pet canaries kept twittering the night through, frightened by the dancing glare of the hundreds of blazing, quivering candelabra. Outside, a mob watched.

*Zamora* organized a provisional government, and about one post there was no dispute. Don Manuel Azaña had not been in jail when the portfolios were passed round. He did not need to be. The most important job in Spain was waiting for him, the Ministry of War. He took it. Squatting like a huge green frog—it is perfectly



extraordinary, how much he looks like a frog—he warmed the blue ministerial bench in the Cortes for six or seven months, and scarcely said a word. He spoke on his military estimates, but on little else. Instead he listened. A patient man, this Manuel Azaña. Twenty years before he had amused himself by an odd hobby—study of army organization and military tactics. What an odd occupation for a literary-minded civil servant, people thought. One of his friends asked him once, “Why do you bother over these dull army books?” “Because,” Azaña answered, “in twenty years I am going to be Minister of War.”

And a tenacious man, this Azaña. There is a well-known debating club in Madrid, the Athenaeum, where liberals and radicals have met for many years. In 1913 Azaña was asked to take the secretaryship for a temporary emergency. He said he would take it “for six months.” He kept it for twelve years. Not only because he liked the job, but because the club itself found him indispensable and would not let him go.

After the Zamora provisional government had run from April to October, 1931, it was splintered by a serious crisis. Zamora, a Roman Catholic, hotly objected to clauses in the constitution dissolving the Jesuit order. He flashed into resignation. The country, thus, had no head of government. Things looked very unpleasant. Azaña heaved himself out of his corner on the blue bench, and squeezed his way into the lobbies. “I will make a government,” he announced. He made one in thirteen minutes. Zamora was subsequently elevated to a post of much honor and little power, the Presidency of the Republic. Azaña became Prime Minister, and, except for one four-day gap, has been Prime Minister ever since.

Zamora, with a smooth yellow ellip-

tical face, creased in the middle by a shallow nose, looks remarkably like a tortoise. Azaña, the frog, jumped on his back. And so it came about that Azaña is running Spain.

## II

The quality of the present Spanish government is a bit peculiar. Few of its members have had experience either of practical politics or the routine of administration. Most of them are intellectuals—professors, academicians, or literary men—and several could properly be described as fanatics. Yet there is hard common sense behind the regime. The Spaniard is above all an individualist; but he is also a person of stubborn, rock-bottom gumption; thus the moderation, the stability, and the success—so far—of the Republic.

You can judge a country pretty well by its ambassadors. Those of the new Spain are a fantastic lot. Suppose President Roosevelt should name H. L. Mencken, Upton Sinclair, and Sinclair Lewis to ambassadorial posts in London, Paris, and Berlin. Or suppose the British government should give its best embassies to H. G. Wells, Aldous Huxley, and Noel Coward. Well, look at the Spaniards. To Geneva went Salvador de Madariaga, a wasp-like little fellow, supremely intelligent, an ex-newspaper man. To London went a distinguished novelist, Ramón Pérez de Ayala. The Germans got a radical socialist and intellectual, Luis Araquistáin, a well-known Madrid journalist. Julio Alvarez del Vajo, who was *Manchester Guardian* correspondent in Madrid until Primo's dictatorship, went to Mexico. To Rome went Gabrielle Alamor, a poet. To Chile went Ricardo Baeza, the translator of H. G. Wells's *Outline of History*. Some of them are now resigning their posts, following a law forbidding dep-

uties—which all of them are—to hold other jobs.

Two points are to be made. First, these men did stunningly good work, especially Madariaga. Second, the home government was gracefully spared the presence in Madrid of a group of sharp, free, critical spirits, who, although thoroughly republican, might at times have been encumbrances. The Azaña regime, choosing its ambassadors, gave full play to the individualism implicit in Spanish character and at the same time kept fundamental hold on common-sense realities.

The basis of the Spanish revolution is intellectual. It was a movement of neither peasants, proletariat, nor army. Spain is one of the few countries where brains—good honest brains—were not at a discount, where intelligence as such paid its way. All the leading figures of Spain to-day are intellectuals. The spiritual fathers of the republic were not politicians or army generals, but physicians like Dr. Marañón, philosophers like Miguel de Unamuno, and rhetorical essayists like José Ortega y Gasset. Of the eleven members of the Spanish government, no fewer than seven, I believe, were professors or literary men. In most countries you bribe, chisel, intrigue, talk, or fight your way to power. In Spain you had better write a book. Azaña, an exceedingly busy prime minister, has published three books within the last few years. Arms and cash keep most governments in office. But Spain is supported by letters.

Of course, there are exceptions. Legitimately represented in the new Spain are delegates, for instance, of labor.

Largo Caballero, a socialist member of the cabinet, was a house painter by trade. They tell plenty of stories about him. In the early days of the republic he attended an imposing formal

dinner. "Ah, Señor Caballero, I'll venture you have never seen the inside of a house like *this* before!" gushed his hostess. "Madame," bowed Caballero, "I know this house as I do the palm of my hand. Look up at your ceiling. Five years ago I painted it."

You elect four hundred and seventy deputies to a parliament, and find that only fourteen of them ever sat in a legislative assembly before, and among them will be some queer characters. Aviators flank philosophers, women, and priests. Trade-union hands sit beside rectors of universities. Two of the deputies are working men who are still going to school. One got his high-school diploma at the age of thirty-three a few months ago, and another is just now working on his entrance examinations in law.

A well-known old guard politician, Melquiades del Alvarez, found himself accosted in the Cortes chamber. "Hello there," said a new deputy, "welcome to parliament. You don't remember me? I'm the porter who carried your bags at Seville two years ago." One deputy who was a janitor in an apartment building now holds an important government post.

This illustrates an important point, the lack of Men. The government has had to contend very seriously with this difficulty. There were not enough men to go around. The republic, starting from scratch, with only a handful of faithful adherents, found itself sabotaged secretly in the army, the foreign office, the civil service. The old gang had to be cleared out. But many thousands remained, in whom trust even now is not complete. In a sense this is one of the penalties the government pays for its origins; for it came not so much directly and flowingly from the roots of the people as from the top; it was superimposed on the people from above. Or, rather, the monarchy fell as suddenly as a soft



plum from a tree, and the republican committee took charge because there was nobody else.

The republic, being intelligent, quickly saw what its first task was. Its first task was to entrench itself in power. And it saw that the monarchy for many generations had been supported by three pillars, those of nobility, army, and church. So against each the government moved drastically. The nobility was at once emasculated. Gone from Spain are those mellifluous titles that rolled so romantically in the mouth—"Duchess of the Beautiful Pine Trees," and "Marquis of the Calm Lagoon." The Duke of Alba needed twenty-six lines of fine type to list his titles in the old official gazette. In the telephone book to-day he gets plain Señor.

The army was a difficult and dangerous problem, because the higher officers were traditionally monarchist, and Spain for a generation had been at the mercy of irresponsible impulses by predatory generals. Azaña, tackling this problem, performed a feat at which Spaniards still blink incredulously. He got rid of fourteen thousand officers over night, two-thirds of the total number of officers in the whole army. How? It was very simple and sensible. But no one else thought of it. He announced that any officer who did not wish to serve the republic might resign at once—and get full pay for life. An irresistible appeal to the lazy Spaniard. Fourteen thousand officers resigned, and the army was automatically rid of its most subversive elements. Proceeding with what he had left, Azaña set about to reorganize—indeed recreate—Spain's armed forces. This is ranked even by his enemies as a formidable and perhaps his greatest achievement.

The Church, finally, has been all but outlawed. Azaña and his men have mercilessly attacked the special

position in Spain of Roman Catholicism. Not only the abuses of clericalism which generations of decay had produced, but the Church itself have been the subject of prolonged onslaught, which reached its climax in June, 1933, with the Religious Orders bill. This bill, passed in the Cortes 278-50, separates church and state, nationalizes all church property (which is valued as five hundred million dollars, by the way); dissolves the Jesuit order and severely restricts the activities of other orders and forbids the clergy to teach or work at gainful occupations. Nothing more drastic has been known in Spanish history.

These were, so to speak, negative accomplishments. The republic knew that it had to work positively also. There was the matter of education. Spain is forty-five per cent illiterate, the highest percentage of illiteracy in Western Europe. Thus for the old there were created novel and ambitious culture missions; for the young, something like ten thousand new schools. As in Russia, the peasantry of Spain under the monarchy had been deliberately deprived of education. The masses were submerged in medieval illiteracy, poverty, and apathy. It will take a couple of generations before everyone in Spain can read and write. Therefore, with special energy the government starts work now.

Azaña has other items to his credit. For one thing, he has apparently solved the Catalan question, which has been a bugaboo of Spanish politics for five hundred years. The Catalans are Spaniards who are not quite Spaniards, centering on Barcelona. They wanted autonomy. They were shouting, screaming, and shrieking for autonomy. Azaña pondered hard and emerged with a completely novel and unexpected solution—he gave it to them.

This was smart politics as well as

good, liberal common sense; because it not only plugged the fissure separating Catalonia from Spain; it automatically turned the Catalans to the support of the Madrid government. Obviously, if the monarchists attempt a restoration, the Catalans, 3,000,000 of them, would fight to a man to defend the republic which has given them liberty. Comparative liberty, one should say. Perhaps too clever for his own good in the long run, Azaña very carefully hedged the Catalan Bill of Rights with precautionary qualifications which serve to keep the real reins of government in Madrid. Catalonia has charge only of local details of administration which Madrid is happy to be free of. The problem of radicalism in Catalonia is another matter. There are upward of 600,000 organized anarcho-syndicalists whose greatest strength is in Barcelona, and the government will sooner or later have to have a serious tussle with them.

Azaña was very clever politically in another crisis, the one following the abortive monarchist *putsch* of General Sanjurjo in August, 1932. He had been struggling for some weeks to put a land reform bill through the Cortes. Sanjurjo's revolt frightened the deputies into passing it overwhelmingly. Azaña went on to confiscate—without compensation—the land of most of the noblemen of Spain. Previously the government had intended to pay for it. With great calmness, after the revolt, it was announced that any landowner suspected directly or indirectly of sympathy with Sanjurjo or what he stood for would be punished by expropriation of his property without payment. And the government contrived to see that all the land worth seizing was thus confiscable. So it came about that General Sanjurjo, who wanted to overthrow the republic, gave it upward of 3,000,000 acres

of land valued at \$100,000,000 for nothing.

The land reform is not yet fully operative. There have been serious criticisms of the government for delay, inefficiency, and partisan prejudice in its preparation. Ultimately the government intends to settle well over a million agrarian workers, the title of the land, be it noted, remaining with the state. It is not pure benevolence by any means which dictated this policy. Hunger riots, arson, pillage by unemployed peasants forced the issue. And the government knows full well that a broad and equitable land reform will do more than anything else, in the long run, to tranquilize the peasantry in Andalusia which, next to Catalan anarchism, is the chief focus of rebellious unrest in the country.

The program of the new Spain is down in black and white. The first thing the new government did was write a constitution. This document, rather inaccessible in English, is one of the most remarkable of modern times. You read it and sniff it and out of it comes the aroma of Ben Franklin and Thomas Jefferson, plus the twentieth century.

It disestablishes religion and separates church and state; it abolishes special privileges; it provides for a wide intervention of the state in industry; and it opens a new field of social reform. It is the first constitution of any national state to concede authority to the League of Nations. Spain may not declare war except under the conditions imposed by the League Covenant, and all international agreements ratified by Spain and registered with the League are considered a constitutional part of Spanish law.

But most interesting are the social items. Women may vote. Divorce is granted on mutual consent or on



just cause. Illegitimacy is abolished. Free primary education is compulsory. Social legislation will cover old age, disability, and unemployment insurance. The family is under the guardianship of the state. Participation of the workers is promised in the administration, direction, and benefits of enterprises. Under this clause a system of workers' committees is in process of creation, so representatives of labor have rights to look into employers' books, suggest changes of policy, and share profits.

Most startling of all is the item of divorce. Until the Republic the Spanish woman was pretty much a legal slave. One cultivated and intelligent lady, the president of the Madrid women's club, told me that she could not sign a new lease for the club's premises—with which the husband had no concern whatever—except with his consent. Women could not get passports for travel abroad unless the husband granted permission. And divorce! It was almost unheard of that a Spanish woman of breeding and position should apply for a divorce. Now a new system rules. Carmen has become up to date.

One should not paint any picture too bright. There is plenty to be said on the other side. There is plenty of opposition to the government, and no doubt it has been cynical, ruthless, and autocratic. But its general arrow points to Progress. Already in these few months Spain has come forward as many years.

### III

Manuel Azaña has reached the point in his career where Stalin, Pilsudski, and Kemal Pasha were ten years ago. He is on a fair course to be a dictator. Just as the Athenaeum club could not get along without him, so is he indispensable to the new Spain.

This was proved with particular emphasis in June of this year, when President Zamora forced him out of office—for four days. Zamora, a Catholic, bitterly resented Azaña's cold, ferocious anti-clericalism. He took the opportunity to withdraw his confidence in the cabinet on a minor issue, and Azaña had to resign. This was on June 8, 1933. Zamora tried four successive leaders as prime ministers and none could form a cabinet. Azaña sat back, frigid and grim, and held the strings. On June 12th he was Prime Minister again. This, it goes without saying, has greatly strengthened his position.

Azaña keeps in power by a trick. His mandate rests in the parliament, which, a Constituent Cortes, was elected for the sole business of writing the new constitution. This job is long since done. Moreover, the great subsidiary laws implementing it are passed, the Land Reform, the Catalan Statute, and the Religious Orders bills. Properly the Cortes should call it a day and dissolve itself, and Azaña would have to go to the country for new elections. He does not like elections since the municipal poll in spring went against him. So he refuses to go. His excuse is that still more laws are necessary to implement the constitution. A new electoral law. A law of Constitutional Guarantees. And many others.

Meanwhile, of course, he has to govern by consent of the Cortes at present sitting. So far his majorities have been emphatic. Even so it took a great deal of delicate juggling to get them. He is an extremely astute politician, and his general policy has been to play both sides against the middle. The most powerful party in Spain, by all odds, are the socialists; thus, by a succession of maneuvers, he keeps three socialists in his coalition ministry. Spain is very pink. But it might

easily go pinker. So the right parties support Azaña at the same time those on the left do, because, the strongest man in Spain, he is the right's best defense against further leftness. Thus Azaña holds a left-center position with opposition on both sides supporting him! It is something of a straddle. But his friends say he is big enough to put one foot in the Pyrenees and the other at Gibraltar and straddle Spain.

By delaying elections indefinitely on the pretext that the constitution is not yet complete, Azaña could, pending accidents, run the country for twenty years. But the new government is rigorously democratic in principle, and always there must be that slippery majority to hold. And some day some accident is almost bound to force elections. So Azaña is doing what all sensible would-be dictators do—building up a party of his own.

When he was Minister of War, his party consisted of one deputy, himself. By the time he was Prime Minister, it numbered 27. In his coalition he took 117 socialists, 59 radical socialists, 16 Galician federalists, and 32 Left Catalonians. He has now merged all of these, except the socialists, into one close-knit personal party, exclusively under his control.

The socialists he cannot depend on indefinitely. Therefore the more necessity to build his own party. The socialists, who are moderate Marxists like those who run Vienna, have so far been sitting pretty, because Azaña, on the left himself, has given them almost everything they want, at the same time relieving them of the responsibility of trying to initiate pure socialism. The socialists say that they co-operate with Azaña only to destroy him. But meantime they are rather glad for his protection, because he wards off their worst enemies—the communists, and he has thoroughly squashed two anarchist-sindicalist revolts.

Azaña is busy in other directions entrenching his personal rule. He has not, for instance, neglected the press. He controls three of Madrid's chief newspapers now, and the director-general of one of them is the man who is still his closest friend—Martin Luis Guzman, the Mexican journalist who hid him when the monarchy was crumbling. This Guzman, a picturesque character, was once—of all things—the Mexican bandit Pancho Villa's private secretary, so it is said. Newspapers persistently opposing Azaña have had short shrift and in the early days of the republic many were temporarily suppressed.

The thing people object to most in Azaña is his "hypocrisy," his "cynicism." His revolution has been mild enough. It has been a very gentle revolution. No one has been shot. A few grandees are baking in the sun in a sort of tropical Siberia set apart for them in Rio de Oro; the Catalan disorders have been relentlessly suppressed; almost one hundred churches and convents have been destroyed; the Casas Viejas incident, in which the Civil Guard—a sort of national constabulary very important in Spain—burned eight people to death, and shot fourteen others, was exceedingly unpleasant; but on the whole there has been no terrorism, no set of outrages such as accompanied Hitler's seizure of power in Germany.

Azaña has, however, squelched a good many personal liberties. His regime has been, in some senses, as repressive as Primo de Rivera's. People would not mind this perhaps if it were frank. But the new government rules by terms of a constitution which in the most explicit manner guarantees the inalienable rights of individual freedom. The clause that no one shall be imprisoned except in case of overt crime, and that every person must be brought before a magistrate and tried



or freed within twenty-four hours has been very conspicuously disregarded. There are plenty of people who have been in jail for months, mostly monarchists.

Manuel Azaña was born Jan. 10, 1880, at Alcalá de Henares, the birthplace of Cervantes. He had normal schooling and went to Paris for graduate study. He had a civil servant's job in the ministry of justice for many years, but most of his energy went into writing. Had he never become Prime Minister he would yet be pretty well known wherever Spanish is read by intellectuals. He wrote essays, sketches, and one play, "*La Corona*." It was a flop when first produced, but when he became Prime Minister it was revived and turned into a fair success. His best known book is *El Jardín de los Frailes*. This last year he published a volume of essays called *1931*. It is interesting too to note that one of his chief works was a translation, a labor of love, of George Borrow's *Bible in Spain*. He was interested in politics from the beginning, but he did not become an avowed republican until shortly before the revolution.

So much for the few facts. They do not make him sound particularly interesting. But you cannot be in Spain a week before running into extraordinary tales about him.

He has few friends, but his influence penetrates everywhere. He is cold as a fish personally, but politically passionate. He has little private life. He works fifteen hours a day. He seldom speaks, and then cold, ruthless logic comes from his lips, not the crescendo of emotion you might expect from a Spaniard. He has little personal ambition. But he is an implacable patriot for Spain.

Azaña was addressing parliament on the night of August 10, 1932, when the revolutionary general Sanjurjo was still victorious at Seville. He men-

tioned the matter to the Cortes as a preliminary announcement, in a voice as cold and dry as if he were talking about Ferdinand and Isabella. It was one of the minor items in the day's business, nothing more. He concluded by saying, "This revolution is, in fact, quite opportune; if it hadn't occurred, we might have had to make it."

Irony is his weapon and logic. He remains inscrutable. He is like a man in a glass cage. His enemies, and they are many, respect him. No one influences him. I have met people who have been acquaintances of his for twenty years (because everyone in Madrid knows everyone else), who said, "Ah, I have known Don Manuel since he was a boy—and I do not know him at all." A lady told me, "Don Manuel is the greatest man Spain has had in a hundred years. I am utterly devoted to him. But he is not nice."

#### IV

He is not easy to approach. Spain, an ancient nation, cares very little what people think of it; the country has no publicity complex. In most European foreign offices a press department functions to smooth the path of visiting journalists and travelers. In most countries they are so eager to help you that they become a positive nuisance. Not in Spain. Never have I been so booted from one sub-secretary to another, in one ministry after the next. Once you get to the right man things buzz. To see Azaña a combination of several men is necessary. It took me three weeks to find him. This done, I was in Azaña's office within three hours. It was the first formal interview he had given a foreign writer since he assumed power.

A secretary drove me to the ministry of war. He held out a card with his photograph on it, and the guards

passed us through heavy pointed gates. We drove through a sort of park to an isolated, brightly lighted building. The time set was 7:30 p.m. We whisked up an elevator and reached the anteroom at 7:28. There was a bit of conversation and a bell rang and another secretary opened a big heavy door and said, "Go in." I sat down inside and glanced at my watch. It was 7:31.

Now, Spain does not publicize its personalities much and, rather curiously, I had never seen a photograph of the Prime Minister. His face astounded me. Having heard all the gossip, I expected to see a man razor-lean, sharp and rigid, all white and black, a cold white face and heavy black eyes. But Azaña is a great big fellow, with an enormous puffed-up chest and drooping shoulders. His face is pale green. The rim of sparse hair round the bowlderlike skull looks almost greenish. He wears big, booming spectacles. His heavy, drooping jowls flash with warts.

There is nothing cold in his conversation. He was cordial, angry, interested, and emphatic.

Azaña laughed when I asked him a rather delicate question: Did he consider himself a dictator? Emphatically not. The Cortes was chosen by the people in the only free elections Spain had ever had, and he was the instrument of the Cortes, nothing more. He said that when the Cortes finished its work then there would be new elections.

"Suppose the elections go to the right?"

"Then there will be a right government."

"And if they go to the left?"

"A left government then. Spain is a democracy."

Azaña was angry at another somewhat delicate question: Did he consider himself a Kerensky, and his gov-

ernment perhaps a Kerensky interlude? This, above all, is a matter which puzzles and disconcerts the outside world. The analogies between Spain and pre-revolutionary Russia are very pronounced. In each a decayed monarchy gave way to a social revolution which, in Russia, first passed through a mild, pseudo-liberal phase. And in Spain to-day there is a lot of Menshevist atmosphere. Also in Spain is a powerful radical movement, though it is anarcho-sindicalist, not communist. The communists are not strong in Spain. But if persistent riots by the anarcho-sindicalists continue to undermine the prestige and security of the state, organized communism might follow.

Azaña said that the notion of a Kerensky interlude was wholly ridiculous. It was a matter for indignant laughter. Russia, he said, was still, despite Stalin, the Russia of Peter the Great—a country remote, barbarous, underdeveloped, uncivilized, and (a curious adjective) "alcoholic." Moreover, Russia now, like Russia two hundred years ago, liked autocracy, enjoyed dictatorship. The people were illiterate and they suffered oppression willingly. But Spain? Azaña was pounding on the table. Spain! The country had a tremendous cultural background; the people were intelligent, sensitive, and free-willed; above all, Spaniards were individualists, naturally antipathetic to communism.

"But you yourself veer to the left?"

"Of course. Intelligent people do."

"And you will always govern under the constitution?"

"That's what constitutions are for."

I asked him what he intended to do about the King. He looked surprised. The King, he said, was a completely dead issue. There might be incidental mention of his alleged crimes in the report of the Responsibilities Commis-



sion, but no new trial or verdict. The King was already outlawed. There was nothing more they could do with him. I asked him why he did not sell the treasures in the royal palace. He shrugged his shoulders. I wondered if he did not consider it something of an anomaly that the republic so carefully preserved the King's signature, and other mementoes, on public display. He smiled. "Oh, here in Spain we are interested in history."

Why had he wanted to translate George Borrow? Because Borrow's books on Spain are the best ever written by a foreigner. He read every book on Spain that he could find. He didn't care what the point of view was. If it was about Spain, that was enough. I asked if he had seen Hemingway's *Death in the Afternoon*, which ends with a veritable *poème d'exstase* to Spain. He had not heard of it, and he carefully noted the title down.

Azaña admitted that a new period had begun for his government. The first spade work was done. The constitution was written, the Catalan statute granted, the church crushed, the army reorganized, the land reform established. To date, all Republicans had been united ("Well, not quite united") to achieve these fundamental aims. Now that this elementary business was complete, new avenues stretched out. The Cortes, knit into a solid front by its original revolutionary zeal, was beginning to unravel into new groups. But Azaña gave the impression that he held most of the warp and woof in his hands.

At the end I asked a personal question. The Prime Minister was a pretty mysterious being. No one knew what he stood for, personally, emotionally. He was a mask. "What, finally," I said, "are your convictions?"

The answer came with no hesitation. "I am an intellectual, a liberal, and a bourgeois."

There is not another prime minister in Europe who would have chosen exactly those three terms.

## V

But Alfonso, fleeing in darkness from the glowing palace, left behind many more things than the portly body and frigid brain of Don Manuel Azaña. Behind him he left the land of Spain—Andalusia, smoky with olives; the Riviera littoral of Catalonia; the sharp, high, arid plateau of Castile, where hovers high white Madrid; the dust-colored back reaches of Asturias and the mountain pines of Navarre and Aragón. He left behind him twenty-two million people, proud, sensible, and almost fifty per cent illiterate. He left behind him a great deal of poverty, apathy, and social stupor. He left behind his own burial place—the niche, the last empty one, in the onyx caverns of the royal crypt in the Escorial. He left behind the bullfights and the light sherry called manzanilla and the Serrano ham, cut into cubes and eaten raw from toothpicks. None of these things has changed.

He also left behind him an Idea. He was not responsible for it, but it arose, partly by accident, in the void his absence created. The idea is that which might be expressed by the phrase Controlled Democracy.

These are bad days for democracy everywhere, and for this reason there is a lesson for everybody in Spain today. Here a new government was bold enough to establish itself, despite the temptations of Fascism, Marxism, and heaven only knows what else, on absolutely Jeffersonian principles, to try to work out a twentieth-century variation of eighteenth-century ideas of political and social freedom.

One of the spiritual fathers of the Republic, I have noted, was the phi-

osopher José Ortega y Gasset. His book, *The Revolt of the Masses*, has recently been published in America. On page 83 you may read:

The political doctrine which has represented the loftiest endeavor toward common life is liberal democracy. It carries to the extreme the determination to have consideration for one's neighbor and is the prototype of "indirect action." Liberalism is that principle of political rights, according to which the public authority, in spite of being all-powerful, limits itself and attempts, even at its own expense, to leave room in the State over which it rules for those to live in who neither feel nor think as it does, that is to say as do the stronger, the majority. Liberalism—it is well to recall this today—is the supreme form of generosity; it is the right which the majority concedes to minorities and hence it is the noblest cry that has ever resounded on this planet. It announces its determination to share existence with the enemy; more than that, with an enemy which is weak.

The Spanish government has not absorbed this doctrine literally. There has not been much coddling of the weak. But a great deal of the spiritual force of the new republic is derived from such ideas as those which Ortega so pungently expresses. Spain, as completely as any bourgeois government can, establishes itself on the basis that its citizens are free and equal.

But in two important directions it has modified the traditional democratic ideal. First, it applies democratic principles to social and economic as well as political legislation.

Democracy in its early days fought almost exclusively in the field of national politics. Rousseau and Franklin, the French Revolution and the American, were devoted to the ideal of equal *political* rather than economic rights. Men had to be free before there was much chance of proceeding and making them equal. First had to come the spade work of reaching independent nationhood. The new

radicalism which grew out of the early democratic principles of the nineteenth century then developed in social and economic fields. Socialism began. Karl Marx sowed his potent seed. Governments became more and more paternalistic. And the abuses which capitalism under democracy eventually produced gravely shook the economic structure of mankind, and served, by reflection, to discredit democracy itself. Thus, to-day, democracy seems not enough.

The Spanish government has sought to solve this dilemma, by building in its constitution a sort of bridge to a better-planned politico-social future. Economic as well as political equality is the goal. In its ambition to reach it, the Spanish government contemplates such items in its program as its land reform, its promise of participation by workers in the fruits of industry, and its strict injunction conserving the national resources of the country to the state. No other national constitution goes so far in asserting social and economic freedom. Public services may be nationalized, and the state is permitted to participate in the "development and co-ordination" of industry. "All the wealth of the country regardless of its ownership is subordinate to the interests of the national economy . . . and all types of property may be the object of forced expropriation in the interests of social welfare . . . with adequate indemnification."

Now all this may be a desperate opportunistic straddle. It may be no more than a formula whereby the strong socialist bloc in the government was bribed. And so far none of the more drastic promises has been fulfilled. There has been no nationalization of industry in Spain, or even of natural resources, public utilities, or communications. Private capitalism and private property have not been touched.



The only classes that have suffered confiscatory decrees have been those deemed enemies of the state, the Jesuits and a portion of the nobility. But—despite these qualifications—the broad outlines of a new and challenging program to economic equality and stability have been laid.

"The main object in view," Azaña has said, "is to effect a profound transformation of society without a revolution."

The second point is the factor of Control. Democratic the constitution is, but it would be foolish to deny that Azaña is something of a dictator. But, so far at least, he is a parliamentary dictator. He is, in fact, a dictator created by democracy and an instrument of it: a dictator *of* democracy. His situation in this respect startlingly resembles that of Franklin D. Roosevelt, President of the United States. And the same problem arises—the problem of all would-be or semi-dictatorships—that of its potential benev-

olence. Can one single man be possibly wise enough to know what is best for a whole nation? Dictators should read Plato. Well, Azaña does.

Spain, like America, is a democracy. But the people wish someone to run their democracy for them. Out of this paradox what will emerge? In Spain the new government, established on firm democratic principles, has chosen to confer an enormous amount of power on one man. He must now use it for the benefit of the many. So it is too in the United States. Azaña is like an efficiency expert appointed to reorganize a corporation. He has not seized power, like Hitler or Mussolini. Power has been most punctiliously and properly delivered into his hands. What will he do with it? If he succeeds in making Controlled Democracy work he may have added something to the political science of mankind.

Thus for many reasons, in these gloomy days, it is refreshing to turn to Spain.





## The Lion's Mouth



### THE QUITTER AS A HERO

BY PHILIP WYLIE

OF ALL the major arts of living it seems to me that the most neglected, stigmatized, and downtrodden is the art of quitting. Magnificent theses have been written about the art of lying. Assassins have been glorified and even canonized. Cheaters have become national heroes. But quitters, whose acts are less flagrant and less disastrous than those of liars, assassins, and grafters, have been universally loathed and despised.

Hatred of the quitter begins formally in the little red schoolhouse. There, through the long days of winter, fall and spring, the shining-faced mop-pets are taught that to persevere is noble while to quit is shameful and weak. Quitting, the teacher says in her strident voice and with a harsh, angry snapping behind her horn-rimmed spectacles, is the vilest and most vicious practice of mankind. "Do what you do," says she, "with vim and with a will. Don't give up the ship. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

The little red schoolhouse has gradually built up a nation of perseverers, of non-quitters. The American physiognomy is nationally marked by a strong, jutting jaw. When you meet an American in Rumania or Rhodesia

you may know him by the fact that he looks more than anything else like a man who would undertake an act with resolution and never relinquish his grip upon it until his end had been accomplished.

"Stick to it" might well supplant *E Pluribus Unum* as the motto on American money.

And yet at the risk of committing a treasonable act, I should like to undertake a defense of quitting.

I am well aware that some of the most ignominious people in the world's history have attained their unhappy notoriety by an exercise of the process which I am about to extol. When he sickened of the American cause and wearied of the treatment which he had been accorded by other Americans, Benedict Arnold quit and went over to the British. His subsequent reputation needs no publicity from me. That example of giving up is sufficient to demonstrate the machinery by which quitting has been made a despicable act. General Arnold's defection was certainly disloyal and indubitably unjudicious. And yet had the Americans lost the Revolution and had these United States remained English possessions, the wretched Arnold might occupy some such place in our annals as is now held by George Washington, or at least by Anthony Wayne.

It is not such quitting, however, which I recommend in a wholesale manner. I have a theory that there are a few basic loyalties one cannot surrender except under extravagant and abnormal circumstances. I do not believe in suicide, for example, although



it is unquestionably the highest form of quitting, and I doubt very much if more than a handful of celebrated persons in the world's history have been known to leave their nation or their armies in the lurch.

Excepting an adherence to one's self and generally to one's country, however, I can see nothing else upon the horizon of human activity to which it is essential that one must cling forever. Our nation is so bred in perseverance that it is profoundly difficult to demonstrate the values of any other behavior. Yet the end of every conflict demands that some one must quit, just as the development of every new idea requires the relinquishing of an old one. When the public believed universally that the world was flat and the discovery that it was round began to be generally sustained, it became necessary, little by little, for the public to relinquish its conception. In the end the abandonment of the early belief benefited all humanity. But the benefit occurred not because of dogged, intellectual perseverance—it occurred because millions of people in one line of thought became quitters; though they did it so slowly and unwillingly that even to-day I know an individual who still manages to maintain that our green footstool is not a globe but a flat and circular plane.

One of the most important functions of the human mind is found in that illustration: the function of liquidity, of being ready always to give up an old idea and accept a new one. Every individual now engaged in bemoaning the stupidity and stubbornness of the American people is running head-on into an incapacity of that function. We believe in government of the people, by the people and for the people; yet if someone demonstrated incontrovertibly that the fairest government could be established through the vesture of power in the people best

qualified to govern, such a new state could not be set up for centuries because there is hardly a decent quitter among us.

Intellectual stick-to-it-iveness, which belongs to the grim-faced family of stupidities, pervades our whole national life. How reluctantly the doctors embrace new discoveries! How frantically the clergy holds itself against the facts of contemporary knowledge! How unwillingly the politicians permit their minds to overthrow what they have believed in the face of what is true! And our judiciary are the poorest quitters of them all: we are going to prison in 1933 for laws developed to control society in 1600!

All because, whatever we are, we are not quitters. There should be in every schoolhouse and in every university a course in the art of giving up, if only for its social and intellectual value. A man schooled solely to stick to his opinions through thick and thin is greatly handicapped in life, for no one believes to-day what one believed ten years ago. At least, no one should believe to-day what one believed ten years ago.

In my course in the admirable art of chucking up old ideas I should start with the children. I should deliberately teach them a dozen facts that were flagrantly and patently wrong. Then I should put in their possession adequate evidence to controvert my teachings. I should find immediately that many members of my group had lost confidence in their teacher. They would come to me and say, "It is not true that an airplane flies because of the force of the smoke blowing out of its exhaust. It is a lie that Columbus was the first person to discover North America. George Washington, the father of our country, was not a total abstainer, and the stork does not bring the baby." I would scowl in bewilder-

ment and stare at the textbook of misinformation with which I had supplied them, and point out that it was precisely what was in the book. And when my pupils had irrevocably convinced me of the truth of their assertions and the falsehood of mine, I should feel that I had accomplished a great service. "Oafs," I should say to them, "my service to you is finished. I had deliberately tricked you with these false facts. I wanted you to learn to think for yourselves and to abandon all that you thought was unworthy."

Thereby I should send into the world a generation of young people who perhaps would not have as ready answers for all human problems as the persevering boys and girls now bouncing from our universities, but who would be far safer to entrust with a major operation or a locomotive.

As one considers our processes of education one is appalled at the philosophical enigma presented by the unpopularity of quitting. Skepticism has been the foundation of inductive learning and yet skepticism is not taught—it is discouraged—and every drop of education is pumped from the hull of knowledge as fact.

However, it is not alone in schools and in the field of education and knowledge that quitting is a very valuable art. In fact, in the practical business of living, a mind closed to philosophical, religious, scientific, and historical truths of new discoveries is the rule. Many are the shibboleths of perseverance. Surrender? Hell! I've just begun to fight! I'll fight it out along these lines if it takes all summer! Never say die! Excelsior! Work for the night is coming! Onward Christian Soldiers! And not one single aphorism can I find, not one slogan or one phrase of slang, to sustain what I consider to be a frequently more successful behavior pattern. Not one

open mind rising to say, "If, after the fiftieth time you don't succeed, why try again?" Not one great general exclaiming, "Damn the torpedoes! Go back!"

We envision ourselves apparently as worker-ants, without brains, acting upon reflexes, able only to do a single thing in the face of flood, fire, and hurricane, until we drop, spent and exhausted, in our effort, although the dilemma might have been circumvented with ease or dispatched simply by resignation while we were still strong.

The disasters caused in the lives of ordinary people by the cult of perseverance can be numbered in the millions. Consider the young man starting out in life to work. Generally he has no idea of precisely the line of business which he will eventually follow. He would like, perhaps, to try a great many different kinds of work in order to find the type to which he is best suited and which he most enjoys. But the tradition of not quitting is against him.

If he tries several jobs in his search for a permanent and satisfactory life work, he is not commended; his friends say to him, "The trouble with you, Jack, is that you are a quitter. You lack stick-to-it-iveness. You are a rolling stone, and a rolling stone gathers no moss." As a matter of actual record some of the mossiest stones in history have been rollers. One needs only to glance at the biographies of the leading men in all walks of life to realize that a majority of them have quit over and over again before they settled down to one or more activities chosen in the light of their wide experience.

But Jack is made to feel that his propensity to give up a bad job is a weakness of character. So, as one moves across the face of this continent one encounters everywhere the victims of perseverance—young men with firm



jaws just starting out on long and disappointing blind alleys, and old men with threadbare suits who are at the end of them.

It is neither chivalrous nor safe to generalize about women and yet at the risk of partial misstatement I must say that the women are in a large measure responsible for this cult of stick-to-it-iveness. We have brought up the women in this nation to desire security and small luxuries. Any so-called steady and slowly progressive work is most likely to make those two features in life obtainable. The girls of industrial and rural America are taught to desire them and to seek out for their husbands the men who are endeavoring to attain them. From how many mothers is heard this counsel to a daughter: "Harry is a fly-by-night. He will never make good. Why, he's had a dozen jobs in the last three years. But Frank is steady and sure. A little slow, perhaps, and something of a plodder, but the man you want to marry is just exactly that kind." So Mary and Dorothy and Irene help set the standard for perseverance. "If you could only get a good job," they say to their respective swains, "and stick to it, I'd marry you." Likely as not, because they are fond of the girls, the various swains give up their dreams and search out the steady, dull job.

There are two sorts of blind alleys into which our outrageous national cry of "Never Say Die" may lead. In one of them we find the man in the rut. He never got ahead. He lacked the courage to quit. His stupid perseverance, in fact, was lauded by his fellows when he was young as the highest sort

of courage. But now that he has reached middle-age it results only in contempt on the part of his associates and his family, and dissatisfaction on the part of himself. In the other blind alley we find a still more tragic group—those who undertook a quest without examining carefully their equipment for it and who reach middle-age still doggedly and blindly trying to pry open the vault of wealth and fame with the match stick of their inferior abilities.

The cult of perseverance is the first corollary of the mistaken American notion that all men are born equal. If it were true that all men are born equal then it would be true that by intelligence and perseverance any man could succeed in any task. But all men are not born equal, and nothing demonstrates the fact more clearly than the victims of the code of tenacity. A one-legged man might burn out his strength and break his heart trying to shatter the word's record for the hundred-yard dash, but his attempt would be foredoomed. All of us are born one-legged in a great many directions. Millions of us, instead of being willing by a long or short period of experiment to find that field of activity for which our brain and muscle are best contrived, throw ourselves away in futile competition. We do not realize that the man most likely to succeed is very often the man who can say to the face of outraged relatives and in the presence of his wife's anxious tears, "I am going to try something else. This job is all wrong for me. The hell with it!"

Quite often the quitter is a hero. Quite often he proves it.



## MORE RELIGION, MAYBE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THE country is hurrying to do—or try to do—what President Roosevelt and his coadjutors and advisers suggest, not from an overwhelming confidence in all the suggestions, but because they think that something worse may happen to them if they don't. The President appeals to his countrymen as a man and a brother, and there is at least almost universal confidence in the integrity of his purposes. Nobody seems to think he is playing any small kind of politics in any particular. What politics he plays is big and legitimate.

He aims to help the country, and the country does seem to be getting help. Airplanes go wrong and bite the dust not only in the open country but in Wall Street. These smashes hurt individuals, kill some of them, but the country at large does not seem to suffer much. Few people doubt eventual recovery, both fiscal and economic, and though a good many doubt whether they will survive to see it, most of them will try hard to do so; for what else can they do? For Americans there is no safer shelter in this world now than the United States, and most of them know it. To have confidence in the purpose of the national leader is a great matter and makes for patience with the multifarious and complex processes that he is now strenuously trying out.

IN the August number of this magazine, Mr. James Truslow Adams discussed *The Crisis in Character* and the prospect of our producing a good article again in the United States. He said that England in the time of the Georges had one of the most venal public services in the world, but in a generation or two she had a civil service which has never been surpassed for honesty, patriotism and efficiency. What wrought the change? "There is no explanation," he says, "in any history and no Englishman has supplied me with even a plausible reason."

They might look for traces of religion; perhaps they had done so. Wesley put a lot of religion into circulation in England. The Puseyites and the Oxford Tractarians contributed some more. Perhaps that had to do with raising the quality of the English civil service, or perhaps with India to govern it got too important to be neglected. But these are surmises.

But here and now in this country where there is obvious need of high-quality character and signs that there is a good deal available, how much of it seems to be due to what can be called religion? Mr. Adams might discuss this question with Mr. T. L. Harris, religious adviser of Harvard College, who considered religion in that same August number of this magazine and seemed to feel that the



Protestant end of it—which is its most numerous company in the United States—was not going particularly strong. So far as he could judge from his experience as adviser to Harvard undergraduates he seemed to feel that the Protestant forms of religion were a waning influence.

But, after all, what does he mean by religion? What is it anyhow? He says "Christianity can be missionary only if it has a theology," and that "without a theology Christianity is merely the sentimental blathering of kindly souls."

St. Paul was quite an active Christian. Was it theology that caught him? St. Peter saw a sheet let down and got liberal views out of it. Was that theology? Perhaps Mr. Harris has been to a theological seminary and is himself a professional theologian. As he sees religion, what is it all about? How much of it is about this world; how much of it about the next; how much are the two interdependent? The appeal of religion is not precisely an appeal to the mind. Belief does not ordinarily seem to come from the mind but to it. The appeal is something else than the work of the intellect. Belief comes from something else; from something ordinarily outside of the mind. Religion is a power house; something you can get power out of if you know how. Of that sort of religion—one that deals with the invisible world, one that has no doubt of the survival of personality, one that can heal diseases and maybe cast out obsessing spirits not to say devils—there is a lot in circulation and more making. It even penetrates some of the churches, sometimes coming up the backstairs, but it gets in. Some ministers are opposed to it, many are tolerant of it. So far as they understand it, which is not always very far, it is a big speculation, and in its dealings with the invisible it borders on the world of

physics which has produced wireless and the marvels of which mount up from day to day. You read about miracles in the Bible which happened a long time ago—casting out devils, multiplying loaves and fishes, curing various things. To many people they appear to be just "stories." The power to do them in considerable measure was lost. The Church was organized. It could collect money but it lost power to heal. If the secret of wireless were lost for a couple of thousand years, reports about it would probably be "stories," and the well-informed people, if some still claimed to exist, might know better. Intellect in the main manages human affairs. If religion captures intellect it has an efficient servant as it did in the case of St. Paul, but intellect *per se* is not apt to capture religion. The masters of organization have brains; they have to have brains for they cannot hold their jobs without brains, but they do not necessarily have religion.

Now it may be that there is ahead of us a good deal livelier outfit of religion than we have been able to observe for many years, and one that will capture intellect in increasing quantity and make it more serviceable to the country and better qualified to lead mankind.

THE regulation of business which is proceeding in our country—to go back to that—is remarked and promoted by its agents and even by its victims as something intended to raise prices, cure unemployment, and restore prosperity. It is also an inflationary proceeding intended to diminish the value of dollars in the possession of persons, corporate or otherwise, who have them, and make them more accessible to persons who have them not. Well, it is all of that, but to some observers that is only part of it, an incident indeed of something

apocalyptic; of an enormous revolutionary proceeding that is sweeping through human life, the duplicate of which was never quite known before, nor could be, because not till now was human life ready for it.

Not every one even of our brethren who are trying to reshape their transactions on the new wage codes and production codes that are offered them realizes how great a revolutionary figure our President appears to minds that are looking for revolution. "The United States," says the *London Times* (June 19, 1933) "is a democracy, but like other democracies, has not yet discovered its appropriate institutions, and she has been plunged into the international world before she has achieved her own inner self-consciousness. She is entering, it would seem, upon a new phase of her internal development, and by so much will it be introspective, impatient of contact with responsibility to be shared with the outside world." Of like import are the words of The Hon. Harold Nicolson in the *London Daily Telegraph* (May 9, 1933): "America in 1933 is thus wandering between two worlds—the one quite certainly dead, the other already in the delayed spasms of parturition. The foreigner, observing the distress of this unconquerable country, may be tempted to attribute it to lack of character. Yet, in fact, America is passing through a phase of deep spiritual disillusion. She imagines that she has lost her soul. Yet, in fact, she is about to find it." And so Europe looks on, our British brethren especially, with lively interest and sympathy, mixed, of course, with apprehension.

The vast revolutionary effort that is proceeding has indeed found its immediate cause in unemployment; but the thing itself is not new, the problem has been growing for generations past, and had come along far enough

twenty years ago for President Wilson to say in his first inaugural speech:

"We have been proud of our industrial achievements, but we have not hitherto stopped thoughtfully enough to count the human cost, the cost of lives snuffed out, of energies overtaxed and broken, the fearful physical and spiritual cost to the men and women and children upon whom the dead weight and burden of it all have fallen pitilessly the years through."

It was to lighten that dead weight and burden that Mr. Wilson's main efforts were directed when he took office. That was before the War. When the War came it brought an immense stimulation to production and ready money to pay for it. There was little or no unemployment in the war years and one may feel that the War put off the present revolutionary effort to cure the sorrows of the industrial world. In the early twenties there was an industrial slump eased for a while by immense loans to foreign countries, and after that no promising effort for ten years until the banks closed on March 4th to celebrate President Franklin Roosevelt's inauguration. So perhaps the War delayed rather than promoted the medication of our industrial and fiscal problems.

One thing which is going on now in wide scale is that millions of people are being compelled to take a new view of themselves and think of themselves not as a cog in a machine but as individual human beings with a job to do somehow in this world and a sore need to find it. The jobs provided by our late capitalistic system—if that is a fair way to describe it—have failed them; they have got to turn about, live differently, put their hands to what they can find to do, eat, drink and be as merry as they can. Really it should not be a matter of great difficulty for a sane person between fifteen and ninety to keep soul and body together and



the mind working in this country at this time. There must be a lot of new ideals making for people, and perhaps a lot of city people on their way reluctantly to rural districts to which they have something to give and from which they may well hope to get something of very great value.

**W**ALL STREET, meaning especially the Stock Exchange, seems to suspect that it must clean up a bit and partake of its share of the regulation which has descended upon all business. It is inclined to check as far as it can the disposition of speculators and combinations of speculators to play hob with security values by raids on the market. One reads that it calls for much heavier margins on small stock operations and that it proposes publicity to pools and their transactions. All that seems salutary. Maybe it has been too easy to lose one's money in stocks.

The English seem to bet more on horse races, a form of gamble ordinarily not so expensive to moderate experimenters and which furnishes a glow of sporting life that Wall Street does not provide. Stock gambling is rather more sordid and not so sporty. Perhaps the people who keep up horse racing, and whom most of us regard as rather frivolous, do something that in its way is useful. Speculation *per se* seems to belong to human nature. It is not at all certain that it is sinful; that it should be fair is highly important.

One of the great mistakes that are made in regulating human life is the effort to crush out the sporting spirit in humanity. That is a blunder of the same character as prohibition of drinks, from the folly of which we seem to be far on the way to be extricated.

When the Amendment is repealed

more and better whiskey will be made and, no doubt, consumed by persons who think well of it as a beverage. If one is to drink it at all, good whiskey is probably somewhat better for him than bad, but very moderate encouragement is enough to give to distillers of whiskey. The drinks to be encouraged are beer and wine. This beer we have now, which must surely be harmless or very close to it, is a pleasant lubricant to life and especially to social life. As for claret, the *Paris Herald*, July 7th, tells of a festival in the Medoc country in southwestern France that involves a gathering of three hundred and eighty elderly couples who have been married for fifty years or longer. This Medoc country, the *Paris Herald* says, has a sandy soil in which most crops do ill but vines flourish and these peasants who live so long and stay married so long live a good deal on red wine, at least that is what they drink unless the doctor orders milk. They do not drink water except to dilute their wine. Their food is mostly vegetable soup, potatoes and other vegetables, and the red wine.

That is the sort of drink to encourage in these States. California can produce excellent claret, and white wines too for that matter, and there are many other good wine-making districts such as Pleasant Valley in the State of New York. Quantities of fairly wholesome drink can be made in this country (cider of course as always has been) but especially wines, the production of which in important quantity and quality does not go back more than a century.

But nothing will take the place of individual discretion in the use of alcoholic beverages of any kind. There is a great deal more of such discretion in use in the United States than prohibitionists and their like seem to think, but it is not universal.







BACKFIELD IN MOTION

By Benton Spruance

*Courtesy of the Weyhe Galleries*



# Harpers *Magazine*

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## THE SUPREME COURT AND THE NEW DEAL

BY MITCHELL DAWSON

THERE has arisen in the city of Washington a splendid structure, severely classic in design, austere in somber dignity. In its great stone hallways and chambers there is to be no concession to the frivolous or the gaudy or any of the eccentricities so commonly associated with a democracy. Such austerity would seem to be entirely fitting, for this great monument is intended to shelter the Supreme Court of the United States, the nine elderly men who hold in their hands the power to determine the destiny of the nation. During the days of this past summer and autumn as these nine men have gone about the country's business they have seen the national capital boiling over with an unprecedented activity; they have seen nervous hurrying to and fro; they have known of long midnight conferences, of desperate argument and hysterical dismay. This storm of

executive activity has been brought about by the greatest of depressions, which at last has forced the hand of government to reach out and attempt to wrest the control of the country's economic life from the individuals who possessed it before. Withdrawn from all the noise and tumult sit the nine old men; they are waiting, waiting for the time when the question of this government control must be brought before them. Day after day, week after week, they await with gravity and decorum the inevitable moment when they too must come to grips with the stupendous experiment born in the National Recovery Administration.

Thousands of citizens, heeding the President's call, have joined the fraternity of the NRA as eagerly and as willingly as though it were Rotary, Kiwanis, or a Lion's Club. All of them are proclaiming glibly that "We



Do Our Part" without knowing just what that part may turn out to be.

Other thousands—you hear them in clubs, restaurants, offices, filling stations, and on the 5:15—are saying that the New Deal won't work and that it isn't legal anyway. Their doubts, fears, and objections are various: It is socialism; it is fascism; it will be an instrument for dictatorship; it will exploit the consumer; it is a labor law; it is a blow at labor, and, above all, it will deprive citizens of liberty and property without due process of law in violation of constitutional guaranties. Some of these dissenters have already attacked the government's program in court. That more of them will do so is certain.

Poised precariously between these two parties is the National Recovery Administration, under the direction of General Hugh S. Johnson. Granted extraordinary powers by the last Congress, this organization is lumbering and heaving toward some sort of national control. In addition to the fearful labors which must inevitably attend such a step, the NRA is to an extent a house divided, with its members split into various camps through differing economic attitudes and convictions. They must meet and grapple with problems of price control, evasion and rebellion by industrialists, hold-outs by labor, buyer's strikes, and inevitable clashes between official egos; but none of these difficulties offers as devastating a prospect as an adverse decision from the Supreme Court. With all their handicaps the officials of the NRA must labor under one still greater, the uncertainty as to whether their powers will be sustained and their authority be declared constitutional. Leaning heavily on the blunt fact of a national emergency, they await with ill-concealed concern the decision of the nine

old men who must determine whether or no the NRA is justified in its existence.

That we are, with respect to the final test of all legislation, actually governed by the judiciary has long been evident, and that the Supreme Court stands as the great defender of private property against the attempts of popular legislatures to encroach upon the privileges of that property has been known for generations. The Founding Fathers displayed an acute realization of the fact, and through the long years of John Marshall's leadership the Court steadily widened its powers and influence. Yet while we remained essentially an agricultural nation this extension of power was slow. It required the Civil War and the subsequent headlong race for industrial expansion to raise the influence of the Court to its great height. With the enactment of the Fourteenth Amendment this great influence may be said to take its rise. What was originally intended to be a definition of the rights of the Negro was adroitly transformed into one of the most powerful weapons of private property through the inclusion of that famous sentence: "No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty or *property without due process of law*, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

Decade succeeded decade, the concentration of wealth and industrial power, all property, proceeded apace, and as it grew the power of the Supreme Court grew also. Through the assertion of a power not expressly granted in the Constitution, the Court has in large measure come to direct the social and economic destiny of the nation. Those nine men, who still hold court in a modest room in the Capitol,

have become one of the most extraordinary governmental institutions in the world. Far removed from the will and behest of the people, independent of the elected Congress and the elected Executive, they determine what laws shall stand and what laws shall fall. During the past two generations their field has become increasingly economic. Their word has altered the price of the worker's bread and has struck down legislation to abolish child labor. In innumerable decisions they have stood not only as a great defensive bulwark of private property, but also, since the control of property and wealth tended more and more to concentrate, as an effective aid to the dominant financial and business interests in their efforts to enlarge and consolidate their power. Now a revolution is taking place in this country in which the one vital issue, much obscured by confusion and misunderstanding, is the question whether these financial and business interests shall or shall not be subjected to the collective will; and yet, revolution or no revolution, these same nine men will have the responsibility for smashing the New Deal or establishing it more firmly or indirectly bringing about something which will take its place. Nor can they be oblivious to the fact that their decision will have a most powerful influence upon the authority, prestige—even possibly the existence itself—of the court over which they preside.

The Supreme Court, however, cannot itself call the National Industrial Recovery Act up for judgment. It must wait for a controversy to be brought before it on appeal from a lower court. At this writing it is impossible to say what particular battle will be the first to reach the Supreme Court for its final decision. The attacks so far made upon the NIRA and AAA (Agricultural Adjustment Administration) have been in

the nature of guerilla warfare by so-called independent dealers representing no substantial group interest.

The first suit under the NIRA was brought by a Texas oil company in the District of Columbia against the Secretary of the Interior, to restrain him from enforcing certain regulations promulgated under the authority of Section 9(c) of the Act. These regulations had put the government in a strategic position to stop the traffic in "hot oil," that is, oil produced or withdrawn from storage in violation of quotas established by State authorities. But the court refused to interfere on the broad ground that the national emergency justified the granting and exercise of extreme powers, adverting for the benefit of the public to the maxims "Necessity knows no law" and "Self-preservation is the first law of nature."

Shortly after the decision in the oil case two suits attacking the AAA were disposed of by another judge in the same court. They were brought by rebel milk dealers against the Secretary of Agriculture to restrain him from enforcing a minimum price for milk in the Chicago Milk Shed. The court in dismissing these cases said:

The day is past when absolute vested rights in contract or property can any longer be left to ruthless competition or selfish greed for their production or distribution.

That these individual assaults will be followed by attacks from more powerful interests seems likely. While the leaders of a majority of industries have chosen to adapt themselves to the New Deal and to dicker for the best and cheapest codes obtainable, the public will do well to keep its fingers crossed. During the past four decades the great corporate interests have consistently fought every measure intended for the reform of business practice. The Interstate Commerce



Act, the Sherman Act, the Federal Trade Commission Act, the Clayton Act, and the Federal Reserve Act were all resisted to the last trench. Of course, the New Deal is by no means a bad deal for business. It holds out a promise of privileges which have long been considered illegal. Once a business is safely under the wings of a code, its actions "complying with the provisions thereof" are "exempt from the provisions of the antitrust laws of the United States." The Act also states that codes "shall not permit monopolies or monopolistic practices"; but this is only a reserve card to be played if things go too far. The government has actually issued a mandate upon business to organize for collective action and for purposes not previously permitted. It is through such organization and the possible control of production and prices that business may hope to gain new advantages.

This prospect and the fear of public opinion have to a large extent offset the inherent animus of Big Business against bureaucratic interference. Credit must also be given to General Johnson for wielding the big stick as persuasively as possible, obtaining with the adoption of each new code the consent of all the members of a trade and their agreement to live up to its terms, thus minimizing the chances of litigation. But although the administration may have reconciled business to a large measure of government control, it has not overcome the terrific conflicts of interest between capital and labor. Strong insurgents have arisen who seem determined to force the government's hand, either to a definite commitment to the open shop or a showdown on the constitutionality of the New Deal. It is fairly certain that some fundamental clash of this sort will bring to a test before the Supreme Court not only the

particular legislation involved but also the basic philosophy supporting it.

In the present crisis those nine self-contained men who hold the supreme judicial power will determine what the social and economic future of our government shall be; for, despite the time-honored pronouncement of John Marshall to the contrary, our government is a government of men, not laws.

## II

There is no mystery about the processes by which the justices of the Supreme Court arrive at their decisions. They are similar to the processes by which any of us rationalize our conclusions, except that an ever-present sense of the far-reaching consequences of a final judgment by the Supreme Court must involve a deeper heart-searching. But heart-searching cannot alter those factors of inheritance, education, and experience which determine the subtle sympathies and prepossessions that grow up in each of us through the years.

According to Justice Cardozo:

There is in each of us a stream of tendency, whether you choose to call it philosophy or not, which gives coherence and direction to thought and action. Judges cannot escape that current any more than other mortals. All their lives, forces which they do not recognize and cannot name, have been tugging at them—inherited instincts, traditional beliefs, acquired convictions; and the resultant is an outlook on life, a conception of social needs, a sense in James's phrase of "the total push and pressure of the cosmos," which, when reasons are nicely balanced, must determine where choice shall fall.

We must remember, however, that the role of a judge as a member of the Supreme Court involves influences and pressures that do not operate upon the individual citizen. The interplay of personalities and opinions among the justices may lead them to conclu-

sions which they would not have reached separately. Justice Hughes, who as head of the Court has the privilege of voting last on any case, is said to try to reconcile opposing views and bring about unanimity in the Court's opinions.

Temperamental differences may also leave their mark despite every desire to maintain a fine detachment. For instance, there might be a connection between certain unlovable characteristics attributed to Justices Butler and McReynolds and their joint dissent in the *Scottsboro* case. They were willing that the four negro boy defendants should go to their death as ordered by the trial court, although all the other Justices believed that they had not been given a fair hearing. So too it is possible that the inherent kindness of Justices Van Devanter and Sutherland aligned them with the majority in that same case in spite of the fact that the trial had been used as a vehicle for communist propaganda, which must have gone terribly against the grain of their intransigence.

In considering the probable response of the Supreme Court to the New Deal it would be absurd to generalize from personal traits and foibles, but a close scrutiny of the changing and developing legal attitudes and philosophies of the nine justices may be of great value. The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court is Charles Evans Hughes of New York. The Associate Justices, in order of seniority, are Willis Van Devanter of Wyoming, James Clark McReynolds of Tennessee, Louis D. Brandeis of Massachusetts, George Sutherland of Utah, Pierce Butler of Minnesota, Harlan Fiske Stone of New York, Owen J. Roberts of Pennsylvania, and Benjamin Nathan Cardozo of New York.

Of late years much attention has been focused upon the opinions and

influence of the so-called liberal Justices. This group may be said to date from the appointment of Justice Holmes, now retired, and was strengthened by the subsequent appointment of Justices Brandeis, Stone, and Cardozo. Their opinions, together with those of other justices who have occasionally sided with them, represent whatever liberal influences the Court may have shown in resisting exploitation, repression, and social injustices. Set over against them, are the conservatives, frequently in the majority, who represent the tradition of anxious solicitude for the rights and power of property.

Justice Brandeis, whose appointment in 1916 was vehemently assailed as a blow at vested interests, appeared early in his career as a defender of the public interest against exploitation. His lifelong fight for social justice, the regulation of railroad and utility rates, savings bank insurance, the conservation of natural resources, and the freedom of the individual from oppression have become part of the national tradition. His book, *Other People's Money*, based upon his investigation of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad and published twenty years ago, was a merciless dissection of voting trusts, interlocking directorates, and market manipulation. That its lesson went unheeded any current newspaper will demonstrate. An economic individualist and opposed to monopoly, Justice Brandeis in *Other People's Money* expressed a hope for a new freedom for farmers, workingmen, and clerks through co-operative enterprise. Essentially a realist, it would seem unlikely that he could overlook the growing concentration of industry, the decline of the small unit. One sentence from his dissenting opinion in the *Oklahoma ice* case shows his attitude toward a changing economic



world: "There must be power in the states and nation to remold through experimentation our economic practices to meet changing social and economic needs."

The careers of Justices Cardozo and Stone, who with Justice Brandeis form the well-known triad of liberal judges, have been outwardly uneventful. Their biographies are the records of mental and spiritual growth. As a lawyer Justice Cardozo displayed keen analytical powers and a capacity for presenting his views in language of extraordinary flexibility, beauty, and exactitude. He was literally drafted into judicial office by demand of the judges of the New York Court of Appeals, who had learned to know him as an outstanding personality through his practice before them. He came to the Supreme Court through appointment by President Hoover in 1932 after the rejection by the Senate of the nomination of Judge Parker. Although his record on the Supreme Court has been brief, his actual experience on the bench is unequalled in point of time by any of the court except Justice Van Devanter. While sitting in the New York Court of Appeals he wrote over five hundred opinions, many of which are landmarks in the interpretation of social legislation.

Justice Cardozo believes with Justice Brandeis that the courts must be supplied with all the available data concerning the human relationships involved in the cases before them in order to arrive at wise conclusions. "Some of the errors of courts have their origin in imperfect knowledge of the economic and social consequences of a decision, or of the economic and social needs to which a decision will respond. . . . There is a constantly increasing need for resort by the judge to some fact-finding agency which will substitute exact

knowledge of factual conditions for conjecture and impression."

Justice Stone's life has been spent mostly within academic walls. He was dean of Columbia Law School when President Coolidge, through the happy accident of personal acquaintance, made him Attorney General to succeed Harry M. Daugherty, boosting him in 1925 to the Supreme Court. His record on the Court has been one of absolute impartiality and independence. He listens fairly to the arguments of habitual conservatives as well as to confirmed liberals, but the latter, especially in recent years, have had the best of it. While he arrives at his opinions through processes of his own, they reflect the influence of the great liberals—Holmes, Brandeis, and Cardozo. He agrees with them that law must adapt itself to human needs. Like them, too, he stresses "the great importance, in applying the Fourteenth Amendment to cases as they arise, of the Court's being fully informed as to all phases of the particular social conditions affected, the evils supposed to originate in them, and the appropriateness of the particular remedy sought to be applied."

If Justice Brandeis has consistently stood for the underdog, Justice Pierce Butler of Minnesota has zealously supported the underdog's master. Vigorous and domineering, a highly successful corporation lawyer, he was for many years one of the most effective champions of the railroads, banks, and utilities in the Middle West. His action as chief counsel for the Twin City Traction Company in bringing suit to prevent the City of Minneapolis from investigating the company's "Yellow Dog Fund," which it was alleged had been used to buy political favors, did not endear him to the populace. Appointed by President Harding in 1922, his appointment raised a storm of protest and was opposed by

all the progressive senators. In the Supreme Court Justice Butler has been inflexible in defense of the laissez-faire doctrines which were dominant in the nineties. He wrote the majority opinion in the Nebraska case invalidating a State statute intended to protect fair bakeries and their customers against fraud by fixing a maximum and minimum weight for loaves of bread. He was with the majority in the Panhandle Oil and Quaker City Cab cases, upholding the rights of private corporations against the acts of State legislatures.

Justice Van Devanter at seventy-four is alert, logical, and a hard worker. In length of service he is the senior Justice. Born in Indiana, he moved to Wyoming when he was twenty-five and thereafter was active in Republican politics, at the same time becoming an extremely successful corporation lawyer. He represented the Union Pacific Railroad and various land, cattle, irrigation, and lumber companies. Eventually he served as Chief Justice of the State of Wyoming, Assistant U. S. Attorney General, and Federal Circuit Judge. His appointment to the Supreme Court in 1910 by President Taft was said to be largely due to the influence of Philander Knox, attorney for the United States Steel Corporation. Belief in Justice Van Devanter's bias in favor of corporate interests seems to have been justified by his record on the Supreme Court. In the Child Labor Case he was with the majority in voting against the Act of Congress of 1916. He sided with the disapproving majority in the Minimum Wage Case. He dissented also in *Bunting v. Oregon* in which the Court upheld a statute limiting the hours of labor in factories.

Justice Sutherland was born in England, but like Justice Van Devanter, he is a product of the Far West, hav-

ing grown up in Utah. His progress also has been the result of his activities in Republican politics. A Salt Lake City lawyer in the early eighties, he has served in turn as State Senator, Congressman, and United States Senator, and was finally appointed to the Supreme Bench in 1922 by President Harding as a reward for his assistance in the front-porch campaign. Like at least four other members of the court, Justice Sutherland was a corporation lawyer. He is distinctly a product of the G.O.P. and its business alliances. His utterances run to formulæ and are studded with quotations and references, mostly uninspired. He seems to have little real understanding of the forces of change, yet he resents being called a standpatter and says he believes in progress "with a goal." But he takes fright at any goal which is not a return to the starting point.

"The fathers intended," Justice Sutherland has said, "that this should be a civil government. It was no part of their plan that it should ever be a business organization. Jealous to the last degree of individual rights and liberties, their effort was to abridge rather than to extend the powers of government." As a member of the Supreme Court he has done his best to uphold this conviction. He wrote the opinions in the Minimum Wage Case, the *Tyson Case* knocking out a law limiting the charges of theater ticket scalpers, the *New Jersey Case* invalidating a statute limiting the fees to be charged by employment agencies, and the *Oklahoma Ice Case*, in each instance thwarting the efforts of legislative bodies to protect the public against exploitation and racketeering.

It is amusing to recall that Justice James McReynolds of Tennessee once acquired fame as a trust buster. As special counsel for the government, he applied the big stick to the Tobacco



Trust and obtained a decree for its dissolution. His success in that case was probably the reason for his appointment by President Wilson in 1913 as Attorney General. When he was nominated to the Supreme Court a year later, Senator Norris in a three-day attack upon him in the Senate, criticized him for laxity in the enforcement of the mandate dissolving the Standard Oil Company and for not finding criminal indictments against the directors of the New Haven. It was also reported that as Attorney General he clashed with ex-Governor Folk and Brandeis when they were acting as counsel for the Interstate Commerce Commission, and that on one occasion he practically turned them out of his office. Justice McReynolds was with the reactionary majority in the Child Labor and Minimum Wage Cases and, with Justice Van Devanter, dissented in *Bunting v. Oregon* against the approval of a law limiting the hours of labor in factories. He wrote the opinion in the *O'Fallon* Case, favoring the railroads' theory of valuation for the purpose of fixing rates, to which Justices Holmes, Brandeis, and Stone dissented.

Justice Owen J. Roberts of Pennsylvania offers a startling contrast to Justice McReynolds. Justice McReynolds, who spent so many years attacking Big Business, now at the last is in the trenches defending it with a truly Bourbon devotion. Justice Roberts, on the other hand, after years as a zealous advocate for banks, insurance, steel and coal corporations, finally emerged as the government counsel in the naval oil-lease cases. Ten years ago he seemed as indurated against progressive trends as Justice Van Devanter, but his fine public service in the prosecution of Fall, Sinclair, and Doheny brought the support of Senators Walsh, Norris, and Borah when he was appointed to the Court.

As a Justice he has been liberally inclined but not so consistently that his response to new situations can be safely predicted. He stood with Justices Holmes and Brandeis in what may be considered a liberal dissent in the Massachusetts Inheritance Tax Case, and he was with the liberal majority in upholding the New York corporation license law. He was again with the liberal majority in sustaining the Indiana law taxing chain stores, but crossed over to the other side in a decision holding that the Interstate Commerce Commission had no jurisdiction over contracts between creditors and stockholders in the reorganization of railroads—Holmes, Brandeis, and Stone dissenting. He also joined the conservatives in the Oklahoma Ice Case.

Last of all there is the Chief Justice, Charles Evans Hughes of New York. He has commonly been classed with Justice Roberts as holding the middle ground, but during the years when he was on the bench he sided as often with the liberals as Justice Holmes. He has been charged by his enemies with insincerity in representing the public in the famous insurance investigations in New York and subsequently accepting campaign contributions from the powers he had attacked. Yet in his service on the Supreme Court he has shown genuine ability to free himself from the sympathies which must have developed during his advocacy of great business interests and his association with wealthy clients. In most of the important railroad cases he has decided against the carriers. He concurred in enjoining the Southern Pacific Lines in Texas from attempting to break up a union by coercing the employees to join the company union. He helped save co-operative enterprises in the second Oklahoma Cotton Gin Case from the damage done by Justice Sutherland's

opinion in an earlier decision. He also supported freedom of speech in the California Red Flag Case and freedom of the press in the Minnesota Gag Law Case.

He cannot, however, be counted on in the present crisis to support the revolutionary aspects of the New Deal. With him much depends on how well the government can sugar-coat the pill to a semblance of conformity to an order that now appears to be passing away. In beard and gown he achieves a truly imposing aspect of judicial gravity and decorum hardly to be equaled; but he is noted neither for realistic perception nor for extraordinary vision. His utterances have a safely vague nobility, and it is difficult to gather any precise idea of his philosophy from his writings or his speeches. Wound about with sonorous commonplaces, his words are safely, prudently, and hazily idealistic.

### III

The justices will presumably first be concerned, like the rest of us, with the magnitude of the power conferred upon the executive by the various emergency acts and above all, by the act establishing the NRA. By necessity the New Deal was an opportunist program designed to give the executive the broadest possible powers without commitment to a particular course of action. The Recovery Act expresses its objectives in general terms, of which the most significant are "promoting the organization of industry for the purpose of co-operative action among trade groups," inducing and maintaining "united action of labor and management under adequate governmental sanctions and supervision," and the elimination of "unfair competitive practices." These ends are to be attained through the now familiar machinery of the codes which the mem-

bers of every trade group have had to adopt or run the risk of having one thrust upon them. If the President should discover practices in any industry contrary to the policy of the Act, he may require those engaged in it to obtain a license to do business upon such conditions as he shall prescribe. He is thus given almost dictatorial power over all interstate commerce.

But the Recovery Act is only one of the organs of the new legislation. Next in importance and intended to function with it is the Agricultural Adjustment Act. Together they might be considered the auricle and ventricle of the New Deal.

The AAA delegates power directly to the Secretary of Agriculture in the hope of enabling him to re-establish the purchasing power of the farmer to that of certain former "base periods" through the control of production. It also provides for marketing agreements to be made with groups of processors and producers, it includes licensing provisions similar to the NIRA, it levies a processing tax, and carries as a sort of kangaroo tail the famous financing provisions which confer upon the President the power of inflating the currency. The New Deal is further equipped with the Banking Act, the Securities Act, the Home Owners' Loan Act, the Farm Credit Act, the Emergency Railroad Transportation Act, the Emergency Relief Act, and the National Employment System Act, as well as the second part of the National Recovery Act authorizing a public works program.

This is the mass of enactments which confer upon the federal government authority beyond the greatest dreams of the old federalists. Any or all of it may be brought to account before the Supreme Court, but the most vital—and vulnerable—part of the New Deal is in the NIRA itself.

The Justices can hardly fail to



speculate upon the danger that this power may be abused by any dominant group for selfish interests. Officials may come and go. General Johnson has talked of resigning in January. The President is mortal. Shifts of control are possible. And it is well known that powers granted in an emergency, which are used at first in the national interest under the wary eye of a skeptical public, may easily be abused when the public has become used to their exercise and has relaxed its vigilance.

Yet here we discover a possible factor of new uncertainty in the attitude of the Justices—a factor which makes it dangerous to assume that the liberal Justices will vote to sustain the NIRA and the conservatives vote to invalidate it. A great deal may depend upon the direction in which the new governmental authority appears to be drifting. If the administration appears to be consolidating its power and authority, that fact must exercise its influence upon the great decision. If, on the other hand, in the face of the quiet but terrific opposition it has aroused, its power should dwindle, that fact too must have its weight. But this is far from being all. A most powerful influence *must be the direction in which this power may grow and for whose benefit it may be exercised*. The stream of tendency, the inherited instincts, the traditional beliefs, and the acquired convictions of which Justice Cardozo has spoken will be brought to bear most powerfully. It is impossible for it to be otherwise.

We have said that the program of the New Deal is opportunist; it has no fixed philosophy, no certain goal toward which it is making its way. If it were otherwise, if the NIRA represented a clear-cut step toward government control, it might appear quite likely that the conservative members of the Court, perhaps in majority,

would strike down the NIRA, even perhaps in the face of the national emergency and the plain trend of the times. The Court before this has attempted to oppose the inevitable, notably in the Dred Scott decision which was to dispose of the slavery problem once and for all. But four years later the guns of Charleston opened fire on Sumter and the Dred Scott decision was swept away like a cobweb in the storm of Civil War.

But the case is not clear cut, even for liberal or reactionary, and the problem confronting the Court is so thorny that the Justices must of necessity approach it with uncertainty and concern. If Donald Richberg, the General Counsel of the NRA, and Harold Ickes, the Secretary of the Interior, represent that element which demands a strictness of government control and the elimination of favoritism, of political and financial influence, they are far from being representative of the whole. There are other elements. The purely political activities and the patronage tactics of Postmaster General Farley and others like him are well known. Furthermore, the NRA must draw a large portion of its influential personnel from the ranks of business and finance; and business has not yet ceased to be interested in profit before everything else. Whitewashing the leopard will not erase his spots. Profit and national interest do not always coincide, no matter how often we have been told that they do; more often than not they are violently opposed. When, therefore, all of these elements are combined in the NRA administration, the decision of the Court becomes more and more difficult because of the fact that the Court has no means of knowing which of these elements will eventually dominate the NRA if and when it consolidates its power.

What if the liberal Justices, taking the New Deal at its rosiest, should be able to write a majority opinion upholding the powers of the NRA? And what if subsequently the machinery of the NRA should fall completely into the hands of business and finance? Imagination boggles at the thought of what a Harding administration might do with these gigantic powers. The Roosevelt administration is very far from being free from the same pressures. Such a prospect must cause Justice Brandeis many an uneasy thought. But might not the possibility of the open and avowed control of the NRA by vested property be not unpleasing to the conservative Justices? That is possible, and the inherited instincts and the acquired convictions must operate here as well. But they must operate in a fog of uncertainty and doubt.

A great deal of legal underbrush must, of course, first be cleared away. There will be embarrassing technical questions. The Recovery Act to a limited extent suspends the anti-trust laws and has been thought to authorize price-fixing. The regulation of rates has been judicially approved as to "industries affected with a public interest," but can this be extended to include all industries? The fixing of *unreasonable* prices would no doubt be a monopolistic practice forbidden by the Act. But will the Court sustain the fixing of prices that stifle-competition, even though they are reasonable?

Can the power of Congress to regulate interstate commerce be extended to purely local trades not in competition with interstate companies? It has never been so held. Can it be extended to the activities of interstate companies not connected with the movement of goods? It is doubtful. Will the attempt to establish minimum wages under codes—a power de-

nied to Congress by the Court—prove a stumbling block? These and other questions will arise to plague the Administration and the Court, always to the refrain of the old battle cries "due process of law" and "liberty of contract."

General Johnson's cohorts are no doubt prepared to meet all technical points and to "crack them down" with the doctrine that the great national emergency justifies every angle of the New Deal. And this is no feeble argument. We have never before been involved in a period of such worldwide panic and uncertainty, with revolutionary changes accomplished and impending whichever way we turn. General Johnson will contend that the government is empowered to regulate all business "affected with a public interest," and in such an emergency all business is so affected. But this emergency doctrine must itself come in for the severest scrutiny. It has never been held to turn constitutional black into white, nor has it ever been applied by the Supreme Court to a purely economic emergency. The court has said that even war does not alter the limitations upon Congressional authority imposed by the Constitution.

How soon the New Deal in any of its phases will be forced before the Supreme Court is uncertain. The justices are working, in the words of Justice Hughes, "under the watchful eye of a critical people," critical certainly of any judgment which would seem to thwart recovery. Yet, as we have pointed out, the Court does not operate in a vacuum and its members are human beings. Pressures are exerted upon it from every side and the influences bearing upon its decisions are numberless. And in their present situation, their own power and influence are seriously involved. Indeed, the controlling factor in their decision may be their realization that not only is



the New Deal on trial but also the supremacy of the Court itself. Is it not possible that a decision sustaining the NIRA would be in itself an act of abdication on the part of the Court, an acknowledgment that the far-reaching powers of judicial review by which the Court has forced the nation to follow paths marked out by the Court are now and forever past. The Court, after all, has usurped a power which was not expressly granted in the Constitution. Gradually, through long years, it has built up that power until, to most of us, its mightiness is an accepted commonplace. How painful then will be the dilemma that must presently confront it. Shall it seek to change the stars in their courses by

defying change or shall it bow to change and in that instant step down from the seats of the mighty? It would be interesting to know the long thoughts of the Justices as they daily pass the walls of the temple that is to shelter them. Is there something ominous in its magnificence? Is it possible that in years to come the structure may not be the seat of that supreme power to which even Presidents and Congresses must bow, but may become through the New Deal and what comes after, a mausoleum, a huge memorial raised up as a testimony that once upon a time nine elderly men held in their hands the life and liberty and happiness of one hundred and twenty millions of people?





# HEROES

A STORY

BY BEN NORRIS

I KNEW we must be almost there because Oscar had been climbing for the last ten or fifteen minutes. The altimeter showed about ten thousand feet, but I couldn't tell what was below because I was too busy watching Oscar. He had waved us to close in, and when your wings are almost locked you don't have time for anything except to watch the leader.

Oscar leveled the formation out and I saw his ailerons wiggle. That meant we were going to dive the town. Down, down we went, picking up speed all the time. Headed straight down now, I could see the town out of the corner of my eye, between Oscar's wings. How low would he go? On occasions like this you didn't have to bother about the twelve-hundred-foot law. The town fathers would love it. So should I. Skimming house tops in formation is real sport. Curious why that should be more fun than low flying alone or formation work up higher.

I heard Ted's propeller snarl. Boy! what a racket on the ground. When the props start snarling you've caught up to your motor and can't go any faster. That's when you hear that long crescendo of moan from the ground. You don't hear anything in the air. It's all noise, so you don't distinguish, except in a dive every so often you hear the other wing man. I don't know why.

It would be too bad if we broke all

the windows. Oscar got in pretty bad dutch the time we broke all the windows in the schoolhouse at Fredericksburg. You wouldn't think just vibrations would do it. The little schoolteacher told Ted afterward she didn't know whether she was more excited or scared. Oscar was certainly a swell guy about it. Said we'd just been practicing and he hadn't noticed we were over the schoolhouse.

It was bumpy down low. Took all you had to stay in close. That was because of the mountains all round. You got a swell sense of speed right over the tree tops. You could just make out a jumble of things rushing by under you, like a movie when they run it too fast. We did a wing-over around a big building and flew back along the river. We had to pull up a little for the bridge and then circled back over town again.

We were doing pretty well, I thought, considering the choppy air. But that was what we were there for—to give the cash customers their money's worth. Or was it the taxpayers? Well, someone. It didn't much matter. If you didn't fly close they wouldn't want formations for conventions and things. And trips like this were good fun. Sort of broke the monotony of routine at the base.

We landed in formation at the airport and taxied up to the line. I cut my motor and stretched in the cock-



pit. Three hours at a time with some show stuff thrown in makes you pretty stiff. I took the cotton out of my ears and looked round. I couldn't believe my eyes. It was the first time anything like this had happened to us.

"Is that supposed to be for us?" I yelled over to Ted, indicating the band drawn up in front of a crowd of people.

"Sure. We're heroes. Hadn't you heard?"

"Nuts," I said. "Where's the bar? Oscar says they have good beer in this town."

Oscar came back from talking to a guy dressed like a Grand Kleagle—or what I imagined a Grand Kleagle would dress like. Oscar was running round after us like a mother hen. They wanted a picture.

"Who's the Grand Kleagle?" I asked him.

"He's the entertainment committee. He's going to take care of us while we're here. We're the guests of honor."

"Oh, yeah?" I said. "Oh, yeah" was just getting popular at the time.

"I'm not kidding. We're guests of honor."

"I thought we were the hired help," Ted said, "until I saw the band."

Oscar finally collected the bunch from the other two sections and they took a picture of us. Reporters asked us all our names for the captions in the local papers. Halpert, that was the Grand Kleagle's name, made a speech to welcome us, all about brothers in arms who were carrying on the traditions of the A.E.F. where they had left off. Funny, I thought, none of us had been in the War. Even Oscar was too young at the time. And here we were being made a fuss over at a Legion convention, or Veterans of something or other, I wasn't sure which.

The ride into town was a nightmare. The springs were down almost on the

axles with about eight of us piled in the car. The top was down and Halpert did his duty as he saw it.

"I guess it's pretty tame on the ground," he said looking round, "after that stuff you were all pulling."

"Watch out!" Oscar shouted.

Halpert stepped on the siren and swerved to miss a trolley car. It made me feel a little weak. "That's no thrill for you fellows," he said, turning round again. "Anyhow we've got the right of way."

We were doing between sixty and sixty-five and there was a lot of traffic. In and out of lines of cars, over on the left of the road, and all the time the siren going and Halpert looking round talking drivell.

"This bird's nuts," I whispered to Ted. "He's going to kill us before we've even sampled the local brew."

"Maybe he's the town undertaker drumming up trade."

"I always thought I'd like to fly," Halpert was saying. "I get a kick out of narrow shaves." He turned just in time to squeeze between a trolley and a truck coming the other way. I shut my eyes. There was a loud screeching of brakes behind us, but when I opened my eyes again we were still going.

"You got to be able to take chances to fly," Halpert went on. I thought of the Golden Rule they drilled into us at Pensacola: Observe all safety precautions at all times. "Not like driving a car. You don't have any air brakes. Not yet. And, boy, when you land, you land hard I guess. They'll be getting air brakes though the way things change these days."

"Not for a while, I guess," Oscar said, trying to be polite.

"Say, I was thinking when I saw you guys coming into town that way, maybe here's some business. I'll put my card in your dashboards just so you'll remember me. Speaking of inventions,

take my business. It's not like it was in the old days with all this cremation stuff. I used to make a hundred dollars or more clear on every box. Now everybody wants to get cremated. And I can't afford to put in a plant. You'd be surprised at the business I've lost on account of cremating."

"Cheerful bugger," I whispered to Ted.

"Oh, he means all right," Ted said.

"It's terrible these days," Halpert kept on, "you never know where you're at. You look up and get something in your eye and you don't know whether it's an arm or a leg. Or maybe it's just a cinder."

"Hey, Ted, suppose they'll have any whisky for us? I need a drink."

"I thought you wanted beer."

"I did."

"Well, there'll be plenty of both. He's not really a bad egg though."

"And he's the crude sort of bastard they're paying a bonus to. I wish they hadn't sent us."

"What do you care? You're getting eight dollars a day subsistence for the trip. And we won't have to pay a thing. He's all right."

"I suppose so."

Halpert parked us in the hotel and said he'd be back later.

"The later the better," I said.

"He's all right," Oscar said. "Did you hear what he said about the cinder? That's a hot one."

"Do we have to be entertained or can we just mosey round and drink beer?" I asked.

"They won't all be that way. We'll have to stick round and be good guys. This is part of your education you missed at Harvard."

After a while Halpert came back with a couple of quarts of liquor and two or three other guys dressed up in fancy uniforms. Before that I hadn't thought much of our own khaki uniforms, but when I put on a clean blouse

and changed the insignia and buttons I made a point of leaving off my Pistol Expert's badge. I was pretty proud of it too.

When we'd all had showers and got cleaned up, Halpert marshalled us down to another room in the hotel. I was pretty fried by that time and didn't have much trouble with my post graduate course, as Oscar called it. He was quite well along, and it didn't seem to make much difference to us what anyone said. There were about fifty men in the room and more whisky than you could shake a stick at. Nat got hold of a swagger stick somewhere and went round shaking it at every case he could find. But some man collared him and Nat forgot about shaking the stick.

We were brothers in arms for all we were worth by this time. Everybody was talking about what division they were with in the War. But it never got any farther than just what division they were in. Some one else would always come along and interrupt with a drink or the same question. And nobody ever found anyone from his division so there wasn't anything else to talk about.

We had a chance to sober up a bit during dinner, and afterward Halpert had to parade, so we had a breathing spell. It seemed as though the whole town were drunk. But we just wandered about and watched things. Parades all over town, torchlight processions, bands, "Hi, Buddy, what division were you in?" parades, and more bands. I never saw so many bands.

"You don't have to be much of a hero to get a band," Ted said. "I thought they were really doing right by us this afternoon."

We finally landed up in a bar off on a side street without a single veteran.

"This place must be quarantined," Ted said.

"Fine. Suits me."



The beer was really good. Even better than the legal stuff you get now. It was more like Canadian Ale. We found that out after a few glasses. It had body, and you liked to roll it round as you swallowed it.

"I thought they had good beer in Hoboken," I said.

"Not like this," Oscar said. "Ever had German beer?"

"Sure, but this is just as good."

"You got to have good beer to mine coal," Ted said.

"I don't see the connection."

"You never mined coal."

"That's true too."

The beer on top of all that whisky began to have an effect and Ted started using big words.

"I'm no confirmed militarist," he said, "but the spirit that sends men to war is a fine thing."

"So's this beer."

"No, really, it is. It's like what a darn good Sousa march does to you. Makes you feel eager and alive. And war spirit brings to these people's lives their one big ecstasy."

Ted was drunk, but I could see he meant what he was saying. Oscar listened, too, and so did Nat.

"Well, these birds had their big moment when they got imbued with war spirit. It made them feel they were somebody, made them feel alive. And then they came back and took up undertaking . . ."

"You're drunk," I broke in. "I want another beer."

The waiter brought us all another round and Ted went on.

"And went into real estate and things. But they all remember the way they felt inside when they marched off to war. So they gather together and all get drunk and dress up and try to feel that way again. And I say it's all a darn travesty. A travesty on a fine thing."

"What's a travesty?" I said.

"Know what a caricature is?"

"Sure, it's a picture."

"Well, a certain kind of a picture. And a travesty is doing something a second time that comes out like a caricature, only more so."

"I see. Only what's it all about?"

"This convention is a travesty of a fine spirit."

"How about alumni reunions?" Oscar asked.

"They are too," Ted said, "only not so bad. Why the devil don't people learn that you can't do things over again? Hell's bells, have your fun while the going's good, and then look round for something else. We'd have more heroes per square inch if we had fewer travesties."

"Nuts," I said. "Let's go to bed."

The next morning we went out to the airport to put on a show. Ted and I made sure not to be in Halpert's car, but poor Oscar, having all the rank, couldn't get out of it.

"Halpert's going to give us a case of rye to take back with us," Oscar told us while we were putting on our flying suits.

"I still don't like him," I said.

"You've got to learn to take 'em as they come," Ted said. "He's not a bad guy, making a few allowances. You can't find Harvard men everywhere, and he's probably good to his family."

We flew round most of the morning, doing formation loops and squirrel cages, and all the stuff that looks good from the ground. We had lunch at the airport as guests of the citizens rather than of the veterans and met some pretty nice people. Oscar made a speech and we all talked about flying.

In the afternoon a lot of people gathered at the airport and we did some more fancy flying and staged a couple of phony races. It was swell fun passing one another in front of the grandstand and doing exaggerated

turns around the pylons of the triangular course. Of course it was no race because we didn't want to beat our motors when we had to fly over the mountains the next day. Ted and I staged a close-shave crack-up at the end of the race. I zoomed up to the left as I crossed the finish line right in front of Ted. And he did a close turn inside mine to avoid hitting me. The mechanics said it looked all right.

That night we couldn't shake Halpert and a couple of other guys who all rambled on about aviators in loud voices and made us embarrassed. They told stale dirty jokes and then laughed at them. We all went to some kind of a show the convention was holding. A lot of burlesque women, who looked as though burlesque had been a step-up for them, did hoochey dances and we drank a lot of flat beer. Not nearly so good as the stuff at the bar.

Ted and I left. He wanted to write to the little school-teacher and I wanted to go to bed.

"You'll see her before she gets the letter," I told Ted.

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Well, you'll see her, that's all."

"Sure, but I feel like writing to her. I don't know whether I'll mail it or not, but I feel like writing to her."

When the rest of the gang told me about the show after we left, I was just as glad we had. Some doctor had given a lecture with illustrations about the birds and bees, only Oscar said skunks and snakes were more appropriate.

We went out to the field early the next morning in a bus they sent for us. No one showed up with the case of rye, so we called up from the field. Halpert said he'd send it out.

"He'll send it sure," Ted said.

"I'll give odds we get no rye," I offered, but no one would bet.

After about an hour Oscar said we'd

have to go without it. From Oscar that was quite a surprise.

"Damn it," Ted said, "I've done my duty by my country, I've been as good a buddy for three days as any of you, and I want my share of the rye."

We waited another fifteen minutes and then shoved off.

"Halpert's a swell guy," I said to Ted just before we left.

"I hope they cremate him," he said, but I noticed him stuffing a couple of bottles in his map case. "You got to take 'em as they come."

In the plane I looked at my instrument panel. I had really expected to find Halpert's card stuck there.

We all turned out for a mass drill one day. The whole base was taking part, because, you see, in the Marines you have to be a little of everything. Flyers are foot soldiers as well. It's not a bad idea when you think of the sort of jobs the Marines get.

There's nothing more tiring than waiting for an inspection. And we waited. We were all lined up by one o'clock. It was a hot, sunny day and we all had boots and swords. It was after three when the inspecting party finally arrived, and by the time it was all over we were certainly ready for juleps and relaxation.

"God, I'm tired," I said, loosening my boots as soon as I got to the car.

Nat and two or three others were grouching about the inspection too. Ted came up, all smiles and rubbing his hands.

"Cigarette, cigarette," he said, "who's got a cigarette?"

I dug for the pack in my pants pocket.

"Reach for a 'Lucky' instead of your feet," he said, which at the moment just about panicked the crowd.

When I came from the Engine Shop, where I'd been working most of the next afternoon, I ran into Oscar.



"Ted went in the river," he said.

I knew damn well from the way he said it that there was no use. But even when you know a thing and hope for something else, you keep asking questions until you're convinced. "In the river" didn't necessarily mean anything bad except the way Oscar said it. I thought of the time Nat lost his wheel on the take-off and had to sit down in the river and how we got the plane out with only the magnetos on the fritz. And I thought of the time Pat Moran stubbed his toe in the Corsair skimming along the water chasing ducks. He and the mec got out with just a few bruises. I didn't really think about all this. Just the pictures went through my mind and I felt it was no use, but I asked Oscar just the same. And tried to be casual about it too, as if that might help it to be different.

"What did he do, stub his toe?"

"No, he went straight in."

"Spin in?"

"No, flew right in. He was practicing combat with Hank Murray and the river was glassy. He was watching Hank when he went in."

I suppose in a war you get pretty used to that sort of thing, seeing your friends bumped off all the time, but when there's no war and you're doing something all in the day's run, it really hits you hard.

"Stop in for a julep on your way home," I told Oscar. Then I shoved off. I didn't want to know any more about it. They would be dredging the river and studying the breaks for technical information about stresses. But I wasn't interested in that and least of all did I want to see them taking Ted out.

We drove up to Ted's home for the funeral. It was a couple of hundred miles, so we left about four in the morning. It was a beautiful day and most of the drive was through rich Maryland and Pennsylvania farming

country. It rolled all the way and the swaying wheat fields and great still trees beside the road all gave you a feeling of the abundance and fertility of things. It was about the middle of June and you felt the beginning of the heavy lushness of summer. In a way I was sorry it was such a fine day because it was the sort that made you brim over with emotion anyway.

The funeral was in the house. There were quite a few people; the dining room was full and there were others in the hall. The family and ourselves were in the living room. There were flowers all over the place. The preacher seemed like a decent sort and read some prayers. And then he sort of shook himself out for his big moment. My heart sank.

He talked on and on. Not about Ted. His family, I think, might have liked that. But it was his chance and he wasn't going to miss it. He talked about the temple at Jerusalem and about the glory that was Rome. And about what St. Augustine had said. I hoped he would stop, but he kept right on going. I didn't think Ted's family cared about all that, but I didn't think bad thoughts about the preacher because I figured maybe it helped them some. But it was darned hot in there, and we had dress uniforms on which didn't help matters. A few bad thoughts crept in anyhow.

When we came back from the cemetery the family had a big meal for us. I liked that because I thought of what Ted was always saying about taking things as they come. His family were great people too. I guess they weren't as educated as Ted. He was the youngest and his older brothers had all chipped in to send him to college. But they had a lot that you can't get out of education.

"I heard about an accident over the radio down at the store," his father said. "I knew right away it was Ted.

When I came home after work, the evening papers were out and told all about it."

The old gentleman had mustachios and wore braces. He talked in a soft voice and had the kindest face I've ever seen. He talked about crops in the vicinity and told us about the judge who had been at the services.

Ted's mother busied herself with the meal and I guess it was all right for her to have something to do. But she stopped to tell us about how the first she heard of it was the reporters asking for a picture. That must have been an awful shock, but she and his father both were the kind of people who have seen a lot of life, and living in the country, or near it, seems to give a rhythm to living that you don't get in the city. Anyway I began to see where Ted got his idea about taking things as they come. Other people say the same thing, but they grab nervously as though every moment were their last chance.

"Ted was so full of life, it just doesn't seem right," his mother said. "His letters were so full of all the things he was doing and they always made us laugh the way he said things."

It wasn't a gloomy meal though. It went along like any other meal except we mentioned Ted every now and then, but in a matter-of-fact way. I liked that about the family. They made you feel you didn't have to think up the right thing to say in a mournful

voice. It was all very natural, and when you talked about Ted you didn't have to hush your voice.

"I'm glad the last thing I remember Ted saying," I told them, "was 'reach for a "Lucky" instead of your feet.'" And I told them the story.

They laughed and said, "That was like Ted." That made me feel better about the preacher, because I knew now they must have felt the same way I did.

We left pretty soon after dinner and driving back Nat said, "Gee, they're fine people, aren't they?"

"Yeah," I said. "I liked the way they took it. Almost as though they had expected it."

"You'd think they would be more . . . well, more sort of mournful."

"Maybe. But you remember what Ted said at the bar that night he got buzzed at the convention?"

"About war spirit being a fine thing, sure."

"No, about a caricature. Remember he said a caricature was a picture, but whipping up your emotions was a travesty?"

"I guess it hit them, all right."

"Well," I said, "I think Ted's family's that way. They're sorry, all right. Inside, I mean, but they don't whip up a bunch of tears, too, just for show."

"Yeah, I hadn't thought of that."

As we drove on I had a sense of the four seasons of the year.





# HITLERISM COMES TO AMERICA

BY JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

"AMERICA has no right to criticize us," Hitler declared to a group of Berlin correspondents when the chorus of American disapproval of the atrocities perpetrated by the Nazi government was made known to him. "She is just like Germany. In her immigration laws, in her social restrictions and economic discrimination she, too, persecutes the Jews." Later, in a private interview with James G. McDonald, president of the American Foreign Policy Association, the Chancellor elaborated on this statement. "What we are doing to the Jews," he informed Mr. McDonald as the atrocity records piled high in all the foreign embassies, "is just what you would like to do in the United States. You ought to be grateful to us for showing you the way."

This insolent comparison is not merely another instance of that characteristic insensitivity to the mind and temper of another people which distinguished Germany's war-time diplomacy. It is a tactless blunder due to misinformation rather than misunderstanding, misinformation which for two years the Nazi agitators in the United States have been sending back to their chief and which the Nazi press has triumphantly reported to the German people. For, according to Hitler's American agents, we are only a step or two behind Germany in the march toward a disfranchised and dispossessed Jewry. Emphasizing their own efforts and achievements in this

direction—their pay-checks still come from the Fatherland—these agents cite every manifestation of anti-Jewish prejudice in this country as proof positive that an anti-Semitic movement, comparable in character and purpose with the Nazi persecutions, is actually in progress here.

That there is at present any such general anti-Semitic movement in America is, of course, definitely untrue. There is widespread anti-Jewish prejudice; but it must be remembered that there is an important difference between anti-Jewish prejudice and anti-Semitism. The first is a state of mind or an emotional current that finds expression as occasion arises. Two thousand years and a thousand things—from a personal grievance to the story of Calvary—have gone into its making. Psychic needs and social maladjustments, fear and ignorance and desire have given it life. Our savage past still nourishes it; our competitive civilization maintains it in full vigor. But it is not anti-Semitism any more than electricity is the electric chair.

For anti-Semitism is a political movement, as artificial as prejudice is instinctive, as deliberate as the other is spontaneous. In its general aspect it is the oldest political stratagem known to mankind, the expedient of establishing a popular scapegoat for mass discontent. In its present German phase it is more than that simply because it has got beyond Hitler's control. He,

too, regarded anti-Semitism only as the means to an end; he merely intended to focus and exploit the hatred in order to gain popularity. It is common knowledge in Germany that after the "revolution" he was prepared to declare that the agitation had served its purpose and could be eliminated from the political program, but that the "hate-trust"—Göring and Frick, Rosenberg and Göbbels—pounded the council table and threatened an inner revolt of the Nazis if the slogan, Perish the Jew, were not carried out in concrete measures. Hitler was forced to convert the shibboleths and catchwords of political propaganda into discriminatory legislation. He had to keep the promise of expropriating the Jews to furnish the spoils of victory. And thus he has illustrated clearly the difference between the general prejudice, whose effects are diffuse, unorganized, and personal, and the machiavellian movement with its concrete, co-ordinated, and statutory results.

In the United States prejudice against the Jew has been markedly noticeable for twenty-five years. At first the manifestations of it were so trivial that it seemed absurd to take them seriously, much less to combat them. That some exclusion was practiced against the Jew seemed a ridiculous and un-American bit of snobbery more derogatory to the institutions which indulged in it than to the Jews. But gradually the blot of discrimination spread into an ever-widening stain of ostracism—from Society to the school, from schools to offices, to shops and factories. And there followed, as a matter of course, exclusion from common privileges and communal enterprises. To-day it is no secret that Jews have great difficulty in gaining admission to the institutions of higher learning and that their opportunities for legal and medical training are

limited to a minimum. It is equally well known that the professions of banking, engineering, and teaching are closed to all but a few, and that the quasi-public-service corporations rigorously exclude them. In the mechanical trades the discrimination is almost as widespread as in the professions, and in clerical work, generally speaking, it is worst of all. According to the records compiled from twenty-seven thousand cases by a Christian placement specialist, ninety out of each hundred Jewish applicants to the employment agencies are disqualified by their Jewishness without regard to their other qualifications. The entire situation may be summed up in the fact that during this period of depression the Jew has been reduced to the status of a marginal worker even in the ranks of unskilled labor.

And yet, however tragic the situation may be for the Jew, it proves on analysis to be a normal development in our economic and industrial life. It is but the first blind and cruel reaction to a changed United States, and it is less significant in what it does to the Jew than in what it means to America. For primarily it signalizes the end of an epoch. Our tremendous resources are now all apportioned and appropriated. Our vast country is settled from coast to coast. Our western frontier, where the less able ones could escape the handicaps of their incompetence, is no more. Our industrial system throws the descendants of old stock into direct competition with the immigrants and the children of immigrants who were once called in to help conquer the land. As Americans grew conscious of this situation they became alarmed for the future, and they struck out at the most obvious object of the many things which seemed to menace their existence. Against the Jew there was the smoldering antagonism of many cen-



turies and of many psychic causes. He thus became the victim of a sort of reflex action and the discrimination against him was the issue of condition out of prejudice rather than the creation of organized anti-Semitism.

But in the event that the present depression reaches that acute stage when a scapegoat becomes both a political and a psychological necessity we may anticipate more than a sub-conscious reaction. There will be a movement which will serve as the outlet for all of the irritation and hatred developed by the economic crisis. It is Hitler's belief that this movement in the United States, as in Germany, will be anti-Semitic. And his emissaries, along with native American agitators subsidized by Nazi funds, are now striving with all their might—as will be shown in this article—to convert the longstanding anti-Jewish prejudice into such an anti-Semitic movement.

## II

America has known two previous attempts to establish anti-Semitism as a political movement. It is impossible to judge how much stimulus to hate was furnished by the first and greatest of these campaigns, conducted by Henry Ford's paper, the *Dearborn Independent*; yet there can be no doubt that hundreds of thousands of American men and women still cling tenaciously to the beliefs then inculcated. Neither the retraction and apology nor the proof that "The Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion" on which the calumnies were based were the fantastic forgeries of the Russian *agent-provocateur*, Sergei Nilus, have dispelled the titillating delusion that somewhere a Great Conspiracy for the conquest of the world is being hatched by the hodge-podge Sanhedrin of fabulously wealthy financiers and

blood-dripping radicals which mysteriously rules the Jewish people. It would be a mistake to assume that this nonsense is believed only by the hillbillies of the hinterland. Only recently it was voiced in the halls of Congress by Representative McFadden of Pennsylvania, who accused both President Hoover and President Roosevelt of being the purchased tools of this conspiracy.

Under the stimulus of the *Dearborn Independent's* campaign and the depression, anti-Semitism entered American politics through the medium of the Ku Klux Klan. From the South this movement spread with amazing rapidity over the land, dominating entire States and measurably affecting the life of the whole country. But the Klan was a victim of its own logic. It included the Catholics and the Negroes as well as the Jews in its list of enemies to Nordic supremacy, and it found itself so thoroughly involved in a mass of contradictions and cross-purposes that it lost power and direction. Moreover, the nonsensical mumbo-jumbo of its regalia and nomenclature and the cupidity of its leaders served to make it ridiculous. Yet neither its absurdity nor its viciousness but the period of prosperity which came on the heels of that depression was responsible for its passing from the American scene. Good times need no scapegoat and high spirits leave no room for vague antipathies.

## III

To-day, however, we are undergoing the worst economic crisis in the history of the United States. To paraphrase Voltaire, if there were no Jews, it would be necessary to create them in order to have a scapegoat for the desire of the masses to vent an impotent rage against bad times. And there are organizations already seeking to exploit

the situation and to found a new anti-Semitic movement.

Of these organizations, the Industrial Defense Association, Inc., and the Khaki Shirts of America are the least potent and significant. The first, "a strictly Gentile association," whose headquarters are in Boston, operates in the textile towns of New England. Its chief appeal is to the employing classes and its program is exquisitely simple. "We educate the workers that Red Radicalism is trying to destroy the United States and that the promoters of world revolution are Jews whose one object is to destroy for their own ends the existing order of things. . . . Believing that Communism and its insidious propaganda, particularly in industrial New England, required urgent, militant aggression, we chose this special work for our major activities and we have been at it, relentlessly and successfully, ever since. The extent of our activities depends on the amount of our contributions. The size of our working fund determines our usefulness to our members, our various contacts and the community in general."

The major piece of propaganda used by the Association is a booklet called *The Grave Diggers of Russia*. It is the translation of a pamphlet which I picked up in Germany in 1929, where it was extensively distributed by the Nazis. The brochure contains thirty caricatures of real and fictitious "leaders" of Soviet Russia—all endowed with enormous hooked noses and all liberally sprinkled with whiskers. Among the villains presented are Lenin ("He is said not to be a Jew, though his face speaks for itself," reads the accompanying text), Samuel (probably meaning Alexander) Berkman, and Emma Goldmann (*sic*). Miss Goldman has no whiskers. These, says the booklet, are "the founders of Red Russia—men who won their places

in the Soviet Sun by their butcheries and other major crimes. . . . Compare this band of criminals and their ruthless, self-seeking, tyrannical successors with the founders of America—the Pilgrim Fathers, the Puritans, Paul Revere, John Adams, Joseph Warren, John Hancock, Benjamin Franklin, and George Washington, to mention but a few of our great patriots."

Thus we have made progress since the days of Samuel Johnson. He thought patriotism "the last refuge of the scoundrel."

The Khaki Shirts is a fascist organization modelled more closely on Italian than on German lines. In fact, a Nazi official of the North German Lloyd naïvely reported that during his negotiations for financial support to this organization he discovered to his horror that a Cohen was second in command. He received prompt assurances from the leader that "this Jew is a real go-getter who is of great service to the cause and, besides, he will be kicked out with all the other Jews as soon as we get a big enough membership." The embarrassing disclosure regarding these negotiations appeared in *Liberation*, the organ of a rival organization, the Silver Shirts of America, after the chief of this group held a similar conference with the Nazi official.

Founded less than a year ago by William Dudley Pelley, the Silver Shirts is now the most important native anti-Semitic organization in the United States. Its headquarters are in Asheville, N. C., but in May it reported organizers and solicitors in California, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Maine, Maryland, Utah, and Nebraska, as well as in the South. It claims a membership of fifty thousand. The men work on a percentage basis: a fifty-fifty split of the ten dollars received as original membership fee and a twenty-five per



cent commission on all moneys extracted in the form of dues, lessons, books, and general contributions in response to the unceasing appeals for aid in spreading the gospel of hate. Among the means of collecting money are the War Chest, the League for the Liberation, the Foundation for Christian Economics, the Galahad Extension Fellowship, and the Galahad Press, which sells preferred stock at ten dollars a share "bearing a six per cent cumulative interest" that is being allowed to accumulate. Thus prejudice can be made expensive by proper manipulation.

Mr. Pelley is a former newspaper man, a former Y. M. C. A. secretary, a former scenario writer in Hollywood, and a former spiritualist. He founded *Liberation* as "a monthly magazine of prophecy and inspiration from Sources Behind or Above Mortality" and soon thereafter organized the various foundations, leagues, and institutes to serve as profitable subsidiaries to the publishing business. At that time he interpreted the title of his magazine as release from corporeal bonds; and its contents, he announced, "were received 'clairaudiently' via the Psychic Radio, from Great Souls who have graduated out of this Three-Dimensional world into other areas of Time and Space." These contents included information on "Why You Are Opposed by Invisible Persons," "What Caused the Great Flood of Noah?" "The Post-Mortem Statement of an Electrocuted Man," and "Daily Cues from the Great Pyramid." But despite "practical directions for immediate guidance" which he received from "the altar unto the Lord in the land of Egypt" and other mystic sources, Pelley was in great danger of becoming a "former" editor and publisher when he held a conference with the before-mentioned Nazi official. Immediately thereafter he announced that the "Great Pyramid

Prophecy" referred to Hitler and the Jews, and that the call was upon him to join Hitler in the work of liberation of the world from Jewish rule. Along with the prophecy Pelley is said to have received a sufficient sum of money from an unknown source to forestall bankruptcy proceedings and an investigation into the interest-bearing stock which had paid no interest.

Although the identity of this financial backer has been disclosed by Pelley only by implication, there is no secret at all about the source of his propaganda material and the model of his organization. The entire Nazi campaign of vilification is being reproduced in this country with the changes necessary to make it applicable to the United States. Indeed, such is the ignorance and stupidity of his readers that Pelley does not trouble to omit or alter those statements which favor Germany wherever her interests conflict with those of America; and the attitude toward England and France, war debts and reparations is altogether German. Finally, encouraged by the success of Hitler, Pelley and his confederates have enlarged the objectives of their movement to an ambitious program for gaining political power. "The Silver Shirts will play an important part in American politics," reads one manifesto. "From humble and secret beginnings this Movement will grow to a power to be reckoned with, until it finally assumes all responsibility for governmental, financial, and economic leadership."

The ever-recurring pattern of anti-Semitic propaganda is used in this campaign. First we have the pet particular bogey of the agitator: "The Invisible Super-Government binding all earth's peoples to do their bidding. . . . Three hundred men, Jews of course, each of whom knows all the others, govern the fate of the European

continent, and they elect their successors from their entourage. . . . The great Jewish Czars of Finance, concentrated in New York, are in a position to dictate autocratically the flow of money to industry through America and in a measure the world. . . . By exercising international control in all the important countries of the world, these cabalists who have their headquarters in central Europe—Hamburg, Paris, and London—could so manipulate exchange that the 'depression' was made to appear world-wide."—If the contradictions in these statements shake your faith in the authenticity of Pelley's data, please remember that they appear in different issues of his magazine and his "confidential bulletins," and that occasionally it is necessary to show a distant enemy whereas sometimes the argument demands that the foe be within the gate.

The second bugaboo follows naturally: the United States, like all other nations, is the helpless victim of this Invisible Super-Government, about to be deflowered and destroyed. Do you need proof? There is the depression, unemployment, bank failures, prohibition, repeal, racketeering, the Hoover moratorium, the Roosevelt brain trust, and scores of other evils—all, all brought about by the Jews. Here is some of Pelley's evidence—the italics being his own. "I was particularly interested in the avowals of some of the speakers," he quotes the report of a "spy" on a Jewish meeting in the South. "*In only a few months more we will be in complete control of the United States,*" one speaker regaled his would-be contributors. 'If you subscribe generously to this fund, we will see to it that the American Capitol is transferred here, although of course the United States will be a tributary nation to Zion, with headquarters in Jerusalem.'" The money was raised, Pelley informs the Silver

Shirts, and adds the moral: "Those who keep protesting, 'There are many good Jews, the little corner tailor knows nothing about what is going on in high places and should not be held responsible,' should provide themselves with darkened bungalows and make sure the windows are raised when Jewish organizers come to town. Don't hoodwink yourself that the rank and file of our Jewish citizenry don't know what is going on!"

Pelley also goes to basic sources for his material:

*The Jewish principle of life drags mankind down from the heights, wherever they have been scaled, and the aim, purpose, goal, and result, is universal vulgarization! Universal vulgarization is preached openly in the Jewish Talmud. It says in that "holy book" that "all shall be one unit and one people, so that no man can say to his neighbor, I am better than you!"* In unhappy Russia, whose government is composed of 376 Jews and just 16 real Russians, universal vulgarization is made a sort of State religion. Consider New York City, so Jewish that on Yom Kippur it is a deserted and empty metropolis, despite its Gentile population. *It is the most vulgar city on our planet!* Millions of cultured Gentiles visit Manhattan annually but cannot remain more than a week, so lewd and disgusting is its atmosphere. When Jewish autocracy in America comes out openly and begins the work of universal vulgarization, throughout all the public domain as in New York of the present, the reaction may well be appalling to contemplate.

He offers fascinating information of Jewish depredations in the past and important revelations of Jewish plans for the future:

. . . A group of German Hebrews got incensed at the way the Allied diplomats had saddled the cost of the war on them for starting it in the name of the Kaiser and vowed reprisals on us for being parties to it. They sold the U. S. fourteen billion dollars' worth of wild-cat securities, and took the money away to finance Russia so that the Russian Communists could outfit their nation to make war on all and



sundry, ourselves included. . . . Japan would have gone ahead and licked Russia to a frazzle if Jacob Schiff hadn't been able to use his financial despotism to make her back down, which twelve years later paved the way for the overthrow of the Russian royal family and the setting up throughout Russia of Jewish Communism, financed by Mr. Schiff. . . . By provoking the *casus belli* between Japan and America the strategy is that the United States will have to fight Japan in support of the John Hay open-door policy in China. Thus our fine American lads will have to fling their bodies into this Russian-Jewish-Chinese-Japanese brawl and fight shoulder to shoulder with the Communists of both China and Russia. Do you get the complete hook-up?

Does all this seem too utterly nonsensical to be effective propaganda? The answer is to be found in Germany—and also in the thousands of members who have joined Pelley's organization. Such fantastic rigmarole, supported by facts and figures and quotations plucked out of the air and brazenly set down as authentic data, receives credence, establishes a menace, inspires popular hysteria, and creates a party of fanatical crusaders. The agitators stop at nothing. Besides the pseudo-political and pseudo-sociological inventions manufactured in Germany, they utilize every resource of innuendo and insinuation. "In America there are hundreds of men who see nothing extraordinary that Senator Morrow 'happened' to be stricken fatally the day after his attendance at a Jewish banquet. . . . If the average devout lay-Catholic really knew the tie-ups financially between the Holy See and the Rothchild (*sic*) Debt Merchants, he would have a lot more to ignore in the modern practices of his Church."

The favorite expedient is, of course, generalization from particular instances. Every act of every Jew is a scourge with which to beat the whole people. Obviously, the misdeeds of individuals are gleefully presented as

horrible examples of the degeneracy of the entire race; but on the other hand the accomplishments and achievements of individuals can also be made to prove that the Jews are diabolically ruling and oppressing the world. Nor need the misdeeds cited actually be Jewish. Let anyone but commit a major crime or receive notoriety of any sort, and he is immediately cited as an Elder of Zion. Samuel Insull thus becomes "an English Jew who was freed of extradition by five Greek Jewish judges"; Ivar Kreuger becomes a Swedish Jew; the Van Sweringen brothers, "Jews who had to flee from Holland"; and "both Dawes and Young, whose star is now declining, are they not Jews on the blacklist of 'very close friends to Morgan' recently published in all American papers? Is this true or not?" There is bitter irony in the fact that neither Otto H. Kahn's meticulously non-Jewish activities nor Leon Trotsky's unyielding determination to destroy the Russian bourgeoisie, whether it be Jew or Slav, have served to relieve the Jews of responsibility for these pet ogres of anti-Semitic demonology.

Nothing can be done about these fantastic charges which are the stock-in-trade of the agitator. There is no law to prevent the slander of a whole race; there is no legal punishment for wholesale deception of the masses of the people. Thus the outrage is perpetrated as long as it pays to carry on. There is little to fear; there is nothing to lose; and there is, literally, a world to gain.

#### IV

Hitler holds out this tempting vision to the American agitators, but he does not leave the work of establishing an anti-Semitic movement in the United States entirely to them. His own organization, directed from the Brown

House in Munich, carries on its propaganda campaign here systematically and methodically. At first its American branches operated frankly as Nazi cells; now the repugnance of Americans to the persecutions in Germany have driven the movement under cover. Thus it differs from similar campaigns in Austria, Czechoslovakia, Holland, Sweden, England, and the Argentine in that it is more clandestine and less violent than the activities conducted in those countries. Hitler's agents assure their audiences, however, that the program calls for more vigorous action as soon as the expected collapse of President Roosevelt's reconstruction measures makes the American public more receptive to the Nazi doctrines.

At present the organization functions under various names: as the Swastika League, *Bunde der Freunde des neuen Deutschland*, *Bundeder Freunde der Hitler-Bewegung*, the German-American Commercial League, and as Friends of Germany. The English-named societies are for the benefit of the second-generation German-Americans. The nominal officers, in accordance with instructions from Munich, are American citizens "in order to avoid the character of a foreign propaganda group and of the danger of subsequent collision with the American authorities," but the membership of both the English- and the German-named organizations is rigidly divided into two groups. Group A consists solely of German subjects resident in the United States who declare on oath never to become American citizens; if they hold "first papers" they agree to allow them to become void. Group B contains only American citizens of German origin. According to a plan of action discussed orally at meetings and conferences but not available to my sources in printed form, a third group is con-

templated which will include non-Germans.

Different objectives are assigned to the existing groups but both must take oath that they will "(1) Spread anti-Semitism in the United States to counteract Jewish influence on American politics; and (2) Create a solid phalanx of organized Germans and German-Americans to present a group power which will be able to swing things its way when the time comes." The members are reminded that "had the Germans in America been properly prepared in the past, they could have prevented the United States from throwing its strength on the side of the Allies." Both groups are expected to furnish financial support to the German movement. At present voluntary contributions are solicited as a measure of loyalty to the Nazi party. Half of the regular collections is also devoted to that purpose. Twenty-five per cent of the initiation fee and of the dollar minimum monthly fee is kept by the local branch; twenty-five per cent goes to the American national headquarters; and the remaining fifty per cent is sent to Germany. The agitators (*Anhetzer*) and organizers (*Ortsgruppenführer*) are paid from the Munich treasury.

Since February more than one hundred men and women have come over to take up these duties. Those who are unable to get visas cross as stewards on the German ships and "desert" in American ports. They go to previously assigned posts. These ships bring in also vast quantities of literature which is sold at rallies and meetings by members of the crew who attend in Nazi uniforms. The more famous propagandists tour the country from New York to San Francisco and as far south as the Panama Canal Zone. Among these as an advance guard is a corps of agitators and lecturers which, according to the an-



nounced plans, will begin a national propaganda campaign in American colleges and women's clubs this winter. District headquarters have been established in New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Union City, N. J. Local cells are operating in Milwaukee, St. Louis, Baltimore, Boston, and Philadelphia. New Jersey is particularly honeycombed, with strong units in Hoboken, Newark, Perth Amboy, Jersey City, and Red Bank. The offices of the consular service are, of course, utilized as far as possible.

So far, the intensive work has been confined to German centers and communities throughout the country. There private conclaves and public meetings are held nightly and the audiences are exhorted in hysterical terms to take up arms against the Jew. The password used by members on meeting is, "*Sterbt ein Jude,*" (Let a Jew die) and every stimulant to sadistic hatred is used here as in Germany. These efforts are seconded by two newspapers, one in German and one in English, published in New York. An attempt has been made to buy or gain control of a great daily in New York or in Washington, but the negotiations have not yet been fruitful.

Aside from subventions to native anti-Semitic movements, the Nazi organization is responsible for a mail-order campaign addressed anonymously to American labor unions. It is a series of long, mimeographed letters which in the main recapitulate all the tedious charges against the international Jewish moneybund conspiracy, but which occasionally contain original material. Thus one document offers the sensational information that all the racketeers, gunmen, and assorted criminals with Italian names are not Italians at all, but Jews. The Black Hand and the Mafia gangs were "Jewish organizations put out of

existence by Mussolini. This caused the Jews to condemn Mussolini by making it appear that he was abusing the people." Sacco and Vanzetti "were not radicals but two criminal Italian Jews." Again, the activities of the rabbis in effecting the various protests against Hitler earn for them the condemnation: "It is mostly Rabbis who are responsible for the existence of the criminal and corrupt Jewish elements." And the strong stand taken by the *New York Times* against the outrages in Germany is countered by the revelation that "One of the worst cases of false pretense under the guise of charity is that of the *New York Times* with its 100 neediest cases. These 100 cases originate during the fall of each year in the office of the Jewish president of this paper who, in association with the nine charity organizations, divides these 'profits.'"

The American who wonders what blind impudence can prompt the leaders of a foreign nation to establish a movement within our borders which violates every American ideal and tradition must keep in view the fact that the Nazis are gambling on an abnormal economic condition and a hysterical state of mind. That they are not far wrong may be seen in the readiness with which the various Shirts and Kluxers have adopted their methods and material and have joined forces in the campaign despite the provincial American's distrust of "foreigners." They are also gambling for great stakes: they are prepared to risk American resentment in the hope that by arousing an anti-Semitic movement in this country they may possibly gain American support in the next world conflict. "Germans in America must learn from the mistake made during the War," declared Dr. Kolbe in one of his addresses. "If the Germans in America before and during the War had been more conscientious in spread-

ing pro-German propaganda, they would have wielded a greater influence in American political life. They must have this influence during the next War."

# V

"The prejudices of ignorance are more easily removed than the prejudices of interest," wrote Bancroft. "The first are blindly adopted, the second willfully preferred." This observation is supplemented by Hitler with a machiavellian dictum which achieves a complete statement of anti-Semitic philosophy and method. "The people must be misled," he declares in his autobiography, "in order to win the adherence of the masses." Convince the masses that it is to their interest to retain the prejudice against the Jew, reasons the anti-Semite, and you can exploit their hatred for your own ends. The propaganda campaign, unscrupulous and unreserved, is directed toward this objective. That it is impossible to focus the lurid rays of hate on an object, to direct the current of prejudice into one deep channel, and then at will to sweep the object out of the range of hatred or to dam up that channel of antipathy, does not concern the agitator. That the knife will flash and the blood will spurt because for ten years a people has sung, "*Wenn's Judenblut vom Messer spritzt Dann geht's noch mal so gut,*" does not perturb him either.

Must one be wholly a misanthrope to believe that a civilized people might ignore such possible consequences and be won over by such campaigns? Surely, one feels, the decent and enlightened portion of the population must condemn them as a menace to personal integrity and social morality and must enter the lists against them. But such is not necessarily the case. Certain subtle forces operate on the side of the propagandists. Inertia

and indifference, lack of organization and of program are among them, but by far the most important is the ambivalent attitude which even educated and liberal Gentiles have toward the Jews. All that is rational and ethical within them calls for justice and decency, inspires friendliness and fair-play; at the same time, all the subconscious remains of primitive fear and superstition evoke suspicion and mis-giving and arrest that assertion of the civilized point of view which alone can destroy anti-Semitism.

How, then, can the threat of an anti-Semitic movement be successfully met?

To this question there are two answers. In the first place, we must remember that the movement is likely to prosper only if a popular scapegoat becomes necessary; and that this will not happen, for the present at least, if there is rapid and thorough recovery from the depression. Economic betterment is one of the keys to the problem.

The other key may be found in the history of the last century. What Macaulay, Zola, and Gorki did to combat and defeat anti-Semitism in the past can be done again if the leaders of contemporary thought, the writers and teachers and statesmen of our time, view the problem as those men saw it and seek the same solution. For anti-Semitism, correctly considered, is not a Jewish problem any more than the drug habit and the White Slave traffic are solely the problems of their addicts and victims. It is a cancer in the body politic, which may be more painful at the affected spot than elsewhere but which injures and destroys the entire living organism. When the virus of an anti-Semitic movement is injected into a nation, deadly poison runs through its arteries. One need not look farther than Germany to see the effects of the disease. It is, therefore, the vital and immediate concern



of all and calls for all the resources of our civilization to achieve a cure.

Among these resources the Jew's are obviously least powerful. For his activities are suspected of special interest and bias; his arguments, however logical, his facts, however true, must inevitably seem like apologies and extenuations. The non-Jew, on the other hand, stands before the world as a candid champion of the right. If he issue a challenge against this evil it is clearly not to his own detriment; if he declare war against it he can con-

quer. But this declaration must be more than an assertion of tolerance and sympathy toward the Jew. It must enlist the humanitarian Gentile forces in an active, zealous, and unremitting campaign against the organizations of prejudice, a campaign of education and enlightenment, of dissemination of truth and refutation of falsehood. Most important of all, this must be a campaign dedicated not to saving the Jews but to safeguarding those human rights and social decencies which constitute civilization.

## MY ONLY NEED

BY MARK VAN DOREN

**M**Y ONLY need—you ask me, and I tell you—  
*Is that henceforth forever you exist.*  
*You are not mine; I may not ever tell you*  
*Like an owned animal for night and mist.*  
*My only need, whatever darkness take me,*  
*Whatever tears close now my separate eyes,*  
*Is that you live, and let the knowledge make me*  
*Immortal as the day that never dies—*  
*That, swift and even, turns into the sun,*  
*As turns the after-shadow down to death.*  
*Let neither then my night, my day be done;*  
*Let them both swing in silence, with no breath*  
*To call you from the distances you keep.*  
*(Would they were little; would that my love could sleep!)*



# SACKCLOTH IN THE MORNING

A STORY

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

IT HAD been one of those occasions so gay and untrammelled that everyone woke up the next morning with an apology in the throat. Unexpected things had happened, knocking the usual order of events about, and such slapstick had seemed uproariously funny at the time. But there were bruises.

Cynthia Glendenning got up as early as usual. She had had only two hours of sleep, but she always thought that the best thing to do with a certain kind of fatigue was to put it to work. She was due at the bookshop at nine, though with the temperature well below zero, there was little chance that anyone would come in to buy books or prints this morning.

Closing her window seemed merely to pen in the stiff, cold air. She put her hand on a radiator and found it lukewarm. The older the house got the colder it seemed to become, as if the veins of radiation in it had less power. She rummaged for a pair of wool stockings. The chiffon ones on the chair made her shiver to look at them. No wonder she had been half-frozen on that street corner last night, waiting for a taxi.

She put the scattered parts of the night before together in her mind. They had begun at Fritz Kane's apartment, picking him up there on the way to the Café Noir—where they were chasing a favorite orchestra—and linger-

ing for the customary potato chips and cocktails. In his little bachelor sitting room, all blocked up with the piano, they had begun to realize that the evening had the makings of hilarity. It must have been ten o'clock when they left there. Fritz did that sort of entertaining very well, mixing it with music as no one else could. But of course it was all he did do for people in return for the generous hospitality and backing that Millicent Hancock and her friends gave him. Milly had certainly enjoyed herself last night. She always liked a little Bohemia, though preferably not in her own house, where it might mess things up and set a bad example for the children. She liked, once in a while, to leave her house of many servants and help Fritz to put his potato chips in a pottery bowl. Of course she always took Dave along. She wasn't the sort of person to run round without her husband. And last night Dave himself had loosened up for once, paying a great deal of attention to Rose Bowen and finally driving her off in his car when they left the café.

If he hadn't done that and so left the other four of them, Fritz, Milly, Harold Bowen, and Cynthia stranded, they wouldn't have done anything so preposterous as to pick up a strange man. Harold Bowen hadn't liked that at all. That was one reason Cynthia had yielded to impulse, because Har-



old never would let an impulse come within a mile of him.

There they had stood in the doorway of the Café Noir, where the lights were being turned out and the guests were turned out as well. They spent at least ten minutes waiting for a taxi and abusing Dave for running off with Rose and without them. Naturally Dave had blundered unconsciously. He was unaware that Harold didn't have his car down town. But Harold hadn't wanted to keep his chauffeur up for this elongated party and have him gossiping in city garages about the company. So he had sent him home. Harold thought of things like that. He was like a cloak thrown round the indiscretions of Rose. He had assumed that they would all either go home in Dave's car or pick up a cab. There were always cabs. Or there had been until last night, when the earth seemed to have swallowed them up.

So Fritz ran up and down the street looking for taxis and couldn't find one in sight. Someone said that a big public dance at the other end of the city was draining them off. Fritz finally thought he recognized a man driving by in a private car and signalled that, and it had stopped. But he had been mistaken. He didn't know the driver. It was a fairly good car—nothing custom-made—and there was a radio going in it, which was amusing. It was queer to hear the dance music going on in that heated car which was driving along in twenty-five below zero weather, when people's breath froze on their lips and the black corners were bitten savagely by the wind and frost crept up thickly on the plate-glass windows along the street.

The car stopped and Fritz had to say something.

"Sorry. I thought you were someone else," he began. "Beg your pardon for stopping you."

"Anything I can do?"

"How far north are you going?" asked Fritz.

"Only to Wilson Street."

Harold was frowning slightly and looking the part of a reserved, distinguished citizen. He was always conscious that he might be recognized. Cynthia remembered that she thought at that minute that he would let her freeze rather than do anything that might be misconstrued by strangers, even though he was so fond of her. She'd been his mental refuge from Rose for two years. He made her furious.

That was why she did it. She stepped forward beside Fritz and said to the man, "Please take us out to Highbridge. There aren't any cabs left in the world and we're so cold!"

He looked embarrassed and rather bored. They must have seemed overdressed for the street, the two men in evening dress, Milly in her usual sables, and Cynthia herself in the old red-velvet coat with its ermine sleeves. A good evening coat lasted through lean years. The man driving the car had on a soft felt hat and his coat collar was turned up about his ears.

He was looking at her, Cynthia knew, when he said, "Certainly—get in."

Like that. He was a little contemptuous and deliberately indifferent, as if he wouldn't put himself out, as if it were all right to be driving about the town to radio music, but silly to be coming from a restaurant where there was the best lobster in town and a marvellous orchestra.

But he hadn't been so indifferent later on in the evening. That was what made Cynthia resolve now that she was positively never going to do anything crazy again. He wouldn't have got out of the car and come into the house unless she had insisted. They'd all planned to go back to Cynthia's house before they left the

café. Nobody wanted the party to stop, and they could dance to the radio and later on have some scrambled eggs. They went to Cynthia's house because she never minded impromptu parties and her mother was deaf and slept in the north wing. And when they got there Cynthia felt very hospitable as well as curious. She said to the young man, "Come in and get warm before you go back. You can run your car right into an empty stall in the garage and keep it cosy. There's nothing but a feeble old electric coupé in there."

"I mustn't come in."

"Oh, come on, stranger. These are frontier ways," she said.

She wanted to have him, with the stubbornness of three-o'clock excitement. She had a party fever in her blood.

And he had come.

It had been fun at the time, having a new man like that. When you knew every man you ever saw at parties, and there were only five bachelors among them, a stranger of your own age was more than a diversion. Two of the bachelors Cynthia would not marry and three she could not. The stranger had really made the rest of the evening a success. He had given them an incident to harp on, an audience to play to. He turned out to be a young doctor. But he wasn't connected with either of the two leading clinics, and his offices were in an undistinguished section of the city. He stood and smiled, no doubt full to the neck with psychological theories about them all, and watched what was going on. Cynthia finally took him out in the kitchen to help her beat eggs and make toast.

She said, "You want to get into the spirit of this."

"How do I go about that?"

"You just decide what you want to do and proceed to do it."

Then he had kissed her. She had

acted as if she didn't mind, as if she enjoyed it. She let herself go, slipping fully into the minute as if she would never have to be responsible for it again. What made a person such a fool at four o'clock in the morning? He was a totally strange man, who probably went away thinking she was some sort of degenerate. He would catalogue her as the kind of rich, spoiled society person who is morally rotten. He wouldn't know that she was living on practically no money at all, that some months it was a battle even to pay the rent of the bookshop, that she had bought the dress she wore from Milly for five dollars. She had to keep up with her crowd because they were the only ones who bought her books and pictures. And besides she had to conquer that feeling of being stuck in a rut, with nobody except Harold to care what happened to her. And he was too cautious to let caring make any real difference.

Cynthia went to say good-morning to her mother and told her to stay in bed until the house warmed up. She wished that any doctor who had ideas about her as one of the leisure class knew how she was worried about buying more coal. Downstairs Kitty was puttering about, cleaning up the scrambled egg plates and grumbling as she grumbled every morning. But Kitty worked for practically no wages—if you could call it work.

Even her cup of coffee could not get last night's events out of Cynthia's head or make them any less regrettable. The false idea that doctor must have of her still rankled. Just before she went to catch the eight-thirty street car she stopped by the telephone and picked up the directory. She might call him. She would very much like him to know that she was up and about, cool-headed, not cherishing any romantic delusions about a silly kiss.



Cameron, Alec, physician and surgeon. That would be the one.

"Hello, Doctor Cameron? This is Cynthia Glendenning speaking. I wanted to thank you again for picking us up last night. It was certainly a kindness in this fearful weather. We all appreciated it so much. Oh, yes, I'm always up early. Just going out but I wanted to tell you how decent it was. Good-by."

That ought to clear things up. She hadn't given him any openings for conversation or suggested that she expected or would allow further meetings. A chance episode—a courtesy—her tone certainly showed how casual the whole thing had been. He can't think I'm so cheap now, thought Cynthia.

Fritz Kane could not stay in bed either that morning. He had to give a piano lesson to one of his master class at ten o'clock. And after that, at eleven, there was a cappella rehearsal that he had promised to attend and criticize. He didn't feel himself this morning. He was tired of course but, more than that, he was distressed. He had said the wrong thing last night. He had blundered.

It had been a mistake to go back to Cynthia's house at that hour. Two o'clock was late enough for any party. After two o'clock you went ahead on excited nerves, not real energy. What he should have done was to have them drop him at the apartment here and then it never would have happened.

Sometimes in cruel flashes, like the one he'd had last night, Fritz Kane saw himself and what he had become, a musical dependent. Of course one could argue—as his more comforting moods did—that great musicians had always needed patronage. Look at the biographies. But Fritz knew that the catch was that he was not great. Sometimes he pretended that he thought the

concert stage wasn't worth the trouble it took to attain it, but secretly he knew that he could never have made the grade. He knew and loved music but he lacked those noble proportions of genius and industry which the great must have. Now he gave lessons and acted as impresario, bringing great pianists and violinists to the city on commission. He could match them in conversation. He could take them into the beautiful and cultured surroundings of his friends and be more at ease there than they sometimes were. But when the great ones took command of their instruments they always left him, only a small, blond man who would never get any farther, standing in the wings.

Occasionally he had thought of going to Paris or Vienna, not for trips but to stay. This morning he felt that he wanted to be anywhere rather than in this city, where Millicent Hancock thought she owned him. Not bodily—she didn't want him that way—but as the butler in her musical life, he thought bitterly.

She had been a friend, of course. She had backed his ventures. She sent him pupils. But that shouldn't give her the right to tell him what he should think. That was no reason why he should have to endure that flare of temper she had shown last night because her husband had become interested in Rose Bowen. She had been angry and wanted Fritz to sympathize with her fury. And he, suddenly disgusted with the obviousness of the whole crowd, with Milly and David and Rose's husband, had not been sympathetic. He had been deliberately cruel.

"Rose," he said, "is the desire theme, you know. Men always want to hear it. They listen for it."

"And what am I?" Milly asked hotly. "You're the possession motif."

Milly wouldn't talk to him after

that. She had ignored him, stayed wrapped in her hauteur while they said good-night.

It was a horrid thing to say because it was so true. He wouldn't have said it if he hadn't been utterly tired of them all at the moment, of their pretences at defiance when they didn't really defy anything. He wished he could do the thing that tempted him, drop out of their lives, call up a steamship office, turn the key on this apartment, sail for Europe and never see another potato chip. The pupil, playing Bach abominably, got on Fritz's nerves. Here was another fellow who would never get anywhere. He said to the pupil that was enough for this morning.

Yes, the thing to do was to shake it all off. He had lived here long enough. But what could he do in some foreign country that didn't want or need him? A chair on a boulevard—perhaps a piano in a café before he was through—rebuffs from people who didn't know or care that he had attained a position as a musical critic in an American city. The musicians whom he had brought here would not help. They probably wouldn't even remember him. He'd be a nobody.

And here he was somebody. He appreciated that. No musical venture in the city was safe without his support. That was partly because he was known to be on intimate terms with people of wealth and influence, partly because he was a good critic. When he went to a concert students pointed him out. Fritz Kane knew that. He ignored and laughed at his local celebrity but he cherished it.

Of course if Milly were not back of him, with Dave's enormous fortune in her hands, it might be different. If he dropped out of that group where would he be? Would Milly ever be back of him again after last night? Had he ruined that friendship? It

was one of years' growth, but sometimes a phrase, especially one about another woman, could spoil everything. He shouldn't have said that. And he would not have said it if he hadn't been tired of Milly's ownership and amused at her husband's truancy.

But with the greatest pianist in the world coming next month on his concert tour, he needed Milly and her friends now. He was counting on Milly to be hostess of the event and on the use of those two grand pianos in her huge music-room. They were magnificent instruments. He had selected them and Milly had bought them. They had planned a delightful reception after the concert and some informal music. It was to be one of those occasions for which he was famous.

Let someone else handle it. Fritz picked up the telephone book. He would reserve passage for Europe on the first boat. Of course it would take all the cash he had, and also he had a lease on this place for another year; his few securities would have to be sold—he hesitated among those thoughts and then called a familiar number.

"Mrs. Hancock please, Emma. No, don't disturb her if she's still sleeping. Just tell her Mr. Kane called."

An extension telephone clicked off its stand and a voice asked if it was Fritz.

"Oh, hello, Milly. I just called up to find out how you are this morning? Very amusing party, wasn't it? Yes, I had a grand time. Of course I do get a little bored now and then with Rose and her amorous antics. Harmless but obvious, shouldn't you say so? I always like to look at Rose. The desire theme—? Did I say that? That's not bad. I didn't say desirability anyway. No, I guess not. I don't know—you own me anyway, Milly—if that's possession—"



Five minutes later Mrs. David Hancock hung up the telephone with some satisfaction. She felt better now that she had talked to Fritz. She had just been lifting the telephone to call up Rose Bowen when she had heard him asking about her. How silly to take anything Fritz said seriously when he was just talking at random and did not even remember what he'd said. Probably it would be just as well not to talk to Rose in the way she had intended. The thing that had spoiled Milly's breakfast—and the tray still rested on her white satin comforter, with egg unbroken and the grapefruit scarcely touched—was the memory of having shown such jealousy of Rose. That was not the way to handle the matter. The way to manage it was to pretend that it did not exist, even as you destroyed it, tore it to ribbons.

David had been simply astonishing last night. What had got into him? He had been completely absorbed in Rose and yet if anyone disliked a stray flirtation it was David. That was what scared Milly even now. If David really fell in love with anyone else, he would be capable of anything. But he hated tawdry things. He wanted women to have dignity.

Of course she should not have shown Fritz that she took it seriously for a minute. Fortunately she had destroyed that impression now. And she should not have shown Rose that she was annoyed. She would telephone Rose now and ignore the whole thing.

"Hello, Rose dear? Still in bed? So am I, my dear, and I don't know that I'll ever get up. Wasn't it a foolish party? Heaps of fun? I think everyone had a simply marvellous time, don't you? Cynn timer is such a lamb, poor dear, and she works so hard. I do hope she doesn't go down to her little shop this morning. Wasn't she funny with her young doc-

tor? I guess we were all pretty funny. I thought I'd die watching my Dave and you. Honestly there were minutes when I thought I'd lost him for good. He's never learned how to be light about some things. Don't you think he's the grandest man in the world—no, I suppose I can't get you to admit that with Harold in the offing."

Rose Bowen listened without believing. Now and then she put in a word without saying what she thought. She too was in bed and not asleep. For the last hour she had been waiting for the telephone to ring, but it was Milly's husband, not Milly, whom she expected to call her. A glass of tomato juice and a curled napkin stood on the silver tray beside her bed, her usual ascetic breakfast. The dark hair fell back to rest on the pillows, exposing the loveliness of features that captivated so many men. She knew that Millicent was making no concession. She was on guard. David had been exciting last night because flirtation was so new for him and a caress so bewildering. Rose was sorry she had not held him off, been more reserved. She should not have let him plunge into devotion all at once. That had been her blunder.

"David's too crazy about his wife to be any use to the rest of us," said Rose lazily to Milly. "And wasn't your Fritz too cute, running around from piano to potato chips?"

Milly never will do better than little Fritz, thought Rose. She probably won't even keep David. He'll call me when his office is empty, when he has a chance.

His office was empty but David didn't call. Yet the thought that he might possessed him. He had dictated a dozen letters in answer to his morning correspondence and was alone at his big, polished desk, with the problems of an executive before him.

They were big problems but the little one of last night constantly bit at their heels. He was ashamed of last night. Always he had set his face against these love affairs that ran round among their group of friends, disturbing them. He thought they were cheap, humiliating things. They got nowhere. A man came away disturbed, ludicrous. There was no end for them except in confusion and trouble. He had a strong sense of social order, and Milly had supported him very well in it. Of course he didn't take the dangle of Fritz Kane seriously because obviously Fritz had to dangle financially; and if music amused Milly, it was a very decent thing to be interested in. No doubt Fritz could play very well though he'd never made very much of a success of it. But he was glad Milly never overstepped.

Had he done that himself last night? He put himself through the paces of memory again. Of course he shouldn't have gone off alone with Rose but he thought the others would follow right along. Instead, they were held up. He and Rose had not only been rude but had also been left for nearly twenty minutes parked in front of Cynnie's house, waiting for the rest of the company to come. They were in a heated car but it was so cold outside that it made an excuse for her closeness. That perfume—

He'd known Rose for years. The Hancocks were close friends of the Bowens. David knew Rose was a beauty but he thought her usually too free. He had decided that long ago. He didn't quite admit—but his senses had it on record—that long ago, even when he was criticizing her, he was always a little more excited when Rose Bowen came into any room where he was. For years he had known how beautiful her hands were and how her lovely, passionate mouth seemed to wait for other lips to come. Rose

wasn't news. She had been in their group ever since she was married. One did not give up a wife and children, a home and position for Rose. One shouldn't give Rose opportunity to think that he would, or tempt oneself too far. Also, Harold Bowen was not only a friend, but their interests were tied up together. He must have been crazy last night. He had begun to be crazy when he had sat beside her at the restaurant. Milly hadn't liked it at all. She had been very cool when they got home last night. He must make it up to her.

Nothing had really happened. Yet for the hour last night anything might have happened. A man ought to keep a tighter rein on himself. Rose was so beautiful. She had found him exciting too. She was within reach on the telephone this minute. He deliberately pressed a buzzer.

"Call up Deman's and have them send a cluster of green orchids to my wife," he said, "and then get Mr. Harold Bowen on the telephone."

Harold Bowen was also in his office. He said to David Hancock, after they had spoken of the morning news about government loans to some railroads which affected both their holdings, "Quite a party we had last night, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Hancock, "quite a party."

"Milly feeling fine this morning?"

"She's still in bed. Those girls can stay there until noon. I tell you, Harry, those parties ought to come on Saturday night or on the eve of a legal holiday. That would give us a break. We have to work the next day."

"Ought to clip them off earlier."

"Tell that to the girls," said Hancock, "and see how far you get. Well, I suppose it doesn't do any harm to loosen up a little once in a while. Everybody settles down to normal next day."



He wanted to make that clear to Bowen in case he had noticed. Perhaps Bowen would say something himself, show some irritation. No, he did not.

"Yes. Back to the old grind," said Harold.

"I was sorry about going off and leaving you on the street corner. I didn't realize you had let your driver go home."

"It doesn't do any good to let those boys spend five or six hours at public garages," said Bowen. "They talk too much. I thought of course that we could get taxis."

"It's this cold weather."

"Cynnie certainly had her nerve asking that fellow to drive the crowd out."

"You can't stop Cynnie when she's started. I guess that girl's having quite a tough pull."

Bowen's voice said, with something sharper in it, "Quite a pull. Who was that young doctor?"

"One more prescription-seller, I suppose. The city's full of them, all hoping for epidemics."

"Knows how to push his way in evidently."

"I guess Cynnie did that."

"Well," said Bowen, "it was quite a night. I think I'll knock off and play some squash before lunch. Glad you agree with me about the disposition of those bonds, Dave."

Bowen knew that he might just as well knock off and play squash. For his mind had not been on his work this morning. He had not slept, even for the two or three hours when he might have. It had got under his skin to see that fellow kissing Cynthia. He had gone out in the kitchen to get something and hoped to find Cynthia alone out there. This doctor had been kissing her and Cynthia had not been struggling. She was softly there in his arms as if she was glad to be

there. A fellow she had never seen before. A pick-up!

It wasn't his business. Cynthia was free and white and twenty-five. But she never did that sort of thing. Cynthia had always been such a square shooter, such a grand girl. And she must know what he thought of her. Of course there was Rose to consider, so he had had to be careful not to do anything that might excite comment. And Rose being as she was, indiscreet, over-emotional, and only too apt to play the fool, he had to be careful for the two of them. A scandal would hurt him tremendously. Bowen had ambitions which stretched beyond business into the higher reaches of politics. He wanted to put his mark on the world sooner or later. To do that you had to preserve a clear personal record. Also it was necessary to guard Rose, who would do preposterous things that must never be admitted. He had to guard Rose and her money.

She was beautiful. But Harold Bowen was rather tired of that. He knew all her tricks of beauty, her soft seductions. He had come to prefer greatly the crisp firmness of Cynthia's mind, the friendly touch of her arm on his, to the fascinations Rose had to offer. Cynthia's little bookshop was a place where he could go and spend half an hour talking over new books and often straying pleasantly into the ideas between their covers. Cynthia, at a dinner party, in the country, was always the one Bowen wanted. But he had been a good friend, never letting their friendship become matter for gossip, keeping it clean and safe. Often he prided himself on the fact that it hadn't done Cynthia any harm. Sometimes he had been useful to her as an escort, for Rose was often taken up with someone else, and there were few attractive unmarried men in their set. There were not so many for a girl past twenty-five to choose from, espe-

cially when, like Cynthia, she had no money at all left.

She had let that fellow kiss her. She had picked him up deliberately on the street. For three years, thought Bowen, I've been wanting to kiss Cynthia like that and haven't. I've protected her. And she lets herself go with the first stranger who comes along.

What he had missed stung him. She had looked so passionate, so utterly desirable in that fellow's arms. He wanted to knock the man down. But that would have made a scene and he had no right to interfere anyway. So he had gone out before Cynthia and the doctor had known he was there. He saw Cynthia stir and turn, as he disappeared in the shadows of the gaunt dining room of the old house. With Rose one might expect things like that to happen, though he would never admit to the public that they did. But Cynthia had never been like that. Was she just tired of the feeling between them which he had been guarding? She had looked at him queerly before she asked that fellow to drive them out to Highbridge. She looked as if she expected him to do something about it. But what could he do? He had telephoned every place in the city for a cab. Under the circumstances he would have been a fool to keep his car downtown. Chauffeurs saw too much as it was.

He wondered how Cynthia felt about it all to-day. Surely she couldn't be in love with that man Cameron. It must have been just a crazy moment, built up by what she had had to drink. But Cynthia didn't drink very much and she never had lost her head like that before. What had the fellow said to her and what did she see in him? He was just a nobody and probably didn't have any practice.

Bowen was wrong about the doctor.

To be sure, Doctor Cameron had opened his office in a rather thickly settled section of the city, but he had plenty of patients. One brought another, because the young doctor, fresh from training in one of the best hospitals in the country, seemed to get results. He had patients enough but so far they didn't bring in much money. Part of that was his own fault. He couldn't ask for the money due him from some of the people he attended. They needed it far more than he did. After all he was young and he had a warm office, a car, a couple of inexpensive rooms to live in, and he could get along. Most of the people he saw had far less comfort and far more responsibility.

But Doctor Cameron was often lonely, or at least alone. That was why he liked the radio in his car. He had not met many people in the city who were interesting. A few doctors with dull wives had asked him to their homes. He knew a nurse or two who could be companions at movies, but that was about all. He was shy for one thing, and critical of women for another. He was very critical of them this morning after the party of the night before.

When those people had flagged his car last night, naturally he had had to stop. At first he thought someone was ill. When he saw that they were just a gang of society people coming from the Café Noir his impulse had been to leave them and say that he had a hurry call. That girl, Cynthia Glendenning, had put him off the track. He liked her voice. There was a laugh in it. It was gracious and sweet and daring too.

It was all right to take them out to her house. He didn't blame himself for that. That was really only decent under the circumstances on such a night. But his mistake was to go in, he thought, as he sat by Mrs. Smith's



bed in the hospital and half listened to her tell him the things he already knew about her sufferings. He should have taken the party to that girl's house and left them at the door. He should not have gone in where he didn't belong and where he didn't know any of them. He could not afford to run with that sort of people, not possibly. That was why he had not used some of the introductions he had been given in New York to people in town here. He didn't have the money and he couldn't do his work well and stay up all night on the kind of parties that went with leisure and money. All that had been out of his life and unregretted too, until last night he had accepted that girl's invitation to go into her house.

She probably had not wanted him. She had just been making a good invitation out of it. He had fallen for it, and for her. She was a pretty thing and there was plenty of life going to waste in her. How she stood out against that neurotic Mrs. Bowen and the other woman, the one they called Milly, who seemed to be so possessive and rich from the way she talked. Cynthia Glendenning was the only reasonably normal one of the lot. The Milly one was repressed and Mrs. Bowen on the loose. He could see Cynthia now, right over the head of the complaining Mrs. Smith, as she had stood by the kitchen table, in that blue, low-necked dress, slicing bread and beating eggs and crazy to be in a man's arms.

That lot were all close friends, apparently. Bowen was the cautious sort but he evidently had his eye on Cynthia. She shouldn't let herself get into an emotional situation with a fellow like that. Bowen was handsome and well behaved but he lacked something. The Kane fellow was musical as well as social. They all must have thought him a cheap sort of crasher. However, it didn't matter what they

thought, except the Cynthia one. He hoped that she at least didn't believe that he had taken advantage of the situation to get into a big house with a lot of rich people. Maybe she did. Perhaps that was why she had called him up this morning.

He wished he could talk to her to-day and tell her that there was no reason why what happened last night should trouble or embarrass her. Of course it might be just a little way of hers, kissing strange men like that. But Alec Cameron didn't think so. It had not felt like that. She was not quite normal but she had not been drinking much. She was keyed up by the occasion, over-stimulated evidently. To-day she was probably having a bad reaction.

Well, he wasn't feeling so top-notch himself. He had had a good time while he was there. But there was a let-down.

He said good-bye to Mrs. Smith and told her he would leave directions for her relief. In the corridor he wrote a prescription and told the nurse what to do.

"A grain and a half," he said. "How does she respond?"

"It helps. For a few hours. But the reaction is bad when the effect wears off."

He nodded. "It's that kind of drug. But I think she'll have to have it."

He finished his round of hospital visits and went back to his office and the patients there. Work cleared Doctor Cameron's mind of many things. But at noon he could still feel in it a slight smart of humiliation for having intruded last night and a genuine desire to know how Cynthia Glendenning felt to-day. He could not very well telephone her. She had cleaned that up this morning. But there was the book and print shop that she'd told him about last night. He might drop in there and see if she was there.

It would be all right. The place was public.

There were two cars in front of the shop, a small, neat coupé and a long, chauffeured car. Doctor Cameron, opening the door, wished at once that he had not come. He recognized Mrs. Hancock, up to the eyes in mink. And there was little Fritz Kane too. They were both talking to the tall girl who was better looking than he remembered. Even her fatigue was beautiful.

"Why, hello," she said, "I'm having lots of customers."

Fritz nodded cordially. Mrs. Hancock smiled.

"How are you this morning?" they asked the doctor.

He answered that he was fine.

Mrs. Hancock said, "Why not Doctor Cameron, Cynn timer?"

Cynthia lifted a shoulder and then smiled. "If he likes. You see we were just planning—that is, Milly was—a little round-up for to-night."

"It's terribly informal," explained Millicent.

"Just talking it over," added Fritz.

Another party, thought Doctor Cameron. They can't stop amusing themselves. He thought suddenly of Mrs. Smith in the hospital, of the way the effect wore off, the depression afterwards.

"Couldn't you come?" asked Cynthia, with a gleam of excitement.

He wondered if he would.







## EDDIE STANDS FOR GOOD CLEAN SPORT

PORTRAIT OF A "DIRECTOR OF ATHLETICS"

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

"THE Director of Athletics announced the varsity schedule for 1935 as follows: Oct. 5, Michigan State, at home. Oct. 12, Northwestern, at home. Oct. 17, Princeton, at Princeton. . . ."

Twenty thousand graduates, perpetual adolescents who obtain their news of the University almost entirely through the sports pages of the newspapers, nod approvingly over their morning coffee. The Director of Athletics? Why of, course, good old Eddie Morgan.

Loyal adolescents? Yes, Eddie is a kind of Secretary of Adolescents in the cabinet of the President of the University. A job for which he is excellently fitted by training and by nature. You remember Ed, don't you? A great athlete, he was one of the finest all-round performers ever to leave East Dakota—end on the football team, forward on the basketball five, ran the high hurdles in fifteen one, and after the track season used to play center field on the baseball nine. Every college has its Ed Morgan, and naturally we are mighty proud of Ed. Who wouldn't be?

He studied law and was an assistant coach on the eleven for three years. Leaving town, he obtained a position in a nearby city, which permitted him to spend his week-ends on the campus, and every Saturday found him

at his old haunts. A last-minute drive for the big game? Somehow Eddie could always get away early in the week and come charging back to steam the eleven up for its final test. The next afternoon you would see him holding down one of the yard stakes on the sidelines, galloping up and down the field, tense, alert, alive to the great responsibility imposed on him. He lived for those few hours each week on the campus. Five, ten years out of college changed him not at all; he still called all the boys on the varsity by their first names, still regarded the Homecoming Game as the most important event of the year, and was always willing to take on the job of scouting Pittsburgh or looking up some promising boy down in Cuyahoga County who was thinking of getting an education for himself. In short, Ed was the perpetual undergraduate.

When it was decided to make the nation aware of East Dakota, the first thing to do was obviously to put athletics on "a sound basis." For twenty years the position of Graduate Manager, as it was then called, had been held by old Professor MacKenzie of the Greek Department; on his death Professor Wardell of the English Department took over from him. Not very successfully either. They both seemed to run into trouble; the longer they held the job, the more trouble.

The question of schedules, the problems of eligibility, the matters of high finance were all beyond their capabilities, and notwithstanding the fact that they were assisted by a Business Manager to take the detail work off their hands, it was evident that the task had got beyond the intellectual grasp of a professor. So it was decided to co-ordinate all matters pertaining to sport in the University in the post of Director of Athletics, to pick one man to have entire charge of everything, giving him full authority to sink or swim. Now here was a business job requiring a practical business man, yet it was also felt that someone in sympathy with the University and its ideals in sport should if possible be chosen. Eddie was under foot, so everyone turned to him immediately. A lucky choice. He has built athletics in East Dakota on a firm foundation, not only "co-ordinating" things (a word much loved in the A. A. office), but producing order out of chaos, and bringing in many young high school stars who would have gone elsewhere. And he has also done something far more difficult—he has made the nation East Dakota-conscious. What kid to-day from Maine to Montana doesn't know about our head coach, the great and only Doc Maguire, and his Orange Crusaders?

To accomplish this required brains, energy, and ingenuity. Because Ed was intellectually still a sophomore ten years after graduation, a good many factions looked on his appointment with uneasiness. But he has met every test, has filled an exacting role with ability and distinction, and to-day—five years later—has just been awarded full faculty status and the salary of a professor heading a Department. However, as you will see, Eddie earns his money.

He drives a Cadillac and has a Cadillac mind, crammed with what

the French call "*larges idées*." Huge figures come naturally to him, he talks in thousands and tens of thousands; men, dollars, footballs, spectators, acres, towels, undergraduates, employees, and so on. After all, Ed is big business in sport. "Thousands of boys using the broad playing fields of this great University . . . thousands of pants and jerseys which we distribute annually to our athletes for intramural sport . . . thousands of youngsters learning the lessons of self-control and chivalry through competitive athletics . . . thousands of dollars which we spend to develop our intramural program . . . the thousands the University is spending this year in our building campaign to relieve the local unemployment situation and show that we are good citizens . . ." Listening to Eddie, one's mind reels with the vastness of it all.

## II

At East Dakota, as at most universities, the Director of Athletics is supreme. Theoretically under the supervision of the Board of Athletic Control, a body consisting of three graduates, three undergraduates, and three members of the faculty, Eddie is in reality pretty much his own boss. This organization, which meets only on rare occasions, has actually no more to say about the running of things than the President—which is little indeed. Athletics and all that pertains to them come under Eddie's charge; his is the responsibility for their success and as long as they are successful no one questions his administration. Theoretically again, the President could discharge Eddie, but actually Prexy would be more likely to go than the genial Ed if it came to a showdown. Were the head of the University to tamper with athletics under their present regime, he would instantly have



the articulate minority among the graduates howling for his head. He knows this. So, too, does Eddie.

Accordingly Ed is a dictator rather than a Director. He spends and takes in the monies received and is accountable to no one. Because the A. A. is a separate division of the University, its funds are its own and cannot be thrown into the common pool. Eddie is subject to no overseeing; no firm of accountants ever goes over his books; no one would dare offer him advice as long as the team continues to win the Conference title every year. Does the Department of Civil Engineering need a new professor? The President is instantly consulted and his opinion carries immense weight. If Eddie needs a new hockey coach would he go to the President for suggestions? Or to anyone else? Hardly.

Is there, then, no official way of determining exactly what are the huge sums of cash that pass through his hands every college year? Well, actually it is nearly impossible for an outsider to obtain any detailed report of expenditures and receipts from the A. A. office, although every fall Eddie does issue what he chooses to call a "financial statement." However, this is so full of items such as "fixed charges," "maintenance," "cash and securities," "accounts deductible," "property improvements," "advances and loans made to the University," "miscellaneous," and "carried over from 1932," that only an expert could make head or tail of it. Maybe that's what Eddie intends, as he explains that figures are a dangerous thing for the public to play with. They are, he will tell you, "apt to be misunderstood."

Luckily, inside information enables me to translate a few of the more impressive items in his last annual report and explain them for your benefit. Total income of the A. A. last year from all sports was \$1,635,715, while

expenditures were \$1,489,666. The responsibility of disbursing this vast sum falls of course on Eddie alone. In 1932—not an especially good football season—takings were \$1,245,763.65. What the \$.65 represents is not stated. Obviously in a really good year receipts would rise above this, although it must be remembered that we had one of the best drawing teams in the country last fall. Under Eddie's control are 66 coaches for intercollegiate and intramural sport with an annual payroll of \$115,000 annually; 12 doctors who cost \$28,000; 16 rubbers and trainers who eat up \$37,000; 70 laborers and seasonal employees on the Stadium, the golf course, the tennis courts, and the boat house; 42 clerks and typists in the A. A. office—the number is larger during the height of the season just before the Homecoming Game—and 24 workers in the Gym and the Indoor Sports Plant. The total payroll of the A. A. each year tops half a million dollars, so in these days Eddie may be considered a fairly large employer of labor.

All the above technicians are under his charge and his is the responsibility for seeing that they perform their manifold duties. Eddie is also a real estate operator of no mean proportions, for the A. A. controls about five thousand acres of ground in and around town, and is continually buying more against future needs. The proper running of the various structures connected with the athletic system fall under his care too; and just to give you an idea, the cost of running the Henry K. McOstrich Gymnasium for a college year only, salaries, light, heat, fuel, power, water, and maintenance, including taxes and insurance, eats up \$65,000. Aside from this he has to look after the Morgan P. Weinheimer Field House, the Rufus S. Puttenham Locker Building, and the new Philip McGillicuddy Indoor Ath-

letic Plant with its fourteen squash courts, two swimming pools, its basketball pavilion and stands, its fencing rooms, wrestling rooms, its twelve-lap-to-the-mile track, a chlorinating system to purify the water for the pools, and then the new shower baths, the only ones in any part of the United States guaranteed by sanitary engineers to be free of dermatophyosis, or as we call it at East Dakota, "athlete's foot."

You can see that Eddie is a busy man most of the year round. Moreover, he must be all things to all men. To the President he is a zealous sporting educator, to the Head Coach an earnest canvasser for promising high school material, to the men on the eleven he is a dispenser of jobs and sundry favors, to the graduates he is the fabricator of a schedule that will be the toughest in the country and yet permit the Orange Crusaders to go through the season undefeated. For all this Ed receives only \$7,500; the exact salary of a professor. At East Dakota, as he proudly explains, education comes first; there's no overemphasis on athletics in any way whatsoever. For this reason he keeps the salaries of all coaches down too; he sees no reason why a man who teaches baseball or basketball should receive more than a man who teaches chemistry or bee-keeping or cafeteria management or some other course beneficial to the intellect. All coaches' salaries are, therefore, low, all except Doc Maguire's, that is. Doc's pay has never been officially given out for obvious reasons.

Remember that break with Michigan? Ed fixed that up! Here's the inside story. Instead of going off half cocked to the Director of Athletics at Ann Arbor, Eddie kept his head and turned to old Freddy Tompkins, E. D. '14, now the President of United Power and Service. One of Freddy's best friends, a chap through whom United

Power buys annually several million dollars' worth of stuff, is a trustee and a power behind the throne at Michigan. Another one of his buddies is a big shot in the State Legislature. Naturally after Eddie explained things, Fred as an old E. D. man was only too glad to see his friend: "Look here, Al, can't we get together on this thing? Whazza sense of us two fighting, huh?" Al was agreeable enough. "All right with me," he remarked. A telephone call, a little pressure in the right direction, and relations were resumed. Another diplomatic triumph for Ed.

A diplomat, a financier, a large real estate operator, an administrator, a financial wizard, and a big employer of labor. These are a few of the things the Director of Athletics must be. Would you like his job? Well, you can't have it.

### III

Eddie is full of ideas, and the idea of having a Contact Man (never so-called except in the privacy of Eddie's sanctum) was not the worst of the lot. Officially carried on the payroll under the high-sounding title of Second Assistant to the Director of Athletics, his job was to spend his entire time checking the scholastic standing of the various intercollegiate athletes at the University. Especially those on the football squad, for one has a feeling that were a second-string substitute on the rifle team to get into trouble with the Dean's Office the Contact Man would hardly get excited. But let Cy Murphy, the varsity tackle, fail to show up some morning for a nine-fifteen class, or fall below 60 in the November exams, and the Contact Man is at work even before the marks are out.

He must keep the athletes in line, discover the courses in which they approach the danger mark, and instantly shoot the wobbly ones over to Professor Bowman, the regular A. A. tutor.



The professor used to teach history and literature, but since his employment by the A. A. he has severed his connection with the University. Although he works much harder now, the stimulus of meeting the great minds of the varsity backfield must compensate him in some way for the effort expended.

The Contact Man's success is unquestioned, and while Eddie seldom talks about him in public, he feels an inner glow of satisfaction on realizing how much he himself is doing to keep up the standards of a great educational institution like East Dakota. In fact, it's things like this which really make Ed's job worth while. And besides having all the athletes high in their classroom work it is a help to the Director when someone sneeringly refers to the football record of the University over the past few years. Eddie smiles that ingenuous smile and states casually that at East Dakota study comes first. Then while his auditors gasp, he explains that the athletes at East Dakota stand higher in the classroom than those of any other college, yessir, even Harvard and Yale for all their new-fangled House Plans. This fact is much commented upon in George Mason's frequent publicity releases.

While we are about the A. A. offices I'd like to have you meet George. He is one of the bright particular jewels in Eddie's firmament; nor is he one of the least reasons for the latter's success. George is Director of Information; everybody round the A. A. offices is Director of something or other. He meets the press, dispenses free tickets and other favors, and pours out an endless supply of copy for the sports departments throughout the nation, telling how the Purple Tornado will descend on East Dakota next week, to be followed by the Ripping Rhinos from Texas, after which the Varsity eleven faces in succession the Gray

Gazelles on Homecoming Day and the Fighting Bobcats from Tennessee on the last Saturday of the month. George is just another good newspaperman gone wrong. For several years a constant thorn in Eddie's side, always asking troublesome questions about things he shouldn't know, such as why the spring trip of the lacrosse team had to be abandoned for lack of funds when the A. A. was able to construct a \$200,000 rowing tank which had the advantage of being located in a cellar where there was no scenery and nothing to take the boys' minds off their work? It was George who uncovered and really precipitated the break with the Hornets, and George who bust the story of Doc Maguire's appointment as Head Coach three days before it was due to appear. Eddie in desperation finally decided that George was a good man to have on his side, so the job of Director of Information was created. A smart move. George had saved Eddie more than once and earned what he makes besides his salary many times over.

A great deal of Eddie's time is taken up making speeches, for he is a stirring talker and consequently much in demand. He has that quality of rugged earnestness, coupled with a robust Americanism and a fine scorn for the Anglicization of sport which is creeping insidiously into certain Eastern universities, that make him an overwhelming success at any football dinner. The result is that he is much sought after at alumni banquets, reunions of his class, Chamber of Commerce gatherings, get-togethers of East Dakota men in Chicago or New York, meetings of his fraternity, his prep school, or other organizations to which he may or may not belong. He is especially in demand to present prizes at the annual dinner of High School Athletic Associations, for the principal knows he will always say a word or two

about the evils of liquor and smoking and how no booze-fighter ever won All American honors. Ed unselfishly gives a lot of time to this work for, as he says, it may just set some boy on the right path, and then besides, you never know when you will run across some good material out there in the sticks. He has coined many a much-quoted phrase, "Football has made this nation college-conscious." "At East Dakota we stress the educational side of athletics." "An interest in good clean sport would prevent a lot of our young people from going wrong." "Athletics make for good citizens and good citizens make for a sound country." And he never fails to note in his speeches and addresses the fact that "There is more value in playing the game in a character way than there is in merely trying to win." This proves definitely that Eddie doesn't think of victory alone, as some of his rivals in other colleges like to assert.

#### IV

Eddie is an excellent speechmaker and never makes the mistake of reading from notes. Consequently he is able to hop to his feet at any minute and deliver a stirring oration about the value of sport in building character, or what-football-meant-to-me. These late years he has done so much of it that he makes a speech whenever he opens his mouth. Drop into his office to ask the simplest question, whether the varsity will go west to the Tournament of Roses this year or what truth there is in the rumor that the Doc will resign in '36, and he will instantly burst into a discourse. Even alone in his room with one other person he invariably makes a speech, and his voice is so good and his manner so impressive and forceful that he must get lots of pleasure out of hearing himself talk. Probably he makes a speech

when he asks his wife to pass the sugar at the breakfast table. His most effective moment is when at the end of an informal conversation with a stranger he leans across his big desk, and pounding it gently with his fist, looks him straight in the eye and says:

"We try to remember at East Dakota that every boy who comes here is some mother's son."

Eddie is alive, picturesque, good copy, and knows it. Naturally the newspapermen like him because he is so amiable, so genial, so approachable, and so ready to issue a statement on any subject under the sun. After all, he is a figure of national importance, and will discuss the lack of over-emphasis on sport at East Dakota or the possible chances of success for the N. R. A. without hesitation. At the last election he was called on for help by the Hoover Campaign Committee in Washington, and instantly jumped into the breach with his customary good nature by sending off the following telegram:

"No team ever needed an intelligent leader more than the United States needs your guidance for the next four years." Had he only stopped after the first twelve words no exception could have been taken to this pronouncement.

Whenever possible Eddie prefers to represent the University in public, for his underlings and the coaches who lack experience are apt to get him in trouble. An excellent example of this was Tommy Jameson, who was football coach during Eddie's first years at East Dakota. In a short talk to the press early one fall Tommy predicted a successful season for the varsity team. This refreshing and unusual frankness from a head coach was widely and favorably commented upon, but to everyone's amusement the varsity later lost its four big games. "You can take it from me Tommy won't make any



more speeches," said Eddie grimly afterward.

Moreover, with his usual quick grasp of the situation, he perceived that Tommy lacked the personality to be head coach. Unfortunately Tommy was tied up by a six-year contract. Eddie sighed on learning this. He faced six years of defeat and disaster for the team, and disappointment for the old grads, not to mention insecurity for himself in his own job. When the team wins everything is lovely for the Director of Athletics, whereas when it starts to lose he is the first person to feel it. Hundreds of letters flood his desk after each week-end. Why didn't he get a decent coach? Why didn't he give his head coach some authority? Why did he schedule teams who would wear the Varsity all out by the third Saturday in October? Why didn't he schedule some really strong teams instead of a lot of pushovers? Why did he permit the coach to kill the team off in tackling practice? Why didn't they have a stiff practice session to get tuned up for the good opponents? Eddie realized that it was only a question of time before his own head would fall.

Now for some time he had had his eye on old Doc Maguire, originator of the famous Maguire System. Maguire could put East Dakota on the football map in a couple of seasons were it not for that contract with Tommy. However, Ed used his noodle. True, the head coach was firmly fixed in the saddle; but his assistants were not. So Eddie appointed as defensive coach a character builder, a gentleman who knew precious little about football either offensive or defensive. Then the next fall, with the greatest reluctance, he was obliged to let Tommy's backfield coach and chief scout go. "Question of cash, Tommy old boy; when the team doesn't win folks don't come out to the games and we don't take in the money."

That season opponents averaged four touchdowns per game against the Varsity. Before Christmas Tommy threw up his job in disgust and walked away. Eddie was terribly shocked to have the contract broken like that, and as he later explained to the President: "It wasn't, sir, as if we didn't give Tommy every chance in the world. Why, two years ago we saw the defense wasn't clicking and we went to the expense of hiring a special defensive coach. No, it just wasn't any good."

To-day Tommy is as forgotten as a last year's All American end. Who wants to hire a man who deliberately breaks a contract? You simply couldn't trust him, you simply couldn't depend on him to build up character, could you? Whereas under Doc Maguire, the man who produced Moose McCarthy, Four Yard Johnson, and Henry F. (Spike) Niblowitz, the Plunging Pole, the fellow who scored three touchdowns unassisted against Minnesota last fall, you know exactly where you are. Score at the end of the first quarter: Minnesota 0, East Dakota 29.

## V

Eddie may be a big shot but he remains quite unspoiled by all his fame and popularity; even to-day he will toss off highballs with the boys at the A. A.'s annual get-together for the press each fall in a most informal manner, and they will tell you that he can hold his own with the best of them too. Absolutely without ceremony, he wins everyone by his ingenuous sincerity, is never distant with even the humblest young reporter, and makes a point of calling all newspapermen by their first names after ten minutes' conversation, for he has discovered this makes a great hit. Once in a way, however, he got in wrong. It was at a football banquet; Ed advanced with outstretched hand upon Joe Thurber of the *Daily*

*Mail*, whom he had only met casually some years previously.

"Hello, Bill," he declaimed, "mighty glad to see you."

The slip did not pass unnoticed.

"Mighty glad to see you, Paul," said the old sourpuss grimly.

Now it's a curious thing that you will not find Eddie's name in *Who's Who*, although he has more right to be there than the majority of men in that select list, nor is he included in the *Directory of Directors*, notwithstanding the fact that he could qualify for that distinguished club as well. Eddie a director—outside the A. A.? Yes, certainly, didn't I explain? Eddie is so modest about his accomplishments that he won't talk about them; but the fact is that he is a power of big business without as well as within University circles. Before Eddie came to East Dakota in his official position, the hockey team used to practice in the old 43rd Regiment Armory which was leased for the winter by Jimmy Munroe, the sports promoter. Then when hockey became increasingly important, and we got a professional team to represent the town in the International League, the formation of a super-sports arena was broached. It was to be a big structure for hockey in winter, for horse shows, the circus, prize fights, and other events of that kind.

Naturally as one of the sporting authorities of the State, Ed was consulted and his opinion asked. Ask a man for his advice in business and you expect to pay for it. Soon afterward papers of incorporation for the New Arena Corporation were taken out, and Eddie's name led all the rest. The year after the Arena was thrown up the varsity and freshman hockey teams moved over there from the Armory, and they have remained there ever since. A really beneficial arrangement for the University, because the Arena holds fourteen thousand and

packs 'em in at Conference games, whereas the Armory at best could never seat more than five thousand. Eddie invariably thinks of the University's interest above everything.

Nor is he one to forget his friends. George Mason was recently made Public Relations Adviser, or—rendered into the vernacular—press agent for the Arena. He now handles all releases satisfactorily from the A. A. office. The tie-up is thus advantageous for everyone concerned. The Varsity hockey team takes in a gate four or five times as large as before, which means more money to spend on athletics for all. (If there is one thing Eddie stresses it's this educational side of athletics as exemplified by intramural sport.) In the meantime George and his staff keep busy in the off season when ordinarily they wouldn't have much to do. And Eddie has the title of Director of the Arena Corporation, and the satisfaction of having put over a fast one for the benefit of the University and good clean sport.

Unfortunately Ed does not see as many hockey games as he would like to, because he has to get away for a month's vacation in Florida just after the mid-years. The truth is that the football season when he works night and day leaves him pretty well exhausted and he simply has to have some rest. Mean-minded rivals have wondered how he can manage to have a month in Florida, a trip to Europe every few summers, a cottage on the shady side of the lake, a Cadillac, and a house with three baths and a two-car garage on Michigan Boulevard, all on the salary of a mere professor.

They also like to point out that, whereas the athletic outfitting contract used to be given to a small store in town, shortly after Eddie came into office he switched it to a big sporting goods house in New York. The fact is, Ed was able to save the A. A. six or



seven thousand a year by buying from the larger concern, which naturally could afford to cut prices finer; this, however, his detractors never think about. And Eddie is far too big-hearted to defend himself from calumnies of the sort. Or the matter of the towel contract, which was switched in the same way. After all, he says, they called Lincoln names, didn't they?

Well, whatever he makes, he earns. He has no hours or rather every hour, for he is at it from ten in the morning to seven in his office, then home to dinner, and usually returns to the A. A. Building to attend an athletic meeting, a discussion of football policy, or future schedules. In principle, of course, the boys arrange all the schedules, because Ed is a great believer in the educational values of sport and wants them to learn as much as they possibly can. But each manager after making up his schedule for the following year submits it to him for approval, and naturally he will not pick any team the Doc might object to or put on the list a college which doesn't meet the high educational standards of East Dakota.

## VI

No one, of course, except Eddie himself, realizes the time he devotes, the energy he expends, and the extra efforts he makes to keep athletics at East Dakota on a good sound basis. And while he doesn't wish or expect credit for all this quiet, unselfish work, or even recognition of it, he does sometimes feel that the attacks from outsiders are hard to stand. The snoopers of the Carnegie Foundation, the sneers of certain widely syndicated sports writers, the remarks of his less successful rivals—these at times cut deep. Outwardly, to be sure, he is indifferent to things of that sort. Just the same they hurt. It's tough to devote your entire life work to the interest of good

clean sport and then get jeers from those who ought to be supporting you. An average day in Eddie's busy life will show you some of the handicaps under which he struggles so courageously. During the football season he is supposed to be home for dinner at eight, but Mrs. Morgan knows that five days out of six his big gray car won't poke its nose round the corner of the driveway before nine o'clock. This evening he is still signing his morning's mail at half-past seven, when the Doc—the only person who enters that inner office without knocking—comes in after practice. It was only a dummy scrimmage (the Doc has various kinds of scrimmages, "dummy," "modified," "mock," "soft," "supervised," and "skeleton") but, nevertheless, the day has been long and hard and the great man is tired. So also is Ed. He, however, cannot afford the luxury of showing his fatigue, for Athletic Directors can be obtained without trouble whereas there is only one Doc Maguire.

There's no formality between these two old friends. Without any greeting the Doc starts right in.

"That's some schedule you handed me for 1936, Ed. Whaddje tryin' to do, ease me outa here?"

Eddie smiles, though his smile is for once a trifle weary and forced. "When you go, I go too, Doc. Told you that before and I mean it. What seems to be the matter?"

"Matter? Tulane, then a jump to Columbus and then back here to tackle Northwestern. Seven days on Pullmans and the toughest bunch of ringers in the country to top it off. Never thought of that, did you? And the whole varsity line leavin' next June. Freshmen. Good for nothin'. How do you expect me to make a football club outa gang of students?"

Eddie knows perfectly well that the Doc was consulted when the schedule was drawn up, and that he has a car-

bon copy with the Doc's initials on it in his files. The Director of Athletics, powerful as he is, wouldn't even dare list the International Correspondence Schools without asking the Doc's permission. But somehow he feels this isn't the moment to refer to that.

"Now, Doc, you're gonna have some stars from this year's frosh. Young Jansen the halfback and Rubino the quarter—say, if that lad isn't All America in two years I don't know one . . ."

The Doc snorted. The stars from the freshmen did not impress him. "Who you got comin' along?"

"Well, less see. Those two lads from Easton High that made such a fuss in the intersectional game last week are both talking sense. So is Moleski from down state. California's after him, but I just sent him a strong letter. Wait a minute . . . here it is."

The Doc adjusted his spectacles and read:

DEAR MR. MOLESKI:

I was indeed happy to learn that you are going to be able to visit us for Dad's Day next week when the Varsity stacks up against Nebraska. I think you will be impressed with the scholastic advantages of the University, the bunch of men you will meet here, and Doc Maguire our head coach, who as you know has made more All Americans than any mentor in the country. The boy who has a chance to learn the game under Doc Maguire and then goes elsewhere does himself a great injustice.

In regard to that other matter you spoke about. Our standards are very strict here, and we have no athletic scholarships whatsoever, nor do we make any exceptions for football players. In fact as you may know, athletes at East Dakota stand higher in classroom work than in any other university of the country, even those in the East. In view of your marks at high school, however, yours is to some extent an unusual case, and I will be glad to go into the matter in detail when you come up next week. Looking forward to seeing you here at East Dakota, I am,

Very truly yours,

E. J. MORGAN,  
*Director of Athletics*

The Doc snorted again, as if to say that he didn't think much of it as a letter. However, the telephone rang before he could speak, so folding up his spectacles, he put them back into his case with a snap, turned and went out as Eddie picked up the receiver. "Yes. Who? Who? Put him on." There was a despondent note in his voice as the Doc slammed the door. No one appreciated what you did for them in this man's world.

"Good evening. Good evening, Mr. President." The despondent note in his voice had miraculously vanished. "How are you this evening, sir?" The same hearty old Ed. Always glad to see everyone. "You are? That's fine. Fine. Yes, pretty well, thanks; seats are going well for the game Saturday. What's that? Who . . . the Carnegie people . . . accusing us of . . . of what . . . of subsidizing? They do . . . they did . . . it comes out when . . . you bet I'll have something to say . . . they do . . . they did . . . you feel badly . . . yes, of course, sir, of course . . . so do I . . . why Mr. President, there isn't an institution in this country any cleaner than East Dakota . . . we just lean over backward here . . . what's that . . . they did . . . they did . . . why say, at Northwestern or Purdue . . . oh you did . . . what did they say to that, hey? And what about that fullback of theirs, Balducci? I could tell some things regarding him . . . only concerned with us at present . . . I see . . . well, Mr. President, I'm prepared to back up my statements with facts . . . luckily as you know our athletes have the highest standing in their classwork . . . what's that? . . . you did . . . they did . . . why he's crazy . . . why they're simply crazy . . . say, let me tell you something. Remember when those people got out that Bulletin No. 23 back in 1929? Well, I had a set of phony books prepared, just to see if it



would fool their investigator. Did it . . . did it . . . he fell hook, line and sinker . . . why they don't know what they're talking about . . . we can substantiate everything . . . will I what? Will I run over after dinner? Certainly. We'll dictate them a letter . . . now don't worry about this, Mr. President, truth is, East Dakota is one place we keep athletics where they belong. Whole lot of folks are jealous because our system produces winning teams . . . why sure . . . why of course . . . that's it exactly . . . yes-sir, I will . . . yessir, I will . . . yessir . . . good-by."

Sweat stood out on his forehead as he hung up the receiver. He pressed a button, and a girl carefully knocking first, appeared at the door. "Send out those letters to-night. Here, take these. See if Mr. Maguire has gone

home and if he has telephone him and tell him to come back immediately. Tell him something important. Get hold of Mr. Thompson of Detroit on the wire and if he isn't at his house find out when he will be. Oh . . . and hold that schedule. Don't let George give it out yet. Ask him to come in here now. And I don't want to be disturbed, Miss Jones, no matter who calls, and no visitors the rest of the evening either."

He mopped his brow. Under the electric light his face looked drawn and tired, there was a deep furrow between his eyes. All things to all men. The story is around town that the Director of Athletics knocks down between fifteen and twenty thousand a year. Some of the boys put it as high as two per cent of the gross. Well, what if he does? He earns it, every cent.





## DEATH IN CARNIOLA

BY LOUIS ADAMIC

SOON after my return, early last year, from the United States to my native village of Blato, Carniola (or Slovenia), in Yugoslavia, I learned that one of my numerous uncles—Uncle Yanez, my mother's oldest brother; a fairly well-to-do peasant—was dying at his home in Brankovo, a village some distance from ours.

My mother told me there was virtually no hope for him.

"He is seventy-eight, you know," she said, "and his ailment"—with which he had become afflicted the previous winter—"can't easily be cured even in a much younger man. For a time, a few months back, we thought that, in spite of the great burden of his years, he might improve a bit when spring came again, and then maybe hang on awhile longer; but now May is more than half gone, the fruit trees are shaking off the white petals of their blossoms, June beetles already are about, and Yanez is no better yet. The illness is going deeper and deeper into him."

I was struck by my mother's simple, quiet way of telling me this. The slight inflection of her voice when she pronounced his name suggested to me that she liked her dying brother very much (and subsequently I learned that he was, in fact, her favorite relative); yet the main note of her whole manner, it occurred to me, was a profound fatalism, a calm acceptance of death.

At first this rankled in me considerably: for, having lived in America for

nineteen years, my own attitude toward the Great Reaper, if it can be said that I had one, was the typical "Western malady," as someone has called it, a mingling of dread and hate and false bravado. After that my mother's manner when she talked to me about Uncle Yanez continued to disconcert me a little, off and on, for nearly two weeks, until I fully realized what I had distantly suspected all along: namely, that her fatalism in the matter was not so much a personal characteristic as the sharing of a group attitude toward death of most peasants, men and women, in Yugoslavia. When I realized this and grew to understand this attitude of the peasants in relation to their environment I began to think of it, not as something disconcerting, but, on the contrary, rather fine and felicitous.

That it was not a personal but a group attitude I began to suspect almost immediately after mother first mentioned that Uncle Yanez was on his deathbed. My eighty-two-year-old father, who, while all gray and a bit trembly, appears to be good for many more years, heard her, and added that spring could not be expected to perform miracles on an old man whom winter had smitten with illness and who probably no longer felt the flesh on his bones. "Sooner or later we must all go to the long home, as dew goes before the sun. . . . We are like everything else that has being in this world. For instance, do you remem-



ber that big apple tree that grew in the middle of the meadow this side of the creek?" he asked me.

"Yes," I said.

"Well," said my father, "two years ago—or was it three? Of late my memory is beginning to fail me a little . . . anyhow, two or three years ago, when spring came, that apple tree did not bloom or leaf. It had not been hit by lightning, nor anything like that. It was just an old tree; my grandfather had planted it. It was mostly hollow inside, and it died; then Stan and Anté [my brothers] had to fell it and saw it up into firewood. People become hollow inside and go the same way." He shrugged his shoulders. "Yanez will go that way, then I—"

Mother, I noticed, paid no heed to what father was saying; as I learned later, he often philosophized in that strain. We were in the kitchen; and while he spoke, mother was busy at the stove, asking one of my sisters if she had salted the potatoes, and wasn't it time to gather the eggs?—for several hens were cackling outside. Then she sat down beside me again and, interrupting father, told me more about Uncle Yanez' condition:

"The week before you arrived, I went to Brankovo to visit him, and he said to me, 'Well, Ana, I'll be gone before haying time; surely by the time buckwheat will be ripe for reaping.' I didn't say anything to him; what could I say? He was silent awhile, then went on to say, 'What can a man do? Seventy-eight is seventy-eight. It is true that some men at that age are still hale and hearty, and some live to be a hundred and over; but God did not will it to be so in my case. But, taking one thing with another, I am not complaining. We all come and go. This is the first time I've really been sick in my life. I've plowed my share of furrows; I've plowed them as deep and long as almost any man here-

about. I've worn thin many a scythe, mowing hay. My wife bore me nine children; six of them are living, and four of the six have children in their turn.'"

Quoting Uncle Yanez, mother did not realize that in a few short sentences, which (in the original Slovenian as spoken by peasants, at least) bordered on poetry, she gave me the complete story of his life. She thought she was imparting to me only a bit of family news.

"The people in Brankovo," she continued, "have been reading in the newspapers they get from Lublyana [the provincial capital of Carniola] that you were coming home, and everybody in the village knows that you have been over half of the world, that you write English books and married a girl born in America who does not know our language, and that you yourself have difficulty in speaking Slovenian. Naturally, all that is strange to them [as it palpably was to her] and they are all very curious about you; Uncle Yanez, perhaps, more so than anyone else in the village."

I laughed, no doubt somewhat self-consciously. "There probably is more excitement about me in Brankovo than about the fact that Uncle Yanez is going to die."

"*Menda ya!*" exclaimed mother. "Of course!" Then she smiled and, lowering her eyes, was silent a minute, and I knew that she too considered my homecoming vastly more extraordinary and exciting than the impending death of her beloved brother—and this not merely because I was her son whom she had not seen for nineteen years. In her mind, Uncle Yanez' final ordeal was a natural thing, simple, with countless precedents, hardly calling for any extensive comment or anything else, while—by her standards of experience—nearly everything about me was unusual.

"When I visited Yanez," she resumed, "he inquired when you were due to return; and after I told him, he said I should urge you to come to Brankovo as soon as you can. He said, 'I'd like to see him before I go. I am sorry I can't come to greet him in Blato. He may be coming back from America just in time to go to my funeral.' Then he smiled a little and said he would not die till you visited him; he would wait."

And, telling me this, mother smiled herself.

## II

Uncle Yanez was little more than a name to me. I had gone to the United States in 1913 as a boy of fourteen, and in all probability had not seen him for two or three years before then. For a decade or longer prior to my return home I possibly had not thought of him once. I had no clear recollection of what he looked like. Nor had I any idea of the appearance of either the village of Brankovo or Uncle Yanez' homestead (my mother's birthplace), though I recalled, very vaguely, that I had made several visits there in my early boyhood.

Now, however, that I was home again, mother, eager that I should visit him before he died, mentioned something about Uncle Yanez every day. He had been very fond of me when I was a little boy. Did I remember when he had given me a gold coin as a namesday gift? He was not only my uncle but my baptismal godfather. He was a very good man. . . . And so on, and so on.

Immediately after my return to Carniola,\* many extremely pleasant things occupied me; but one day, perceiving how earnestly she wanted me to go to Brankovo, I said to mother that I would make the visit as soon as other

engagements permitted me, perhaps during the coming week; and she promptly sent word to that effect to her brother's home.

A few days later a cousin of mine brought me a message from Uncle Yanez that when I came to visit him I should come with *ta mlada*, "the young one," meaning my wife. He wanted to see her too before he died.

But Stella and I kept postponing our visit. It was not only that other engagements, in Lublyana and elsewhere in Yugoslavia, kept us on the go, but that the idea of visiting a dying man merely because he was my uncle and baptismal godfather seemed unnatural and in a way distasteful to me. Mother reminded me several times of my promise. Finally she said one day, "I have seen Angela" [Uncle Yanez' oldest daughter] "and she tells me she thinks he probably would have died a week ago if it wasn't for the fact that he is waiting for you and Styellah"—which was how mother pronounced Stella's name. "He requires that everything printed in the papers about you be read to him; to everybody who visits him he tells that you are his nephew and godson, and he can't get over the idea that you married an *Amerikanka*. It seems that now he is as anxious to see her as you before he dies. And he can't wait much longer."

I told Stella what mother had said. "I guess we'd better go," I suggested. For a minute I felt vaguely guilty.

"Yes," agreed Stella.

So the next morning, nearly three weeks after my homecoming, one of my brothers hitched up the big buggy and drove us—mother, Stella and me—to Brankovo.

## III

It was a fine late-spring day, cool-warm and bright, and for an hour and a half we rode through one of the most idyllic regions in Lower Carniola.

\*As I already have reported in these pages (October, 1932).



The greater part of the way we talked of things which had nothing to do with Uncle Yanez.

Then my brother raised his whip and, pointing to a cluster of houses on the crest of a round little hill a few kilometers ahead, said that that was Brankovo.

I did not recall the place at once. From the distance it looked like any idyllic regions in Lower Carniola. Fifteen or twenty minutes later, however, when we came to the edge of it, I recognized it. It had not changed at all in the twenty-odd years since I had been there the last time. There were the same ten or twelve peasant houses, most of them overlooking a narrow valley to the west and the others a small V-shaped ravine to the east. I recognized also the larger hills about the village, all thickly wooded and spring-green, their slopes spotted here and there with fields and glades. On the hill across the ravine was a tiny white church with a walled-in cemetery around it, the kind that one sees all over Carniola.

Coming to the village, I suddenly remembered several little incidents of which I had been a part in my boyhood. There were the trees I had climbed, fences I had sat on. Several faces, as they appeared in the doorways or framed in windows along the little main street, seemed dimly familiar to me. I did not know who the people were, but I felt I had seen them before.

I recognized Uncle Yanez' house, which stands a little apart from the others, and recalled that twenty-odd years ago it had been thatched-roofed, while now, like a few other buildings in the community, it was covered with gray tile.

In front of the house was a crowd of people, mostly women and children. My mother helped me to recognize a few of them, including Aunt Olga,

Uncle Yanez' wife: a shrunken little peasant woman in her early sixties, all gray and wrinkled and nearly toothless, with drawn lips, a pointed chin and high cheekbones that rose up almost to the lashless eyelids, which owing to sleeplessness during the last few days, she barely managed to keep open. As I learned later, Yanez had been hanging on less than a thread for more than a week and Aunt Olga had stood by his bedside night and day, waiting for him to die; for custom required that in his last moment she "close his eyes."

"You come just in time," she said, taking my hand. "He could not wait for you another day."

"Only the expectation of your coming to-day kept him alive," said my cousin Martin, Uncle Yanez' oldest son, a young man my own age, perhaps a little older, whom I suddenly remembered as a boy.

Cousin Angela said, "He's been asking every hour since daybreak if your carriage was yet in sight."

"We were watching for you for the last two hours," said still another cousin, whom I did not know. "As soon as we saw you coming up from the valley I ran in to tell him you were on the way."

Everybody was under a curious tension, a suppressed excitement, which I felt at once. Our handshakes were quick, jerky. The words of those who spoke to me came in little bursts.

Besides members of Uncle Yanez' immediate family, there were neighbors from the village, Aunt Olga's women friends, kinfolk from other villages. Some of the older men and women were faintly familiar to me, like figures in a fog. They had assembled to greet me and see my wife, and be near the house when the old man died; for, as I began to suspect, everybody believed Yanez would die shortly after he saw me. Two or three

of the women already wore black mourning kerchiefs.

For a moment I had a feeling that Aunt Olga looked at me reproachfully for not having come to Brankovo before. I tried to explain to her why we had not come before, but did not get very far, for everyone seemed to want to talk to me simultaneously. I was not only Ana's son, who in his boyhood had visited Brankovo and now returned from the big world a grown-up man with a foreign wife, but was also responsible for Ana's brother having stayed alive overtime.

I forgot all about introducing Stella or explaining to her who all these people were. She stood near the carriage with my brother, not understanding what was being said, only sensing the drama into which we had been drawn because the man inside the house was my uncle and godfather. The people, especially the women, were looking her over. A few of them whispered to one another, evidently about her. There were a few brief smiles.

Trying to postpone the confrontation with my uncle as long as possible, I hesitated to go in. I went back to the carriage and explained to Stella in English what the situation was; that, to all seeming, I was—in fact, we both were an important factor in the final crisis of a man's life; a sort of anticlimax in his life. "It seems he really will die as soon as he sees me, or soon after that."

We were the focus of all eyes.

"Well, come in, please," urged Aunt Olga.

#### IV

Inside, too, the house was essentially as I had last seen it. It was over two hundred years old, but freshly white-washed early that spring. In the kitchen, which was also the vestibule (that being the arrangement in most peasant houses in Carniola), dinner

was being cooked. I smelled sauerkraut. As we came in, a couple of tiny pigs grunted about in the vestibule and a young hen, suddenly terrified, flew between my legs and out of the door, but in spite of these animals everything was very clean.

From the vestibule-kitchen Aunt Olga led us, Stella and me, with my mother right behind us, through the big-room, heavy with the smell of rosemary, into a small side-room with a large bed and a chair and two pictures on the walls: one of the Virgin Mary and the other of John the Baptist, Uncle Yanez' patron-saint, for Yanez is Slovenian for John.

On the bed lay my uncle—a very old man with sunken eyes, as close to death as any living person I had ever seen before. Except for his head, he was covered with a clean, heavy linen sheet, under which his long, thin body was all too clearly outlined. His face was only faintly suggestive of the face I had glimpsed on an enlarged photograph in the big-room which had probably been taken about the time I had last seen him.

I greeted him, rather nervously, I suppose, in a low tone of voice. I was terribly ill at ease. But when my mother and Aunt Olga exchanged a couple of short remarks their voices seemed to me natural, normal; so then I repeated my greeting in a louder tone.

Uncle Yanez slowly turned his head on the pillow and looked at me, a curious glitter in his eyes. His lips twitched slightly, as though he wanted to say something. Then there was another twitch, which seemed like an attempt to smile.

Aunt Olga said, "You needn't talk, Yanez. Loyzé [my first name in Carniola] knows that you're sick. . . . Just lie still, Yanez." She spoke to him as if he were a baby she was putting to bed.



"Of course," said I, "just take it easy, Uncle."

But my words sounded silly to me, while Aunt Olga's had sounded all right.

Then Yanez' eyes seemed to moisten a little, and his lips and one side of his face twitched for a minute or longer, till he succeeded in speaking, barely above a broken whisper:

"*Pozdravlyen, Loyzé! Greetings! . . . I am sorry . . . I am going to die. . . . Can't talk much. . . . You don't see him . . . but I see him . . . White Death . . . by the door there . . . with his scythe. . . .*"

"Don't talk, Yanez!" Aunt Olga urged him.

"America," he began again. . . . "You are married . . . *Amerikanka* . . . where is she?"

My mother said, "She is right here, Yanez—Styellah."

"Styellah," he whispered, then looked at Stella a long time. . . . "*Na . . . pozdravlyena, ta mlada.*"

Not being sure what the old man was saying, Stella felt awkward.

"Uncle Yanez," I said, "she doesn't speak Slovenian, but she greets you—"

"And wishes you a peaceful passing-on," added Aunt Olga.

"*Na . . .*" Uncle Yanez looked back at me "*Na . . . I hardly see you . . . your face, Loyzé . . . but you are tall. . . . Your wife is small . . . na . . .*" A long pause. His face twitched, as he struggled to retain command of his voice. "I always . . . knew you would . . . grow up tall, Loyzé. . . . Your grandfather was tall . . . your mother's father. . . . Are you here, Ana?"

"Yes, I am here, Yanez," said my mother.

"Your grandfather, Loyzé . . . when he died . . . he said . . . he said, 'Living is like licking honey . . . licking honey off a . . . off a

thorn.' . . ." He was silent a long time, then added, "*Na . . . my father . . . your grandfather . . . he died on this bed, too . . . he was ninety-six. . . . It isn't bad . . . it's good . . . we all die . . . go down into long silence. . . .*"

He fell into quiet and stared at me a long time.

"Maybe you'd better go out, now, Loyzé," whispered Aunt Olga, "you and Styellah; all of you, except you, Ana, and call Nezha and Frantsa [her two sisters] and light a candle and bring it in."

"Yes," said my mother and went out to call them.

"Well, *adio*, Uncle Yanez," said I.

His lips moved again. "*Na . . . adio. . . .*"

I whispered to Stella to say, "*Adio*," and she said it.

"*Na . . . adio. . . .*"

We withdrew. Aunt Olga stayed with him. My mother returned with Nezha and Frantsa, one of them carrying a lighted candle, to kneel by the bed and pray. They closed the door.

Stella and I sat down and I told her in English what Yanez had said. I noticed she looked pale, and asked Cousin Angela if we might not open the windows.

"Not now," she said. She added that she knew it was stuffy and explained very simply that while one was dying in the house all doors and windows were supposed to be closed, to keep the soul in the house awhile after it left the body.

Suddenly one of the older women jumped up, exclaiming in a sharp whisper, "Look, you didn't turn the mirror round."

I did not know what to make of this. The mirror hung on the wall opposite from where we sat. The old woman (no doubt some relation of mine) stepped over and turned it to the wall. I looked at my brother, who

smiled a little to Stella and me and remarked that it was an old custom when someone was dying in the house. "I don't know just what it is supposed to mean," he said; but subsequently I found out that the mirror is turned so that the soul can't look at itself; for if it did and became interested in its looks, it might frequently return to the house to look in the mirror.

Neither of us felt exactly comfortable. I told Stella that she looked paler every minute and she told me the same thing. So we went out.

Outside, the day seemed even more beautiful than before we had visited the death-room. The sun-shot spring air was sweet beyond words. Some swallows, whose nests were beneath the eaves, flew about the house in swift, vivid swoops.

We sat down on a bench at the table under the linden tree in front of the house.

"You and I, I guess, really should be ashamed of ourselves," said Stella.

I agreed with her, then listened to two women talking, one of whom, I learned later, was a half-aunt of mine. She was telling the other woman that Yanez had made his peace with everybody, and the priest from the parish church, some distance away, had been up nearly a week before and given him the Last Sacrament. The other woman said, "May God give peace to his soul."

Cousin Angela came out of the house with a large elongated tub of water, which I had noticed in the vestibule a few minutes before, and placed it near the entrance.

"What's that for?" wondered Stella.

"I don't know," I said. I did not want to ask Angela; she appeared to be crying. A few minutes later, however, my brother came out and I asked him.

"That's for Death to wash his scythe in when he leaves," he explained and smiled.

"Do the people actually believe that?" I asked.

"Some of them do, most of them don't," he answered; "but they all put the tub out. The idea is to be as accommodating to Death as possible. Lots of people believe that if they don't put the tub out, and Death has to go down to the creek to wash his scythe, someone else will die in that house before the year is out."

I was telling that to Stella when one of the windows of the big-room flew open.

"He is gone now," said my brother.

Then the other windows opened, one after the other, and some of the people came out of the house. Two or three of the women wept a little, wiping their eyes with the corners of their aprons. My mother also came out; her eyes were dry.

Aunt Olga, having closed her husband's eyes, had wept a little, too; then lay down and fell asleep—she had been so tired from the long vigils at the bedside.

Through one of the windows I saw two women putting more candles in candlesticks, lighting them.

A half-hour later the bell in the tower of the tiny white church on the hill across the ravine began to toll slowly. It rang a long time, and everybody in the vicinity learned that old Yanez was dead. After a while the bells of more distant churches, some of which were not visible from Brankovo, began to ring. They rang perhaps for an hour and somehow, as it seemed to me for a while, enhanced the spring aliveness of the region visible from the hill.

"All this is so fine," said Stella, "that I want to cry."

I felt the same way. The churches from which the bells were ringing were Catholic churches; for entire Slovenia is Catholic; but it struck me that this ringing of bells had very little to do



with any particular organized religion, with doctrine of any sort. This was life; this was death: life . . . death . . . life—

For the first time in my life—while fully accepting and enjoying life—I thought and felt about death without any fear or hate or fake bravado.

## V

The funeral was set for the mid-forenoon of the third day and, to save ourselves the long ride to Blato and back again, my mother and brother and Stella and I stayed in Brankovo, along with numerous other relatives of Uncle Yanez and his widow who had been there before us or came shortly after the bells had started to ring. In a neighbor's house Cousin Angela found us lodgings, which, though lacking any suggestion of American comfort, were clean and restful.

And in the next two days, getting acquainted with most of the people of Brankovo and some of those who came to pray at the bier from nearby villages, listening to their talk, and noting their beliefs and old customs in connection with the disposal of the body, I received, I think, a rather complete insight into the deep and, to me, downright poetic intimacy between life and death in rural Slovenia.

As already suggested, right after Uncle Yanez had breathed his last, more candles were lighted and Aunt Olga's closest female relatives washed his body from head to foot. They dressed him in fresh underclothes, his best Sunday suit, and a clean linen shirt with a silk kerchief tied into a bow at his throat; put on his best boots and stuck a handkerchief, his favorite pipe and tobacco pouch, his snuffbox and jackknife, and a few coins into his pockets. Finally, they clasped his hands round a small crucifix.

Meantime Cousin Martin and one

or two relatives of the family had raised the bed on which Yanez had died by putting large wooden blocks under its legs; then the women spread the huge black bier-cloth—which, like the big candles and candlesticks, is communal property—over the bed and laid the body on it. They arranged some spring flowers about the head and darkened the two windows in the room.

Upon a small stand at the foot of the bier they put the candles, a prayer-book, and a small bowl of holy water, which someone fetched from the church across the ravine. In the bowl was a tiny olive twig—saved from Palm Sunday, two months before—with which everyone who came to say good-by to the dead man sprinkled a bit of water on him.

Even before the bells ceased tolling the people—relatives, friends, fellow-villagers—began to arrive. There was a sort of solemn excitement about it all. Men and women stopped in front of the house under the linden tree, to chat about how Yanez had died and about Stella and me. Everyone looked at us, but after a time, I think, we were generally forgiven for having delayed the old man's demise beyond the time when he would have died had we not come from America. Then they went inside and looked at the lifeless face, prayed a bit, sprinkled holy water on the body, and came out again, to remark to someone what a good man Yanez had been and recall little incidents in his life which were to his credit.

Some came two and three times. They evidently liked it. During the two days that Uncle Yanez lay in state [if that phrase may be used in connection with a peasant] some two hundred persons came and went. It was a social occasion for the entire region. Women brought gifts to the widow. They, in turn, were given something

to eat and drink either at Yanez' house or at one of the neighbors'. They exchanged views on the weather, gossiped about all sorts of things, and met the American author, who was old man Yanez' nephew and godson, and his American wife, who seemed very bright, but knew only a few words of Slovenian.

In the evening the "watchers" gathered in the big-room to spend the night in the dead man's home. They were, for the most part, close relatives and friends, mostly men. I "watched" both nights, listening and talking with them, having a thoroughly interesting time. Not comprehending the talk, Stella stayed a short time the first night, then went to sleep. All feelings of uneasiness had left us.

One or two people were constantly in the death-room. They were the real watchers. They took care that the candles did not cause a fire and, still more important, that no cat came near: for, according to old popular belief, should a cat jump on the bier and cross the body the soul of the dead person would become a werewolf.

We in the big-room had a regular all-night party. A few of the people played dominoes; not for money, of course, but for beans. To gamble for money was apt to have another (I forget what) evil effect on the soul of the deceased.

The rest of us sat about in groups, talking. There were pitchers and bottles of wine, cider, and prune-brandy; loaves of bread, platters of home-cured ham and *klobase*—smoked sausages—with raw horse-radish, and bowls of dried fruit of the previous year.

I was asked about things in America. Was the economic crisis really so bad there? How was it affecting the farmers? Our immigrants? . . . Was all this they were reading in the papers about Lindbergh's baby really true?

It was the most awful thing they had ever heard of. . . . I talked to them about America perhaps half of both the first and the second nights, then turned the talk to what momentarily interested me more than America.

I learned that most Slovene, like other Yugoslav, peasants believe more or less in the existence of the soul after death. The women's belief in the matter seems stronger than the men's. It is they who still insist on turning mirrors to the wall and keeping the windows closed.

The theory, with some variations in different localities, is that the soul leaves the body immediately or soon after death. If one has lived a good, honest life it has a much easier time in parting from the flesh than if one has lived a bad life. I spoke with people who claimed that they had seen souls leave the body. "Once," a woman told me, "when So-and-so died I saw a little flutter right over the death-bed, like a bird flying. It fluttered round awhile, then out of the window."

The soul usually stays near the house for a few hours, then visits all other scenes of the dead person's earthly life. In some cases, especially if one has been to America or lived in some other distant country, it takes the soul a couple of months to make the rounds of all the places, though most people say that forty days is the maximum. If the deceased has done some injustice in the world the soul attempts to right it. If he has neglected to do some duty the soul tries to do it after his death.

Everywhere in Yugoslavia peasants believe that in the next world the soul leads much the same life the person led in this. It smokes, snuffs, blows its nose, whittles sticks, and needs money. That was why the women put all the things I mentioned in Uncle Yanez' pockets, though in Slovenia—by and large, the most civilized sec-



tion of Yugoslavia—this belief is only a kind of pretense-belief.

In the more primitive parts of the country people put into the coffin a few candles, so the soul in the next life may not grope round in darkness. If the dead man was a cripple his crutches go with him. In some places they believe that in the next world the soul continues in the trade the man had worked at on earth, and so dead shoemakers often take with them awls and pliers; carpenters, planes, nails, and hammers; and peasants, little bags of seed.

Into the grave with the body go also food and bottles of wine; or else for several nights after the funeral the people leave food and drink on the table, so that if the soul should return to the house it would feel welcome, seeing that the survivors think of it in a friendly spirit. Later, when I traveled through the more primitive parts of Dalmatia, Bosnia, Macedonia, and other Yugoslav provinces, I saw people carrying bowls of food and bottles of wine in funeral processions. I saw them also bringing food and drink to the grave weeks after the funeral.

In Slovenia very few people still believe that souls really eat, but the custom of placing food and drink on the table for them is widespread. On the night of All Souls' Day in nearly every peasant house food and drink are on the table. In a great many villages for several weeks after the funeral the custom is to set an extra place at the table; whereby the people demonstrate as much to the soul of the deceased as to themselves how much they miss him or her.

Having visited all the places where the dead person had once lived, and having righted as many wrongs as possible, the soul, if it is from the body of an old man or woman, goes to the next world; but it is different with some of

the young souls, especially the souls of young women.

Girls who die shortly before they are supposed to marry become *villé*, or nymphs, and as such live for years—in the belief of some people, for ever—in the woods and fields or by the streams, lakes, or waterfalls near their villages. These nymphs as a rule are beautiful, benevolent spirits. Once upon a time, when the world was a better place than it is to-day, they lived in close contact and friendship with human beings still in the flesh. In those days they regularly helped peasants at their work. At night people saw them in the fields, pulling out weeds and cockles, or in the meadows, dancing and chanting, urging grass to grow tall and thick, so the good peasants might have plenty of hay for their stock in the wintertime. When shepherds fell asleep, the *villé* watched their sheep and cattle.

Of late, however, since there have been so many wars and other evil things in the world, since men have departed from their old virtues and many peasants have taken to drinking and cursing, and shepherds have thrown away their fifes and drums and taken whips into their hands and begun to crack them in the pastures so they sound like rifle-shots—since then the good nymphs show themselves less frequently to human eyes. They are still about, for that is their fate; but they are doing fewer and fewer favors for people. Invisible, they hover about the old villages, sad young spirits clothed in breeze and moonlight, and concern themselves chiefly with the souls of newly dead people and help them accustom themselves to being free souls; and help them to right the wrongs they had perpetrated while in the flesh.

One of Uncle Yanez' daughters had died years before at the age of nineteen, shortly after her betrothal to a young

peasant in a neighboring village. Now I found out that Aunt Olga and Cousin Angela, along with other women, firmly believed that the girl had become a *villa* and was taking care of her father's soul.

"What does she look like now?" I asked Aunt Olga.

The old woman answered, "Like when she was a girl in this house; only more beautiful—like an angel, but she is not really an angel. She'll be a *villa* maybe till all of us in this house die also; then she'll go to heaven and probably become a real angel."

"Have you ever seen her?"

"No; but she's always near. In the evening sometimes, when I pass through the orchard I hear her, I feel her. She'll be here when I die, just as she was here yesterday when her father went."

Angela's ideas concerning her dead sister were approximately the same.

## VI

"In short," I said to Stella, after telling her what I had learned during the night watches, and after we had thought about and discussed the Slovene peasants' way of dying—"in short, to Olga and Angela the old man's death means simply that he is being transferred from their care to the care of the beautiful *villa*, who is a creature of their pagan imaginations, slightly overlaid with a dressing of Christian thought and practice. It is that to all the rest of them, more or less, depending on the degree of their power to accept such seemingly simple explanations, which, in fact, are really quite elaborate.

"These explanations and beliefs are the result of people's long background, reaching back into the pagan era; and their background, in its essence, I suppose, has been a slow, painful process of adjustment on their part to their

environment—of making peace with their environment. Slovenes have been living here for twelve centuries or longer, and that process now is more or less accomplished—so far, at least, as they who remain on the old soil and are not too poor are concerned.

"This whole village appears to be in deep harmony with the region. It is an indigenous part of it. And these people belong here as much as these swallows flying about. They are intimate with their surroundings. They know what their function is without ever really thinking about it. Death is only a part, an inevitable incident in that intimacy with their environment; and, like other incidents in their lives, they have glossed it over with poetry and semi-religious beliefs. . . . Christianity brought them the idea of Hell, but it never took deep root in them. Essentially they are still pagans. Most of them, I guess, are too kind to believe in fire and brimstone."

Stella and I talked a long time and began to compare death in rural Yugoslavia with death as we—especially she—knew it in urban America. Her father had suddenly died a few years before of heart failure at the height of his career as he sat down to dinner one Sunday afternoon. His death had been a great shock to the family and all their friends. After the funeral there had been much fretting about his business affairs, the insurance policy, and what not.

"There undoubtedly is a great difference," said Stella, "between your uncle's death and my father's. Here Death is a rather mild though inexorable fellow who comes and stands by the door with his scythe, waiting till his victim is through saying good-by to everybody, including his nephew who happens to return from America; then does his work because, somehow, it needs to be done. . . . In America, in the cities at least, Death is a gangster



who puts one on the spot, then bumps one off. He doesn't carry a scythe, but a sawed-off shotgun."

I said, "I suppose that's because in America, even in the rural districts, few people have really made peace with their environment, few people really belong where they are, in the sense that these people belong here in Brankovo. There is no stability in America. It's up and down, all the time. Just now"—this was in the middle of 1932—"we're as far down, perhaps, as we ever were. Naturally, then, Death in America is a gangster, as you say; what else could he be? He will be a gangster, it seems to me, as long as the people of America fail to make peace with their environment; develop a sane and sound social order. Of course, that'll take time; and, anyhow, America can't become another, vastly larger Carniola. It's too late for that. I'm not really in favor of believing in *villé*, and so on; but there must be some other way for a great nation to make peace with its environment and then work out of its circumstances a powerful philosophy, an attitude, which would give their lives some suggestion of continuity and enable them to die as well as these peasants die. . . ."

As I say, it was the first time that I really thought about death, and the same was true of Stella.

## VII

The second day Uncle Yanez' body was placed in a coffin of pinewood painted black. In the morning of the third day a priest came, then four men carried the coffin down the Brankovo Hill, across the ravine, then up the opposite hill to the little cemetery, where his *villa*-daughter and his parents and grandparents already were buried. About a hundred of us followed the coffin, and the church-bell rang from the time the procession started till after the burial.

It was a beautiful day.

The ceremony at the grave was brief. The coffin was lowered into it, and Aunt Olga, Cousin Angela, and a few other women wept a little. Then each of us threw in a tiny spade of dirt, and that was all.

Returning from the cemetery, I tried to hear what the people were talking about. Some of them, of course, still spoke about Yanez: what a good man he had been: how much they would all miss him. But most of the talk—especially among women—concerned a pair of twins that had been born in a house in Brankovo during the night.

Even Aunt Olga was all excited about them. "I must go see them," she said. "I guess they are the first twins in Brankovo since—"



## DEFLATING THE SCHOOLS

BY AVIS D. CARLSON

IF ANY particular building were to be selected to accompany the bellicose-looking eagle on the national seal, that building would undoubtedly be a schoolhouse. Both logic and sentiment would dictate the choice, for the public school is a peculiarly American institution. It is the social service and political unit which most closely touches the lives of us all. From the highest officials down to the ordinary citizen most Americans have reserved for it a special brand of loyalty which has been far more than lip service. Perhaps only the word "mother" is wrapped in a thicker fold of sentimentality than that which has enveloped "the little red schoolhouse."

In observing the contemporary scene one must continually remind oneself of this traditional American attitude toward the public schools, otherwise one misses some of the deepest shades and most significant lines in the picture. For the school system is being deflated with a thoroughness, I almost said savagery, which no one a few years ago could have imagined possible in the hardest of hard times.

The extent of the deflation is not generally realized even by attentive news readers for the good reason that, except for the notorious Chicago episodes, the newspapers have not played up the picture. The explanation of this journalistic oversight is no doubt partly that every community believes itself to be harder hit than any other and so considers its own school prob-

lems to be an isolated phenomenon, and partly that civic pride will not allow too much publicity about the skeleton in the school board's closet. But in the Office of Education at Washington, in the research departments of the National Education Association, and in the offices of State, county, and city superintendents the evidence piles higher month by month. It is time that some of it be dragged out and looked in the face.

Certainly, whether one considers the broad scene or individual localities, the outlook is at the moment anything but bright. During the first two years of the depression the schools did business about as usual. By September, 1931, the strain was beginning to tell. Salary cuts were appearing even in large towns, and the number of pupils per teacher had definitely increased. Building programs had been postponed. In a few communities school terms had been considerably shortened, and in others some of the departments and services were being lopped off. But, on the whole, the school world wagged on pretty much as usual.

During the 1932-33 term the deflation gathered momentum so rapidly that many communities had to close their schools. By the end of last March nearly a third of a million children were out of school for that reason. But the number of children affected, shocking as it is, does not tell the story so vividly as does the distribution of the schools. Georgia had 1,318 closed



schools with an enrollment of 170,790, and in Alabama 81 per cent of all the children enrolled in white rural schools were on an enforced vacation. In Arkansas, to cite the case of another sorely pressed State, over 300 schools were open for *sixty days or less during the entire year*. By the last of February more than 8,000 school children were running loose in sparsely settled New Mexico. And over a thousand West Virginia schools had quietly given up the struggle.

These are, of course, States which for one reason or another have always lagged educationally. But consider the case of Ohio, which formerly was near the other end of the procession. According to authentic information, some of it compiled by the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* and some by the State Director of Education, practically every school in the State had to shorten its term. Numbers of county schools shut down at the end of seven months. Findlay and Cuyahoga Falls, towns of 20,000 population, closed after seven months. Akron worried on a little longer, to the first week in May, owing its teachers \$330,000. During the first part of the year the Dayton schools were open only three days a week. Youngstown closed three weeks earlier than usual, with a half million dollars in overdue salaries on its books. Every school in Carroll County clipped a month from its term.

In various other American communities where the schools continued open to the end of their 1932-33 term, it was only because teachers went stoutly on with their work even when they knew their salaries would not be forthcoming at the end of the month. The Chicago situation is so well known that there is no need to discuss it. But the average citizen who read of it somehow got the notion that it was unique. It was unique only in the size of the town and the

length of time the drama had dragged on. Scattered throughout the nation last year were hundreds of school districts in which the Chicago plan of issuing tax-anticipation warrants which finally became uncashable worked out to its bitter end. In Oklahoma scores of teachers cashed only one or two warrants all year. In the whole of Apache County, Arizona, not a single warrant was cashed. In Mississippi, Northern Minnesota, Idaho, South Dakota, Alabama, Ohio, and probably other States that I do not know about, some of the rural teachers managed to exist by "boarding around" at the homes of their patrons, much as in the days of *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*. If the schools had been on a pay-as-you-go basis there is no estimating how many of them would have been closed during a greater part of the year.

## II

While these closed schools and unpaid salaries are the most spectacular aspect of the deflation which is everywhere going on, they are hardly more significant than several other trends which have been rapidly developing as a result of the increasing shortage of funds available for school purposes.

One of the paradoxes of capitalism is that in the periods when public services are most sorely needed taxes to maintain these services are hardest to collect. At such times the tax problem is a grim one for everyone: grim for every unit of the government because the demands made upon it are multiplied while income falls off sharply through tax delinquency; grim for the individual because a tax bill which was perfectly tolerable during good times now becomes almost or quite intolerable. I do not know whether or not the camel holds the last straw accountable for his broken back, but it seems to be part of human na-

ture to do so. In the last two years I have heard business men whose profits have dwindled to practically nothing, whose assets have frozen hopelessly, and whose savings accounts have disappeared in bank failures, fulminate against the cost of government with a heat which could only mean that they felt taxes to be the center of all their difficulties. I have heard farmers who have suffered two years of twenty-five-cent wheat sizzle about taxes and the parasites who eat up the taxes until one would fancy that all the agricultural woes of the country were directly traceable to the confounded school ma'ams and office-holders.

We, no less than the ancient Hebrews, must have a scapegoat. During this depression two convenient ones have been available: extravagance in government and fads and frills in education. Any member of a Taxpayers' Association or a Citizens' Committee can testify eloquently as to what extraordinarily difficult creatures these are to handle, how nimbly they leap from under the knife, how stubbornly they resist the withes. What that taxpayer or citizen cannot see is that, by comparison with numbers of other trouble-makers in our economic structure, those two goats are models of tractability. The simple truth is that in comparison with tackling the debt structure, the faulty banking practices, the excess profits, the outworn tax systems, the international economic muddle, the speculative machine which centers in Wall Street, the billion wild horses, or any of the other real villains of the piece, it is ridiculously easy to force down governmental budgets. And so for two years we concentrated on the reduction of taxes.

But even in using this scapegoat method of attacking the depression we have been about as unscientific as we could be. Tax experts and economists had been talking for years about

the iniquity of the general property tax, but in 1930 most States were still operating upon this antiquated system which places practically the entire State and local tax burden upon real property. Consequently, they were bound to run into a tax emergency as soon as a period of falling prices came. It was perfectly natural that taxpayers should rebel. A twelve-dollar-a-month tax upon a six-room bungalow in a Middle Western town is exorbitant. No one can deny it or wishes to.

But reforming a tax system is a slow process which must be based upon research and must usually be pressed in legislature after legislature until public opinion is ready for it. The owners of real property, who in a period of economic stricture see rentals reduced until they hardly cover taxes or who face the prospect of losing their homes because they cannot find money for taxes, can scarcely be expected to wait serenely for relief by way of tax reform. Indeed, the average taxpayer does not care about modernizing the tax system. All he wants is that his next tax bill shall not keep him awake at night. The easiest and quickest way to accomplish that end is to use the knife on governmental expenditures. And so it has come about that all over the United States, and especially where the general property tax was in sway, there has been a rising tide of conflict, amounting in some regions to open war, between taxpayers and public services.

Some governmental expenditures are more essential than others, of course, and some are less wastefully made than others. But the average taxpayer is never disposed to investigate and make discriminations. Recently he has been in such straits that he is less than ever inclined to pause for discrimination. He may suspect or know that certain branches of his local govern-



ment are shot with waste and graft of the most flagrant sort and that others are outworn and useless; but in that field he is either indifferent or convinced of his helplessness. He surely knows that an enormous bonded indebtedness is involving a staggering annual bill for "fixed charges"—but the capitalistic system being what it is, he supposes that fixed charges must remain fixed and sacrosanct. So far as he can see, there is only one thing he can do. He can kick and kick hard about all these governmental trimmings like county nurses and school gymnasiums which have been growing up under his eyes in the last twenty years. Use the knife, legislator, send it deep!

Thus adjured, the legislator has responded nobly.

Take the case of Iowa. In that home of fat cornfields and distraught corn growers, 95 per cent of the cost of the public schools came from the property tax. As farm prices have dropped, banks closed, and delinquent taxes mounted, the strain has become unbearable. If any State in the Union should have been interested in modernizing its tax system, that State was Iowa. The 1933 legislature brought forth much legislation. But an analysis of the 32 new laws that affect the schools shows that all but one were concerned solely with economy. The millage levies were limited to 80 per cent of the 1930 level. Agriculture, home economics, and manual training were taken from the list of required subjects, and kindergartens were made optional instead of mandatory. The appropriations for the State department of public instruction were reduced by 30 per cent. Permission was given for the discontinuance of junior colleges, and regulations were laid down for the disestablishment of county high schools. A flat minimum salary of \$40 a month was fixed for

teachers, regardless of their training or experience—which, interestingly enough, is just about half the annual minimum income the government has assigned to industrial workers. Every conceivable kind of budget whittling was done, but nothing whatever was accomplished in the way of correcting the basic tax trouble.

Kansas, true to her genius for engaging in reforms on a heroic scale, had an economy legislature that really did things. None of the Iowan attention to small details in economy sullied their record. In spite of words of caution from the governor, they kept their eyes on the main job. They made a four-million-dollar cut in State appropriations, a large share of which must be borne by the State schools. They ordered the tax commission to reduce real property values 20 per cent, and they sternly limited school levies. And, to make all things doubly sure, they required every governmental agency to tot up its indebtedness, issue bonds to cover it, and forthwith go on a strict "cash basis." Having started from scratch, it must stay absolutely within its income. No more tax-anticipation warrants for Kansas.

Naturally such a legislative job is received in various ways. The taxpayers' associations that forced it are jubilant. School boards are bewildered. No one knows what to count upon, because the amount of delinquent taxes is nowadays unpredictable.

In smaller communities over the State the situation is still [August] uncertain. The "cash basis" system comes particularly hard just at this moment, for Kansas is going through one of the worst drouths in her drouth-ridden history. Two years of twenty-five cent wheat followed by a year of drouth make a sad combination for Kansas. Out through the wheat country great level fields are being foreclosed by the thousands. In the

eastern part of the State, where diversified farming is practiced, the condition is no better. Naturally, then, taxes dribble into the court-houses in slow, thin streams. In the face of all this some rural school boards have decided that it is not worth while trying to open their schools. More than one rural teacher has contracted to teach for \$35 a month, which in an eight months' school year means an annual income of \$280. How many books and magazines these teachers, who are supposed to form the cultural leadership of rural Kansas, can afford to buy during the next year is open to any one's estimate. Their teaching will consist of a plodding sort of routine drill—when they are not worrying about the problem of how to replace the shoes which have just sprung leaks.

In general, the urban districts have the choice between cutting down to the Three R's, putting the teachers on a subsistence level, or shortening the term. At Horton, a town of about 4,000, the superintendent and teachers were hired at the rate of \$50 a month. In a typical countyseat town of 3,500 the plan is to eliminate the kindergarten, school nurse, and one grade school, cut salaries sharply again, then run along until near the holidays, when the officials will say to the teachers, "We have only so much money on hand. If you want to prorate it among yourselves, well and good. If not, you'll have to go." The assumption back of this plan is that on the present crowded teacher market it will always be possible to get teachers no matter what salary is offered.

In other States the school legislation may not have been so extreme, but much of it was to the same point. In Idaho the appropriations for all educational institutions were reduced from 20 to 39 per cent of the 1931 level. In Oregon the teachers' minimum salary law was invalidated for two

years. In Wyoming the legislature provided for the distribution of the government royalty fund (derived from mineral leases on federal lands) for a six months' term instead of eight months. In Michigan a severe tax-limitation law was passed. In Delaware there was proposed a measure which would make it unlawful to employ any person to teach art, music, or athletics.

In Arkansas, where the school situation was last year so bad that in late November a tourist driving across the State saw few rural schools open, the legislature set itself to the task of relieving the schools. The line of reasoning was apparently thus: "In the good old days when the schools were in politics we did not have such messes as this. Therefore, we will return them to the politicians, and incidentally save some money on them." Accordingly, the offices of County Board of Education and County Superintendent were abolished. The powers and duties of the former were vested in that picturesque institution, the County Court, and the powers and duties of the latter in a county examiner appointed by the county judge. This county examiner is required to remain in active teaching service, and for his extra-professional chore is to be paid a fee of \$650 a year! Another backward step of the same sort was taken in the abolition of the State Board of Education and throwing of the office of State Superintendent back into State politics.

In Oklahoma an economy measure requires the adoption of text books for a period of ten years. On a mad-hatter arrangement like that a whole generation of children would have grown up without knowing that the state of Poland exists or that the form of government in Russia has changed! Another interesting new law establishes a schedule of *maximum* salaries



for schools which are to have State aid. According to this schedule the teachers with the lowest permissible training and experience are to be limited to \$40 a month, while the upper limit for an experienced, college graduate, elementary teacher is \$85, or an annual income of \$680, if State funds can hold out for eight months. An inexperienced high school teacher with an A.M. is entitled to \$90. The most any such teacher can ever get with no matter how many years of experience is exactly \$100.

In presenting a picture of this sort one is always subject to the temptation to select only the details which substantiate one's thesis. I have tried to be fair in selecting cases. If I have talked mostly about the schools of the South and Middle West it is only because I am most familiar with those regions and because in them the tax turmoil is especially fierce. To make the picture complete I must add that it is not altogether black. In several States the idea of an equalization fund raised by the State for distribution among the various counties so as to bring up the educational offering of weak districts is making definite progress. Other States along with their economy programs are beginning to experiment timidly with new types of taxation. Kansas, for instance, has recently decided to impose an income tax and Oklahoma and Michigan a sales tax for the purpose of lightening the burden now placed on real estate. Indiana is overhauling its entire State government with the idea of making it less wasteful. Ohio has established the Mort Plan. But on the whole the 1933 legislatures, facing a tax emergency without parallel in recent American history, very largely confined their effort to clipping the wings of State and local taxing bodies—that is, to clipping the wings of public services.

### III

Now let us see, if we can, what this budget slashing, imposed by both circumstance and legislature, is actually doing to the schools. Educators claim that the system is being wrecked, taxpayers' associations that no real harm and much good are being done by the paring away of wasteful excrescences. Wherein lies the truth?

Some economies have undoubtedly been valuable to the schools. No institution is perfectly efficient. Certainly the schools were not. In every school in the country administrative eyes, made suddenly sharp by necessity, have spied out inefficient practices and methods long in use and have put a summary end to them. That sort of economy is a good thing. But, unfortunately, it can account for only a tiny fraction of the millions which have been taken from school budgets.

In general, there are four points at which a Board of Education sitting down to work out its annual budget may apply the knife: in building and repairs, in text books and classroom equipment, in salaries, and in services and curricula.

The first need not detain us long. It is no longer available at all as a method of economy. At the onset of the depression building programs were abandoned and repairs reduced to a minimum that in many a town will prove a costly economy in the long run, if not an actual danger to life and limb. The results of this three-year stretch of thrift are beginning to be apparent. Since the average school district had spent heavily for building during the decade before 1930 (to compensate for the war years when no construction went on and to accord with the general spirit of "bigger and better") probably no great harm has yet been done by this halt in building. But depression or no depression, the school popula-

tion continues to increase by more than 200,000 a year. Present building equipment will not long continue to house a family that grows so rapidly. In many city systems room-shortage is already an acute problem. In fact the 1932-33 term saw about 250,000 children attending school on a part-time basis for lack of school rooms and approximately 150,000 others housed in temporary or portable shacks. To enjoy the Century of Progress one must forget that the eccentric metropolis which stages the show used seven hundred tin shacks in housing its school-children last year and has just junked its entire junior high school system in order to gain classroom space for the senior high schools.

The next items to be considered by our hypothetical Board in desperate search for something to reduce are text books and classroom equipment. Here, too, economy was early in the game carried as far as it could be without serious injury to the quality of instruction offered. It is safe to say that whatever further reduction is being made for the 1933-34 term does offer that injury. With a million more pupils than in 1930, the sale of text-books had dropped off 30 per cent by the beginning of 1933. Such a contrast in figures can only mean that youngsters are using dog-eared, dirty books, crudely defaced and probably with missing pages. A fine chance they have to learn to respect books! It can also only mean that many schools are already seriously crippled by the lack of books. Supplementary readers and reference books fall to pieces after a while, and if they are not replaced, instruction in the courses which depend upon them must cease.

And now the Board comes to salaries. Three courses are open. Salaries may be cut all round, teachers may be released, or at the worst both devices may be resorted to. The first

method was the one most often chosen in 1932-33. According to a study made last spring by the United States Office of Education, teachers' salaries had already dropped from 12 to 43 per cent—besides, of course, the discount levied by bankers who cashed the warrants. This fall salaries fell sharply again. In many regions the teachers are now literally on a subsistence level. Throughout the country as a whole the classroom teachers who still have jobs, who are paid in cash and with some degree of regularity, and who have an annual income of as much as \$1200 may count themselves among the plutocrats of the profession. The rise of commodity prices, which the administration is so assiduously fostering, will materially add to the troubles of the pedagogues.

The whole question of salaries is an exceedingly controversial one just now. Many people honestly believe that teachers' salaries ought to be lowered as rapidly and as sharply as profits. As a small-town banker argued, "When we're not making anything, why should they? Let them come down to a board-and-room basis along with the rest of us." Viewed from that angle, his logic is unassailable. Why should they, indeed! The only trouble is that a teacher on a subsistence level is a much less effective worker than one who has money for books, magazines, lectures, concerts, and some travel. It is possible—although most of the authorities on the subject deny it—that a belt-worker may assemble machinery as efficiently on a subsistence wage as on one that will allow him to respect himself because it provides some of the decencies of life. But a schoolroom is not a factory, and a teacher is not working on a belt. No one can really teach who has not three assets: dependable knowledge in his head and vigor and charm in his personality. All of these assets cost



money to acquire, as any parent knows, and none of them can be retained and developed without the constant expenditure of money. That is why the teacher who as a child and an adult is hounded by poverty or the fear of it is almost invariably a drab, petty instructor who cannot accomplish much in the way of drill or inspiration. I hold no particular brief for the teachers. They are adults and as such have no claim for protection against the general suffering and insecurity. But it does seem too bad that the suffering must be passed on in the form of poor teaching to a generation of children who are in no way to blame and to whom the suffering must represent a permanent cultural handicap.

Until this year's term not many teachers were actually released, but Boards everywhere made it a practice not to add the usual number of new teachers and not to replace those who for one reason or another dropped out of the system. For thousands of teachers this meant falling into the hell of unemployment. For the schools it meant a steep increase in what is technically known as the "teaching load," that is, the number of pupils per teacher. Year by year the school population continues to grow. In the last three years the usual rate of growth has accelerated, largely because of the added strain on the high schools. Thousands of youngsters who once would have gone to work at the end of Junior High have continued in school. High school graduates without the ghost of a chance to get a job and without funds for going on to college have returned in swarms. Other graduates whose jobs have melted away have returned for further training. No wonder the rate of annual increase in high school enrollment was last year four times as great as it was in 1927.

There can be no question that in accepting these students and giving

them the occupation and pleasant routine upon which youthful morale depends, the schools have done nothing but their plain social duty. In the flush periods of the past it may have been possible to argue that the public high school is a gigantic piece of social extravagance, but that time is gone, apparently forever. While I have been writing this paper a national minimum wage law has effectively removed millions of young people from all possibility of entering industry. It is the school or the street for them. In the face of this tremendously increased social responsibility the number of teachers is being radically reduced. In preceding depression years new teachers were not hired, but this year has seen a wave of actual releases. Chicago has trimmed her teaching force by more than a thousand. With the \$2,200,000 cut Boston is making from last year's budget many teachers will surely have to be eliminated. So small a city as Tulsa has had to let 60 go. In villages and cities everywhere the teaching force is smaller this year than in 1930, when the school population was about a million less than this year. To the cynic who asks, "What of it?" one has to reply that Mark Hopkins on the end of a log may be only a romantic ideal, but Susan Smith facing 50 or 60 pupils in a room designed to seat 35 or 40 comfortably is so far at the other extreme that it is nonsense to think she can do much teaching.

And finally, the Board approaches the items most loaded with emotional dynamite: services and curricula. Here enter for attention the celebrated "fads and frills" about which every critic of the public schools is so deeply exercised. Now a fad or a frill seems to be anything in the school system which was not there thirty years ago. Last year the schools began reluctantly to relinquish them, in other words, to

retreat to the educational customs of 1900. This year a veritable axe has descended upon them. Night schools and special schools for physically and mentally handicapped children have been eliminated or drastically curtailed. At the present rate of mortality, kindergartens will soon be a thing of the past. Supervisors are being blown out like chaff in the wind. Health services are being abandoned and visiting teachers becoming a luxury few cities can afford. Many towns have eliminated music entirely and others have greatly reduced their offerings. Art, home economics, manual training, physical education, trade and vocational classes, and even foreign languages are all being eliminated or curtailed.

The battle of the "fads and frills" has been fought on too many fronts to allow of any original comment on it. Those who feel that public funds should be spent only for inculcating the sacred trio of R's upon the masses will get genuine satisfaction from seeing these newer developments in education stripped from the red brick buildings of the land. For those who hold the social view of the function of education the collapse of the "fads and frills" is disheartening. For the schools to-day are part of a world almost as different from 1900 as 1900 was from 1600. The children entering the first grade this year are to grow up in a world when the work week seems likely to be no longer than 25 or 30 hours. Somehow they must be trained to fill that leisure happily and with value to themselves and society. They are to grow up in a world which will allow them no entrance into gainful work until they are adults. It is foolish and worse than foolish to imagine that the three R's can either train them for a life of leisure or fill those long years before they can find a job.

When one considers the crowded

buildings, growing shabby for lack of repairs, the dogeared and insufficient books, the reduced, overloaded teaching forces harassed by acute personal problems, and the elimination of much of the school work which tended to adapt it to the conditions of modern life, one must feel that the schools are caught in an enormous deflationary movement whose outcome cannot now be predicted.

It must not be supposed that this movement is only material. On every hand one senses a new feeling of doubt and suspicion which in many citizens with tax grievances is deepening into positive animosity. The aims and policies of education are being questioned just now as they have never been before in America. The cry, "Let them forget their nonsense and return to the Three R's" may be only significant of a nostalgic yearning for the good old days when life was not so hard, but it is a very insistent cry just now. Ultimately this sort of questioning must prove helpful to the schools: every great social institution needs to have its aims questioned and its ideals re-evaluated frequently. But for the present it is undoubtedly lessening the public loyalty at a time of real crisis.

There are also those who argue that America simply bit off a larger enthusiasm for public education than any society can chew. That is to say, they believe that the whole principle of the state making itself responsible for producing an educated citizenry is economically impossible. It is just as well, perhaps, that American education is having to face this blunt statement of a fundamental question in democratic philosophy. But it is silly to think that educators, or editorial writers or economists or taxpayers, or anyone else for that matter, can answer it. The answer depends upon our national future. If we are to bog back into the living standards and folkways



of the pre-industrial era, the social responsibility of the schools will lessen. But in any other future which now seems possible that responsibility must grow continually greater. One thing is as certain as the rising of the sun to-morrow: if we keep our machine civilization with its correlatives of ever-decreasing work hours and ever-increasing leisure, there is no sense in questioning whether a society can afford to keep a large proportion of its population in school. It has to afford it.

For one type of criticism it is hard to find much patience. That is the one which complacently assumes, "It is just the depression which is causing the trouble. When it is over everything will be all right. Meantime the schools will worry through somehow." Strictly speaking, the depression caused none of the social collapse in

which we have been smothering during the last two years. It has merely revealed the rotten timbers in the social structure. It did not cause the bank failures—they were caused by a bad banking system which had been bad for years. It is not wrecking the schools. It is only allowing such factors as antiquated tax systems, unjust and mismanaged tax systems, outworn forms of local government, bad banking practices, vague educational aims, pallid teaching methods, and a general feeling that education was becoming too high falutin', to have their natural effect upon the schools.

It may be true, as I recently heard a tax expert insist, that we must wreck our educational system in order to get an intelligent tax system and a decent social order. It may be true. But it is a crying shame that the children have to foot the bill.





## WRITING FOR THE MOVIES

BY PHILIP WYLIE

IT is not my intention here to praise Hollywood or to bury it. Most of its characteristics, its people, its behavior patterns, its colors, and sounds have been reasonably well portrayed. And yet I cannot find that of the myriad writers who have gone to the Golden West to work in the Hollywood studios, as I have done, a single one has adequately described the business in which he was there engaged: writing for the motion pictures.

Writing for the motion pictures is worthy of description. Its technic, the conditions under which it is done, and the processes through which a story passes from the time it leaves the covers of the novel and emerges in seven reels of celluloid are steps in a human activity that is sometimes fascinating, often ridiculous, but always dramatic. Therefore, I propose to give my reader a little lesson in how to write for the movies. I trust that when I have done with the lesson my reader will never again be able to attend the cinema with quite the same attitude. Before I went to Hollywood I used to enter a motion picture palace and sink into a gentle euphoria while the shadows floated before me. But now that I have studied the craft of the camera, my mind regarding the unrolling of a picture is as busy as a small-town telephone operator during a four-alarm fire.

There are other ways of writing a motion picture than the way I shall describe. But they are not sufficiently

different from the system at which I became a modest adept to matter gravely.

For the purpose of brevity we shall ignore my experiences when I made my first contacts with the motion picture industry and its people. We shall devote ourselves strictly to the subject in hand—although I dare say that fully half the fans never clearly realize what part a writer plays in the creation of a motion picture. The stars get all the glory. The directors get all the awe. The writers remain inscrutable and unsung.

Now whether the story of a picture is derived from a novel or from a play, from a serial or from a short story, or from the bright brain of one of the boys on the campus, it must be passed upon by a board of big minds before it is bought. The big minds, being very busy, seldom read the original document. Moreover, the script writers dislike working from the original item. So that the first step in the preparation of a story for the pictures is the writing of what is known as a treatment. The treatment is then submitted to the story board, and if it is to be produced it is turned over to the continuity writers, who make it into the bulky manuscript held by all the director's young lady assistants during the shooting of the picture, and called a script or continuity.

Treatments are not just synopses. They do not begin, "Alfred Ogle,



having fallen in love with Abigail Dillwater, followed her to the house-party in the Pocono Hills, where he posed as an African big-game hunter."

On the contrary, into the treatment a little of the motion picture magic begins to creep. Let us run our eye over the opening paragraphs of a brace of treatments:

"As the credit titles fade we see Abigail Dillwater stepping into a large, sleek roadster in front of a New York apartment building. She is a typical Park Avenue deb, blonde and hot. Talking to her are three or four young people of her set. Her suitcases are in the back. We get a close up of her as she drives off waving, and then we see from her angle, standing unobtrusively in the shadows of the buildings and looking hungrily after her, Alfred Ogle. Ogle is a tall, handsome, rich man's son, whose father, to punish him for his reckless living, has cut him off temporarily and forced him to become a janitor of the building in which the gal lives.

"We find this out as we follow Ogle in a series of travel shots through the ornate upper corridors of the building down to the cellar, pick him up stoking the furnaces, and develop his condition as he talks to his Swede assistant. The Swede assistant is the comic in the picture and later becomes Ogle's valet.

"In the cellar the Swede says to Ogle, 'I can tell by the way you handle that shovel that you haven't swung one all your life.'

"Whereupon Ogle briefly outlines his predicament."

Or, let us take another item. This is the beginning of the treatment for any of those airplane pictures you have been seeing. Let us imagine it is called "Death Dawn."

"With the credit titles we have some heavy music and as the music dies it is replaced by the crescendo roar of an airplane motor and we fade in on

Killer Jackson in a close up at the stick of his plane. Seven thousand feet up, a grim smile on his face, we see him in a dog fight. We cut to many planes and pick up their Maltese crosses. We see one go down in flames and we dissolve to Killer Jackson pulling up on the tarmac at his airdrome. In a medium long shot we show Jackson climb out of the fuselage and hold up three fingers. We dissolve to the interior of the officers' messroom where Jackson is still holding up three fingers.

"We get a close up of the expression on a new youngster's face as he says, 'Did you bring down three?' and a close up of Jackson as he turns sardonically to answer, 'Naw, I'm just asking for three fingers of whiskey.'"

And so it goes straight through the whole treatment. It is in the present tense. It contains only indications of the dialogue. It is written as if the author were looking at the picture himself and making a rapid word sketch of it. And it contains a good deal of the jargon of the industry. Most of that jargon is self-explanatory. A fade in is that slow materialization of a scene on the screen from absolute blackness. A fade out is the reverse. You, the audience, are probably not conscious of the fact, but when a motion picture writer causes one scene to fade out in blackness and another to fade in, he has said to you that time has elapsed—a great deal of time. A fade accomplishes the same thing that the theater program does by saying "Act Two. Later that night." Or, "Act Two. Three weeks later."

The dissolve, in effect, is similar to the fade except that the screen never goes completely black, and the new scene commences to appear before the old one has vanished. Besides the simple dissolve, there are numerous variations, generalized as wipe dissolves, wherein a scene is peeled off from top to bottom, side to side, or

even from the center outwards. The screen upon which the dissolve is being shown looks as if a windshield wiper were being passed across it, effacing the old shot and simultaneously revealing the new. The dissolve also denotes a passage in time or a change in place, but if it is used to make a time-lapse it marks one much shorter than the fade. When you write a motion picture you discover at once that you can fade to six weeks from now but you can dissolve only over such an interval as from full bouillon cups at a dinner table to empty demi-tasses, or from the first gong of a prize fight to the departure of the spectators.

The fade and the dissolve are manufactured by the gentleman who develops the negatives. The camera man merely takes sufficient footage at the ends of the scenes that are to be dissolved or faded to allow for the process. Each individual picture on the film is called a frame, and the developer of the negative, in order to make a dissolve or a fade, takes the film out of the bath, frame by frame, so that the emulsion is increasingly eaten away until there is nothing on the negative whatever. If a fade is to be made, the negative is fastened together with a few black frames intervening; if a dissolve, the dimming ends of the overdeveloped frames are overlapped.

The credit titles are naturally the series of names which appear before the picture begins—the producer, the writer, the director, and the cast. Generally nobody notices them and wishes they did not take so long. Behind the credit titles are often dim scenes which indicate the general background of the picture, airplanes flying, boats in fogs, apple blossoms falling, and the like.

The close up is but one of the countless "camera angles."

Since we are going to make a rather thorough investigation of the meaning

of all continuity terminology, and although so far I have mentioned only close ups and travel shots, we might summarize the camera angles at this point.

Some terms have to do with the distance of the camera from the object of its attention. Thus, the close up includes at the most the head and perhaps the shoulders of one human being. The close shot takes in a little more. The medium shot may include as much as the entire persons of a small group. The long shot stretches from there to the full range of the camera. You may have long shots of mountain peaks or boats far at sea. The "full shot" takes in whatever can be had of a room or a location. Thus, you have "full shot—hotel ball room"—or a "full shot—interior of medicine man's hut."

So much for the distance of the camera from its subject. Next come shots in motion: boom shots and travel shots, the camera dollies, trucks and pans, the camera zooms. "Panning" is a word derived from the early motion picture days and refers to a panorama shot in which the camera slowly turned its face from left to right, or vice versa. Now, however, the camera has a universal axis and it may "pan" up or down, to the left or to the right. Not only has the camera a four-phased neck but it is frequently mounted on wagonettes—wagonettes with rubber-tired wheels which can move noiselessly on planks laid on the ground or on the floor of sound stages. These wagonettes were originally called dollies and had a resemblance to the dollies which piano movers employ. Thus, when the camera dollies or trucks up or back, the effect on the screen is that of moving up to or away from the subject in view.

When you sit in the audience and, through the eye of the camera, move with a racing automobile, so that you stay parallel to it, or when you follow



steadily the progress of a figure plodding in the rain, you are the spectator of a travel shot. A travel shot may be made on the above-mentioned wagonettes, or it may be made from an automobile or even a motor boat.

The camera, together with a camera man, and perhaps even a director, may be mounted on the platform of a long steel arm like the boom of a crane. This steel arm is counterweighted with lead slabs which are used in precisely the quantity needed to balance the personnel and equipment on the end of the crane. Thus, if the director is fat, an extra slab may be added in the counter-balance box. The crane or boom is also mounted on wheels so that the whole gigantic gadget itself can be lifted or lowered by the action of a single man clinging to handles at the lower end.

The arrangement, in other words, is like a well-sweep on wheels which has a camera platform at the high end.

From the vantage point of the top of the boom are taken those electrifying shots in which you seem to be suspended in the air above a card table over which a dozen men are sullenly bent, when suddenly you drop right down into their midst.

There are also high-angle shots which you may guess are taken from a high place, shooting downward.

A writer is at liberty to invent any new sort of shot his mind can contrive and insert it in the script in whatever language he may choose to make his notion clear. But the above-mentioned angles comprise the particular postures for photography.

To trick shots and special process shots I shall make subsequent reference.

## II

If you have found the preceding passage somewhat complicated, I suggest that you re-read it before we

proceed, because there are still more complications to follow. You must be very courageous about the matter and bear in mind the fact that you are making a study (under the guidance of an old maestro) of one of the most intricate businesses in the world. If, on the other hand, you have grasped the rudiments of continuity terminology, you are ready to go on with me.

We will assume that the treatment for "Annabelle's Holiday" has been accepted by the Story Board and is about to be made into continuity. Another writer, whom we shall call Fred, and myself have been assigned to prepare the shooting script. Nearly all motion picture scripts are the work of a team of two writers. So are most treatments. Nobody in Hollywood, nobody in New York, nobody in the whole world knows why they use two writers at once on a single job. In all the rest of civilization, for every great play, book, or short story written by two writers there must be several hundred that are the work of individuals. Still the movies persist in the notion that two men can work better than one. Perhaps they fear that a single writer will soldier on the job, and that by giving him a team mate the pair will act as reciprocal truant officers. Certainly they have a feeling that the more minds they concentrate on a given problem the better the solution is bound to be—and they maintain that feeling in the face of perpetual confusion, argument, and bickering, in the face of the known fact that the more people working on a quasi-artistic effort the more certain it is to be reduced to a blank, uninspired mediocrity. So . . .

When Fred and I are assigned to the picture we are total strangers. Neither of us wishes to work with the other or with anybody else; both have read the synoptic treatment of the story and have violently divergent

ideas about how it should be filmed. We know from past experience that when we have finished working on the continuity, whether it is a month or two months later, we shall be either the very best of friends or the bitterest of enemies. In fact, argument between us may very well rise to such a point that one of us or both of us will be removed from the assignment to something else. In spite of that they insist that we work together. They insist, moreover, that it will take four weeks, and possibly ten, to write the first rough draft of the script, and with two of us fighting over every scene and line, it probably will. Either of us alone could do the job in a couple of weeks without interference and his errors in judgment could subsequently be quickly ironed out by the other. Besides, if we are both fairly able continuity writers, the company may be paying us a thousand dollars a week apiece, and the first rough draft of the script for "Annabelle's Holiday" will cost, say, twenty thousand dollars instead of ten.

We are veterans, however, and we do not worry about the expense of the script. To those of my readers who are interested in why it costs so much to produce a motion picture, I might cast one sidelight here. "Annabelle's Holiday" was originally a short story about a servant girl who went alone to a circus, got lost, and was chased successively by lions, tigers, rhinoceroses, and elephants in a stampede of the animals caused by the fact that the circus was pitched near the side of an old quarry and during the performance some dynamite went off that blew everything to pieces. Annabelle also fell in love. There was nothing more to the story, and you may say that what I have described was plenty. Far from it.

The treatment, to begin with, has been through the hands of half a dozen

teams of adapters. The first team added to the original short story the idea that Annabelle was in reality a Russian princess who didn't know she was a princess because she had been carried over the snows from Moscow during the revolution while merely a babe in arms. The second and third sets of experts added nothing so far as Fred and I can learn. The fourth set of adapters inserted a touring-car load of gangsters attending the circus performance with the idea of hijacking the ticket booth, and in the end, thwarted by the explosion, they kidnap Annabelle and hold her for ransom under the impression that she is the wealthy Princess Alanasia, whom she closely resembles and whose sister she eventually proves to be. The fifth set added a comedian. They had the pleasing and brilliant idea of introducing a circus clown who gets involved with Annabelle and goes through all her adventures of stampede, kidnapping, and falling in love. "The clown is," the fifth set of adapters explain in the treatment, "not a 'Laugh, clown, Laugh' clown but a clown who is clowning whether on the stage or not. In "Annabelle's Holiday" some of his friends, as a practical joke, have put in his make-up box a kind of face paint which will not come off, so he goes through the whole picture in the clown make-up. After that stupendous idea the fifth set of adapters helpfully add, "The humorous possibilities of a clown who cannot get off his make-up are great."

Finally, on top of that hodge-podge, we find, contributed by the last pair of gentlemen who work on the treatment, the person of the lover. In the original short story he had been a lonely country boy who had come to the circus by himself. But now he is Franz Delacroit, political exile, who had once been president of one of the Middle European nations, who is a



great violinist and famous composer, and who has gone to the circus to find new motifs for his world-celebrated music.

You now get the story of a romantic, violin-playing foreign genius and ex-president falling in love with the lion-chased lady's maid, who turns out to be a princess, with laughs by courtesy of a clown who cannot get off his make-up. All that from a silly little story and, by the way, the original story was called "Marcia's Holiday." But we cannot have a girl named Marcia, because all "S" sounds are whistling, hissing, and sibilant when they are recorded. Marcia has become Annabelle and heaven only knows what else.

My point in tracing the above genealogy of our movie was not so much to show how the plot developed as it was to show how the cost increased. As each new team of adapters was handed the work of their predecessors, the producer said to them, "Tell me what you think is wrong with this and add something to it that has a bang." Each set of gentlemen necessarily, therefore, picked a few weak spots in the story in the first instance, and in the second instance developed some brand new amazing angle. In the end the producer decided there was enough thunder and fire in the treatment to make a thrilling love story and he quit assigning adapters to it. All told, "Annabelle's Holiday" had been in the process of preparation for twenty-eight weeks. The salary of the twelve men who had worked upon it before it was turned over to Fred and me amounted to forty-nine thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars. Add our twenty thousand dollars in salary, add twenty per cent of the salary of the producer and his staff (his staff at that time being engaged in the preparation or shooting of five pictures), and you will

see that before a single foot of film was shot on our happy little item about Annabelle the company had sunk itself nearly a hundred thousand dollars into the red.

### III

That, however, was not our affair. Fred and I met for the first time in the office of the producer and looked each other over warily. He was about my age. He had been writing continuity for five years. I had been writing continuity for six months. He had gone to Yale. I had gone to Princeton. We talked about Annabelle. Fred had just finished making his fourth consecutive animal picture and he was determined to fight to the last to have the animal stampede removed from our story. I didn't care about the animals particularly but I thought we could clear the forest a little by removing the gangsters. I had a vague notion that the motion picture gangsters were getting tedious.

At lunch we came to an agreement. He would sacrifice the gangsters, which he had rather fancied, if I would sacrifice the animals. We would back up each other. After lunch we went to our producer. We began by saying, "Let's take out all the cheap element and make this a romantic Cinderella story against the background of a circus. Let's make it intelligent and more or less dreamlike. The little lady's maid who finds out she is royalty and the melancholy European idealist who finds true love in the tawdry gilt blandishments of a circus. Heaven knows," we said to our producer, "there is enough hokum in the picture already without the stampede and without the sub-machine guns."

We argued two hours that afternoon and three hours the following morning. Then for four days we were unable to see our producer at all, so we

just sat in our offices and glared at each other. Then we went to bat again and we argued for another whole day. When we had finished, the explosion, the stampede, and the gangsters were all positively in the picture. "You've got to give 'em action," the producer said, "and plenty of it. You've got to give 'em novelty and excitement. If you boys can think up anything else besides what we already have in the treatment, I will consider putting it in the story."

Fred and I walked sadly from the producer's office and when we got outside, after we had stood still for three or four minutes in order that the noise of our footsteps might not interfere with the shooting of an exterior scene on the lawn behind the Administration Building, he said bitterly, "I'll tell you what we will do. After the stampede is over we will have a cyclone and it will pick up Franz and Annabelle and the gangsters and the animals and will carry them all to Washington. The cyclone will rip away the top of the Capitol and will drop them all into Congress."

"That's very good," I said, "and then we will have all the members of Congress run out, and Annabelle and Franz and the animals will sit in their seats and make the laws for the nation forever afterward."

"And nobody will notice the difference," Fred said.

We looked at each other and grinned. We both said, "Anyway," simultaneously.

Then we started to laugh. We had been on the point of declaring that anyway we could go to work. We had spent a week arguing, or waiting for a chance to argue, with our producer, and we had accomplished precisely nothing.

That afternoon we sat in our offices once more. "Where shall we begin?" I asked.

"I've got it all figured out," Fred answered. "Look. We fade in on a close shot of a lion's head. We pull back the camera while he's roaring and show that he's behind bars. We truck back a little farther and pick up Annabelle standing looking at him."

I shook my head. "Can't do that," I said. "How are we going to tell who Annabelle is, if we start in the circus? We should have to have one of those stupid scenes where she says to a bystander, 'My name is Annabelle and I am a lady's maid having a day off. I have never seen a circus before and I am an orphan and I don't know who my parents were and I am Russian.'"

Fred bristled. "We can figure out a scene about who she is all right and we have got to start with a bang."

So I bristled, too. "I don't see why we do. I think if we start slowly and work the thing up it will be more exciting than if we start with a lion's mug. I say we start with a shot of a great big town house and dolly up to the front door and dissolve through it to the front hall and the butler and pick up a lot of ladies at tea and then pick up Annabelle working upstairs and telling some other servant that tomorrow is her afternoon off, or some such thing."

"That's rotten," Fred said. "But wait a minute. I've got it. We open on the dolly shot and dissolve on the big house all right, but it is morning and the servants are having breakfast and it is Annabelle's day off, so she's sleeping a little late and they're talking about her, and we get in all the stuff about how la-de-da she is for an orphan and then she comes in, sweet and sleepy."

I nodded my head. "Let's go," I said.

We called in a secretary. This is what we wrote and how we wrote it.



## ANNABELLE'S HOLIDAY

## SEQUENCE "A"

Behind the credit titles we see a huge metropolitan mansion set back from the street. Traffic moves in front of it.

SOUND: (*Thematic music—traffic noises*)

As the last credit title fades out the house fades into sharp focus, and we zoom up to the front door. We hold on the front door for a moment and then we

DISSOLVE TO:

A-1

MEDIUM SHOT—INTERIOR FRONT HALL

A butler, with his nose in the air, slowly walks across the hall.

SOUND: (*Dignified footsteps*)

DISSOLVE TO:

A-2

MEDIUM SHOT—LARGE DINING ROOM TABLE SET FOR BREAKFAST

A man in a morning coat is sitting at the end of the huge table finishing his breakfast. He is reading a newspaper and smoking a cigar while he sips his coffee. THE CAMERA PANS from the man to the doors to the pantry and starts to TRUCK toward those doors.

DISSOLVE TO:

A-3

FULL SHOT—INTERIOR OF KITCHEN

There servants are having breakfast together in a large kitchen of the mansion. There is a chauffeur in uniform. There are a couple of maids in uniform. There is a chef. There is a gardener.

THE CAMERA TRUCKS FORWARD to the table where we see the chauffeur look at his watch.

CHAUFFEUR: *Pretty nearly time to be going.*

He drinks his coffee.

*Where's Annabelle?*  
MAID: (*Sarcastically*) *This is her day off, so she's playing grande dame. (She mispronounces the words)*

CHAUFFEUR: *What do you mean—"grondom"?*

CHEF: (*Interrupting*)

*Grande dame. Eet ees a Frranch expression. Eet means "great ladeee."*

CHAUFFEUR: (*Snorting*)

*Great lady! Darned if she's not! If you want to have your face slapped, Emil, just make a pass at that little Russian orphan. I ought to know.*

Emil chuckles.

A-4

MEDIUM SHOT ANOTHER ANGLE—AT GROUP

As one of the maids leans forward, grinning.

MAID: *I never slap anybody's face.*

Everybody laughs. The maid glances quickly out of scene.

SOUND: (*Footsteps descending stairs*)

MAID: *Pipe down. Here she comes.*

A-5

LONG SHOT—SHOOTING ACROSS KITCHEN TO BACK STAIRWAY

A hand appears on the rail of the staircase and slips down. Annabelle is revealed. She smiles.

ANNABELLE: *Good morning, everybody.*

ALL: (*They ad lib good - morning greetings*)

Annabelle is blonde and very beautiful. She is dressed in cheap but tasteful street clothes and she is wearing a little hat. She looks very patrician and not at all like a servant. Her face

is bright and gay, evidently with relish for the day's liberty. As she continues down the staircase there is a whistle out of scene.

SOUND: *Man's whistle*)

A-6

CLOSE SHOT—AT CHAUFFEUR

He looks at Annabelle with a leer.

CHAUFFEUR: *Boy, oh boy! When are you and me going to have a day off together? Let's make it an evening off instead.*

A-7

MEDIUM SHOT—THE GROUP  
As Annabelle sits a little unhappily at the table and looks at the chauffeur.

ANNABELLE: *Never, I hope.*

SOUND: *(A buzzer rings)*

The servants instantly change their routines. The maid who is waiting on the man in the dining room hurries out of the kitchen. The chef rushes over to the stove. The chauffeur puts on his cap and looks at his watch again. Annabelle sits calmly at the table in the midst of the sudden activity and begins to eat her breakfast.

DISSOLVE TO:

A-8

TRAVEL SHOT—ANNABELLE ON STREET

Annabelle is window shopping on a smart department store boulevard and we follow her from window to window, TRUCKING with her as she alternately pauses to look at displays and walks on. These TRAVEL SHOTS are interspersed with INSERTS of what Annabelle sees:

INSERT—of three or four clothes dummies wearing ladies' beach clothes.

INSERT—of jewelry store window full of bracelets and necklaces.

INSERT—of perfume display—a pyramid of fancy bottles

INSERT—of children's toy store with windowful of expensive toys

After the insertions we follow Annabelle for a few more feet in our TRAVEL SHOT and show that she is smiling as if she enjoyed all the things she had seen in spite of the fact that she can have none of them.

DISSOLVE TO:

A-9

At "A-9" we knocked off for the day. We had done three pages of our continuity. We had about ninety more to do. During the writing of the above we had gone out for lunch. We had had arguments over the following matters: One, do gentlemen who wear morning coats and live in big houses read newspapers at the breakfast table? Two, do the servants in such a house eat in the kitchen? Three, does the chef wear one of those white caps that look like sixty per cent of a dumb-bell? Four, was the maid's conversation about Annabelle's day off and about the little Russian orphan and about "here she comes" too planted? Five, was the chauffeur's interest in Annabelle a good build up for her or should it be eliminated because of the fact that he would play no part in the rest of the picture? Six, since Scene A-9, to be written on the following day would show Annabelle looking at a huge billboard advertising the circus and deciding wistfully to go to the circus by herself, wouldn't it be better if we cut out all the inserts and picked up Annabelle doing that as soon as she left the house for her day off?



Besides those discussions, we had several arguments about how various characters would speak, and we ran all over the writers' building getting people to pronounce "*grande dame*" until we found somebody who said it badly enough to give us an idea of a phony spelling. While we were running all over the writers' building we made several quite lengthy calls and sat with friends talking about the state of the picture industry. Since, on the average, we work about five hours a day, it must be remembered that our collective time was costing the company more than thirty dollars an hour, and some of the men with whom we whiled away the bright moments were being paid as much as two thousand dollars a week, so that the net cost of our visits must have run well above a hundred dollars.

Anyway, late in the afternoon we went home, each of us feeling that the other was a stubborn and untractable fellow. But in the morning, bright and fresh, we were back at work, and so for almost two months we proceeded to detail the exploits of Annabelle.

#### IV

You will observe that when I say "detail" I use the word advisedly. If you look at the above fragment of continuity analytically you will see that it contains the following elements: each shot (or camera set up) is separate; the kind of shot or camera angle is indicated; the location is indicated ("interior kitchen," "exterior façade of house," etc.); a description of each character as he or she appears is given; for each shot the stage is completely set, the properties are listed, the person who speaks and that person's dialogue are set down; where it is necessary the mood or tone in which words are spoken is noted; every sound aside from human voices which occurs in the

motion picture is stated; the end of each scene is described as a dissolve or a fade—but if there is no such description it is understood that the scene is cut—*i.e.*, it is to have the effect on the screen of an instantaneous jump from place to place or person to person.

Not only is each camera set up separated from the one that precedes and the one that follows, but the continuity is divided into two columns. In the left-hand column are all the camera directions, all the stage directions and all the descriptions of people and of action. In the right-hand column is all that is to be caught on the sound track.

Of course, when the picture is shooting, the director may make changes in our camera angles or our set ups. In the great majority of motion pictures, however, he follows the script. So does the camera man. So do the actors. So do the technical department and the department which designs the sets. Thus, it may be seen that it is usually the writer who makes the motion picture, and the director and stars merely follow him sedulously.

In writing "*Annabelle's Holiday*" we made use of the motion pictures' bag of tricks. Fred and I called for a full shot of the big top and animal tent when the explosion which freed the animals occurred. That shot was supplied by the miniature department, which blew up a circus tent about five feet in diameter, around which was a litter of toy wagons and the like as well as an array of dolls.

The scenes in which Annabelle was chased by a rhinoceros were taken in split screen and in transparency.

Split screen shots are self-explanatory. You rope off a corner of what is made to look like circus grounds and laboriously chase a rhinoceros through it, while your camera takes a full shot. Afterward you have Annabelle run through while your camera takes an-

other full shot. Then you cut the two films in half, lengthwise, throw away the halves on which there is no action, place the halves containing Annabelle and the rhinoceros together and print them. And, behold! You have a moving picture of Annabelle running madly with the furious behemoth behind her.

A transparency is more intricate. You take a picture of a rhinoceros running along the ground and you project the picture on a huge glass screen. Then you lead Annabelle to the opposite side of the screen, set up a new battery of cameras, urge Annabelle to run valiantly on a treadmill which carries fragments of moving foreground, start your motion picture behind her, and photograph not only Annabelle running but also the projected moving picture of the giant beast behind her, and thereby you obtain the effect of a young lady in a dreadful predicament.

## V

By now I trust that my reader feels himself fairly well informed upon the art and science of writing motion-picture continuity. I have been at some pains to put at your disposal the terminology and its definitions. I have carefully selected samples of treatments and of a continuity for your examination. But, lest my reader think that nothing remains for him but to board a Hollywood-bound train—lest he find himself possessed with the notion that making a motion picture is a cinch—I must add one or two notes of warning.

Do not believe, for example, that after sixty days had passed and Fred and I had finished writing our script or continuity we went to higher things. On the contrary. The ninety pages of legal size typewriter paper detailing Annabelle's dramatic life and the duties of directors, stars, and camera men

were only the beginning. The script was called "the first pink." "First pinks" always go to the Story Board. When the Story Board looked at it they decided to take out the gangsters and the kidnapping episode and put in the story of a Russian girl who had been masquerading as the Princess Alanasia and who was unmasked by the discovery that the little lady's maid was the true Princess. Fred and I spent another sixty days rewriting the opus. A second pink script was submitted. The second effort was not modified in any major way, but after the Story Board had finished its contemplation they presented us with a list of eighty-five minor changes. We made the eighty-five changes in ten days. Then our effort was mimeographed on white paper and submitted again as "the first white."

A director was chosen and the picture was cast. The director had never heard of Annabelle or her perils and he flatly refused to accept the gag of the clown upon whose face the paint was permanently stuck. He developed a magnificent notion that the clown should really be a pickpocket who was only disguised as a clown. So we rewrote the clown part and inserted it on blue pages in the white script, tearing out the original pages referring to the clown.

The whole thing was then mimeographed once again and at last, almost six months after we had started to think about Annabelle, we were able to dismiss her from our minds.

At that time the mention of her name was capable of turning either of us a peculiar color and stirring up in our bodies a strange repressed trembling.

The script we at last submitted was far, far from what we had hoped the picture might be. You may remember that we had thought of it as a dreamlike romantic comedy. But



when we went to the première of our opus there had been other changes. A new writer had been assigned to it and had given Annabelle a Russian accent throughout. The animal men in our company had failed to get a charging rhinoceros, and a tiger had been substituted. The tiger, however, would not work well, and in the middle of the chase Annabelle threw her head over her shoulder to find, not a striped jungle cat behind her, but a polar bear. The actor chosen to play the pick-pocket clown had refused to be a pick-pocket for fear it would hurt his reputation and the director had yielded, so that once again he appeared as a clown with indelible make-up. We had had five gangsters in our continuity but in the cinema as the world observed it there were nine. We had had one burst of machine-gun fire but the director had added seventeen, making a total of eighteen rattling blasts. And the explosion which set free the "beasties" was caused, not by a carelessly dropped match, as we had had it, but by the stamping of an elephant on a stick of dynamite.

Anyway, the picture was made. When you realize that in a sense each motion picture depends for its final appearance almost equally upon the Story Board, the producer, the continuity writers, the director, the stars, the

camera men, the light men, the sound men, the technical department, the special effects department, the scenery designer, and all the machinery, gadgets, tools, and apparatus pertaining thereto, as well as upon the carpenters and their unions, grips and their unions, the plasterers, the metal workers, the machinists, the extras, the secretarial force in the front office, and the secretarial force that worked for the writers, you will begin to see how easy it is to blow in sweet music and have horrible noises come out.

I once calculated that more than seven thousand things could and commonly do happen to each and every motion picture to damage it, alter it, or spoil it.

But in the face of that somewhat startling division of responsibilities you, my dear reader, will perceive, I trust, that the poor writer, so often neglected and so rarely connected with the industry, is really the *deus ex machina*. And perhaps if you are ever offered the proverbial fifty thousand dollars you will hesitate a long time before you purchase the long green ticket and the pink Pullman reservation, because, although writing for motion pictures is a science and an art, it is also an undertaking which makes Marathon dancing look sensible and easy.



# LIFE BEING THE BEST

A STORY

BY KAY BOYLE

THE school-teacher's name was Mr. Virgil: a lean, loving, scholarly young man who had no wife as yet. Whatever he had in care and passion went out to the altering natures of his pupils. He drove their thoughts from one thing to the next even as they themselves coerced the cattle piece by piece down the road in the evening; he burned uneasily in their hearts because of his pure exalted eye. They had no explanation for him, nor could they talk of him among themselves without shifting and smiling, because the words he used were never on anyone else's tongue in the country: such things as "the might of thought," and "the power of the soul," he spoke of, and undid Jesus from the cross and made a wounded weeping man of him. Whenever Mr. Virgil came out under the olive trees where the boys were playing they fell silent a moment as if a great man were passing by.

It was sweet for them to have such a man for a change, for he never lifted a hand to them. There were parents who had no patience with this and they made up for it at home. But no one could say that the boys were wilder this year than any other, and their lessons were better learned with him than with any man before him. Palavicini spoke the softest words of all for Mr. Virgil. He said, "This year my son is pleasant and kind, the way he was before my wife died."

On an early morning in June they might be seen, Mr. Virgil and Young Palavicini, walking up to the school-house together under the low, silvery boughs. The boy was thin and stained dark by the mountains, and his hair curled up black on his head, while Mr. Virgil had been laved pale by ablutions of learning, had been made a gaunt man of because of his paces to and fro in the asylum of his mind. Over their heads the olives were taking shape, no more than green buttons finishing off each twig.

"All things are to be learned from books," Mr. Virgil was saying. "So you should have the patience to learn. All earthly," he began gently, but suddenly he must skip aside to avoid an island of cow-dung in the path, "and all unearthly things. Take care, don't soil your boots, Palavicini," he said, and with his hand on the boy's shoulder they walked on under the olive branches. "It gives you a certain kind of power to know many things."

This was the way they came to school together in the morning, and Mr. Virgil, with his open palm resting on the tree's flank, said, "A tree is armed by nature with its bark, and an enlightened man is armed with knowledge. Take Jupiter, for instance. Do you remember how he held the thunderbolt high in his right hand?"

But before Young Palavicini could speak of these things he must disguise



and hush his voice with shyness so that no hidden ear might overhear and shame him.

"Or Jesus," he said hoarsely, "with his cross. Every time I've seen Jesus he had hold of it."

"No," said Mr. Virgil, gravely but sweetly, "that isn't the real meaning."

"Oh, yes, I'm sure," Young Palavicini said. "Oh, yes, I remember. That's why we left Italy, Chiesa's people and mine. After awhile everybody in Italy had to put a black shirt on or else Jesus came along and made trouble."

"No," said Mr. Virgil gently. "You must be thinking of someone else, Palavicini. Jesus lived a long time ago."

"Yes, yes," said the boy, "yes, I know. He was in jail once for socialism. There was a photograph of him being taken away by the *carabinieri*."

Mr. Virgil did not speak but reached his hand above his head and broke off a deadening branch from the tree. He took the knife from his pocket and opened the blade out with the nail of his thumb.

"Look here, Palavicini," he said, and he ran the black bark off under the knife's edge. There lay the drying wood revealed, stainless and white below. "Knowledge can do this thing to your mind," he said softly. "It can be like a sharp knife whittling your thoughts clean for you."

So he spoke of it, as though knowledge were a light that might suddenly be cast down in glory upon the hearts of children. But Young Palavicini stood still a long while, watching the stick come clean, with his own thoughts moving slothful and slow in his head.

"Think of when your papa goes hunting," said Mr. Virgil, and he looked softly and winningly into the boy's face. "Now what is the first thing he would take?"

He paused there in the fresh morning light and looked in hope and tenderness at Young Palavicini. But the boy could not force his thoughts to the answer, could not perceive what he was expected now to say. After a little he said:

"First he would borrow the umbrella from Chiesa's people," and the light of pleasure died in Mr. Virgil's face.

"No, no," said the schoolmaster quickly. "Now let us think about it." He lifted his head, as though the gift and rhapsody must come from elsewhere and purify his tongue lest he speak out of the bigotry of man toward child. "Let us think of your papa going hunting," he said. "He is going out after partridge or after hare."

"Chiesa runs like a hare if you turn on him," said Young Palavicini, and the corners of his mouth went down as if the taste were bad.

"Ah, don't speak ill of the other boys!" said Mr. Virgil sadly. "Chiesa should be close as a brother to you. You came from the same country at the same time, mothers and fathers together."

"Have you seen how he runs with his toes out?" said Young Palavicini, the words falling fast from his mouth. "Have you seen the smile on his face, and the dirt on his neck, and the tongue hanging out when he stands at the window watching," until Mr. Virgil clapped his hands over his ears and cried out:

"I've heard enough, Palavicini! We were speaking of your papa going off into the woods. What is it he takes with him, carried over his shoulder?"

The two of them halted now and stood silent, looking into each other's face as they stood on the whitish grass. Down behind went the low hills, and the orchards and the vineyards of the country, wan and pale with the shallow greens and lemons of

the South. Mr. Virgil's lips were parted now and a tentacle of hope was reaching across his features; but the little boy stood speechless and seemingly thoughtless, with his eyes gone black and ignorant in his face.

In a little while Young Palavicini said, "I don't know."

"But of course your papa would take his *gun*!" cried Mr. Virgil, laughing. "Don't you see? If he's going out hunting he takes his gun, and when he hears a sound or a rustle of life," said the schoolmaster warily, "he takes aim like this," and here he fell upon one knee and lifted the whitened olive-branch to his shoulder. "He takes aim, like this, and then when the bird or the animal comes out he pulls the trigger and lets the bullet fly."

"Oh, yes," said Young Palavicini, watching Mr. Virgil get to his feet again.

"That's the way knowledge can be used," said the schoolmaster, brushing the white dust of the soil from his knees. A few more steps and they had come to the threshold of the schoolhouse. There Mr. Virgil put the key in the lock of the door. "Just as bullets fly from the gun," said the schoolmaster gently, "so you can let powerful words spring from your tongue and serve as deadly weapons."

He pushed the door open and they walked in, submerged at once in the lake of swimming light within the room. Mr. Virgil stepped onto the platform that held his desk on high, and his hands ran over the papers, settling edge to edge in order the sheets of tall childish lettering the boys had written in strong purple ink. Young Palavicini sat on the bench below and crossed his hands on his knees.

"God came in and cried all night, Mr. Virgil," he said, "the time my mother died."

"No," said the schoolmaster gently,

sorting the papers from one side to the other in his hands. "No, it must have been somebody else, Palavicini." He did not lift his eyes from the work on his desk before him.

"Yes, he was wearing a black dress," said Young Palavicini. "But when he went out in the garden he took his skirt to the one side and did it standing up the way a man does. And afterwards he got drunk when he was crying and he fell under the table and he and papa slept all night on the floor. I remember it. God wouldn't go home until he had his beads back out of the bottle where they had fallen into, and they couldn't get the beads out until they had finished the bottle."

Suddenly Mr. Virgil stepped down from the platform and walked around the end of the bench, and there sat down beside the little boy. He sat close to him on the wood, on the thick pewlike timber that was polished high by the impatience of young backsides shifting for a good sight out the window. He put his scholarly hand on the little boy's brow and his fingers drew back the dark loose hair. There he sat close to him on the form, with his arm about him, soft as a mother might do.

He said, "God is not a man," and his voice was sorrowful in his mouth. "He passes through all things and through the flesh even, but unseen, and always unharmed."

The little boy, held close against the schoolmaster's ribs, shook his head at these words.

"No," he said, "I saw him. He had a sore toe from coming so far that night, and my sister put brandy on it. He had a round blue mark, sitting like a crown in the middle of his hair."

When he came home from school in the evening he would take the skins off the vegetables in haste and fling them into the pot of water on the coals,



scarcely taking the carrots' hides off, or the dirt, for all the hate he had in him for the work he was doing. There was a glass in the room that gave him a sight of his own face; but what was there in it but a well of fury for all the things to be done, the storm of the eyes gathering black in the firmament, the teeth shining white as tapers?

The lane between the two rows of houses was still, for the other boys played out on the square where the highroad passed and elegant cars went by from better places. From the window he could hear their voices calling and even taste the veil of dust that moved forth, as if borne from the highway and laid over the light walls of the street. Whenever it was a lorry that passed instead, he knew it by the dishes quaking on the shelf and the smell of castor-oil left hanging on the air. He stood at the window, listening to the boys beyond, and he himself given in anger to the evening meal, captive, like any old woman in her kitchen.

In this window and out the door the wind had blasted, sucking grandmother, and then the aunt, and last the mother out, rattling them, bone and skin, one by one out the doorway. The thoughts in his head were of the room of death in the house that was closed now against the current of air that swept through it. One year it was the first, and the next the other who went out the door, and now there was only one woman left: there was the sister left to come walking down over the cobbles in the evening, stepping high on her angular heels from bucking stone to stone.

The lane was still, but he knew that in a little while the boys would be returning. He carried the tin pitchers out in his hands, and he lingered by the fountain in the soft, failing hour, dividing the water's strong flow in his fingers, as the mesh of a stout rope

might be undone and done again. In a while he brought the pitchers back, slopping over with water, leaving a trail of black pursuant steps behind him on the cobbles as he came. He stood for a moment at the door, harkening to the voices of Chiesa and the others on the square, standing alone but turning his thoughts of loneliness aside, like stray sheep turned to the shelter of Mr. Virgil's fold.

Chiesa was the first to return down the lane, skipping from side to side of it. His hair was cut close on his skull and his face was bleached by the platters of spaghetti and sauce that were always set before him. When he saw Young Palavicini on the step he jumped sideways to his own door.

"Hello," said Young Palavicini, scarcely speaking aloud.

"Hello," said Chiesa, with his lip drawn smartly back.

Young Palavicini looked shyly across at Chiesa on the other side.

"What makes of cars was it drove by this evening?" he said faintly.

"What's that to you?" said Chiesa, and his tongue ran out through his teeth in scorn. "Cooks," he said, "should keep their noses in their kitchens."

He skipped into the house at this, stamping his heels like a slippery hare in flight. Young Palavicini leaned down for the pitchers of spring-water and bore them into the house in silence. But there he halted before the mirror and eyed the dark boy there with burning glance to glance.

Now he could no longer woo or bend his thought, and up the stony flights of fury leaped the wild scattered flock. He could hear the cries from their bleating mouths as they went past him, and the slip of their hoofs seeking foothold in the treacherous shale. Once they had reached the top, he knew they would turn on themselves and swoop down in terror upon him.

and he could not head them elsewhere. Whatever weapons of speech Mr. Virgil might have whittled for him, the wild fire of his anger would have taken them for kindling now.

What do you find in him to hold against him? he could hear Mr. Virgil's far voice complaining. But the flames of his rage snapped up berry and bush, and sent the sparks cracking to heaven. The dark trees of Mr. Virgil's patience shrivelled and writhed in their burning needles and spat out their juices on the fiery forest moss. Have you seen how his hair grows, how his ears stand out, how he skips, sidles, shifts?—came the furious pack cantering, cantering in rhythm over the smoldering ground. Have you seen the seat of his pants, the back of his neck, the green in his eye, his mouth twisting up when a question's put, his velvet on Sunday, the tail off his cat, have you seen him cleaning his teeth with his fingernail? Down swept the pack with the fire licking behind them, driving them thirsting and frenzied against the scorching vineyard wall. There the clamor of their soft hot feet gone mad for succor stampeded Young Palavicini under. Have you seen how he eats, drinks, jumps, whistles, owns the best cars passing, spits, swings, screams laughing, tears, lies, blows his nose in his apron, sucks his spaghetti, cries, strikes, have you seen it, Mr. Virgil, have you seen it, have you seen it? . . .

So he was standing, holding to the chair for support, staring still into the glass in anguish when his sister came home from the city store.

"Is the soup on yet?" she said first in the summer darkness; and Young Palavicini said, "Yes, the supper is on," scarcely able to speak from the fury that had spent him. She had walked into the fading room again and caught him at it, like any other evening caught him before the glass, iron

eye to eye, storming. She might even see through to the thoughts of his head, see his temper swooning now in his blood. But instead she sat down on a chair with her hat on the back of her head. She was dressed like an idle lady, in imitation of the idle ladies her poverty served.

"I'm tired, I'm tired," she said, so gently that the whole darkening room crept suddenly into her lap and burst out crying.

"I'm tired," she said, and the light from the street came softly into the room, as Mr. Virgil might, and set back the hair from her forehead. "I'll make an omelette in a minute," she said. "I'll put something together for a change. I'll see you eat proper."

But by this time the room of itself was nodding, sleeping, snoring.

"I'll feed you up," said his sister, with the room rocked soft in her arms. Young Palavicini stood quiet by the window. Her legs had fallen apart and lay like dead men in her skirts. "In just a minute," she said. "In just a minute."

He saw the lamplight spring up in the windows of Chiesa's house, and the brothers and sisters there sit down to supper at the table. The mother moved from place to place, as his mother had done, setting the full plates of food before them. He could see Chiesa's black apron buttoned up to the back of his neck, and the movement of his jaw on his food as he bowed his shaved head and ate.

By Thursday a floating, spinning fog had settled deep on the hills, but Mr. Virgil had said they would walk to the monastery together whatever the weather might be. The two of them set out early, with their bread and their cheese in their pockets, and the obscurity bound fast as white silk on their eyes. If the schoolmaster had not known the way so well, they



might have mistaken it even at the outset when they were still climbing warily through the stems of the young black pines. But he knew the curve and the feature of every branch as if they were human faces, and he knew very well how the path took its ease across the foothills.

"If it starts in to rain, it will be a good thing," said Mr. Virgil, "for the rain will clear the mist away."

The path led them up and on, but there was no sense of toil or climbing; except for the breath running hard in their bodies, they might have believed they were walking on level ground. The maquis and the heavy bowlders of the country were veiled from sight, and it was only through memory they knew that a great valley was now opening out to the side. To Young Palavicini it seemed the air came fresher here: whether it was that he knew in his mind how the river's valley lay deep and wide below, or whether for the sight of the mist taking shape on the unseen edge and falling, wraith by wraith, into the seething vapors of the vacant place.

Here they breathed deeply, but there was no sign of the smoke from their mouths on the air; and Mr. Virgil said:

"If life is the best of all good things, Palavicini, then what would the worst of all evils be?"

But just as he spoke the call of a bird rang out from the invisible trees, calling "Cuckoo," tentatively, far but clear. The schoolmaster lifted his head in pleasure and, looking toward Young Palavicini, he laid his finger on his own lips. The boy could see the sound taking shape slowly in Mr. Virgil's lean long throat. And then "Cuckoo!" pronounced the schoolmaster in answer, calling out the same clear wondrous sound. It might have been no more than a drop of water falling into hollowness, the bird's

tongue uttering, and then the schoolmaster's voice like an echo in return.

There was a little while of silence while they waited, and the forms in the mist went hastening, writhing by. And again the voice of the bird called out, but now quite near to them, speaking out in soft misgiving, "Cuckoo!"

Even the ordinary sound of Mr. Virgil's conversation did not affright the unseen bird, but it pursued them as they walked, following from branch to branch the clear word spoken in imitation on the schoolmaster's tongue. All sight was masked in blowing shrouds about them, but at intervals as he talked Mr. Virgil raised his head and called out the single word, drawing the bird after them in hope, "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" like a pearl held captive on a silver chain.

"Life being the best of all good things," the schoolmaster was saying, "then what would follow as the worst of all evils?" And here he paused to answer the bird's troubled question. "Cuckoo!" he said lightly in reply.

"Would school be the worst?" said the boy in his soft modest voice. He was seeking to climb easily in the man's unflagging stride.

"Ah, no," said the schoolmaster gently, but there was sorrow in his face as well. "Ah, no. Don't you see that the worst of all things would be any action that takes life away?"

The bird's sweet wooing voice spoke hesitantly again, asking some avowal of the speechless mist; and now Mr. Virgil spoke out in warmth and promise, "Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo!"

"Death," said the schoolmaster, "is a great robbery, Palavicini. It takes the sight from the eyes, the words from the mouth, the breath from the nostrils. Think about it," he said, "consider it. Perhaps that would be good as the theme for composition this coming week. 'Life Being the Best of

All Good Things, Then Murder'—or let us say homicide—"Then Homicide is the Worst of All Evils."

As the bird cried out its sad, strange note again, Young Palavicini said, "What is homicide?"

"The act of dealing death to another," said Mr. Virgil. "Cuckoo!" he called out with fervor. "You remember the story of Cain and Abel. When one man kills another, Palavicini, that is homicide."

The altering scale of the bird's question came wondering, querying, troubled on the air. But now Mr. Virgil had no ears for it. He had halted on the perilous high path and turned to face the boy over the clear separate place their two bodies hollowed in the fog.

"Yes," he said ardently, "it will do you all good to write out such argument. It will make things clear for your own eyes, just as God might breathe upon it now and blow this mist away. You are all so different, you boys," said Mr. Virgil, "so that each of your declarations will be different. You and Chiesa, for instance, as different as two boys could be."

But suddenly the bitter taste of that name came cold in the little boy's mouth.

"Chiesa. I hate Chiesa," he said.

"No," said the schoolmaster strongly, "I do not believe it." He laid his arm over Young Palavicini's shoulders, and he said, "We will talk of this theme as we go on together." But the bird, calling out in concern for its love's direction, interrupted them again.

"Cuckoo!" said the bird, speaking low and clear from the forest.

"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" Mr. Virgil turned his head and said.

It was almost noonday when the walls of the monastery stood forth from the mist, and the trees, lying newly felled near the path, were vis-

ible on the ground. The place had been left to fall to ruin for many years past, but the archway that rose before them was still unbroken, wide and high, with seats struck under its shelter out of the powerful stone. A dozen men riding abreast might have passed through it with ease were it not for the dark ivy that now would catch in their hair.

The courtyard within was ankle-deep with soft wet muck, a black stubborn despair that sucked at their boots and clung fast to their soles beneath them as they crossed. It was a great open court, with the floor of it done over and over with the marks of goats' hoofs; mist hung like curtains at the ends of the mighty place, but the center was cleared away as if for dancing. The bird did not follow them here, having come so far after them, but was left calling out endlessly with its ear cocked for answer in the muffled forest behind.

When the schoolmaster and the little boy walked into the court, a window came open in the monks' habitation, and a woman leaned out and spoke in greeting.

"Well, then, here I am again!" Mr. Virgil called out in a high, gay voice, and two lean dogs came wailing down the wornout stone. The schoolmaster took off his hat to her, and his short hair stood up in disorder against the heavy weather. She was a plump, dark-eyed woman, and dimples ran into her cheeks when she smiled.

Mr. Virgil stood tall as a tree in the courtyard, and the two dogs smelled back and forth across his shoes. The woman closed the window, and in a moment she came to the doorway with a shawl laid over her shoulders, and the dogs moved uneasily, in suspicion of Mr. Virgil and the boy.

"Come in," said the woman. "Come in. You must be wet to your skins in this weather."



The faces of the two young children at her skirts did not alter when one dog lifted his hind-leg and quietly watered Mr. Virgil's leg. The schoolmaster was looking straight into the woman's face and he took no notice either.

"Here's one of my best lads I've brought with me," said Mr. Virgil, and he dropped his hand in love on Young Palavicini's shoulders.

"He's a beautiful child," said the woman. They mounted the steps together and he shook her dark soft hand.

Here in the room there was a great fire burning, for this was the old-time eating place of the religious men. The schoolmaster hung his cloak by the side of the flames, and there it was shining and dripping at once from the weight of soaking mist it had borne. The chimney was so large and tall that the woman bade Young Palavicini to step inside it and sit down on the stool in the corner. This he did, and put out his wet boots to the fire, but the woman said, speaking now in Italian to him:

"You'll be getting chilblains on your feet. Take your boots off and set your stockings aside."

But Young Palavicini could not bear to take off his boots before her, nor before the schoolmaster, nor before the young children who stood gazing at the sight of him there. Once his foot was out of his shoe they would see the state of his stockings. Mr. Virgil sat down at his ease, and pointed out the carving on the stones about them.

"Take off your shoes then," said Mr. Virgil, but Young Palavicini sat silent. In a moment the woman came back and set down a loaf on the table, and when she saw the boy sitting so shamed by the fire, she stepped onto the hearthstones herself and knelt down.

"Here, let me have your feet," she said, and she ran her fingers under the

lacings. "I've a son of my own as big as you," she said. From where she knelt by the burning wood she looked up at him smiling; her eyes were bright as coals, and her cheeks blushing from the flame.

"Where's the husband and the son to-day?" said Mr. Virgil.

"They're out with the goats," she said rising. She took the blackened kettle off the irons and poured the water from it into a copper pan. "I can give you butter and fresh cheese and cherries at once," she said to the schoolmaster as she knelt again. "But for warm milk, you'll have to wait till the goats come in."

"Ah, we've brought enough food along to keep us," said Mr. Virgil. He sat watching her dip the boy's red feet into the pan of water and he said, "I'm afraid there may be trouble, Mrs. Marincola, about the trees that you've taken down."

"I've washed my feet already this week," said the boy softly. But the woman gave no sign of hearing, but rubbed the soap well into his shining flesh.

"If there's anything said," the woman began, with a shadow fallen on her.

"It won't come from me," said Mr. Virgil, smiling gently.

"No," said Mrs. Marincola. "I'm sure of that." She took Young Palavicini's feet into the apron on her lap, and she said, "How is it there're such great holes in his stockings?"

"He's a good boy, Palavicini," said the schoolmaster quickly. "He takes care of his own house as well as a woman might. He gets home from school in time to start the supper for his father and his sister. His father's a mason, and his sister works in a shop in the city. His mother died of the influenza a year and a half ago."

The woman took the boy's feet close in her hands.

"I want *her* son to come to the schoolhouse too," said Mr. Virgil smiling at Young Palavicini.

"We live too far from it," said Mrs. Marincola, and she chafed the boy's feet in the palms of her hands.

"I've told you before, if he can go out all day on the hills with the goats, he can come as far as the schoolhouse," said Mr. Virgil.

"How could he get home in the night?" said the woman. "He couldn't come so far alone."

"You've no right to keep your son away from school," said Mr. Virgil sternly.

"Listen," said Mrs. Marincola, speaking with the boy's feet pressed close in the soft bosom of her dress. "I've told you too how it was when we came from Italy. We tried to live in a town then, and you know how hard it was, Mr. Virgil, with the language to learn, and the working-papers you can't get for money or anything. You know very well how my husband was almost a year without working."

"Yes," said the schoolmaster, and he sat nodding his head and looking far away into the flame.

"I told you how we had to live some way or another," she said, "and here was this monastery crying for habitation. Now we have money put aside with the goats we have, three hundred now, Mr. Virgil. If there's anything said about the trees we can pay whatever it is they're worth."

"Yes," said Mr. Virgil. "Yes, yes, I know."

They had no more than finished the lunch she set out for them on the table, than a great murmuring of life arose from the courtyard or from the forest beyond. A great music of bells and of voices bleating came crowding and pressing through the windows.

"There are the goats," said the woman, and she jumped up to clear off

the table. Young Palavicini, in the other boy's sheepskin slippers, went shyly out the door to see.

The goats had just begun to enter the courtyard, coming one by one, separately and tentatively, with heads lifted, stepping warily and choosing their direction, as if bringing the others behind them to safety at last. Outside the arch the mist stood close, seemingly sealed against the stone's open mouth, but still the flock of goats took shape in it, hoof by hoof, near to the ground only, as a curtain would stir and show the feet of many little dancers below its hem.

One after another the shy beasts came, speaking one another's names uncertainly in sweet bewildered tones. They came stepping over the black soft muck with their long coats hanging coarse and clean and the bells at their throats ringing clearly. But when they saw the boy and the schoolmaster standing on the step they threw up their heads and set to charging wildly around the courtyard's rim. One look from the ends of their yellow eyes was enough to send them cavorting in fright and pleasure the length of the monks' forsaken yard.

In poured the goats, faster and faster through the archway, some as white as angels, and some bearing horns as long as the boy's arm. In the center of all the tumult, the great he-goats paired and locked their mighty cornucopias together, buckled and smote each other's weapons, pressed in their fury brow to brow. The goatlings ran by their mothers' sides, weeping, their own little horns no bigger than toadstools on their heads.

In a while the three hundred beasts were herded into the courtyard, and then came the man and his son, with their blankets and sticks, and their shepherd's capes on them, walking dark and hooded out of the deepening mist. Young Palavicini stood by the



door even after the others had entered, listening to the Italian words that passed among them. The young children kissed their father's face and kissed their brother, and the woman went from one to the other, bearing their wet things away. Mr. Virgil cast a new log onto the fire, bringing it with difficulty for all his strength, from the corner of the room to the chimney's blackened floor. When the big boy had drawn a pail of milk from the goat's bags they all drank of it, sitting at the table with the cheese and the bread and the cherries set out afresh as they had been before.

But when Mr. Virgil saw that young Palavicini was not among them, he walked out to the doorway and drew him in.

"Come in, come in," he said. "We've a long way to go and you must warm yourself through before we start."

There they all sat at the round table, speaking of many things; but the schoolmaster did not bring up the question of school again, perhaps because of the uselessness of it, or perhaps because of the shadow of grievance it would cause to fall upon their faces. The woman was drawing her needle and the black wool in and out through Young Palavicini's stocking, mending it whole over her hand as she talked or gave ear to her husband's laughter.

The son sat near to Young Palavicini, and in a while he leaned over and set the plate of dark cherries and a tin cup of goat's milk before him.

"This is for you," he said, and his own teeth were stained black with the fruit.

"All these?" said Young Palavicini.

"Yes," said the other one, "yes, all."

They sat close to each other, with their backs going hot at the fire, so close that Young Palavicini could

smell the strong odor of beasts and rain that dried on the other's coat.

"You may keep my sheepskin slippers," said Young Marincola, with his voice scarcely heard above the talk of the older people.

"To take home?" said Young Palavicini, but he did not turn his head.

"Yes," said the other, "to take home when you go."

After a little the father began singing to them. The bottle of red wine had turned to beauty in his blood, and he flung up his head and tossed back the black hair that fell across his brow.

"Oh, Italy, my fairest dove, your wings shall rise again!" he sang, and his voice shook loud and loving against the solemn stone. His face was round and rich with health, and his teeth as white as a dog's teeth in his mouth. From his short dark neck, loud enough to make a boy hide his face in shame, there rose in fervor this wondrous tide of sound.

"Oh, every child of Italy, save courage for the day when, galley-slaves no longer, we will cast the chains away!" he sang, until the tears ran down the woman's face and she wiped them off with the back of her hand. When Young Palavicini looked at the Marincolas he felt the breath come short in his own heart.

Suddenly the woman turned her soft face to Young Palavicini, and she said:

"What kind of a life has this poor one now with no one to look out for him? He should be with his own people, coming from the same part of the country."

But Mr. Virgil stood up, laughing.

"You don't want to take one of my best lads from me, do you, Mrs. Marincola?" he said, shaking his head in jest at the woman. But now he fastened his cloak under his chin, for the hour had come for them to go. The woman put the warm stockings back on Young

Palavicini's feet again and buttoned his jacket over.

"You will bring him again, Mr. Virgil?" she said, and she kissed the two sides of the boy's face.

"Yes," said the schoolmaster, "for I will come every week, either the Thursday or the Sunday, until you let your boy come to the schoolhouse as well."

The husband went down the steps before them, leading them through the cold precipitant bodies of the goats lying in the courtyard; he came as far as the archway, and then the schoolmaster and the little boy went on alone down the covert hill.

Near sunset the change in the day took the fog off with it, and the valley was drained clear with twilight as they came walking home. They came down through the olive-orchards and the vineyards; and the tree-trunks, and the rocks, and now the roofs beginning stood sharp and single as if coming forth refreshed from rest. They did not speak for peace and contentment, but descended thinking of how the day had passed. But when they came to the highroad above the town, it seemed a long smooth beach on which the tides of silence must break at last.

The other boys were still playing out on the square, and the sound of their voices traveled high and far. But as if to save himself the sight of them, Mr. Virgil halted before they came to the center of the town and put out his hand to Young Palavicini.

"Life Being the Best of All Good Things," he said softly. "Keep it in mind, Palavicini." He took the boy's hand in his and he said, "Good-night. I'm going home this way. We'll meet in school to-morrow."

Young Palavicini stood silent, holding to the schoolmaster's hand. And thank you, my God, my Love, said

his heart, but his lips would have none of it. Keep me now from going home to that face in the glass, cried his sorrow, but his mouth would not utter. Instead he stood staring wildly into Mr. Virgil's magic hand. He could see how the lines coursed this way and that on it, but he could not speak out his love for their directions. Instead he said:

"Good-night, Mr. Virgil," and went walking the other way.

Down one street and up another he went to keep himself too from the sight of the boys playing. It was nothing to him to-day that he could not be out on the square with them, but he must keep apart to remember the better the memories in his head. He turned down the lane to his own house and opened the door of it. There was the stove waiting, choked with ash, to be cleaned and lighted. There were the vegetables, stiff as dead men on the table, waiting for water and fire to bring them life again.

The house was bleak and silent, but behind each door some menace seemed to linger. He thought of the father's voice singing, and of the mother's hand lifted to wipe the tears from her face. Even the goats up there were warm and soft with promise, and the strong male goats had turned gentle beside their children. He was thinking of these things and emptying the ashes from the stove, when somebody struck the window-glass.

Chiesa was looking in from the street, and Young Palavicini crossed the kitchen and opened the window.

"Hello," said Chiesa.

"Hello," Young Palavicini said.

"What are you having for supper?" said Chiesa, and he drew his grin up sharp in his face. "We're having tomato sauce on our spaghetti!"

Young Palavicini saw the small black eyes button and unbutton un- easily before him.

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"I know," said Chiesa, in scorn, "I know where you've been."

Young Palavicini lifted his hand to close the window, and Chiesa dropped his head as though expecting a blow. Then he began to titter aloud from the street where he stood.

"You've been with the outlaws," he said, hiding his mouth in his hand and his laughter. "You've been up to the monastery where the police are going to get them for cutting the trees down. My father passed there yesterday and he's going to tell what they done."

No thought had come or gone in Young Palavicini's head, but he turned and walked out of the kitchen and into

his father's room. He walked to the table by the bed, and each move he made seemed shaped by preparation. This he had thought, or had dreamed, or had done in this same way before. He took the blue box from the drawer and took the cover from it, and then he climbed on the rush-bottomed chair, heedless of the muck on his boots, and took down his father's gun from the wall. Once it was loaded he went back to the kitchen and stood before the open window. Across the lane, Chiesa had his foot on his own doorstep and when Young Palavicini called out his name he spun round smiling.

## IN TIME OF FROST

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

**W**HEN frost is in the air and red leaves fall,  
I know how unwise gardeners mark with string  
Some special plant, the loveliest of all,  
To bring inside for sheltering till spring.  
And I know well when the long autumn rains  
Have turned to hail or settled in to snow,  
How no sun, slanting through white window panes,  
Will force new leaves or make new petals grow.  
Then out of pity, do not ask to live  
What cannot stand the thinnest coat of sleet.  
My utmost love lies in its power to give  
In brief abundance through midsummer heat.  
Struck down by frost, pierced by one bitter breath,  
Oh, let love die in full bloom at its death.



# ARRIVAL OF BUYER

A STUDY IN COMMERCIAL BRIBERY

BY ROBERT LITTELL

MISS MARY SMITH, an imaginary but typical young lady who is employed as a buyer of dresses by the mythical but representative department store of Jones Brothers in a city west of the Missouri, is gazing at the towers of Manhattan as they rise above the desolation of the Hackensack Meadows. In a few minutes the train will roar into the tunnel; in a few minutes Mary Smith will emerge into the capital of wealth and pleasure and fashions, to spend there a week of hard work, strange parties, and new faces. The mountain range of slender skyscrapers, jewel-colored in the evening air, fills her with vague, restless joy. Like all her trips to New York, this one, she feels, is going to be fun.

There is, however, something in the back of her mind which dulls her anticipation and stings her conscience as definitely as if it were a splinter in one of her neatly gloved fingers. A trifle, really—how ridiculous to let oneself be worried by a fur coat! But this fur coat is different. It is not the fur coat's fit, which is perfect, nor its pelt, which is genuine fox, but the manner of its acquisition that troubles Mary Smith. On her last trip to the "market" she looked in on Kleid and Stoff, manufacturers, from whom she had occasionally bought before; she liked their "line" and ordered about two thousand dollars' worth of dresses. When the formalities and paper work were

over, and she and Mr. Kleid were talking about business and the weather, she asked—it just slipped out—if he knew where she could get a good fur coat cheap. Mr. Kleid—and as she looks back on the incident she thinks she remembers noticing a subtle change in Mr. Kleid's manner—replied that he didn't know offhand, but would inquire and let her know. At what hotel was she staying? Mary Smith told him, and in the course of the next few days' rushing about and warding off importunate salesmen, forgot all about buying a fur coat. Until, ten minutes before she had to catch her train back to the West, there appeared in her hotel room a messenger with a large box. Inside was a fur coat, and a card: "with the compliments of J. Kleid; wishing you a happy journey." In a hurry and dazed with weariness, she tucked the coat under her arm and dashed for the station. Only at Newark did questions begin to sprout in her mind. Where was the bill? Why should Mr. Kleid go to all that trouble? How much was the coat worth? Little though she knew about furs, she could see that, while not exactly priceless, it was a very fine piece of fur indeed. . . . She spent the rest of the trip in an alternation of admiration for the coat and resolution to send it back. Arriving at Jones Brothers with the coat wrapped round her, she told the story, and her misgivings, to



her friend and fellow-buyer, Helen Robinson, who described it as "honest graft" adding, "no fur coat ever bounced off of *me*, honey."

So she wrote Mr. Kleid a little note thanking him for his "thoughtfulness," and kept the coat. It was all part of the game, she reassured herself. Yet still she was uneasy. Mr. Kleid had probably interpreted her innocent question as a hint. To accept a gift was one thing; but she couldn't help feeling that to seem to ask for a gift was probably on the wrong side of the line between the graft that is honest and the graft that is not.

The train rolled into the Pennsylvania Station. She gave the porter sixty cents and thought that his thanks were a little blurred. To make up for this possible injustice, she gave the red cap a quarter, and was relieved at the size of his grateful grin. Then there was the outstretched hand of the taxi driver, and the furtively callous expectation of the bellboy who pocketed a dime for unlocking the door to her room. Tipping should be abolished, she thought wearily, as degrading for both parties to what is less a transaction than a bribe. Why couldn't porters and taxi drivers live on their wages? Because their employers knew that those wages would be eked out with tips? Then they ought to pay them enough to make tipping unnecessary.

Mary thought of her own salary. Was fifty dollars a week enough to pay a woman considered competent to buy thirty-, forty-, fifty-thousand dollars' worth of merchandise a year? Surely Mr. Jones knew that all his buyers let salesmen take them on parties, send them theater tickets, flowers, candy, dresses, fur coats? And didn't Mr. Jones allow for that when he made out his salary list? What would Mr. Jones say about her fur coat? Might he not remind her that even bellboys never

directly ask for a tip? Angrily she tossed the growing knot of scruples and self-questioning from her mind and went to work—which consisted of going over lists of manufacturers on whom she must call, and telephoning the *Times* to have her name inserted the next morning among the arrivals of out-of-town buyers.

Then she went down to the lobby. The hotel—which I won't name—is one of the few in New York that can count on a regular and lucrative flow of transients—most of them men and women who come, some of them many times a year, to buy millinery and notions and corsets and wash goods and dresses and piqué swagger coats and a thousand other things for the big stores of Omaha, Little Rock, Muskogee, Zanesville. The lobby, like a club, is thronged with these buyers. Here Mary Smith finds old friends, many of them intelligent, educated girls like herself, some of them college graduates, along with the breezy talkative hard-faced females who have been in the racket a long time. Very few of the big store buyers are men—the men in this lobby are the buyers for jobbers, or they are merchandise managers, shrewd heads of departments, each one with a platoon of specialized women buyers under his command. They have come to New York with empty baskets, as the housewife goes to market, with these differences, that what the housewife brings back will always be eaten, while the store's customer will not consume goods unless he likes them; that the corner butcher and grocery stores are hardly entertaining, while the buyer's annual or monthly or fortnightly business trip to New York is also something of a lark away from home, and a visit to the biggest flesh-pots in the United States.

In the lobby Mary Smith meets her friend Sadie, who for twenty-odd years has been buying the strange things

women wear, and knows not only every one in the business but every last dodge and wrinkle of the game. They sit down to gossip. "Well, I am all dated up," says Sadie; "dinner and a show every night this week . . . who's that over there? Why that's Joe Brown, the merchandise manager for Blank and Blink. Smart fellow, Joe. He's salted away a big pile. How did he do it? Not on his salary, dearie; not Cadillacs and a ten-room home in Grosse Pointe on a Blank and Blink salary. When he was a buyer he got his five per cent on all sales from the manufacturers regular. Most merchandise managers are square—they'd lose their jobs quick if they weren't. But Joe doesn't have to do it any more. That old blonde with him? She's his head buyer. She gets away with murder, just goes round with her hand out. Sure, he knows! But she's got too much on him from the old days when they were buyers together. Maybe she gives him a rake-off once in a while too. A fine pair of crooks, if you ask me. What do you say we go up to my room and have a little snort? That salesman from Dreamfrocks sent me half a case. He says it's pre-war."

Over the Dreamfrocks whiskey they discuss the lighter side of their profession, as well as some of its difficulties. How hard it is to save on their salaries, how slim the prospects are of climbing a rung higher on the ladder; the opportunities of an amorous merchandise manager, the girls they have known—such private information normally becomes public property in a big store—who have made their way in the world by sleeping with the head of the department.

As Mary is about to go she notices Sadie's handbag. "Where did you buy that?" "Buy it? Say, angel face, a smart buyer never buys anything—for herself. It's a useful little bag all right, but it doesn't look like much.

That's the annual big Christmas surprise from Dreck and Spink, the cheap-skates. And even then they act sore if I don't order by the gross."

In bed, mellowed perhaps by the whiskey, comforted by the business morality of a buyer whom she knows to be honest, and who considers herself to be thoroughly honest, Mary finds that she can think about the fur coat without wincing, and can even face the fact that she will have to call on Kleid and Stoff sometime during the week, and that she may not like their "line."

Mary gets up at seven the next morning, slides her lists and her order blanks into a briefcase, is treated to breakfast by one of the salesmen who already throng the lobby, and marches out to the market—not forgetting, however, to glance first at the paper, in which, buried in five columns of "Arrival of Buyers," she finds herself:

PRAIRIE CITY—Jones Brothers; Miss M. Smith, fall dresses. 128 West 31st Street.

## II

Before following Mary to the mysteries of that prosaic street number, some remarks on the business of making and selling dresses are perhaps in order. It is not so much a business as a gamble. Fashions are incalculable, they come and go swiftly, and the manufacturer of dresses is like a theatrical producer, who never knows whether or not his show is going to be a hit. One style of dress, designed with a careful eye to what women are wearing and likely to wear in the next few months, may inexplicably fall flat; another may turn out to be a "number" that "clicks" and rolls up a quick profit of many thousand dollars. The possibility of large and easy profits attracts manufacturers, many of them operating on a shoestring, as honey does wasps; a former salesman, a man



who was hardly more than a peddler, may rent a loft, hire a designer, machinery, salesmen, cutters, girls, and start in on a few thousand dollars' capital.

It is a business that may start from nothing, soar to prosperity, and as quickly sink to nothing again—an ebbing, flowing business, overcrowded as a public beach. The mortality is terrific, but always exceeded by the birth rate: let a manufacturer (and this is a common fate) succeed so well that he decides to expand, and overexpand and fail; another comes along to take over the empty loft within a week. By its nature it seems to be a business in which the medium-sized companies have the best chance of success; it has never been, and apparently cannot be, merged and combined into large and stable corporations. So it remains a whirlpool of small, perishable and, therefore, savagely competitive units, subject to laws that are less human than of the jungle.

To whom does this productive jungle sell? Who is its customer? A very different type of commercial organism: the thousands of dry goods and department stores, all over the United States, where the forty million women of the United States buy their clothes; large, stable, ancient, complicated organizations, chained to vast investments in real estate; stores with such possibility of enormous and continuous earnings that they are ruled by experts, by scientists, by men who have spent years in the monastic calm of graduate business schools mastering the mysteries of merchandising alone. Into the jungle where dresses are manufactured the distant stores send wave upon wave of trained, specialized buyers; the battle, so unequal in these United States, between those who are able to produce too much and those who are afraid to buy more than they can sell, is here accentuated. Except

for rare flurries when the forty million silent women suddenly switch their taste in sport suits or evening gowns and catch the stores napping, this market is a buyers' market. The stores send their army of buyers a-hunting into the market, into the jungle, confident of the upper-hand; yet such is the rivalry among the sellers that the buyers turn out to be the hunted, and sometimes fall half willingly prey to the traps and baits and bribes of salesmanship—as we shall see.

Physically, the dress center of New York is a most curious example of commercial behaviorism. With all the square miles and half-rented space of this overbuilt city to choose from, the dress market is concentrated in a few blocks on Broadway and Seventh Avenue just south of Times Square. Perpendicularly concentrated: a wise manufacturer knows that he is lost unless he sets up shop in one of the half dozen loft buildings that are, for unfathomable reasons, fashionable in his trade. There, in the upper Thirties, can be seen, side by side, two immense buildings (alike in every essential but the psychological) one of which is an ever rentable beehive, while the other, nobody knows why, has lost caste and tenants, and languishes. It is a tiny village within the gigantic city: on the street everybody seems to know everybody else; everybody, buyers and sellers, meets for lunch at the same restaurant (there are hundreds of others, many with better food and service, within five minutes' walk). The buyer need scarcely cross Broadway twice to cover the entire market, and most of her travels are done in an elevator. But the seller, being the underdog, has to run all over town if he wants to see the buyer during the brief hour when she holds court at the vast buying headquarters which her store runs co-operatively with many others from out of town.

## III

Mary Smith, brief case in hand, walks briskly into her many-celled headquarters at a quarter of nine, avoiding the far less resplendent elevator round the corner of the lobby to the left, which is reserved for salesmen. The salesmen know that she and the dozens of other buyers are in town; they scan "Arrival of Buyers"; they subscribe to a daily bulletin which keeps them posted, they tip the hotel clerk to let them know who has registered. Already on her desk are a dozen blue slips of paper, formal blanks bidding for her attention, filled out by waiting salesmen. She quickly checks one of the spaces for her answer: "Will see; will not see; call again on —"; or "will call to see your line," and the slip goes out to one of the hungry mob beyond the barrier. She never sees the half of the slip kept by the salesman, who is crustily warned not to smoke in the sample rooms, not to try to get in without appointment, to transact his business promptly, to expect no attention after ten o'clock, and to use only the elevator reserved for him. She is shielded from, she is serenely unaware of, the nervous, milling crowd of salesmen outside, who have just one hour in which to attempt to interview a dozen buyers in as many scattered offices.

The salesmen do not take this haughty treatment lying down. Every few moments one of them opens the inner door and is unceremoniously pushed out by an attendant. They besiege the office boy who collects the slips, and if one of them gets through it is probably because he has given the office boy a dollar now and then. In fact, the office boys are frequently changed, so that the dollar bills won't breed too much favoritism.

The raging, artful salesmen storming the barrier, the cool, despotic buyers in the shelter of the sample rooms,

seem to be acting a queerly symbolic drama of man, the eternal pursuer, and woman, the eternally pursued. Pursued and, eventually, captured, though only by the use of presents, parties, patience, and brass. But at best she seems fickle, even when her chief concern is to find sport models that the store can get rid of without marking them down.

A little after ten, having seen several buyers and turned down with a check mark on the blue slip twice as many more, Mary goes out. The corridor is full of salesmen, hat in hand. They aren't supposed to be there, but they are desperate, and must catch a few words with the buyers somehow. Some of the men in this corridor are buyers too. You can tell which is buyer and which salesman not only because the buyer keeps his hat on, but by his confident, careless manner, while the salesmen have that pleading, ingratiating expression which says, "Please listen to me, I'll only bother you a minute."

Mary might be the cabinet minister of some Balkan despot, forcing her way through an antechamber full of petitioners. "I'd like you to see our line . . . We have some swell new models . . . Aw, Miss Smith, just a minute, be a good scout." Mary Smith hasn't time to be a good scout. "I'll let you know . . . Maybe . . . Sorry, not to-day." Somebody suddenly shakes her hand greedily. A little man whose name she can't remember, but whose face is vaguely familiar sidles up and says, "What are you doing to-morrow night, Miss Smith? Lemme take you to a swell new speakeasy. . . ."

The rest of the day Mary spends in the village, calling on manufacturers, looking at dresses, dresses, until it seems as if her eyes could no longer tell the difference between polka dots and stripes. Everywhere the sales-



men, and the manufacturers too, are at her. When she leaves the offices of Acme, a salesman from Art Mode, whose offices are on the same floor, pounces on her. He saw her go into Acme, and was waiting. When she reaches the street the curb is lined with figures as alert as hawks, and strangers rush up to her, say "Hello, Miss Smith" and hope she'll come to see their new line. All day this sidewalk perch will be loaded with these birds, the less self-respecting salesmen for the smaller manufacturers, waiting for their prey. The cops move them on, they disperse quickly and as quickly gather again. At noon she lunches, with other buyers, at the village restaurant. More salesmen come up, pass the time of day, put in a word of business, and one bold fellow grabs their check and pays it before the women can say a word—which they are in no hurry to say anyhow.

And so the week goes. Dresses, dresses, and salesmen, salesmen, all day long. It's tiring, but the pace is furious, and life is exciting. Naturally, she is a little dazed, and suddenly finds herself walking out of Kutefrock with a dress for herself (gratis) under her arm, and realizes that she has promised Mr. Flink of Artrobe to go to a roadhouse with him Thursday night. Even when, exhausted, she reaches the hotel, supplicating voices interrupt her in the lobby, "I have a pair of tickets . . ." Her room, before the week is over, is gay with three large bunches of flowers, a five-pound box of candy, and a robin's egg-blue portable typewriter. Three times she rises dripping from the bathtub to answer the peremptory tinkle of the telephone and tries to be polite to male voices asking when they can see her, if there's anything they can do for her while she's in town. Her evenings are crowded: dinner at Tony's with champagne, third row of a musical comedy, grand

gala premiere presentation of a new talkie, parties of eight or ten buyers and salesmen, full of kidding, wisecracks, and snatches of shop. For none of this does she have to pay a nickel. There's only one New York; she works hard all day, and if people want to put themselves out, even if they are salesmen and manufacturers, what of it? It's all part of the game.

She runs across Sally, an intimate friend and also a buyer for Jones Brothers. "What do you know," says Sally confidentially; "when I asked for my bill the clerk gives it to me already receipted. He just gives it to me and says, 'Mr. Shafer tried to get in touch with you.' Then he winks. I suppose I ought to subtract it from my expense account. But if I did it would look funny. Hell, Jones Brothers don't pay me enough so I should get goody goody."

Toward the end of her stay Mary steels herself to do something she has been trying to keep out of her mind. She must call on Kleid and Stoff. If she doesn't, the merchandise manager will be angry, for Kleid and Stoff have a good line. But if she does call, the ghost of that fur coat will come along too. With an effort of will she calls. Mr. Kleid is glad to see her; Mr. Stoff has sold out and retired. The designer has gone. With a swift sinking of the heart, Mary realizes, as she examines (more slowly than her experience makes necessary) a hundred sample dresses, that something vital departed with Mr. Stoff or the designer, that the goods are rotten, and that she will get it in the neck if she buys any of them. What is she to do? There is only one thing to do. "Well, Mr. Kleid, I'll drop in again the end of the week." A traditional phrase, usually accepted in the business as the equivalent of No. Mary sweeps out, as guiltily as if Mr. Kleid's fur coat were round her shoulders.

All day, like a stab of recurring pain, the thought assails her that she is a crook. She tries to reassure herself: everybody does it; almost all the buyers she knows, honest girls too, accept parties, presents. The crooks are the rare ones who get a rake-off, in cash. But what's the real difference between cash and a fur coat, between a secret five per cent commission and hundreds of dollars' worth of food, drink, flowers, and little packages at Christmas-time? Gradually, inexorably, she feels her terror and her shame pushing her toward a solution, a great decision.

The telephone rings. Those damned salesmen! Thank God she wasn't in her bath this time. A low, male voice. "Hello, Mary. This is Henry. Want to have dinner with me to-night?"

Henry is one of the few real friends she has made in New York. It began when she was buying, and he was making, lingerie. Now she is buying, and he is selling, something else. Henry has grown up in the clothing business. Manufacturer, salesman, he has been everything, done everything, knows everyone. Perhaps he can help her.

"Yes, I will, Henry—but on one condition—the party's got to be Dutch. What? Oh, I guess I've got religion or something. Fine. I'll expect you at seven."

At dinner she unburdens herself, tells him everything, about the fur coat, the presents, what she thinks is her dishonesty, about what other buyers do, about the dirty and tip-taking side of her business. At first Henry is soothing, tolerant, he even repeats the old line, "It's all part of the game"; adding, "You can't keep clean if you're working in a sewer." Gradually he becomes more general and reminiscent, telling her things that any frank clothing or dry goods manufacturer knows; that any manufacturer or sales-

man of dresses (and of cargoes of other things besides) could tell you.

#### IV

For years (the custom probably goes back beyond history) sellers have known how to make buyers feel well disposed toward them by taking them out to dinner and a show, by showering them with candy, flowers, liquor, clothes, jewelry, occasionally even automobiles. For years the larger and better stores have strictly forbidden their buyers to accept any favors from salesmen and manufacturers; for years salesmen have counted entertainment as a fixed portion of the cost of selling; for years many manufacturers have made, in their budgets, special provision for such entertainment and gifts. Every Christmas the organ of the Retail Dry Goods Association prints an editorial condemning the practice; every Christmas there pass, from salesman or manufacturer to buyer, thousands of red-ribboned packages worth millions of dollars. One woman buyer has a safe deposit box—not a small one either—full to the brim of watches, bracelets, earrings, and other more or less valuable tokens of esteem. Is she a crook? "No—she is one of the toughest women in the whole business to sell. She'll turn you down flat if she doesn't like your line." Another girl established a record by getting as presents from manufacturers three grand pianos in one year. Then there are buyers—probably a small part of the total—who are paid by the manufacturer five per cent commission on all sales to their store, and buyers who have relatives among the manufacturers, and quiet family agreements with them.

The bulk of this good-will traffic, however, is entertainment, in providing which the manufacturers show imagination and ingenuity. One of



them has a camp up in the mountains, where buyers (what's the harm in being a fellow's guest?) may canoe, and rest, and drink and eat all they want for nothing. Another has gone even farther: his staff consists of young and attractive people of both sexes. They are hired to help him sell, but they know that their real function is to give the buyers a "good time"—which you may define as broadly as you please. One of the staff is Jim, a blond, exceptionally good-looking young man. "Jim," says the boss, "Mrs. So-and-So is in town. Take her out to-night." And if Mrs. So-and-So invites him up to her room (the hotel has discreetly withdrawn all its floor clerks), and if one thing leads to another, to Jim it is all in the day's work, though Mrs. So-and-So may be twice his age, and her person not quite such as to entice him if this weren't "part of the business." A business in which stories are rife as to the more intimate favors whereby the buyer may be made to feel grateful.

"But women," says Henry, "won't go out on a party with you unless they like you. Women are always fastidious—even in this racket."

Mary Smith wants to know if women, in his wide experience, are more honest than men.

"Yes, they like parties, and a wrist-watch or a fitted bag or a fur coat now and then; but what women buyers really appreciate is attention. They are far from home and lonely. They want somebody to be nice to them. And is there one woman out of a hundred, no matter what the business relationship may be, who will not let the man pay the check, who will feel that candy and flowers have anything to do with the order book?"

But all that, continues Henry, is chicken feed. What of it if his bill at a theater ticket broker's averages a hundred dollars a month? What of it if his fellow-manufacturer, Mr. X, who

sells to jobbers and, therefore, to men buyers, has a charge account with a "call-house" which will, at his expense, provide buyers with good-looking girls on five minutes' notice? More serious, more harmful to business, are the big rake-offs and secret commissions, the buyers who are earning a hundred a week but obviously living at the rate of twenty thousand a year; the buyers who are practically partners of certain manufacturers; the buyers for the big nation-wide chain and mail order houses who will let a manufacturer rent and furnish their apartments in addition to a five per cent commission on sales; the executive supervisors of these buyers who know of such an arrangement and get a slice of it themselves. The older and more famous are these houses—so it seems to Henry—the more rotten are they with politics and graft. Real graft—the kind of graft that gives one manufacturer the inside track, and deprives the consumer of the price benefit of free competition. "I don't mind," says Henry, "having to give the boys a good time and a new car now and then; I don't even mind if one of them asks me for a little loan of a couple of hundred—which I know he'll never pay back; what I object to is a buyer who has been bought for keeps by one of my competitors."

People, remarks Mary, are as a rule honest to begin with; what are the steps in a buyer's progress to corruption?

"A buyer," explains Henry, "and I'm thinking of men more than women—is usually small potatoes. He's advising other people what to buy—if he had any real guts he'd be advising himself, and own his own business. Point number two: his salary is low, but he sees millions of dollars, perhaps, passing through his order book. Nothing erodes integrity faster than a sense of injustice. Point number three: he comes to New York, and inevitably contrasts his own simple way of living

with that of the manufacturer who calls for him in his limousine and takes him out to his home and fills him up with champagne. 'How can I,' he asks himself, 'and why can't I, have a life like this?'

"Then, if I want to take him into camp, I begin to work on him. Subtly. 'Bill,' I say, 'that's a terrible old bus you're driving, why don't you get one of these new Buicks?' He answers that he can't afford it. I show him how he can afford it. We each know all right what's in the back of the other's head, but I'd like to see him keep his self-respect; he's still an honest fellow, I don't want him to get overboard too fast, and I couldn't openly offer to make him a present of a new car. So I say, 'Bill, here's an idea. There's a little stock on the curb that's due for a big rise' (or there are some lots over in Jersey that are going to have a big boom), why don't you get in on it?' Bill says he has no money.

"I tell you what, Bill, you're a good friend of mine. I'll buy some of that stock—or those lots—for you; they're as good as gold; you just sit back and watch them rise.'

"Of course I don't buy a single share or acre, but next time I see him I say, 'Still driving that old car?' He still is. 'Well, Bill, go right out and get yourself a new one, because you've got a nice paper profit on those lots already.' Bill says he doesn't want to cash in, but he does let me advance him the money for that new car. In other words, I've advanced him some of the money he was going to make on money lent by me. Pretty neat? Yet we can still look each other in the eye, and Bill can still say to himself that he's an honest man. And do I get that order? I do."

Mary asks him where he draws the line between honest graft and crooked graft. "Entertainment, small favors, even small presents, that's honest graft.

As things are in this business, no buyer need be ashamed of accepting them. If you want to do business you've got to know people; you've got to be acquainted with the buyers. That's personal contact, that's the first step. Once you know them, and get an order or two, you've got to stay friends, because it's reorders that make a profit. Honest graft opens the door, and keeps it open. Other things being equal, as they often are, the buyer will order from the man who has been nice to her. 'Honest graft' seldom has any influence on a buyer's judgment—at any rate consciously. I've hardly ever seen a buyer order bad merchandise to please a manufacturer. She couldn't hold her job if she did, and the gravy would dry up with the job. Of course, it's graft just the same, but when you've paid it, in theater tickets and presents, you haven't bought the buyer, you've just bought her good will. That's not crooked. When presents begin to run into real money, crookedness begins. It also begins when a buyer has her hand out—even for a trifle. A buyer who takes dough, who gets five per cent, is of course downright dishonest. Not many of them do that. They are pretty well known, and sooner or later they lose their jobs. Crooks do any business harm. But the 'honest graft' is lubrication, the oil without which so competitive a business as clothing could not run as smoothly as it does."

But what about the employer, the store, which expects its buyers to be absolutely impartial in their judgment of goods? What about the public, which eventually pays for the cost of the "oil," which bears the burden of the graft, whether it is honest or crooked? How should a buyer who wants to be genuinely square with her employer and the consumer behave?

Henry, while cynical and tolerant, knows that there is a real line to be drawn, but that the drawing of it is, as



human beings and as conditions in the trade go, a little too much to ask. A truly honest buyer, he says, would never take anything which he or she was unable to reciprocate in kind, would never accept anything, tangible or intangible, eatable, drinkable or wearable, which she or he could not afford to give in turn to the salesman or the manufacturer, and occasionally does give in return.

A hopelessly high standard. But Mary Smith, partly because she is fundamentally honest, partly because

she was thoroughly scared by the fur coat episode, and is by nature timid and under the spell of her own scruples, conforms to it, thereby becoming a curiosity among her fellow-buyers, who don't see why you shouldn't have a good time and let the boys send you presents so long as you don't actually close your hand over United States currency.

Mary, in fact, comes to be thought of in the trade as exceptional, indeed rather a crank.

But she still has that fur coat.

## NIGHT RIDE

BY ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS

**A**LONG the darkening highway of the sun  
The stars, like ghostly vagrants of the skies,  
Follow in knowing silence, one by one;  
From valley beds the waking shadows rise,  
Like weary sleepers, wondering and still.  
The last bright, cloudy vestige of the day  
Whirls into darkness over a distant hill  
Where cloistered trees in silence bend and pray.  
Spurred by the dusk, the car roars down the night,  
Passing the little homes like flimsy toys  
Raucous with radios, ribald with light;  
They fear the dark, these revelers in noise,  
Who seek in every town and lamplit place  
A moment's shelter from the siege of space.



## SWEDEN: WHERE CAPITALISM IS CONTROLLED

BY MARQUIS W. CHILDS

IF ONE were compelled to select in the present moment of flux and chaos a certain area of the earth's surface in order to show the highest good that Western civilization had up to the present achieved, one might go farther and do worse than to choose Scandinavia. One would include, of course, besides the Scandinavian peninsula proper, Denmark, which is allied to it by every tie of race and culture. And, by good, one would mean the greatest good for the greatest number of people: a civilization in which all the arts and sciences of the West are employed to enable man to live in comfort and peace surrounded by a considerable degree of beauty and order and cleanliness.

The Scandinavian countries have developed during the past hundred years more or less apart from the violent national and political passions of continental Europe. Aside from a healthy national rivalry, they have lived in peace and harmony. Within the past three or four decades they have evolved what may in many respects be considered a new form of economic life. They have achieved a planned internal economy. Wherever the direct interest of the consumer has been involved—the necessities of shelter, food, light, heat, clothing—the profit motive has been drastically curbed or abolished. It is a process of socialization that has gone forward, unevenly, quietly, steadily.

But the objective has not been a utopian state built in conformity with the blueprints of some arbitrary theory. The objective has been a practical one: to lower the cost of good living; a pragmatic test has been applied to all reforms. The objective is expressed in the slogan of the Social-Democratic party in Sweden: "Comfort in the home for all classes." It is as modest as that.

And it has worked. The standard of living in Denmark and Sweden has been the highest in Europe. (The standard in Norway has been lower because of large untillable land areas, the bleakness and sparseness of much of the country.) While it is difficult to make an exact comparison, it is probable that the standard of living of the mass of the people in Sweden and Denmark has been—and remains to-day—higher than the standard for the mass in the United States. These are, too, the most modern countries in Europe, with more motor cars and telephones per capita and more electric lines per unit area of population.

The fact that the Scandinavian countries have had a planned domestic economy has not made them proof against the effects of the depression. But it has now become obvious that the structure of international finance and trade was so complex that it could not be disrupted without harming every nation in the world—every individual in the world, one might almost



add. Even in Russia, where the entire economy, trade within the country and with other nations, is unified under control of the state, the chief obstacles in the way of building an industrial civilization have been those encountered in international trade. Since the Scandinavian countries have shipped from twenty to twenty-five per cent of their goods into the international market, it is obvious that they have felt during the past three years the dire effects of world-wide unemployment.

But because they have had, in effect, a planned domestic economy, at every point vital to the consumer, the ravages of the depression have been less serious than elsewhere. The standard of living has not been battered down as it has in America. It is easy, of course, to dismiss the example of these northern countries; to say that they are small, that their population is homogeneous and highly educable; and that they have never been under the necessity of maintaining the difficult and dangerous rank of a major power. But when one has made all these, and other, qualifications, the significance of what has happened in Scandinavia remains and has, I believe, a bearing upon certain problems that confront the world to-day and in particular those that confront the United States.

The Scandinavian countries in their present development stand midway between the uncontrolled capitalism of America before the crash and the arbitrary Marxian communism of Russia before the Stalin modifications of a year ago. They have arrived at this middle course by modifying and altering the economic forms of capitalism; by adopting practices from other economic systems; and by evolving new forms of their own. They have achieved that control of capitalism which is sought in the United States by

the laws passed at the insistence of President Roosevelt during the last session of Congress. In Scandinavia this control has been attained during a period of thirty years or more; by the co-operation of aggressive groups of consumers; by the active and intelligent participation of the state in important industrial fields such as power; by virtue of an impregnable labor movement; by a long process of social education. Remarkably enough, this process of education has touched even the point of view of the capitalist and to such a degree that he has, in certain instances, it is said, lent his support to the movement to strengthen the domestic economy along co-operative lines.

The division, particularly in Sweden, is sharp and striking. To one group of capitalists—really to one family—has fallen virtually the whole business of manufacture for export and shipping. This group of capitalists has carried on in the international market by the same methods as other international traders—that is, by fighting fire with fire. They have of late years levied a comparatively slight tribute from the domestic consumer. Their source of profit has been almost entirely in the international market. It was so with Ivar Kreuger whose operations were in many respects typical of the international financier, having little relation to domestic finance. The Kreuger crash, it may be noted here, worked more hardship in America than it did in Sweden. The virtual surrender of the domestic market by the Wallenbergs, the dominant capitalists in Sweden for nearly three generations, was not brought about without a conflict. The co-operative societies and the state have competed with private enterprise in one field after another, and on even terms with no favors asked; and they have won by virtue of their efficiency and acumen,

and, it goes without saying, by virtue of the fact that they have not been under the constant necessity of surrendering to ownership a sizeable surplus.

## II

In showing how this planned domestic economy has been achieved Sweden serves as the best example, because it is more highly industrialized than either Norway or Denmark. And the Swede is closer to the American than is the Norwegian or the Dane, if only for the reason that he believes in a high standard of living and spends his money freely for those things that in most European countries are regarded as luxuries for the rich—that is, for a little summer cottage, for a motor boat (instead of a motor car). These the Swedish worker regards almost as necessities of life.

The state had an investment in business undertakings in 1929—the last year for which complete figures are available—of \$613,452,000. On this investment in that year there was a net return of 6.08 per cent. And it must be recalled that this is in a country of 6,000,000 population, distributed over a large area, much of which is mountainous or forest-covered. The activities of the state are many and varied. The state owns and operates at a profit nearly one-fourth of the forest area. The state controls and derives a considerable profit from the operation of about one-third of the mines. The state owns and operates at a profit railway, telegraph and telephone systems. The state generates 34 per cent of the electricity used, and this represents about 80 per cent of the amount used by householders. The state controls and derives a considerable profit from the sale of tobacco and liquor and the broadcasting of radio programs. And it is now proposed to make the importation and wholesaling of coffee and

the manufacture and export of arms and munitions also state monopolies.

In other fields co-operation has served to curb the profit motive to the great advantage of the consumer. Co-operative societies own and operate an estimated 10 per cent of all industry, for the most part manufacture for domestic consumption. The co-operatives control between one-third and one-half of the wholesale and retail trade of the nation in food, shoes, clothing, and certain other commodities. Co-operative societies, together with municipal organizations, have built and sold, on a co-operative basis, about one-fourth of the housing in the two principal cities, Stockholm and Gothenburg. They sell insurance, market agricultural produce, make motion pictures (chiefly for propaganda purposes), and engage in many other activities.

What proportion of the total trade of the country is carried on by the state and by the co-operative societies it is difficult to say. But it has been sufficiently large to serve as an effective brake upon capitalist exploitation in the domestic market. Prices of the principal commodities, rentals, and utility service charges have been forced downward, often with dramatic suddenness, by the aggressive competition of the state and the co-operatives.

How this has been done can be shown perhaps best in the field of electric power. And in this connection I am tempted to recall a conversation in Sweden in 1930. Motoring through the pleasant Swedish countryside with the editor of one of the large Chicago newspapers, we talked of this business of putting the state in competition with private power companies. The editor had only a blustering impatience for such an arrangement. "We don't need anything like that in Chicago," he said. "We have Samuel Insull and he gives us our power and



light cheap enough." Events that came to light a year later disclosed that Mr. Insull was not solely interested in providing Chicago with electric power at a fair rate.

In Sweden there has never been any attempt to regulate power distribution and cost through monopoly franchise and the functioning of an elaborate legal structure. There is in effect almost complete *laissez-faire* in the power field. Under Swedish law two or more electrical companies may compete for business in the same district. It is only necessary to secure a concession from the state, which is merely an authorization to string wires and erect poles. But instead of chaos there is to-day an orderly distribution of power at a fair price.

When the state entered the power field nearly twenty-five years ago it owned several important waterfall sites; private concerns and certain of the larger towns were already established and were beginning to develop water power for their own requirements. Methods were wasteful, rates were high. And yet competition was such that there was little or no profit in the industry. Gradually the state built up its own power block. There was at the head of the Royal Board of Waterfalls a man of great ability, W. Borgquist. He developed the state's power system by the addition of one station after another so that it soon occupied a strong, strategic position with lines stretching down the whole length of the country. It was operated in the most efficient fashion to produce power at the lowest possible cost to the consumer.

One of the first effects of this competition by the state was to eliminate weak and inefficient private companies. At the same time those that survived were compelled to reduce their rates and, therefore, to increase their efficiency. If the state had an advantage

in that it was not under compulsion to yield a large annual tribute to ownership and to management, it was also under a decided disadvantage in that it was compelled to develop so-called "cultural" power lines in backward agricultural areas where a company organized solely for profit might never have entered. And the Board of Waterfalls has observed always the strictest accounting practices; that is, all fixed charges have been deducted, as with a private company, in estimating the net profit of the operations.

For 1932 the state operated its power system at a profit of \$288,604—this after all interest and tax charges had been deducted—on 1,700,000,000 kilowatt hours of power. While this sum is a small profit, it must be remembered that the state has had a heavy social responsibility; first it has fixed its rates as low as possible, and second, it has developed backward regions. Sixty per cent of the land under tillage in Sweden has been provided with electricity, a higher percentage than exists in any other country.

There has come about, since the end of the era of wild competition, a working understanding between the state and the private electrical systems. On occasion they co-operate to their mutual advantage. For example, the parliament has recently ordered that the state railway line between Storvik and Ange be electrified. To supply the electricity that will be necessary for this project the Board of Waterfalls will construct a new power line, a branch of the major system. But it will be some time before this will be completed, and the board has made an agreement with a private company to supply the railway during this interval. Such agreements are not uncommon. It is almost as though there were one centralized power system operating for the good of the whole country.

Much of the power in Sweden, which

ranks second only to Switzerland in power production, is distributed on a co-operative basis. This is particularly true of the agricultural areas. Rural districts form their own co-operative societies, construct the necessary local supply systems for 3,000 volts, the transformer stations necessary to step the energy down to low tension, and the requisite local supply lines. The operation and upkeep of the local lines and the delivery of energy in the territory of the society are also the business of the individual co-operatives. The capital to build and run the co-operative distributing system is contributed by members of the society in proportion to the amount of land owned, the number of rooms in a dwelling, or, if it is a shop, the number of lighting and motor installations. The larger societies are able to take advantage of an industrial rate offered by the state, so that they pay about 1.58 cents a kilowatt hour for power. The smaller societies take the district rate and pay 1.82 cents. To this must be added, in fixing the price to the ultimate consumer, the cost of distribution within the co-operative system.

Most of the cities and towns have their own distributing systems. There are special rate schedules whereby current taken in excess of a fixed number of kilowatt hours a room or square feet of floor space is supplied at a very much reduced price. This has resulted in the widespread electrification of Swedish households, as in certain towns, Kiruna in the far north, for example, electricity is supplied for as low a rate as three cents a kilowatt hour. In many communities in the industrial north sixty per cent of the households use electricity for cooking. By intelligent co-operation these northern people have conquered the long, dark winters. There is in abundance, and at a price which puts it within the reach of all, artificial light and heat.

Power is only one, although perhaps it is the most important, of the fields in which the state has been successful in direct operation. There are other lines in which the state has delegated primary authority to a nominally private, limited dividend company. This has been done, for example, with the sale of liquor and the manufacture and sale of tobacco. Here it was felt that direct operation by the state might result in the manifold evils of bureaucracy.

There were two reasons why the state some sixteen years ago took over the sale, both wholesale and retail, of wines and spirits. First, it was felt, as the result of the efforts of the great reformer, Dr. Ivan Bratt, that it was important from the social point of view to remove the element of private profit from the liquor trade. Second, it was important to develop a new source of revenue for the state. These two reasons dovetailed nicely. The state, while retaining actual control, delegated the wholesale liquor trade to the Wine and Spirits Central, a private company paying a dividend limited to five per cent on a small share capital which is in the possession of a board of directors, all of whom must be approved by the government. The retail trade was delegated to a series of System Companies, organized on the same basis.

The intelligence of the social phases of the Swedish liquor plan, the use of pass-books to restrict individual consumption of spirits, and so forth, has often been stressed. But sufficient emphasis has not been placed upon the economic side of the system. This is possibly more important than the social phase. In the opinion of the Swedes themselves, the removal of the profit motive was the essential factor in the success of the Bratt system.

The total amount spent by Swedish consumers on wine and spirits in 1931



was approximately \$48,240,000. Of this amount the state received, through taxes and through the excess profits of the Wine and Spirits Central and the System Companies, \$28,408,000, or 58.7 per cent of the whole. The cost of the liquors, the total cost of administration, and the cost of local taxation amounted to but 34.6 per cent of the total gross revenue. And liquor prices in Sweden are not high when it is taken into account that all except the local *brannvin* must be imported. That is, prices are not proportionately higher than in England or France. (This gives, incidentally, some idea of the enormous profits in the liquor trade.)

When broadcasting first appeared as a commercial possibility, the state retained the monopoly right to broadcast. At the end of an experimental period a similar private limited dividend company was formed to which the government granted the right to do all broadcasting. The source of revenue is, as in England, a moderate tax upon radio sets. As with the liquor monopoly, the excess profits, beyond the cost of administration and the amount paid to the holders of the small share capital, go to the government. This form of administration of a state monopoly has been so successful that it has been proposed for the manufacture of munitions and for the importation, processing, and wholesaling of coffee. If the latter is made a monopoly of the state, administered by a limited dividend company, as the Social-Democrats propose, it would be purely for fiscal reasons. The manufacture of munitions, however, like the sale of liquor, is charged with significant social implications. It has been argued that, as with liquor, if there is no incentive to sell, there will be no forcing of sales by high-pressure methods. But this argument is somewhat redundant, since the Bofors plant in Sweden, employing two thousand men,

is, like all other European munitions plants, at work on orders that are three years in advance; and most of these orders, under the Geneva Traffic in Arms Act, are for nations other than Sweden.

### III

Thus far only the activities of the state have been considered. Through co-operation by consumers radical changes in the domestic economy of the country have come about. Co-operation is almost unknown in the United States. There are agricultural marketing co-operatives, and successful ones; but co-operation by consumers in the manufacture and sale of goods is all but unknown. Nor is it realized what a significant part this has played in Europe. The widespread development of consumer co-operatives in Russia was one of the few elements from the old regime which the Bolsheviks could employ in the construction of a socialist state. In England and Scotland more than fifty per cent of all consumers are members of co-operatives. Mussolini in reorganizing the economic life of Italy after seizing political power made use of the highly developed co-operatives then in existence for his own purposes. And Hitler in Germany is now emulating that example.

While scarcely more than a third of the consumers in Sweden are organized, it is possible that co-operation has had an even wider influence than in England. And the reason for this is the practical direction of Swedish co-operation. In England the co-operatives have been more or less institutional in character; their business has been largely exempt from taxation; the co-operative movement has had a strong political cast. In Sweden the opposite has been true: the first and foremost objective has been to reduce prices to the consumer, regardless of

the social and political implications of the means employed to that end. That ultimate socialization of trade and manufacture is a possible goal of the co-operatives is a fact with which the directors of the movement have been only incidentally concerned.

In Sweden the co-operatives compete on equal terms, in regard to taxation and all other considerations, with private enterprise. The central organization is the Co-operative Union, which is the wholesaler and manufacturer for the 786 societies with their membership of 512,968 families (in 1932). In rural areas these societies own and operate usually only one store. The Consumers' Co-operative Society of Stockholm has 340 stores. These stores are specialized to sell food, clothing, meat, bread, and pastry. They are efficient and attractive, such shops as one sees in the smarter streets of an American city. The consumer buys at prices that are customarily a little lower than those of the private stores. Besides this outright saving, he is paid at the end of each year a dividend of two per cent on all his purchases. Consumers who are not members of the co-operative society may buy at the shop, but only members are entitled to the dividend.

It is of great interest to note the way in which co-operation has worked to drive prices downward for the whole mass of the buying public. It was not until the Co-operative Union and its affiliated societies were relatively strong that an attack was made upon the trusts. It was considered essential first to have a considerable consumer loyalty. The co-operators' first attack was directed against the margarine trust. Because so much butter is exported to the Continent from Scandinavia, margarine is an important article of diet. The directors of the Co-operative Union knew that the price charged by the margarine trust was

higher than was justified by the cost of manufacture. At the outset the co-operative directors tried to persuade the trust to reduce its prices. Next a threat was tried: the Union would begin the manufacture of margarine if prices were not lowered.

It was not that the co-operative directors particularly desired to go into the manufacture of margarine; they merely wanted lower prices and better quality. The trust ignored their demands, for the Union had not yet demonstrated its efficiency in the field of manufacture. At last, in 1921, the Union carried out its repeated threats and constructed a margarine factory. This has been expanded several times until it is to-day the largest and most modern of its kind in the country. And the margarine trust soon lost its power, a fact reflected by successive price reductions from which the whole public benefited.

In the flour-milling industry the co-operators broke the power of another trust in a similar way. To-day the Union owns the largest mills. In Sweden overshoes are a necessity of life during the winter, and the Co-operative Union next came to grips with a trust that had for long kept the price of this necessity at an unreasonable level. In this instance the first step taken by the Union was to issue a general proclamation, urging the public to subscribe to an industrial fund. This action alone was sufficient to cause the trust to cut its price on overshoes more than fifty cents a pair. The directors of the Union felt, however, that even this reduction did not bring the price to a figure based on a fair proportion between the cost of production and the selling price and so the Union went ahead with still another factory.

Even more striking is the success of the Union in breaking the grip of the international electric lamp cartel. In



1928 an investigation was begun into the cost of electric bulbs. Despite the fact that the trust dominated the whole European market, the investigators discovered the widest price discrepancies from country to country. The price for a 25 watt lamp was 37 cents in Sweden, 30 cents in Holland and Germany, 27 in Denmark, as low as 18 in Hungary, and 52 cents in England.

Careful estimates showed that the capital outlay for an up-to-date electric lamp factory was not prohibitive, amounting to less than the monthly net surplus of the various co-operative enterprises in Sweden. Nevertheless, as electric lamps play a comparatively minor part in the economy of the average household, it was debated for some time whether the Union should tie up its capital in such an enterprise. It was estimated that a saving of 12 cents on each lamp could be effected, a total annual saving to the country of about \$1,500,000, and this, it was finally decided, was worth while. The decision was confirmed by a stroke of good luck which occurred at this time. Owing to the merger of two of the trust's lamp plants there became available the services of a technician capable of directing the construction and operation of a modern lamp factory. (There are very few such technicians and most of them are tied to the trust by long-term contracts.) Also, at this time the patents controlled by the trust expired.

In the face of dire warnings from the trust, the Union built the plant. From the outset it had been intended that the factory should be a common North European enterprise. As construction went forward, on capital supplied by the Co-operative Union, discussions were carried on with the central co-operative societies of Denmark, Norway, and Finland. On May 28, 1931, there was formed the North-European Luma Co-operative

Society which took over the then completed factory. Thus was formed the first truly international co-operative, with the consumer societies of all four countries each owning a proportionate share and each having a voice in the direction of the business through representatives on the board of directors.

The effect on the price of electric bulbs in Scandinavia was striking. Even while the Luma factory was in course of construction, the trust lowered the Swedish price from 37 cents to 27 cents. Soon after the co-operative lamp came onto the market the trust met the Luma price of 22 cents. With this the Luma price was cut to 20 cents, at which figure it is still possible to manufacture with a comfortable margin of surplus. On July 26, 1932, Luma turned out its five millionth lamp. Each of the purchasers of the five million lamps received a dividend on his purchase from the surplus accumulated. The success of Luma has led English co-operatives to consider a similar manufacturing venture and the price of bulbs in England has already dropped ten cents.

It has been suggested that the central English co-operative society might build a plant in England which would be still another branch of the international co-operative enterprise. Swedish co-operators are strongly opposed to the practice of the English co-operators in selling their surplus manufactures abroad at a profit. This, it is said in Sweden, is not true co-operation and may give rise to the same frictions in international trade that occur at present with large corporations competing against one another in the international market. While they are modest in their hopes for the immediate future, the co-operative leaders in Sweden believe that this system is capable of almost infinite extension in the international field. And they are

proud to have given to the world first a practical example of true international co-operation.

#### IV

Throughout the depression the Co-operative Union has continued to grow. During the past three years the books show gains in every department, the only decline being in the number of societies, the result of a policy of merging small societies to form stronger units. The number of stores owned by the local societies was 2,411 in 1926, 3,510 in 1931, and 3,716 in 1932. And the annual turn-over rose correspondingly from \$71,046,800 in 1926 to \$94,006,360 in 1932. Because the directors of the Co-operative Union had faced the full implications of a possible world depression as early as 1930, the economy of the local societies has been directed during the past three years along the most strict lines. In 1932 the financial position of the Union and of the societies was stronger than ever before. Trade debts have been reduced on the joint balance sheet from 38 per cent to less than 6 per cent.

Co-operation has been markedly successful in the field of housing since the War. Here another group succeeded in bringing about a sharp decline in rentals through precisely the same methods. H.S.B., the co-operative housing society, has built during the past ten years a whole series of model apartment houses in Stockholm and in the second city, Gothenburg. These apartments were cheaper and far more desirable than the majority of flats in the older buildings. The power of what was equivalent to a housing trust was broken by H.S.B. three years after its organization.

All the achievements which have been recited here have been modest. They have been modest in aim and in

attainment. They have been gained through patient, painstaking effort over a period of three decades. They have enlisted, it is almost needless to say, the services of men who have had not only a social point of view but who have possessed business acumen and organizing skill. Albin Johansson, the head of the Co-operative Union, is conceded by all factions to be the keenest merchant in the country. (To his ability the conservatives ascribe the success of the co-operative movement, but it has long since passed beyond the stage of dependence upon a single individual.)

Modest as they are, these successful economic experiments by the state and by the consumers themselves have been sufficient to control the capitalist in his operations within the country; in the domestic market it has been made impossible to exploit the consumer to the ultimate limit of his capacity to pay. As a cushion to absorb the worst shocks of the depression Sweden has had also during the past two years a currency managed, and successfully managed, in relation to commodity prices rather than to an arbitrary metallic standard. It is this managed currency which Professor Irving Fisher and other economists have for some time been urging upon the world at large.

The depression interrupted what might well have continued to be an orderly, evolutionary approach to socialism. That was the goal of the Social-Democrats, who have held office six times within the past twenty years. Before the depression the party had considered the socialization of certain of the major export industries, notably paper, as a next step. The immediate problems arising from the crisis have made it impossible to contemplate this goal, even remotely, at the present time. The Social-Democrats have just made into law a drastic unemployment-



ment program, designed, like the proposal of J. M. Keynes, to restore purchasing power virtually to the level of 1930. These and other emergency matters have occupied the government. But the Social-Democrats have not forgotten their ultimate goal. It is pos-

sible that, if world capitalism now gains a breathing space, there may be completed in Sweden the gradual and orderly transition from one type of economic life to another. The very fact that such a transition may be possible is enormously heartening.

## COUNTRY CHURCH

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

**H**E COULD not separate the thought  
*Of God from daisies white and hot*  
*In blinding thousands by a road*  
*Or dandelion disks that glowed*  
*Like little suns upon the ground.*  
*Holiness was like the sound*  
*Of thousands of tumultuous bees*  
*In full-blossomed apple trees,*  
*Or it was smell of standing grain,*  
*Or robins singing up a rain.*

*For the church he went to when*  
*He was eight and nine and ten,*  
*And good friends with the trees and sun,*  
*Was a small white country one.*  
*The caraway's lace parasols*  
*Brushed the clapboards of its walls,*  
*The grass flowed round it east and west,*  
*And one blind had a robin's nest.*  
*Before the sermon was half over,*  
*It turned to fragrance of red clover.*

*May and June and other weather*  
*And farmers' wives came in together,*  
*At every window swung a bough;*  
*Always, far off, someone's cow*  
*Lowed and lowed at every pause.*  
*The rhythms of the mighty laws*  
*That keep men going to their graves*  
*Were no holier than the waves*  
*The wind made in the tasselled grass*  
*A small boy saw through window glass.*

## The Lion's Mouth



### THE MORAL MR. BRIGG

BY HORTON H. HEATH

"TELL that Miss Mulhearn to come in," said Mr. Brigg.

Mr. Brigg's secretary gathered up her notebook, pencils, and a pile of mail, and started for the door.

"Or wait," said Mr. Brigg, "tell Mr. Tuttle I'll see him first."

The president of Milady's Toiletries, Inc., permitted himself a moment of relaxation and gazed thoughtfully at the Rotary Club motto on the wall opposite his desk—"He profits most who serves best." He had lots to do to-day. He always had lots to do. That was the way he liked it.

Mr. Tuttle, head accountant of Milady's Toiletries, Inc., knocked and came in. He found Mr. Brigg studying a typewritten sheet of figures. Mr. Tuttle stood before the desk and waited.

Finally Mr. Brigg handed the sheet to him. "You haven't showed a loss for last year. How many times do I have to tell you?"

"I opened up three new reserve accounts and another depreciation," said Mr. Tuttle, "and I charged off—"

"Never mind the alibis," interrupted Mr. Brigg. "You know about that stock we're trying to buy in. And you've heard of the income tax, I suppose."

Mr. Tuttle had no temper so this sarcasm did not anger him. He retreated to the door.

"Plenty of red ink on the next one," said Mr. Brigg. "Tell that Miss Mulhearn to come in."

Miss Mulhearn came in. She had been waiting an hour. She had been crying when she started to wait, but now she just felt numb all over.

"Sit down, Miss Mulhearn," said Mr. Brigg kindly. Owner-Employee Relationships were his specialty. He realized that to a person in Miss Mulhearn's position he was God.

Mr. Brigg opened a folder. On the tab was typed MULHEARN, M. Inside were several papers labeled Application Blank, Medical Examination, Home Environment Report, Progress Report, Social Record. Mr. Brigg studied the papers.

"You work in the Wrapping Department," he said, "your work seems to be O.K. No complaints anyway," he added. "Now Miss Mulhearn, what does this mean?"

He took out of his pocket a scrap of paper. Miss Mulhearn glanced at it and quickly averted her eyes. Mr. Brigg waited for her to answer.

"I don't know," she said.

Mr. Brigg eyed the paper with distaste. Scrawled on it in pencil were the words, "Sweetheart must see you after work to-night same place."

"The matron found this on the floor of your locker," said Mr. Brigg. "Now I want you to tell me who wrote it."

Miss Mulhearn flushed. Mr. Brigg fixed her with his eyes. After a pause she repeated, "I don't know."



"What you do outside is your own business," explained the president, "but the company's got a right to know what goes on during working hours. If one of the boys writes one of the girls notes on our time, we've got a right to know. See what I mean?"

Mr. Brigg prided himself on the justice, tact, and good temper with which he conducted an inquiry of this sort. In an office and shop like Milady's Toiletries, Inc., employing a few dozen men and several hundred women, there were special problems—problems which Mr. Brigg had found no personnel officer quite so competent to handle as himself.

Miss Mulhearn being silent, he shifted the attack.

"I see by your card that the matron has had to speak to you several times about smoking in the ladies' room."

"That woman don't like me," said Miss Mulhearn.

"How's it happen you never joined Fireside?" countered Mr. Brigg adroitly. The Fireside Girls was the women's social organization in the plant, sponsored by the president. Framed on the wall of his office was the Fireside Girl platform: I am a Fireside Girl. I am wholesome, clean in word and deed, prompt, cheerful, trustworthy. The time I work is my employer's property, and I regard wasting it like stealing.

Miss Mulhearn wished she were a Fireside Girl. "I guess I ain't much on joining things," she said lamely.

"I guess not," said Mr. Brigg. No use fooling round with this girl all morning. "Now, Miss Mulhearn, you just tell me who wrote this note. I want to know the facts."

Miss Mulhearn twisted her soiled handkerchief until it wouldn't twist any farther. Faintly she said, "I don't know."

The telephone on the president's

desk rang. He picked up the receiver and glared at Miss Mulhearn. She was lying, and she knew that he knew it. "Tell them to wait," he said. "I'll see them in a minute."

"Now you can just sit outside my office for a while and think things over," he said to the girl. "Jobs are kind of scarce these days and we've got a long waiting list. After I see these gentlemen I'll ask you to come in again and tell me who wrote this."

He put the offensive note back in his pocket. Miss Mulhearn went out.

One aspect of the case puzzled Mr. Brigg. He had not been able to learn through any of his regular news channels who Miss Mulhearn's boy friend was. This, and her stupid denials, had rather persuaded him that the anonymous writer was one of the married men.

The president's secretary put her head in the door.

"Can you see Mr. Kissen and Mr. Dalrymple now?"

"Send 'em in," said Mr. Brigg.

Mr. Kissen and Mr. Dalrymple came in. Mr. Kissen was the advertising manager, Mr. Dalrymple the man from the advertising agency. They carried proofs of the advertisement announcing Tweet, latest addition to the Milady line of quality toiletries. Tweet was a depilatory. The name had been selected by Mr. Brigg from a list of two hundred submitted by the agency.

"There's just a couple of small details we got to change in this ad," explained Mr. Kissen. "I called up the Better Business Bureau and they said if the hair grows in again after using this product you can't say 'Permanently Removes.'"

"What did you call them up for?" demanded Mr. Brigg. "What the hell do they know about it?"

"Well, I was kind of worried about that line," said Mr. Kissen apologeti-

cally. "They could make a lot of trouble after you got your labels and displays all printed and everything."

"I suggest," suggested Mr. Dalrymple, "'Removes and Permanently Retards.' Really stronger than the other because more people will believe it."

Mr. Brigg wrote "Removes and Permanently Retards" on a sheet of paper and studied it critically.

"Once in a while you agency fellows aren't so dumb," he said graciously. He wrote "O.K." on the sheet and handed it to his advertising manager. Mr. Brigg was a man who could make decisions.

"Next," he said.

"The only other thing is that word 'Odorless,'" said Mr. Kissen. "I asked some of the girls their opinion and they thought that wasn't so good because you can smell it out in the street."

Mr. Brigg considered the problem thoughtfully.

"How about not saying anything about odor?" said Mr. Dalrymple. "Kind of dangerous. Let sleeping dogs lie and so forth."

Mr. Brigg leaned back in his chair and gazed at the ceiling through half-closed eyes.

"In a situation like this," he said, "you've got to be constructive. Beat them to it. I think you better say 'Delicately perfumed.'"

The advertising men got rid of, Mr. Brigg brought his mind back to the case of Miss Mulhearn. If she wouldn't come across with that fellow's name there was nothing to do but fire her. The moral aspect of her affair, he told himself, was her own lookout. What was bad was her lying about it. He would not have that kind of people on the payroll. Untruthfulness was a fault he could not tolerate.

Mr. Brigg buzzed for his secretary.

"Tell that Miss Mulhearn to come in," he said.



### BRISTLING LITTLE MEN

BY PHILIP CURTISS

IT is now fairly evident that Hitler's plan to abolish the Jews has not met with universal approval. Furthermore, the one unquestioned result of the Russian revolution has been a persistent sympathy for the murdered royalists. If, however, man must have a little blood now and then, it seems to me that there is one class of people whose extermination would be greeted with wholehearted applause by the rest of the world. Why, in short, does someone not get up a movement to wipe out all bristling little men?

To me this type of humanity will always be represented by Charley Howser, one of the older members of my club. Charley is short and paunchy—a successful lawyer, in his way—with turned-out toes, a red face, a clipped mustache, and gray hair which stands straight up from his head; but that is not why I call him "bristling." I mean by "bristling" that he is the kind of man who cannot even come into a room and say, "It's raining" as an ordinary man would say it. He must strut into the place, look sharply from right to left, and snap out, "A hell of a day!" in the tone in which you would tell a dog to stop barking. Or if, merely to be sociable, you venture some casual remark to the effect that Roosevelt's policies seem to be working pretty well, Charley will stand there for five or six seconds, his eyes flashing straight at yours, and then he will snort, "Pretty well, eh? Pretty well, eh? What did Franklin



D. Roosevelt do to the carrot growers in North Carolina? Do you know that there isn't a carrot grower in the whole State who has paid a cent in taxes since the fifth of last March?"

You do not reply because you suppose that the question is merely rhetorical; but no question is merely rhetorical to Charley Howser. He still stands there with his eye fixed on yours. "Do you call that statesmanship?"

"No," you admit, in a faint voice, "I don't think I do."

"Well, then," says Charley, turning on his heel, "don't talk to me about Franklin D. Roosevelt."

So there you are. Why, I have often wondered, does the rest of the world allow such men to exist? Yet the world does allow them to exist and at times even seems to like them.

Consider, for example, the old Scotch professional from whom a friend and I used to take golf lessons last summer. Every morning we would go out to his little shop at the links and he would greet us with a surly nod.

"Well, come to see if you can be a little worse to-day than you were yesterday?" would be his regular salutation, at which we would grin in a cowardly way and answer:

"Yes, Mr. MacTavish, we thought we'd come just once more and see whether anyone *could* be worse than we were yesterday."

So one of us would take a driver and get up on the practice tee and MacTavish would begin:

"Now just one minute, young feller me lad. Remember that you're not standing there to make an address to the United States Senate or to write one of your sweet little novels about the dicky birds. You're supposed to be up there to play *golf*! So just let me take that club and show you something before you hurt somebody."

For that sort of abuse we paid him four dollars an hour. Not only that, but we would go back to our inn telling each other what a picturesque old character he was, and if we had complained to an officer of the club the latter would only have chuckled and said, "Oh, that's MacTavish." Why didn't one of us turn on him, some morning, and say, "Now look here, you ignorant old boor. One more word like that and I'll hit you over the head with this brassie. The only reason we tolerate you at all is because you have a certain manual deftness in hitting a small rubber ball."

Why didn't we say that? Well, why didn't we? Primarily, of course, because we hadn't the courage but also because we should merely have been feeding the flames. The average man does not like a "scene," a shouting contest, but a bristling little man thrives on it. He will always shout louder and longer than his opponent and eventually win.

On the other hand, if we had stood on our dignity and quietly tried to snub MacTavish he would have regarded that also as a victory. For days afterward he would have told all his cronies how he had "got our goat." That is, in short, the most maddening point about a bristling little man—it is equally useless to argue or to agree with him. If you try to argue he will bulldoze you into silence. If you agree with him for the sake of peace he will believe that by his superior intelligence you have been convinced.

For a long time I imagined that one way to get on with a bristling little man would be to disarm him by humor. It was a natural supposition, because most bristling little men are rather comic to look at and most of them believe, themselves, that they have a great deal of wit. They love to tell long, elaborate stories about practical jokes which they have played

on some business associate and which they have brought to a screaming conclusion. But let one of *them* come into the office some day with a new hat, worn at a queer angle, and let someone say to him, "Harry, will you kindly tell me where in this age it was possible to *buy* a hat like that?" Instantly he will turn with the same old bluster and snap out, "What hat? What's the matter with that hat?"

The same strain which runs through a bristling little man's humorous stories can be found in his serious ones. They are always tales in which he came out a complete conqueror, the kind which ends, "So, after this fellow had said everything that he had to say, I walked quietly up to his desk and laid down my papers, one after the other—my original letter, my affidavit, and the order from the court. 'Now,' I said, 'what are you going to do about *those*?'"

One curious fact about bristling little men is that most of them believe that they are very fond of children and that "the little codgers," in turn, are crazy about them. In reality children endure them only because, like their elders, they haven't the courage to punch them in the nose. What actually happens is about like this: A bristling little man will call on a family he has known for years and a little girl will come into the room.

"Well, well, well!" exclaims the b.l.m. "You're a nice little girl. Come here and tell me your name."

Entirely against her will but on the insistent prodding of her parents, the child approaches the b.l.m., who puts a pudgy arm around her, tickles her ribs, and continues:

"Now, let me see. I think your name's Dorothy. Or is it Helen—or Susie?"

In an agony of embarrassment the child looks down at the floor and murmurs, "Jean."

"Gene, eh?" exclaims the b.l.m. "Why, Gene is a boy's name. You're not going to tell me that you're a little boy, are you?"

The child says nothing, while every civilized adult in the room longs to stretch the b.l.m. on the floor and jump on him with sharp spikes. Suddenly, however, he grows magnanimous.

"Now what would you say if I told you that I had a box of candy in my pocket? Can't you tell me? What would you say?"

So, at last, having wrung out of the poor little thing every last twist of embarrassment and agony, the b.l.m. hands over the box of candy and looks up with a triumphant smile, as if to say, "I don't know what it is about me, but nobody can handle 'em the way I do."

Now, as I have suggested, in dealing with a bristling little man, no ordinary methods of social defense are of any use whatsoever. If you flare back at him you are playing right into his hand and will find yourself in a fight to a finish. On the other hand, if you slavishly agree with him he will consider that you are a poor weak thing and will peck and snap at you just for the love of doing it. For two or three years I stood this sort of thing from Charley Howser until suddenly, quite by accident, I found the one way to deal with him. I have since tried it on other bristling little men and, if rightly used, the method is practically infallible. Gladly I hand it on to all fellow-sufferers.

One late afternoon, about dusk, I was drowsing in the club when Charley Howser came in. The room was lighted only by a few dying coals in the fireplace and by a single reading lamp in a corner where, when I had entered, a man named Ben Hubbard was glancing at a magazine. At that time the local papers were full of some



minor political scandal involving a proposal to widen some street or other, an act which would be very unpleasant for certain property owners and very profitable for others. Thus, the minute he entered, Charley Howser burst out as usual:

"Well, this is a fine business that the common council has got us into!"

It happened that Ben Hubbard was a city councilman, so I supposed of course that the remarks were intended for him and I paid no attention until, after two or three minutes of tirade, I heard the familiar, "Well, isn't it so?" and, looking up, I found that Charley had been talking to me all the time. Without my noticing it, Ben Hubbard had left the room.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Howser," I explained. "I thought you were talking to Ben Hubbard. He was here a minute ago."

Charley gave a queer gulp. He knew it was true and he tried to start again. "I was saying that that's a fine mess that the common council has got us into—"

So on he went, repeating the whole thing. But there was something lacking. His old fire was gone and suddenly I saw the whole truth about Charley Howser and all men of his kind. They are like an oldtime cavalry commander. Their one weapon is the initial shock. Resist them and you are in a melee. Run before them and they will harry and saber you in high glee. But open up your lines, let them through without panic, and their whole force is spent. You can then proceed quietly to eat them alive.

This is what I now began to do to Charley Howser. Feigning an attitude of eager but belated interest I said, "Mr. Howser, I'm awfully glad to have this chance to talk with someone who really understands that street board affair, but won't you just tell me, more fully, what is meant by the term 'complimentary costs'?"

Poor Charley! For a third time he started over it but he was even weaker than before. Every time he would lag I would prod him up—"You make that quite clear; but suppose that the city engineer didn't turn in his figures. What would happen then?" In five minutes he was a rag and in ten minutes he looked hastily at his watch. "Well, anyway," he confessed, "that was what somebody told me, but perhaps I haven't got it very clear myself. I'm sorry, I've got to go."

So there is the method. Be sure to try it on the next bristling little man you meet. Do not contradict him. Do not agree with him. Above all, don't be sarcastic. Simply keep silent until he has shot his bolt. Then, with an air of flattering interest, get him to repeat in other words everything that he has said. He won't be able to do it because, in reality, he hasn't said anything at all. But don't let up. Quote back at him sentence after sentence and make him say it over at greater length. In nine cases out of ten he will presently be looking at his watch.

If this method doesn't work there is only one other, which I recommend. Get a cloth, soak it in chloroform, and do your duty by the human race.



## THE BLUE EAGLE TRIES HIS WINGS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

WHEN I met Nowel, who had just returned from nine days in the country, and asked him how he did and how he felt, he said that physically he was well enough but that he was suffering severely from a collapse of self-applause. Somehow, he said, the milk in him had gone sour. He had been used to think he was doing about right or as near it as a fallible man had any right to expect, and now what seemed to crowd into the fore part of his mind were a lot of things he had done that now looked foolish. Anyhow, they had not seemed to work out right, so that he doubted his value as an active person in the current complicated world and, though he expected to go on living, he was rather in the dumps about it. It should be noted that he said that his actions which bothered him most had been in a way benevolent: efforts to help people, efforts to help good causes, efforts to finance matters that seemed worth it. I suppose he had had more leisure than usual in the country and there had been more opportunity for thoughts to intrude on him, but it had happened to him apparently as he told me.

Now it is only too likely that we are going to have this experience, an experience a good deal like Nowel's. We are trying out a lot of experiments. It is incredible that they should all

succeed; it is quite likely that a substantial part of them will fizzle or prove impractical, and it is possible, though not so likely, that a large proportion of us will regret the elaborate and expensive efforts that have been made to help human life upstairs and wish we had let it stumble on according to its nature. But after all, such regrets, such emotions of delinquency, that intrude on meditation may simply be a part of the necessary process in the reorganization of life. I told Nowel, "Why, you are all to the good! From all those things you think, you come back humble-minded. You had better be. You are in good condition for experiment. If you think you could yourself have done everything better, you will be more patient with official efforts and possibly more hopeful of the good of them!"

Of course the collapse of self-applause is trying, but it may help us to get down to brass tacks, that is to the things for which we have responsibility and about which we can take action. Some things doubtless had to be done on a large scale by organization and with the intervention of that amusing blue buzzard we see in the shop windows. Some of the big things attempted by government are amusing in their complications. There is this large matter of reducing crops. The money that is paid to farmers not to



raise so much wheat, cotton, corn, and so on will doubtless do them good. The intention is to raise the price of the commodities that the farmers grow. Of course that is desirable, but it comes up against the difficulty of eradicating the instincts of good farming by new rules. Moreover, our government tries with one hand to reduce the crops and with the other, I suppose, continues to spread information how to beat the boll weevil. But, of course, the boll weevil is perfectly willing to be a generous friend of the government and to destroy cotton without compensation and just for the fun of it. It is the same with the enemies of wheat and corn, the Hessian insect and the Norway speck and things like that, all ready to work free to reduce the crops, yet they are fought off by all the powers of the Department of Agriculture. The thing that really ought to be done is to let production go on and send the surplus to countries that are short of food. China would take a lot, and we hear stories of very severe starvation affecting millions of people in parts of Russia. They would all eat up the American food if they could get it, but we are not yet far enough advanced toward the Millennium to ship it to them f.o.b. (though some has gone on long credit to China). To do so might upset our economic machinery. We ought to do it, for there is nothing novel in sending shiploads of provisions to feed distant people, but the scale on which it might be done now would be a novelty.

SOME of the brethren whose minds run to finance and economics think our price system is passing away altogether. Brother Pascoe Goard, the leading mouthpiece of the British-Israel persuasion, says that our price system dates from about 600 B.C. when Nebuchadnezzar set up his Golden Image. Brother Goard says it is the

Babylon system and that its time has run out and that it is now incurably on the blink. He says that before Nebuchadnezzar operated there were three economic systems in the world: that of the Sumerians, that of the Israelites, and that of Tyre, or the Phoenicians. Out of the Sumerian system, he says, the system of Nebuchadnezzar grew, and since the time Nebuchadnezzar destroyed Jerusalem as a great financial center and wiped out Tyre and its merchant adventurers, whom we know as the Phoenicians, his system survived and has been operating ever since. Now it is done, he says, and we are struggling to get out of it. All that sounds imaginative, and not many readers will have sufficient historical knowledge to verify or refute it. But as to the alleged Babylonian system, other people besides our pious and imaginative Brother Goard think that it has shot its bolt. For example, that highly qualified fiscal expert, Mr. J. M. Keynes, is quoted as saying in *The New Statesman and Nation*, July 15th of this year:

The decadent international but individualistic capitalism in the hands of which we found ourselves after the war, is not a success. It is not intelligent, it is not beautiful, it is not just, it is not virtuous—and it doesn't deliver the goods. In short, we dislike it and we are beginning to despise it. But when we wonder what to put in its place, we are extremely perplexed. . . . Even countries such as Great Britain and the United States, though conforming in the main to the old model, are striving, under the surface, after a new economic plan. We do not know what will be the outcome. We are—all of us, I expect—about to make many mistakes. No one can tell which of the new systems will prove itself best.

There is one more explanation, I think, of the re-orientation of our minds. The nineteenth century carried to extravagant lengths the criterion of what one can call for short the financial results, as a test of advisability of any course of action sponsored by private or by collective action.

The whole conduct of life was made into a sort of parody of an accountant's nightmare. Instead of using their vastly increased material and technical resources to build a wonder city, they built slums, and they thought it right and advisable to build slums, because slums on the test of private enterprise, "paid."

For the minds of this generation are still so beclouded by bogus calculations that they distrust conclusions which should be obvious, out of a reliance on a system of financial accounting which casts doubt on whether such an operation will "pay." We have to remain poor because it does not "pay" to be rich. We have to live in hovels, not because we cannot build palaces but because we cannot "afford" them.

Certainly these are interesting thoughts which Mr. Keynes submits to us. They don't back Parson Goard in any historical details nor are they arrived at by anything resembling like processes, but they do lean the same way in the conclusion that we have got to the end of a system which has been potent in our affairs and seem bent on getting rid of it any way we can.

Furthermore, in this country at this time we seem considerably detached from the accountant's nightmare and appear to be conducting vast and very extensive operations without much regard to whether or not they will pay. Under-river tunnels are being built; bridges are being built; dams are being built; vast land reclamation projects are under way, and an immense reforestation scheme is being worked out with the employment of thousands, perhaps millions, of workers. These things are going on with the aid of the Federal government. Local governments are a little less active for the moment in construction schemes because of restricted credit and immense bills to pay on work already done. On roads, however, they spend money freely—local money, State money, Federal money—partly to make roads, partly to make employment, and as to schools, anyone riding through the

country, certainly in these Eastern States, can see abundant evidence that nothing nowadays is too costly for schools.

WHEN the Pope sees the affairs of the world or of the Catholic Church in a particularly bad snarl in Spain, in Italy, in Russia, in Germany, wherever it may happen, what does he do? Does he sound the tocsin in the front yard of St. Peter's to call all faithful Catholics to arms, and talk back rough to whatever group it may be that is talking rough to his organization? Not at all, he does none of these things. They have been thoroughly tried out in past centuries and organized religion has learned to avoid them. Privately he may do this or that, and no doubt he writes letters, but you cannot sound the tocsin privately. He does nothing noisy. He usually says "Let us pray!" In this he gives our troubled world an excellent lead. Politically the Pope has a lot to pray for, but so have we all, miles of it, and the exercise is quite as good for us about our concerns as it is for him and his brethren about theirs. We need to get the invisible world on our job. No doubt it is on it but recognition and co-operation from us will help it in its efforts in our behalf.

Prayer is an immemorial institution practiced in all grades of human development and undoubtedly valuable. When you are thrown into deep water, what do you do? Strike out instinctively. Swim if you know how, splash anyhow. That is the way people pray on occasion. They put into it all the energy they can command, and a very powerful practice it is. When people pray—that is people of reasonable intelligence—they come before a High Court; their cause must be good. They must have done and expect to do their part to make it win.



So done, prayer is a valuable and strengthening exercise and it gives results undoubtedly. The details of process by which that is accomplished are not yet well understood but they are under way to be better understood; not to be enfeebled by being put on what we call a scientific basis, but anyhow better understood. There is a lot of power in praying people. They get licked to a standstill now and then. The prohibitionists were prayerful enough but they were not intelligent and they have got smitten on the mouth. The trouble with the Pharisee's prayer, quoted in the New Testament as an instance of how not to do it, was that he seemed to stand up to exhibit himself as an example. But that is not a good plan; the better way is to study to discern in what direction Eternal Wisdom would have us proceed and to pray and to practice to be furthered and prospered in that direction.

**E**NLIGHTENMENT is needed about a number of persons now operating in this world as to whom there are various and conflicting estimates. For example, there is Senator Couzens, of Michigan. Views about him are held with warmth, especially in Detroit. There are those who feel that he should be shot at sunrise and others, quite as many perhaps, who would be for meeting him with garlands and a brass band. Brother Couzens seems to be an able man. He is aggressive, speaks quite sharp, asks questions on occasion that seem discourteous. It will be recalled that in the Morgan inquiry his deportment did not satisfy the Virginian standards of Senator Glass. All the same, he may have a dynamic value in disclosing what really ailed Detroit and why the big banks closed there.

Assistant Secretary Moley has resigned from public service for the

hazardous adventure of editing a new weekly. There are those who are glad that he is out of the State Department and it may be that that is just as well; but even persons who think so do not as a rule disparage his abilities or his zeal. However, if he has retired to private life (being editor of a new weekly is about as private as sitting in the stocks) we do not have to reach conclusions about his value in the prevailing world nightmare. He will attend to that himself.

But now Hitler—about him it is quite different. Do we get the news about him? Do we really know what is going on in Germany? There are those who consider that he is doing a very useful work by cutting up so aggressively as to bring Great Britain, France, Italy, Austria, and perhaps Russia too, into co-operative relations that aim to keep the peace in Europe. Sometimes it takes a raw head and bloody bones to scare people into behavior; and yet some very good Germans seem to back Hitler and see helpfulness and usefulness in his postures and programs.

Then, of course, there is Russia. But there it is not so much a matter of this individual or that one. Stalin might go by the board without much change in Russian activities. Up the State of New York about two generations ago, there was a prominent citizen named Miller who was a Free Thinker, something that was regarded with more violent disapproval at that time than it would be to-day. He got married to an energetic lady of entire respectability who agreed with his views and shared them, and the pair of them were described by a conservative neighbor as "the damndest go-to-Hell couple that ever came down the road." That is a good deal the attitude of contemporary civilization, where there still is contemporary civilization, toward Soviet Russia.











